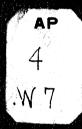


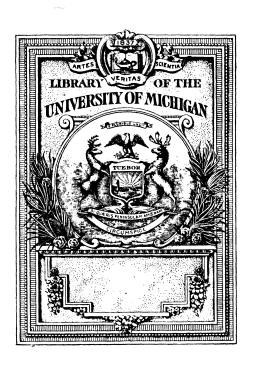
WINDSOR MAGAZINE





DEC-MAY 1915-16





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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

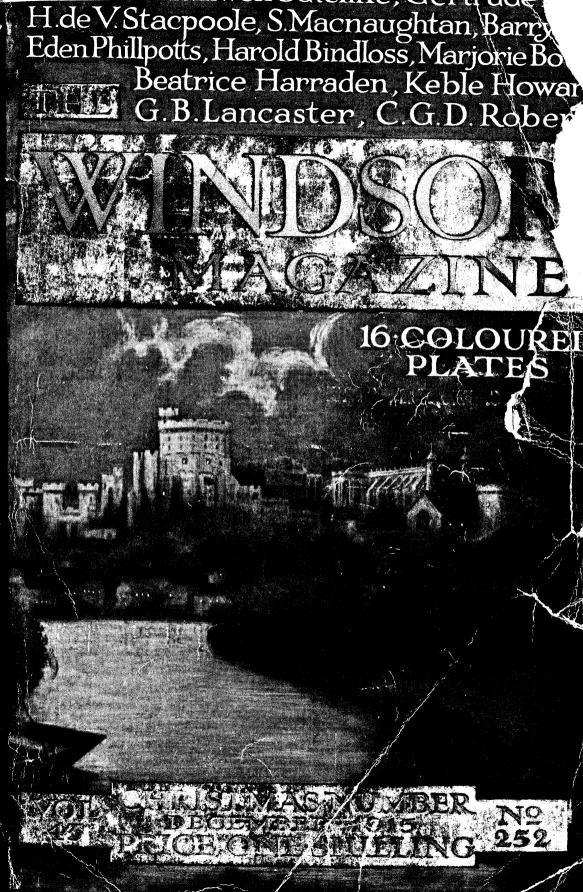
VOL. XLIII

DECEMBER 1915 TO MAY 1916

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED LONDON, MELBOURNE AND TORONTO

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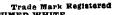
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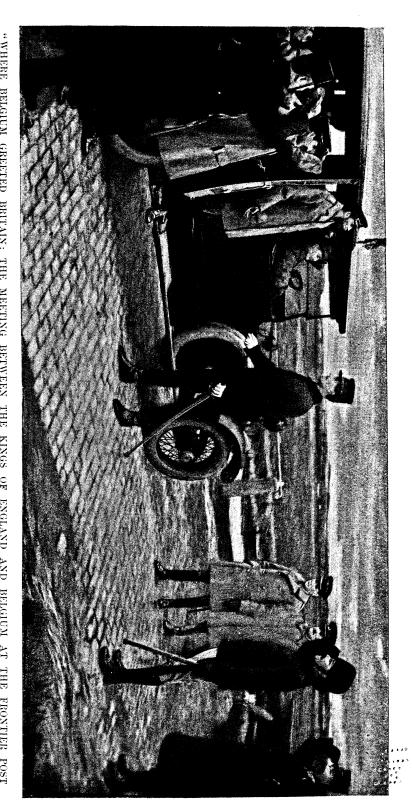
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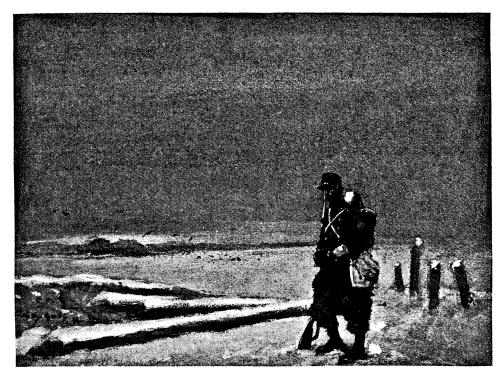
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Charles T. Bateman 279



"WHERE BELGIUM GREETED BRITAIN: THE MEETING BETWEEN THE KINGS OF ENGLAND AND BELGIUM AT THE FRONTIER POST ON THE ROAD FROM DUNKIRK TO FURNES." BY HERBERT A, OLIVIER. Reproduced by permission of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

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"THE SENTINEL." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

ASPECTS OF THE WAR IN RECENT PICTURES

By A. B. COOPER

HE "pomp and circumstance" of war has vanished, just as the hues of sunset vanish when the luminary has wholly withdrawn his rays, leaving the west a monotone of pearl grey. It is quite possible for a great battle to be proceeding, a battle which may have an important bearing on the course and issue of the War, and yet nothing be visible, from the artist's standpoint, except the puff of bursting shells, which, as pabulum for pictures, is but poor The combatants, arrayed in earthcoloured garments, often rendered more earth-like by a liberal bedaubing of the actual soil, are either burrowing like badgers in dug-outs and trenches, or creeping, Redskin-like, amongst shell-shattered ruins of what were once peaceful villages, shrapnel-ploughed fields whose only crop is death, and half-demolished earthworks.

On what is the artist to lay hold, in these circumstances, that he may convey to the enforced stay-at-homes of the present day, and to a curious future generation anxious to learn how things looked in the great and terrible days of 1915, when the Goth was at our gates, the true inwardness of things he cannot see? Well, it may be said at once that it is just this true inwardness which present conditions tend to emphasise. Detaille, De Neuville, and Meissonier delighted in the glitter of braid and button, the flash of sword and bayonet, the pride of the war-horse and the excitement of the cavalry charge. Art thus aided that agelong glorification of war which has done more to hinder the proper progress of society than all the other "ills that flesh is heir to "rolled into one—that Napoleonic-Bismarckian - Prussian spirit of might

crushing right, terror trampling on trust, brutality enthroned, dazzling tyranny belittling, scorning, flouting hoddengrey freedom and homespun peaceableness, the nursing mothers of democracy, industry, and liberty.

Khaki, and all that magical word means to-day, has changed all that as far as the artist is concerned. He must seek his subjects deeper down, often literally, certainly morally, deeper down in the human heart, in the human will, and in the great activities of mercy which war gives rise to in Christian

other boy in any other century of the world's history has ever occupied.

And this brings me to another aspect of this true inwardness, both significant in its meaning and revolutionary in its effects. This War is "national" in a way no other war has been. There is probably no man in this country, who has thought at all, who has not, long before the nineteenth century came to a close, contemplated the possibility, without giving much thought to the probability, of the whole manhood of this world-empire being called upon to defend it. It was ever



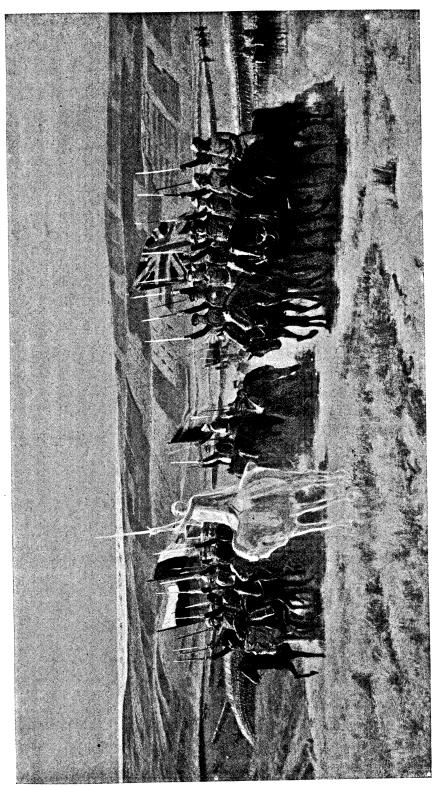
"A SURPRISE ATTACK AT NIGHT." BY ALBERT ROSELL.

Reproduced by permission of Louis Wolff & Co., Fine Art Publishers, London, W.

countries. Thus he comes to see with clearer vision, and paint, with a firmer and more sympathetic brush, the pathos and pain and tragedy and heart-break of war rather than its pride and parade and patchwork triumph. But behind the dull monotony of machine-made carnage he cannot help seeing, if he have a patriot's heart as well as an artist's vision, the wonderful self-forgetfulness, the sublime patience, the sacrifice which counts no cost, the beautiful brotherliness, the proud patriotism which have lifted the British lad of the twentieth century to a niche of the Cathedral of Fame which no

one of those "far-off" events which tumble through the brain with a sort of prophetic persistency, but which are generally relegated to the limbo of "not in my time."

It has all come true. In fact, the wildest dreams and imaginings of our most sensational writers failed to foreshadow the solid, palpable reality of this fight in air, on land, on and under the ocean. But the most significant fact is that, in place of two or three professional armies wandering about half a continent, either dodging each other or seeking each other, and spending a smoky summer day battering each other when, by



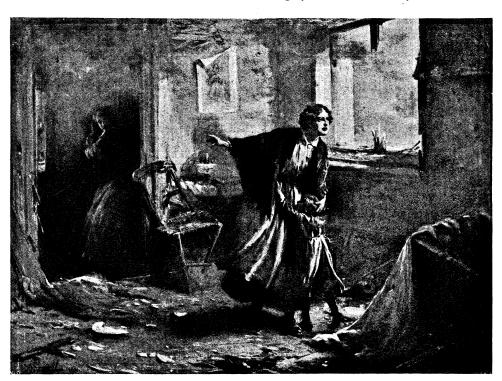
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Thomas Forman & Sons, Nottinjham, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large coloured plate. "THE RECKONING." BY J. C. DOLLMAN.

accident or design, they met, we see to-day the bulk of our younger manhood, the flower of the nation, the boys who trooped by tram and train to the City, the boys who made hay and sowed corn and hoed turnips in the open country, the boys who sprinted and yelled along the banks of Isis and Cam, the boys who walked the hospitals, who ate their "dinners" in the Temple, who swung a sledge in the smithy, who tended a mule in the cotton mill, either actually in the trenches or preparing ardently to go there.

This means that the nation has a stake in

the immense significance of these facts, their deep human interest, yea, even their divine and mystical side, which the abatement of the mere profession of arms, the toning down of the pageant of war, has forced to the front, making them the theme and inspiration of poet and artist.

Perhaps the man who has best succeeded in his quest for a via media, a compromise between the dull greyness of present-day warfare and those fascinating elements which lie beneath the surface like diamonds beneath the grey dust of Kimberley, is J. P. Beadle



"IN THE BELGIAN WAR AREA." BY ALBERT ROSELL.

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this War she has never had in any other war in her splendid history. Every other house in square and street and alley of every town, every farm and cottage in the countryside, every squatter's bungalow, every lumberman's shanty in the "Britains beyond the seas," has a boy "somewhere far off," and, although it cannot literally be said, thank God, as it was said of a stricken land in the olden time, "There was not a house where there was not one dead," yet the universality of the call has meant a corresponding universality of suffering, the like of which this land has never witnessed before. And it is

in that most popular war picture "Comrades." Who, then, are these comrades? Were they, in the days of peace, wont to spend Saturday afternoon on the same cricket or football field? Were they comrades of the desk or warehouse? Were they even old schoolmates before they were comrades of danger and death? By no means. These are young men who differ in race, in language, in religion. The comrades of to-day, facing the fight side by side, were fierce enemies once—Tommy Atkins and Piou-piou. They are friends of freedom, comrades of kindness, liberty-lads fighting side by side for those

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"COMRADES." BY JAMES P. BEADLE.
From the picture exhibited at the Royal Academy, reproduced by permission of the Artist.

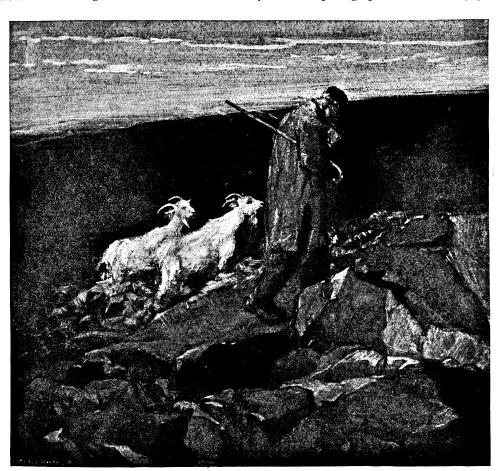
great ideas and ideals which France and Britain learned in sorrow long ago, and have ever since tried—alas, often in vain, apparently—to teach to their neighbours. There they kneel in the dreadful trench side by side, saying in effect:—

Enough, if something from our hands have power To live, and act, and serve the future hour; And if, as toward the silent land we go, Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower.

We feel that we are greater than we know.

battle. But the child's soul revolts from the "unclean thing." Pah! It smells Hunnish! With feminine intuition she understands more with her heart than the big lad does with his head, and the hatred and loathing she feels for the German extends even to his head-gear.

The cheerfulness, the coolness, the gallantry, the endurance of our men are beyond praise. They are facing death with a smile. Did you see the photograph in one of the papers



"THE TRAITOR." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

There is a subtle psychology in Ugo Matania's "Somewhere in France" which emphasises the fundamental differences between La Belle France and the Bulldog Breed. Here is a sensitive, artistic child of France side by side with a jolly wounded lad from the manufacturing districts of the North of England. He is showing her his treasures. Among them is a German helmet, which he regards with legitimate pride as a trophy of

lately of the cross and inscription set up where some of the men of the Imperial Light Horse fell, in what was once German South-West Africa, and now is Bothaland? Surely one of the noblest memorials and inscriptions in the wide world, breathing that indomitable spirit which goes with the men of British breed to the ends of the earth and abides with them: "We who rest here died content."

Look at Caton Woodville's picture of

Captain Woolley throwing hand-grenades, standing fearlessly on the parapet of the trench before the oncoming hordes of Huns, and thus winning the Victoria Cross. Think of Lieutenant Forshaw, the erstwhile schoolmaster of Manchester, doing much the same thing in Gallipoli for forty-eight hours at a stretch, cheerfully lighting the deadly missiles at the glowing tip of his eigarette! The same spirit inspires the heroic gunners of the R.H.A. in Albert Rosell's picture "The Three V.C.'s." There is the nil desperandum

War Area," a shell-ridden cottage to which the poor folk still cling, is the sort of home to which thousands will have to return, if they return at all. They will hardly be able to recognise in the battered ruins the oldworld villages that they have known since birth, the immemorial fanes in which they have worshipped, the quaint market-square in which they have chaffered and bargained.

It is this sort of thing which Dudley Hardy showed to London at the Leicester Galleries in his vivid water-colours. He is



"RESCUED: THE RED CROSS DOG." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

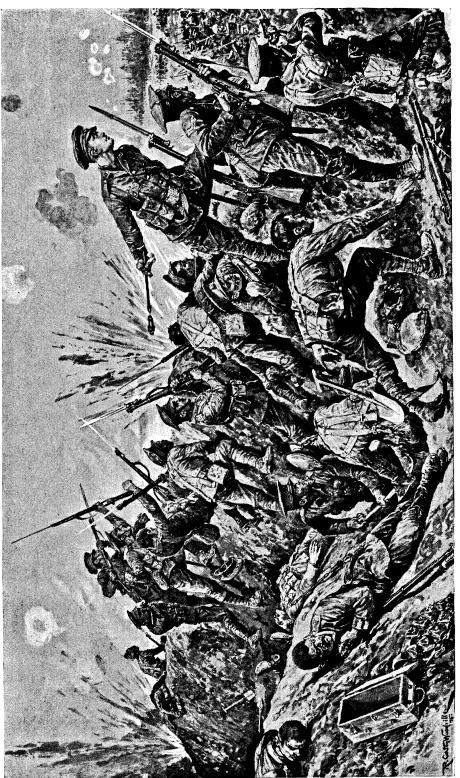
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost & Reed, Bristol and London, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large original etching.

spirit for you! It was the deathless deed of "L" Battery during the retreat from Mons. Although wounded themselves and all their comrades killed, Sergeant-Major (now Second-Lientenant) Dorrell, Gunner Darbyshire, and Driver Osborne crouched behind the shield of their gun and started a fire so deadly that in the end all the enemy's guns were silenced.

The three men were found by the rescuing party of cavalry and infantry still behind their gun, ready to begin again if the enemy showed a sign.

Albert Rosell's picture "In the Belgian

a great colourist. He can catch the hues of the sunset, and the fiery smoke of the battlefield, and the sombre light of campfires against the wintry sky, and the deserted streets and the ruined and desecrated churches become real haunts of tragedy under the magical touch of his inspired brush. Among recent one-man picture shows his has been a notable one, to which Spencer Pryse's wonderful drawings of Flanders and Edmund Sullivan's masterly and pungent cartoons have been worthy successors.



CAPTAIN G. H. WOOLLEY WINNING THE V.C. BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

We have only space for two of these powerful water-colours, but these make a fine "pair" in the best sense of that muchabused word. They both show one human figure in a great lone space, yet that one human figure peoples both scenes with all the tragedy of all the world. Look first at the sinister figure, followed by two white goats, on a rocky headland of the coast, lighting a cigarette with a flare-match. He is not a spy. Some of the bravest men have been spies. We read of Alfred the Great playing the spy in the camp of the

slight threads are the balances of Fate hung. This sentinel represents watchful, patient, vigilant, untiring France, faithful unto death!

Nothing is more symptomatic, as the doctors say, of the nation's stake in this War than the eagerness with which war news is read, and the pathetic waiting and watching for letters from the boys at the Front. Everybody knows the poster on the walls where the Chelsca pensioner is saying to the lad that he wishes he were young enough to go and fight.

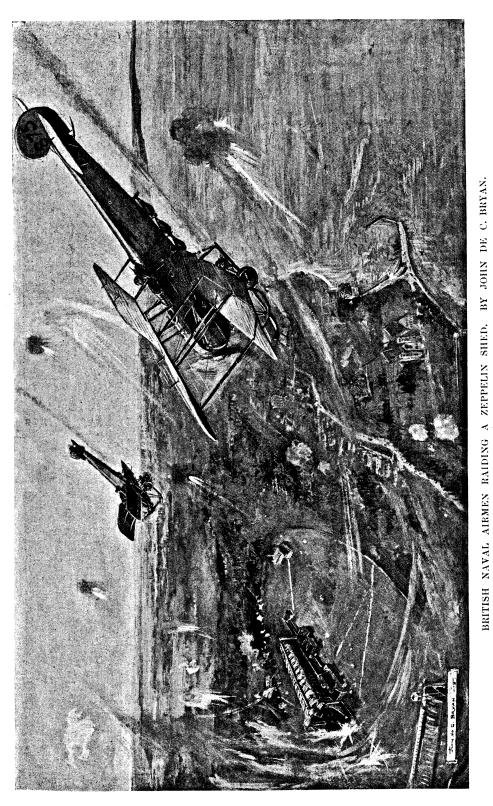


"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE," BY UGO MATANIA

Danes. No, this is a traitor. He is selling his country for a mess of pottage. He poses as a simple goatherd, and his white goats are part of the paraphernalia of his unspeakable villainy.

Now turn to "The Sentinel" and find relief. He has none to watch him except the silent stars. His only monitor is his sense of duty. He is a soldier of the Republic, guarding the land of which he is part-owner. Alone? Apparently. But he knows, as we know, that thousands of lives depend upon his vigilance—nay, perhaps the very fate and issue of the War, for upon very

Another picture with the same deep note in it—that note which is attuned to the pitch of the heartstrings of rich and poor, wise and simple, at such a time as this—is Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "The Island Post: A Letter from the Front." I do not know where it is. It may be Arran, it may be Skye, or one of the Shetlands. For myself, I think it is an isle off the Emerald Isle, one of those green oases of the ocean round which the sea-birds scream, and where the tiny biggins are only discernible by reason of the peat reek. But it is "home" to someone in the trenches. He thinks of the



colleen he wedded ten years ago, who is still bonny, of the little lassie, his daughter, of the old father, who lives with them and who fishes in the bay. Perhaps he even pictures this very scene—the fisherman's boat waylaying the island postman to get Pat's letter seen going on his way down the street. The baby is in the mother's arms, the father has delayed the lighting of his pipe, preparatory to setting off to work, the school-boy of ten, who has been reading the morning paper, is all attention, whilst his sister, aged sixteen,



"NEWS FROM THE FRONT." BY JOSEPH CLARK.

from the Front and learn if it is well with him.

But we come right home to the land of the "dominant partner" in Joseph Clark's second picture, "News from the Front." Here is a typical artisan's cottage, and an equally typical artisan's ménage. The postman, who has just left a letter, can be shouts the contents of the letter from "Our Bob at th' Front" into grandpa's "best ear." Only one of the number—if we do not count the baby—is inattentive, the small boy of six, who is too busy "pretending" he's at the Front himself to listen to letters.

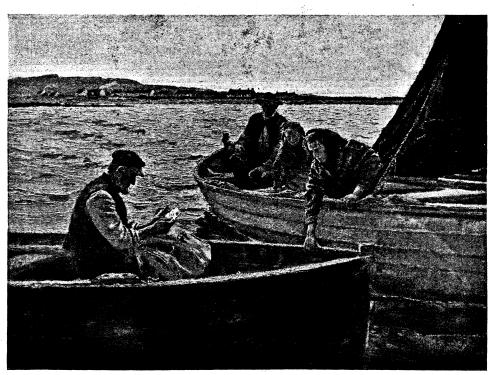
And note—the old man has been reading his Bible. The Book lies open on



THE INTERCESSION SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR.

the table at his elbow. Have not the great host who have gone from the battlefield singing down the Great White Road that leads to the gate of the Celestial City testified that "The White Comrade" is not discredited? It does not need much discernment to see that if all men had been Christians according to the true standard of Christianity, there would have been no war. There could not have been. War in its origins is the negation of God. But war

off from heaven than when he was a boy." There have been many strange stories of mystical presences in the trenches. Who shall scoff at them in these days, when the education of the head without the heart in Germany has only succeeded in making "clever devils"? Surely the world will have had enough of the War Fiend when all this is over, and long for a lasting reign of the Prince of Peace. In the words of the poem by "Fidei Defensor," published



"THE ISLAND POST: A LETTER FROM THE FRONT." BY W. H. BARTLETT.

for hearth and home, war for freedom and right, war for the ending of war, war in defence of our sisters and wives and mothers, is like that war in heaven which was war against the devil and his angels, whom

The Almighty Power Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, With hideous ruin and combustion. down To bottomless perdition, there to dwell In adamantine chains and penal fire, Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

And there are people who believe that this is a fight to a finish on the spiritual plane, and that "the Almighty Power" will win.

The man who can look at Hillyard Swinstead's picture "The White Comrade" without a lump in his throat is "farther with the reproductions of Mr. Swinstead's picture—

O Blessed Vision! After all the years, Christ's with us yet. To-day, as heretofore, Men see Thee still, and they cast off their fears, And take courage to press on once more. The soldiers, bearing from the desperate fight A wounded brother, see Thee in the way, And know Thee for the Saviour, Healer, Friend. For once again Thy loved ones hear Thee say—O Christ, White Comrade, in their stand for Right!—"Lo, I am with you alway, to the end."

With Mr. Begg's drawing we pass into the great cathedral. The mighty church is filled.

The lips of prayer are dumb,
As waves of throbbing music come
And wail confession through the vaulted gloom.

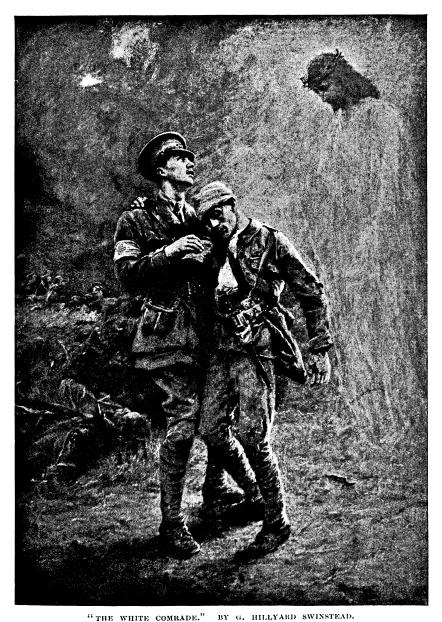
It is the "Intercession Service at St. Paul's on the Anniversary of the War" which



"THE DISPATCH—JUST IN TIME." BY A. CHEVALLIER-TAYLER.

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"Lo, I am with you alway."

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. F. R. Britton & Co., 24. Basinghall Street, E.C., publishers of the plates in photogravure and in colour.

the artist has realised for us. The halt and the maimed—ay, and the deaf and the blind—are there. But the spirit has wings ofttimes when the body wears crutches or hobbles on two sticks, and spiritual eyes have often been opened when physical eyes have been shut. And who shall say that in these days we are self-sufficient and quite able unaided to fight our own battles and maintain our own cause? What does Kipling say about "the

heathen heart that puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard"? So the great congregation kneels and prays to Him who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords, and the only Ruler of princes." It is a long time since the prophet talked about pruning hooks being manufactured out of spears, and ploughshares being made out of swords, and this War is a bad set-back to the fulfilment of the poet's and the prophet's dream; but all things have tended to

betterment since the world began, and the great principles of justice and mercy and benevolence are not going to be flung into the void at the bidding of Germany. Justice, holding the scales, will yet control the reekoning, as Mr. Dollman's powerful picture

here maintains in symbol.

Someone once called Britain "Eden with the gate closed and barred," and her immunity from the main horrors of war, the terrors inherent to invasion, despite the visits of those night-birds the Zeppelins, not only during the present War, but for long centuries past, has rendered the mood of war, the harbourage of revenge, the pagan joy in blood and slaughter, foreign to the British temperament. But, as we have seen, Britain's inviolability is not to-day so complete as in Napoleonic times, and even London herself, the metropolis of the Empire and of the commercial world, is within the radius of the Zeppelin raiders. Yet the Allies' aeroplanes and hydroplanes, as shown by Mr. John de C. Bryan, in the large drawing here reproduced, are capable of a feat which has been accomplished over and

over again—the raiding of the strongholds of the raiders, the wrecking of their Zeppelin sheds by the Zeppelin's rival, conqueror, and eventual superseder, the "heavier-than-air machine," with which the future of aero-

nautics undoubtedly rests.

Last only in point of age, whether as to subject or recent painting, let us look at Mr. Chevallier Tayler's fine picture, one of a growing group of notable Scout pictures, "The Dispatch—Just in Time." The troop train is whistled off. It is already on the move. The girls are clinging to their lovers' hands in a lingering good-bye. The boys are off to the Front. Hallo! Here comes a Boy Scout sprinting along the plat-He carries a dispatch from the War Office for a staff officer aboard this train. He is just in the nick of time. He has served his King and Country as truly as the men in the trenches. He is one of the safeguards of the future—a lad we are proud of. The Scouts and the Boys' Brigades and the Cadet Corps are of the race which says—

> We will drain our dearest veins But we will be free.

A PRAYER.

THE patterned shadows move on the orchard grass,
The branches tremble and stir as the wind goes by—
Light across heaven vague cloud-wreaths gather and pass,
Veiling thy beauty, O Moon that sailest high,
Heedless of hearts that break or of tears that fall—
Oh, thou that lovest none and art loved by all!

Look coldly down, O Moon, and for once be kind!
Thou seest thine own light shake on the restless sea;
Thou seest the leaves a-tremble under the wind;
Thou seest my heart, that is less than a leaf to thee!
Oh, thou that knowest how hollow is all delight,
Grant me the worthless gift that I ask to-night!

Oh, thou that seest how life is a fleeting thing,
A dream—a breath of the wind—a gleam in the dark—
The gift I ask will fly on a speedier wing,
Vaguest dream of a dream, faint spark of a spark!
Oh, thou that knowest how quickly joy must fly,
Grant me a little, a little before I die!

VALENTINE FANE.

THE COUPLE AT THE NEXT TABLE

By S. MACNAUGHTAN

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



AJOR BERTRAM
KENT came home severely wounded from Ypres, and passed through a hospital where he was carefully nursed and made much of, and afterwards he went to a convalescent

home where he enjoyed repose and quiet, and tried to interest himself in novels, and wished to goodness he could get away from war pictures. And when, as he expressed it, the convalescent home had finished with him, it still remained necessary that his health should be inquired into by various medical boards. Before these he "appeared" once or twice, and got extension of leave; and he had to ask himself where that leave should be spent. He was a man with very few relations in the world, and he told himself sadly that all his old friends had been killed. While out in Flanders he believed that he had felt their loss less than he did now. Everyone was taking his chance out there, but now, with safety, came the appalling thought that life without his old comrades was not worth living. He missed them at every turn—in the club, at the theatre—where he went and tried, without the least success, to amuse himselfand even in the streets of London, where he used to walk rather aimlessly, feeling like a lost dog looking for his master.

Major Kent's health was not improving, and he scrupled to tell himself that he was for the moment too dejected to endeavour to get well. His friends advised him to try sea air, to see what that would do for him, and he thanked them with that politeness

for which Major Kent was renowned, but which always had a certain distant air about it. In all his life he had not made many friends, but those he had made he had loved whole-heartedly.

Almost it seemed to him as if things had gone too hard with him, and he found himself saying that few men had been so unlucky as himself in the loss of those he held dear.

His bad health reacted upon his sadness, and he began to tell himself quite unnecessarily that he was not wanted in the world. This conclusion was the result, of course, of his very indifferent health; but Major Kent was not aware of this, and he even said and for the time being meant it—that people were anxious to get rid of him from London, and that younger men, wounded and out of health, might have something attractive about them, but that he was too old to be interesting. And he began to shut himself up in his polite reserve, and to resent even the kindly attentions that were bestowed upon him. He hated the limp which for the present disabled him. He hated the empty streets, and he was inclined to growl at those kindly-intentioned people who treated him as one of a mass of wounded officers, and who wished to entertain him in ways for which he had no inclination.

Up till now he had always been a man who had loved London in a boyish sort of way. It had been connected in his mind with theatres, pleasant society, and a life of cheerfulness. Now, when evening came, he used to go back to his chambers and sit there because he could not bear to walk through the dim streets.

"Poor old London!" he used to say.
"They have put a patch over its eyes, as

they have put patches over the eyes of the poor fellows blinded at the Front. I do not want to see it, and I do not know that it particularly wants to see me."

So he was off to the seaside, as everyone advised him, choosing the place of his internment almost haphazard, and remembering that he had once had an aunt who lived at Eastbourne, and who didn't seem to dislike it too much.

He himself detested the place; but then, poor fellow, he was in a mood for detesting Like every sane man, he disliked hotels excessively, and he thought he had never disliked anything as much as the hotel at Eastbourne. The furniture was all after the same pattern: the curtains were of the design known as "nouveau the chairs were slippery and the smoking - room. uncomfortable in Bertram, it should be explained, was a man singularly incapable of looking after Where another invalid his own comfort. would have asked for a sofa in his bedroom. he would sit on a chair and think how much his leg hurt him. And in the smokingroom—plain, uncomfortable, and bitter with the smell of departed tobacco—anyone would have been glad to give him a pillow for his back; but that would have been too like an invalid to please our good soldier, who won everyone's heart in the hotel by his politeness and his habit of giving no trouble, but who was feeling solitary and friendless all the time.

The hotel happened to be singularly empty. He heard that "summer painting" was going on in the upper part of the house, and this, no doubt, had driven many visitors away. The coffee-room and the smoking-room were almost deserted. And once he went into a big drawing-room, where a little girl was having a piano lesson from a lady in spectacles, who said she hoped they did not disturb him.

He apologised and left the room, and went downstairs to an odious apartment called the lounge, where the windows were treated with a floral pattern in run lead, and a sickly red light through stained glass was evidently intended to suggest repose. An old clergyman and his wife were having tea in a corner of the room. The clergyman's wife looked as if she wanted to speak to him, which filled him with dismay, and he established himself behind a large newspaper. He could see in the woman's eye that she meant to ask him what it felt like to be under shell-fire, and he thought he could already hear

the elderly clergyman say that Germany had been preparing for this war for forty years. There was an invalid, a young matron, whom he believed to be the mother of the child who played on the piano, and there was a family party who had come to Eastbourne to get well after having had measles *en masse*.

"It is a poor world," said Major Kent, and went upstairs to get the rest before dinner which had been ordered him. enough, he being a man who seldom slept during the day, he went to sleep as he lay rather uncomfortably on the top of an eiderdown quilt, and slept beyond the dinner hour, and told himself, his appetite being bad, that it was not worth while going downstairs that evening, as he was not So he never saw the newly arrived hungry. couple until next morning when he descended to breakfast, with a guardian newspaper to protect him from hotel acquaintances, and as nearly as possible a scowl on his face.

The couple at the next table entered the room very soon after he himself was seated. The lady was dressed in some white stuff, which he called embroidered muslin, without knowing very much about it, and when she came into the room, she carried in her hand

a basket of fresh raspberries.

Raspberries! If he had ever thought of fresh raspberries, he would have ordered Those were things he could have eaten, but he had hardly remembered that raspberries still grew. He watched the lady in white muslin take off some leaves from the top of the basket, and then in a most artistic manner, and with very pretty hands, remove the stalk from the fruit, and place it in a deep plate. She was going to have cream with them! Raspberries and cream! That was a dish that really would have appealed to him, and he would have given worlds to share them. At his old home they had always had fruit for breakfast, served on old-fashioned green plates with a large vine leaf on them, and marked "Wedgwood" at the back. wished he could see the old plates now; but his home had long since been broken up, and, as a young soldier on active service, he had not even troubled to buy things in, when his widowed mother's furniture and house had been sold. He regretted it now, and longed for raspberries on a green plate.

The lady's husband was a soldier in khaki. Bertram looked at him with almost a boyish sense of adventure, hoping it might be somebody whom he knew ever so slightly, and who might offer to give him some

raspberries. The soldier was quite unknown to him, and he began to wonder if he had stared rather rudely. Nevertheless, the lady's movements fascinated him. She not only picked the raspberries in the most adorable way and with the utmost grace, but afterwards, when she had powdered the red heap with sugar, and had poured over the whole a little jugful of rich cream, he found that she had been preparing the mess for her husband, and was now offering it to him with a delightful air.

There were flowers on the table—fresh roses, which she had evidently bought early, with the raspberries—also there was a green china coffee-pot, with a white lining for the coffee and another for the milk—things he had never seen on his own table—and there was a special sort of barley sugar which he loved, in a little bowl. Pathetically, Major Kent told himself that it was a shame that some people should be so favoured at an hotel and others neglected. But he got a key to the situation when the soldier in khaki said: "I see you have brought the green things with you."

Some men had all the luck! Why should that other man in khaki have, to look after him, a lovely wife, who wore white embroid red muslin gowns in the morning, and bought raspberries and roses before breakfast, and heaped cream and sugar on to her husband's plate and handed it across the little table to him with a heavenly smile? Who would not get well, and get well quickly, with a woman as fresh as the morning to look after him—a woman, moreover, whose hair was like the glossy insides of horse-chestnuts, and was pinned in all its fragrance to her beautiful head with tortoise-shell combs?

Bertram was a fastidious man without being in the least aware of it, and he said to himself that it might be worth while for some men, whose wives dressed exquisitely, and whose shoes were of a delicate shade of leather, and their stockings of fine silk, to come back from Flanders. But for him, he had better go back to the trenches again and live amongst the mud, and hate it all as before, but where he could at least feel that he was doing his duty. With a sigh, Major Kent rose from the breakfast table and went direct to the head waiter, and asked that to-morrow he might have some raspberries and cream for breakfast.

They were not good ones, of course, and the couple at the next table had for breakfast the most heavenly melon that he had ever seen in his life. Why had he not thought of a melon? The lady—in a fresh white dress to-day—was powdering a generous slice of it with ginger and sugar, and was telling her husband that he must try to eat it. The warrior in khaki had, as a matter of fact, the appetite of a wolf, but it must be very pleasing to a man to know that his wife thinks he eats very little. When the khaki warrior handed his plate for a second slice, the lady said, "That's right!" as though a personal service had been rendered her.

They had a baby, of course, a heavenly creature, with its mother's blue eyes and delicious curls. It was at the perambulator stage, when children are told to "wave handies" to departing acquaintances. The little creature was always waving handies to someone. She did it to Major Kent one day, and he felt absurdly flattered by the attention, and wondered if he dared make friends with baby, and felt rather shy of her because she had a little air of being a professional beauty, and lacked her mother's simplicity. All the same, he touched his cap to her gravely, and then told himself sadly that any other man but himself would have had sufficient sense to have tried to make friends with the little creature, and thus—perhaps the thing might be excused in a small, quiet hotel—have pushed a friendship with the child's parents.

He longed to know them. But he told himself that they were absorbed in each other, and would probably not care for any intrusion from strangers. Breakfast was the time when he most often saw them. In the evening they very often dined in their own room, a lovely chintz-covered apartment, which he had once seen when the door was He fancied that the professional beauty baby took possession of the room during the daytime, and that its parents were only allowed it on sufferance in the evening. The professional beauty baby was that sort of person. Nevertheless, he determined to make acquaintance with her, laid schemes for meeting her in the corridor, and pursued her once upon the beach.

Her nursemaid, who was also inclined to be a little bit of a professional beauty, thought he was bestowing attentions upon herself, and tossed her head when he bent over the perambulator and punctiliously wished the baby "Good morning!"

Even he knew that she was a girl, in her pink ribbons and laces and little bronze shoes, but for the life of him the only thing he could think of saying was the bachelor's old fatuous question: "Is it a boy or a

girl ? ''

"Boy, of course," said the pert nursemaid, tossing her head, and then she remarked, "Come away, Miss Evie; we must be moving on," and sent the perambulator scrunching over the sand.

His attempt at an itinerant friendship was absolutely nipped in the bud. Baby waved handies to him with a little air of dismissal, and the smart nursemaid settled a white bow under her chin and flounced a little as she walked away. Certainly she looked back once, but it was with an overdone air of merely disengaging her long veil, which the wind had fluttered across her face, and he felt somehow that he had been rather impertinent, staring after her, and turned disconsolately to go home.

In the evening he could hear sounds of jollity from the chintz-covered sitting-room, and he supposed the young couple must be having some friends to dine. Just think of the joy of it—friends in one's own sittingroom, with flowers upon the table and an enchanting woman in an evening-dress to act as hostess! Perhaps there would be a game of Bridge after dinner, and singing. He would like to hear her sing. Or the men would smoke cigars out on the balcony of the room, while the women would perhaps visit the beautiful baby and pay her all the compliments that she always seemed to expect. Anyhow, the evening would be delightful. He leant out of his own window in the dark and looked at the sea, and wished he could find that companionship in it which many people seem to find. heard a manly voice saying, "The night is young yet; don't go," and then a woman's voice—a voice which he now knew well made reply: "But, Tom dear, remember what the doctor said about early hours." And there was a talk about "some other night," "So kind of you to cheer us up!" —as though they wanted cheering!—and then "Good nights" were spoken, and Major Kent thought that he also ought to turn in, remembering what his doctor had said about early hours, but wishing to goodness he had someone to speak to. Tom! Tom was the enviable khaki warrior's name. Tom's cigars even smelt better than his own!

The following morning the young couple were seated at the next table as usual.

It really was too bad. He had loved honey all his life, and had forgotten that such a thing existed. And here was Mrs. Tom coming into the room in one of her cool summer dresses—tussore silk to-day, with a mauve ribbon round her waist, an enchanting combination!—and bearing in her hand a square wooden frame filled with golden-brown honey enclosed in silver wax.

"Tom," she said, "a plate, quickly; it is dripping!" Then she laughed, as she always seemed to do over trifling

misfortunes.

With honey as an accompaniment, Major Kent could have eaten hotel breakfast rolls. But he was miles behind in the matter of auxiliary dishes for his morning meal, and had only reached rather hard cherries while the couple at the next table absorbed the honey. Except in Scotland, he had never seen such a comb as was now laid on a breakfast plate and carved by the lady whose glossy hair was fastened with tortoise-shell combs.

"I must say," said Tom contentedly, "that the bees at least have done their bit this year."

"Ah, Tom," she said, melting directly—she always melted at the mere mention of the War—"who hasn't done their bit?"

Tom grunted. It hardly seems worth while mentioning that, although he was a good fellow, he was totally unworthy of his beautiful wife, and that he often accepted her presence opposite him at the breakfast table as if it were quite an ordinary thing. Even when she prepared raspberries and cream for him, he could look at her hands without trembling; and once, when his back hurt him a good deal, poor fellow, and she brought cushions to stuff behind it on his chair, he accepted her services with a grateful "Thanks, old girl; that's better," but nothing more. He ought, of course, to have dropped on one knee on the hotel carpet and kissed the edge of the tussore silk gown—it was the tussore silk that morning. On another occasion he remarked that Eastbourne was rather a loathsome spot, but that he hoped it was doing him

The blackness of ingratitude evinced by this remark struck very painfully on Major Kent. He told himself, first of all, that such dispraise of Eastbourne was simply ridiculous. For a seaside place it left very little to be desired. The air was good, the weather was fine, and the hotel—well, what business had anyone to complain of an hotel who had a beautiful wife to share it with him, and a chintz-covered sittingroom to sit in, and a nice fat baby to wave

a little condescending hand to him at the window when she went for a walk?

The condescending baby and the dignified nursemaid did not seem to Major Kent to avoid him quite as much as they had once seem inclined to do. There were, indeed, moments when he fancied that it was almost more than a coincidence that the perambulator always left the front door at the same moment as he himself went for his morning walk. And, watching once from an upper window, he wondered, in the simplicity of his heart, why the dignified nursemaid, instead of starting promptly for the sea-front with her charge, wheeled her up and down on the pavement before the hotel.

When he came out on the doorstep, the nursemaid told baby to wave her hand. She did so perfunctorily, and called him "Daddy." And the nursemaid said she had never heard of such a thing, and laughed for quite a long time at the baby's mistake.

mistake.

"Tell the gentleman that Daddy has been fighting the Germans," suggested the nursemaid. But the baby was not going to be led into any conversation of that sort, and became suddenly shy, which was explained to our warrior by the fact that she was getting sleepy.

"There is Daddy now," said the nursemaid, with that curious toss of her fluttering veil which always proclaimed that an interview was over. He watched her wheel the perambulator towards the baby's rightful owner, and he thought how difficult it was to make friends with so rigorously chaperoned

an infant as Miss Evie.

To-day, at breakfast, he did not even want to see the little girl, whom he admired with all his heart; he wanted honey, and he had a perfect longing that, by some miracle, the beautiful woman sitting so close to him would turn to him suddenly and say: "Won't you come and sit at our table?" He would have given anything to have received such an invitation.

He could hear them discussing the War news together, and he knew very well the sound of forced cheerfulness in the lady's tones, and gathered that she did not wish Tom to dwell too much upon the War. She drew his attention to a little calamity near at hand, and made the most of it. A wasp had got into the honey. Tom suggested killing it. The lady protested.

"You wouldn't like," said Tom, "if he stung your throat. I heard of a fellow once

who died of that.'

"Horrible!" But she didn't intend to let the wasp sting her.

"All right," said Tom, "put your knife

on it."

There was a wine-glass on the table. For some unknown reason, there are often stray wine-glasses on a table, even at breakfast-time, in an hotel. The lady, with a deft movement, drove the wasp from the honey and imprisoned it underneath the glass.

"Interned," said Tom.

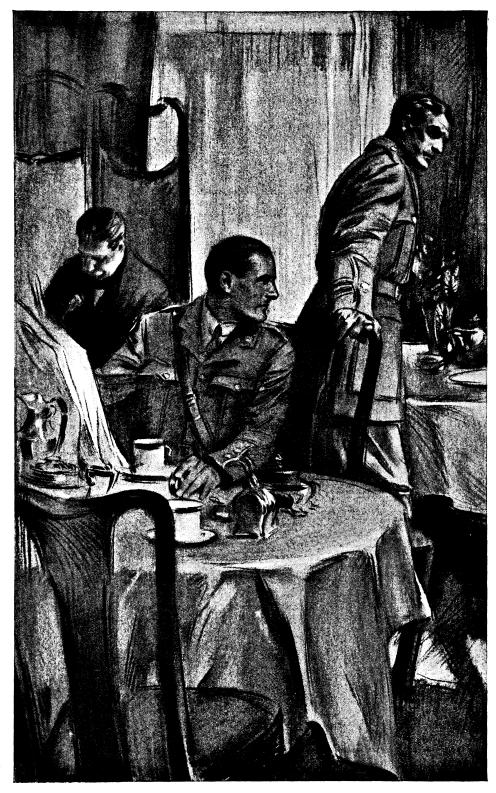
She could not bear it; even a wasp must have its liberty, and she carried it to the open window and let it fly out into the sunshine. As she passed his table, she accidentally touched, with her light weight,

Major Kent's chair.

What a chance! What a chance to get up and say it did not matter, or that he hoped he had not hurt her, or that he trusted the wasp was doing fairly well, or how was Tom this morning! Major Kent told himself afterwards that he was never able to seize chances, and would always, to the end of time, be missing opportunities. He moved his chair slightly, to let the lady pass, bowed to her little apologies, and resumed eating his breakfast. The chance was gone.

All that day he felt more discouraged than usual, and more than ever convinced that the only way to be happy at Eastbourne was to try and imitate exactly every example of the young couple. He did so even to the point of going for a drive—by himself—in a very large victoria drawn by a very small horse. He had seen Mr. and Mrs. Tom and the baby do this, and it had struck him suddenly as being an extraordinary and delightful way of spending an afternoon. Tom had entered the carriage first, being an invalid, and behind him had followed his wife with an armful of silk pillows. How comfortably she placed them! How enchantingly she said that there was room both for baby and nurse, as well as his poor, dear foot, on the opposite seat! With what a touch of genius did she arrange his pillows, and how delightfully she even gave the directions to the man with the red nose who drove the "Beachy Head, please," she said. Fancy driving to Beachy Head with this beautiful woman! Fancy feeling the cool breezes up there blowing across the short, scented grass! Fancy watching the waves breaking on the beach below, with her!

This would not do. Major Kent was getting seriously sentimental. But if only they would have allowed him to join them



"He moved his chair slightly, to let the lady pass."



"She carried it to the open window and let it fly out."

in some of their delightful expeditions, or have let him sit in the chintz-covered room of an evening, he would have been If only he could have found Tom in the smoking-room, and hit him over his silly old head, or made him do something that would either make a quarrel or an acquaintanceship with him! It was odious of Tom not to be more friendly. After all, they were both soldiers, and a certain camaraderie ought to exist between them. He was not sure that he liked Tom; but that was absurd, of course. What business had he to criticise him? Still, he was selfish. He might have seen, for instance, a poor major with a limp standing on the hotel steps and longing to come to Beachy But no; honestly and fairly, Kent told himself that in an English hotel each prisoner occupied his own cell, and that English people are made up of reserves and Had he himself been conventionalities. going for a drive to Beachy Head, he would no doubt have left a solitary soldier standing on the steps just as Tom did. He was not a man given to rapid impressions, and yet just then he received a very curious one. The large cab with the small horse had started down the sunlit street, and had not gone very many paces, although already out of earshot, when he saw the lady turn to her husband, and he was perfectly certain that she was saying something about himself, and that it was something kindly and regretful some good-natured, friendly remark, such as women make, which might be translated by a dejected soldier into being: "I wish he was coming with us."

Tom gave one of his grunts in reply. Even Tom seemed to be saying, from the appearance of the back of his head: "Seems

a very decent sort of chap."

Major Kent had eaten his breakfast so unassumingly quite close to them for a week, that no doubt Tom thought him quite decent. It was not much of a reward, but still it was something. He had not offerded them in any way. They did not dislike him. They were, in fact, friendlily disposed towards him.

"Fatuous ass!" he said, pulling himself up shortly. "Fatuous ass!" he repeated. "You could not even hear a word that they said."

All the same, that evening, when they dined in the hotel dining room, he bowed when he entered, and the lady smiled in return. They hardly ever dined downstairs, and Bertram was rude enough to glance at

their table to see if they had anything extra for dinner. He had long ago given up all hopes of competing with them in the matter of breakfasts. Raspberries had given way to melon, and melon to peaches, and peaches to honey, and this had been followed by wonderful stoned cherry jam and fresh, crisp oatcakes out of a tin of them from Scotland. and great jars of Devonshire cream spread on scones. Who, in the name of wonder, could keep pace with stretches of imagination such as these? Who but this young couple could arrange a breakfast beginning with omelette, followed by fresh shrimps, pink and fragrant, on a china dish, and with green figs to finish up? He looked at his plum jam and sighed. No one ever gave him anything but plum jam. He had seen it in all its unsatisfying thick pink jelly, with the accidental stones plentifully besprinkling it, during the whole time he had been in Plum jam had followed him to Flanders. England. He could not get away from it, and lately he had simply sat down and submitted to it. But he hated it with all his heart, just as he hated the toast, which was always sodden when he got down to breakfast—for he was still slow at dressing himself, poor fellow—and just as he hated tough rolls and bacon and eggs.

"Talk about a woman's touch!" he said to himself miserably. "What is the good of attempting it if you don't happen to be

a woman?"

He wondered how long the couple had been married, and how long it had taken Tom to grow accustomed to the beauty and distinction and attractiveness of his wife. Only yesterday he had said in quite an ordinary tone of voice: "You really are a brick, Edie." At least, Bertram knew now what her name was, and rejoiced that it was Edith. It had been his mother's name, for one thing, and he had always loved the sound of it.

He pulled himself up again as he realised that he was weaving ridiculous romances around another man's wife whom he did not even know. And then quite suddenly a daring spirit seized him. He limped across the sunburnt, glaring road, and, raising his stick, he hired by this action an open seaside landau. He had never in his wildest moments dreamed of driving in such a conveyance. Indeed, had you asked him, he would probably have said he imagined they had long ago disappeared from the face of the earth. There was a spirit of adventure in getting into the thing, and a spirit of old

times, too. He found himself smiling as he drove away in the absurd conveyance, and heard himself gravely give the order to the coachman to drive to Beachy Head.

Of course, his spirits deserted him long before he arrived there, and he told himself what an absurd thing this adventure was, while he wondered inwardly whether, should he meet her, he ought to take off his hat or The disdainful baby had refused his acquaintanceship, but perhaps Edith would He must know her and Tom, and he thought again with bitterness how odiously selfish was this man who was keeping all the good things to himself, and enjoying his breakfasts and his charming little dinners in the sitting-room, and who had never once offered to share these things with himself. Edith would be more kind. A thousand times he had pictured her nodding to him as she entered the breakfast-room, and asking him in that delightful voice of hers to come and join them and their fresh butter and scones, in company with the coffee in the green jug. And now he began to picture her again, always gracious, always goodmannered, charming even to the French waiter, entrancing to the man in the lift, irresistible to the porter who engaged her She was one of those women who could not have stopped an omnibus without a look that was almost a smile at the man who drove it, and he saw in the hotel how well served she was by everybody, and how willing each man in the place was to do her a service. He wanted to tell her heaps of things, especially things which he had never told anyone about the War, and how he had hated it, and what a long fight there was still in front of the soldiers. His imagination led him through a whole phase of acquaintanceship with her, ending up with, when he should say good-bye, one last request to her to write to him. A letter from Edith at the Front would bear him up through many long days. He would find her pretty handwriting—he was quite sure she wrote a pretty hand—on a square envelope on the mess-room table in some uncomfortable place to which letters were still brought. And he knew he could forget all about discomforts when he was reading a letter from her. Perhaps some day, as their friendship increased, she would let him know what she was thinking about, for her eyes had serious moments in them, and he would write back in return and open his heart

"Fatuous fool!" muttered Major Kent to

himself, as his cab drove onwards up to Beachy Head, with the little horse straining at the shafts, while the driver walked, and Major Kent wished he could walk too, and spare the little beast.

He never found the young couple, of course—that was his luck. They had wandered somewhere where he never overtook them, and he felt his limp painfully, and went back to the hotel, and required a longer rest than usual before dinner, on the top of the hot eiderdown—which he never dreamed of removing from the bed—and it was a very melancholy warrior who descended to dodge the clergyman's wife in the hall, and to escape from the children with measles, and to establish himself at his miserable little lonely table and eat tepid food on a hot July night.

"It is unendurable," he said to himself. "I had ten times rather be back in Flanders." And then, his mood sinking still lower: "Why didn't a bullet kill me instead of my old pals?" They would have been missed, whereas he had left his chambers and gone to Eastbourne, and no one had cared very much whether he was in London or at the seaside.

Thus melancholy, he ate his soup, which was poor and weak, but hot, and he declined fish, which was flabby and cold.

He was interrupted at his third course by the arrival of the proud and dignified nursery maid, who had forgotten for the time being all her pride and her dignity, and who rushed across the room and shook him violently by the arm.

"Come directly," she said. "Miss Evie is dying, and they are both out!"

Her eyes were nearly starting from her head, and her face was of a lively green. But Major Kent had hardly time to notice trifles of this sort, being busily engaged making profoundly rude remarks to his lame leg as he scrambled upstairs with the help of the banisters and flung himself into the chintz-covered room, where the poor little professional beauty baby was having a very bad time with a marble, which she had put into her mouth while her nurse's back was turned, and then—perhaps in order to conceal her fault—had bravely attempted to swallow.

Major Kent knew something about tracheotomy; he was one of those men who pick up information and acquire skill in unusual ways in all parts of the world, and it had often been some sort of comfort to him, when he accepted the fact that he was

not a social success, to realise that this very distinct failure on his part had at least given him plenty of time to develop himself in other ways. As a younger man, and before beginning some exploring work—which had never distinguished him, because he was quite unable to write about it—he had stulled both medicine and surgery. Also he was one of those men who one almost invariably finds are close friends with doctors, and who almost may be said to have missed their mark by not adopting medicine as their profession.

He took one look at the child, and then carried her to his own bedroom, where his razors were.

That Miss Evie carried the mark of a slit in her fat little neck for a long time to come was due to the fact that her life had been saved by a very rough-and-ready piece of surgery, but one which the surgeon admitted, when he arrived on the scene, had saved the child's life. Her little face no longer twitched convulsively, and her breath at last came easily. A frightened, almost hysterical little crowd in the corridor outside the bedroom began to breathe more freely. The terrified nursemaid, who, in the earlier stages of the proceedings, had clung heavily to the Major's arm, while entreating him to use it in order to save the child's life, and various waiters and housemaids, who had not only obstructed the air, but had filled it with their lamentations, began to disperse, though not without having explained and recited the whole of their sensations from the time the child had swallowed the marble until the present moment. The housemaids were inclined to remember vividly that they had dreamed the whole occurrence on the previous night; the waiters had always known, by some obscure reasoning process, what would happen "from the very way that that girl tossed her head"; and the nursemaid herself could only show her loyalty by passionately demanding the marble as a keepsake, and declaring on oath, as soon as the souvenir was handed to her, that she would never part with it all her life. Having made this semi-public utterance, and clinched it by bursting into tears, the nursemaid retired to be consoled by a strong cup of tea, and Major Kent and the surgeon closed the door and proceeded with their work. There were still some stitches to be put in, and some remedies to be applied to the small patient, who, fortunately, was showing complete confidence in her medical advisers, and who,

when the operation was over, fell sound asleep on Major Kent's bed.

The real dramatic crisis followed later, and, although short, it was, Major Kent was inclined to believe, the most extraordinary and wonderful thing that ever happened. To begin with, and to recite the matter categorically, no sooner was the baby sound asleep, and pronounced to be getting on well, than a recrudescence of hysteria began to manifest itself in the corridor. nursemaid, in spite of the strong cup of tea, chose the moment to faint quite suddenly, and several visitors in the hotel went out to seek industriously for the baby's father in places where it was manifestly impossible he could have been found. corner of the beach was too remote for them to explore, and search parties even proceeded to Beachy Head, in spite of the Major's repeated assurance that the young couple with the baby had returned from Beachy Head some time previously, and had subsequently proceeded The idea was sconted. to dine with friends. The world might be a poor, hard, wicked place, but was it possible to believe that a father and mother could be dining serenely — nay, eating heartily of a feast—while their one beautiful child was struggling for life against the overwhelming forces of marble? A French waiter, clinging to his dinner-napkin and relapsing into voluble French, explained the situation, compliments to the Major, by saying that one day England would admit that it was he who had been instrumental in saving the life of la petite by running with all possible speed to the kitchen for a poultice to place at the back of her neck, which, if it had been applied, would given instant relief, as he had proved for himself in a case of la grippe which he had experienced last winter. Everyone meanwhile seemed to have heard of the baby's accident, and, deprived of the relief which so many people at seaside resorts seem to get from leaving cards on afflicted persons, they seemed bent upon making an onslaught in large numbers upon the Major's door. While tapping on it themselves, they would like to point out what an unnecessary noise everyone else was making.

Major Kent had often quelled more serious disturbances in camps and in difficult places of the earth; in adverse moments most people looked to him, and, when the crisis was over, they forgot all about him again. He began suddenly to assume command of

the whole situation. Everybody obeyed him, everybody came to him for orders. Even the doctor—who was a very young man, with an inclination to take himself seriously, and obstinate in the matter of clinging to his stethoscope—had to take a second-best place, while the man of war sent people hither and thither, gave directions, cleared the passage of the doorway, opened the window in his bedroom, and turned everyone but himself out of the room. He then sat and waited for the child's parents, who had been all the time in a house not three minutes' distance from the hotel, and returned as usual, in the interests of Tom's health, shortly after ten o'clock.

The waiter, the porter, the housekeeper, several housemaids, and the nurse broke the news of the child's illness to them at precisely the same moment, all speaking together, and before the young couple had done more than enter the house.

Edith, being well and strong, carried the stairs with a rush, and Tom panted after her. They dashed down the passage and breathlessly entered the Major's room, while the staff of the hotel, like little dogs who can never see an aperture without evincing a desire to rush through it headlong, once more besieged the bedroom door.

The Major stood to attention by the bed upon which Miss Evie was snoring unconsciously, and instantly assumed his usual wooden and politely antagonistic He assured everyone formally that manner. all was well. Probably his nerves had had a bit of a shock, for he was not very strong yet, and still more probably he was longing to be friendly and sympathetic, and to set the poor mother at her ease, and at the same time to assure her of the safety of her child. And in the midst of these excellent intentions he could hear himself formally addressing her as "Madam," and telling her in a manner almost fierce that she had better not disturb the little girl, who would, of course, remain on his bed, and had better not be wakened up and carried to her own room.

He used to think afterwards that no one but Edith would have discounted altogether his odious and frigid manner. She didn't even seem to notice it! Her eyes were dim, but tearless and steady, and he thought that it was to calm him rather than to steady herself that she laid her hand upon his arm whilst she asked him questions.

Tom meanwhile had gone off to see the doctor, tugging his moustache, and whispering darkly that he meant to have a second opinion. The hotel seemed to quiet down suddenly; the lights were turned low on the staircase; the kindly visitors, frustrated in their attempt to make inquiries, had gone to their rooms, and then Edith, who still had her hand on the Major's arm in an attitude of thanks which words could not well express, said to him: "You have saved her; we owe it all to you that she is alive now."

"I am very glad," said the Major jerkily, his frigid politeness showing itself again, "that I have been able to do anything for

your child."

He could have sworn that a dimple began in her cheek and vanished, and that a smile only came half-way and got entangled in a blush. And then he found that she had removed her hand from his khaki sleeve, where, according to his ideas, it was resting very comfortably, and had put her arm round Evie's fat neck.

"Tom is devoted to her," she remarked,

after a little pause.

Major Kent bowed stiffly and agreed. He had an idea that he was acting inanely without being able to say what it was that put him at a disadvantage.

"And—and so am I," continued the lady.
This statement was so obvious that it

required no corroboration.

"So, of course, he lets me see a lot of her."
The Major rose to his feet and, without actually scratching his head, he ruffled up his hair till it stood on end.

"She is Tom's little girl, you know."

Well, he did know that, and he clung to the fact amidst much that was puzzling him.

"Mothers care most," he began heavily.
"Oh, but aunts can be adoring, too," she

He believed he had forgotten that such things as aunts exist, in spite of the elderly relative who used to live at Eastbourne. Consequently he gazed at the baby's aunt as if she were some new and wonderful discovery, and gasped slightly as he exclaimed: "Then—then Tom?"

"Tom, my brother—wounded—invalid wife—nursing home—Tom and I at the seaside." The words came dimly to the Major in a sort of confused jumble, to which he supposed he must have made some reply, for he heard: "Very like me—anybody might make the mistake. Please don't apologise."

So he supposed he must have apologised! As a matter of fact, he only heard one half of what was being said to him, his chief

difficulty being—as he used to tell her over and over again, in the days that followed not long after this, when they were engaged and sat on the little iron balcony together, and had to leave Tom to be entertained pretty often by his little daughter in the chintz-covered room—not to call out at that precise moment, and without any preliminaries: "Then you are mine, of course!" And again, more forcibly, but with wonder: "You are mine!"

The interjection, of course, had to be repressed. Major Kent behaved outwardly with his usual calm and decorum; but perhaps nothing really saved the situation except the fact that the baby, who still lay comfortably upon his bed, at this moment woke up. He waited upon her gravely, as she seemed to expect him to do, and offered her, one after another, very dangerous

implements, such as razor strops and tooth paste, which she demanded of him, and then, fortunately for the baby and for all concerned, Tom and the doctor returned together. Miss Evie was transferred to her own couch, and the evening ended in a manner amazingly pleasant on a mild whisky and soda and a cigar with the child's father, who turned out to be an excellent fellow, and to whom the Major spoke in jerky, short sentences such as soldiers of the Major's type always use. He believed Tom had every right he liked to let the acquaintanceship end there, and he never to this day knows how it was that he found himself the next morning having breakfast with them. Honey! Cherry jam! Scones and Devonshire cream!

The rest is far too wonderful to write about.



WITHY AND HOLLY.

A GIPSY CAROL.

In the dawn of December, when Christmas draws anigh, And your hopes be all dwindling and forlorn, Like the last yellow leaves on the withy tree a-sigh, The withy leaf a-trembling, tossed and torn—

Oh, the holly-bush there stands, dressed in scarlet-red and green, And it bears at once the berry and the flower; Remember, though the sharp, prickly thorn comes in between, God made you and your happy hour!

Oh, sweet is green holly when in flame o' fire it burns These frosty nights of cruel, cutting wind! But sweeter grows the light when the New Year turns, And the darkest days are left behind.

In the dawn of December, when Christmas draws a-near, Though forlorn you be, like withy in the wind, Remember Christ is here, the troubled soul to cheer, And the poor broken heart to bind.

Now the stars flashing bright lead the joys of Christmas in, So bid good-bye to every grief and tear;
New life, new light, new love for you begin,
And God send you your happiest New Year!

ROMANY RAWNY.

ABOVE THE BIDDING

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Illustrated by Victor Prout



was a boisterous afternoon when Captain Bell entered the ornamental offices of the Torwood coasting line, which had been plain enough before old Torwood died, and Linstock undertook the

management of the company. His methods were modern, and he believed in display, but the shareholders had ground for being satisfied with him. The satisfaction, however, was not shared by the coasters' crews, and shippers began to remark that Torwoods were no longer marked by the blunt honesty that had characterised the founder of the firm.

When Bell tapped on the mahogany counter, a grey-haired clerk opened a window. He was one of old Torwood's servants, and it was believed in the office that he would not be there long.

"We have kept you busy, captain, but you may get a day off," he said. think you'll go to sea next tide."

"How's that?"

The clerk lowered his voice. "We've had Admiralty warning about submarines lurking near the Calf of Man, but the chief didn't leave it in the outer office. However, he's waiting, and told me to send you in."

Bell went through to the manager's private room, where a very well-dressed man looked up for a moment and let him stand, though Torwood, who was rough and untidy, had generally given him a cigar. After a minute or two Linstock turned to him.

"The weather seems bad, but you must take the coal, which is urgently wanted in

Ireland, across to-night."

"Very well, sir, though I'd have liked a day in port. Ferguson wants to dismantle his high-pressure engine."

"We'll give him a chance next trip.

There's another matter. I understand you refused to sail with Mr. Waltham, the mate, and ordered him ashore."

"That's so," Bell answered quietly. "He shipped a couple of hands I didn't approve of, and was insolent when I sent them off."

Linstock looked hard at him. "I'm told you never got on with Waltham. Are you sure you're not prejudiced? He came to us well recommended, and I gave him the post."

Bell was silent for a few moments. had distrusted Waltham—there was something he thought of as un-English about the fellow-and he had a similar feeling for his Moreover, he knew instinctively that Linstock disliked him and favoured the mate. To be firm might cost him something, but he did not mean to yield.

"I've no fault to find with his seamanship, but I must have my orders obeyed," he said. "Besides, he'd engaged two foreigners, and I prefer a British crew just now."

Linstock gave him a keen glance, and then made a gesture of dismissal. "Very well, if you insist. You'll take precautions against attack, and telegraph us when you arrive."

Bell went out in a thoughtful mood. had, no doubt, offended the manager, but his distrust of him had increased; it was strange the fellow had not mentioned the Admiralty warning. He transacted some business with the clerk, and then caught a train that arrived some hours later at a small Northcountry port. It was raining hard, and a bitter wind swept the dingy streets as he walked to his lodgings. They were not in a fashionable neighbourhood, because the pay of coasting skippers is not high, but the pretty, delicate woman who met him with a loving smile had made them homely, and Bell shook off his troubles when he kissed her and his child.

For all that, the troubles returned when the little feast she had prepared was over and they sat by the fire. The tawdry carpets and curtains and shabby furniture suggested

careful economy, and Mrs. Bell had a faded look. Bell remembered her fresh beauty when she married him; but he was mate of a big liner then, though he lost the post after a dispute with an autocratic superintendent. Bell was obstinate, and characterised by certain fixed ideas of his duty that sometimes brought him into conflict with his employers. By and by it struck him that his wife had something on her mind, and he glanced at the little girl, who sat very quietly in a corner with a book.

"Lucy doesn't look much better," he remarked. "Has the doctor been again?"

Mrs. Bell hesitated. "He was here this morning, and thought her cough was worse. He said we ought to take her south as soon as possible. It's too bleak on this exposed coast."

"I don't see how it can be managed," Bell remarked, with a troubled look. "But did he say nothing about yourself?"

"He thought the change would be good for both of us," she answered reluctantly.

Bell mused, studying his wife. She had never been strong, and now looked unusually thin. But he imagined she had something more to say. Presently she took up a letter and gave it to him with an apologetic air.

"It's impossible, of course, but Lucy would soon get well if we could go. Cousin Mabel says the Mill House will be sold very cheap, and she can find most of the money, if we will join. Besides, we could let it for the summer months."

Bell's face turned grim as he read the letter, for he knew his wife was anxious about the child, who-did not thrive among the blast-furnace fumes and colliery smoke that blew across the bleak North-country town. Now the comfortable old house where she had been born in a sheltered Devon valley was for sale, and her relative had made a very practical suggestion for its purchase.

"My dear," he said, "it cuts deep to refuse a chance like this, but I haven't a quarter of the money our share would come to. I

wish I had!"

"I know," she answered, with gentle sympathy. "You would deny yourself of everything for us; but we won't talk about it. A man called to see you this afternoon."

"What was his name?"

"He didn't say, but somehow I didn't like his looks."

Bell let the matter drop. He must go to sea soon, and meant to make the most of the hour or two he had left; and he said

nothing about his fear that Linstock would discharge him.

At twelve o'clock he left the house and walked to the dock where the *Pharpar* lay alongside the giant coal-tips. Her decks were foul with black dust, which a few shivering men were sullenly washing off, and the air was thick with rain. She was an old iron steamer of about four hundred tons, but with finer lines and more powerful engines than most coasters. Once upon a time she had been engaged in the Mediterranean fruit trade, where speed was needed, but she burned more coal than modern boats, and Torwood had bought her cheap. Bell knew she was well insured.

When he went to his room, he found a man waiting, who asked for a few minutes' talk, and offered him a cigar. Bell, who did not take it, told him to be quick. He was unable to remember all that passed, but the interview went something like this—

"You can't get into port until high water, but you'll be across before then," the stranger remarked.

"Yes," said Bell. "What about it?"

"As you'll have to wait for the tide, you may as well steam dead slow for a few hours and save some coal."

Bell studied the other, and thought his wife was right. The man was well dressed and spoke good English, but Bell did not like his looks.

"It would suit me better to anchor on the Irish coast."

"I can show you the contrary. You'd find it would pay you well to spend the time at sea."

"Ah!" said Bell, who began to see where the other was leading. "Go on."

"You have four large cases of tools on board, which won't be asked for by the Irish consignees. You could mark them off as 'short-shipped,' and deliver them, on application, near the Calf of Man."

"Why should I do this?"

"Because you won't have to account for the cases, and will earn a hundred pounds!" Bell was silent a moment, and then asked:

"Have you the money?"

The other smiled. "We pay when the work's done—as soon as you tranship the goods. But, as a proof of good faith, I'll give you ten pounds now."

"Who'll apply for the cases?" Bell asked, with stern restraint as he took the money.

"We'll avoid particulars. Stop your engines when the Chickens Light bears south-east six miles, where you'll be in pretty smooth water. Perhaps you can arrange with your engineer for a bearing to get hot. Show no alarm at what happens, but do what you're told, and, when the cases are hoisted out, you'll be allowed to proceed."

"I understand," Bell said shortly. "Is

this all?"

"I might add that your police would have hard work to find me, and that to land the cases in Ireland might get you into serious trouble. In fact, I could make it very awkward for you if you tried to stop me

leaving the ship."

The man went away, and Bell lighted his pipe. He had overcome the strongest temptation he had ever had to face, and now felt puzzled as well as angry. It was strange that the fellow knew so much, and took it for granted that he could be bribed; but perhaps his appearance had something to do with this. He looked careworn, and his clothes were shabby. Disappointment, bad times, and the struggle to maintain his delicate wife and child, and meet the heavy doctor's bills, had left their mark on him. But his honour was not for sale.

When he went out on the rain-swept deck, a man under a lamp on the quay hailed him, and he saw it was the owner of some coasters that competed with the Torwood boats. Bell had met him once or twice.

"Will you give me a passage?" he asked.
"You'll have to rough it, Mr. Harkness.
Then I'm told there are submarines about."

Harkness got on board. "I learned something about roughing it in the sailing ships, and I'll risk a torpedo. They've stopped the mail-boats, but the *Cygnet's* badly ashore near Strangford Lough, and I

must get across."

Bell gave him his room, and went to the bridge when the *Pharpar* warped out of dock. The ropes were cast off from the pierhead, and with a smoke-cloud trailing behind her, and the white combers bursting on her bows, she lurched away into the spray that swept the Irish Sea. An hour later he went down and sent for his elderly Scots engineer. They were good friends, and Bell told him what the stranger had said.

"It's queer," Ferguson remarked. "I'll no waste time asking what ye mean to do."

"You needn't. My cousin and most of his crew were drowned in a torpedoed ship

a month ago!"

"Weel," said Ferguson, "we'll tak' a look at the cases by and by, but I canna leave the old mill yet. She's no running as I like; ye'll mind I asked for a day to sort her."

"It's Linstock's fault you didn't get it."

"I ken that fine. Mr. Linstock's a man o' parts and earns good dividends, but he sometimes makes mistakes."

"He wouldn't grieve if the *Pharpar* went to the bottom with you and me on board."

"Maybe, but she's no there yet. It's a comfort to remember the old boat's faster than she looks."

He was somewhat oracular, but Bell knew his man, and felt sure of his support. After a time, however, Ferguson came up to the bridge looking grave.

"I'll have to stop her," he remarked.
"Ye can alloo for two hours before she's

under steam again."

This was awkward, because it meant that the *Pharpar* would pass the Calf of Man about the time the spy had mentioned; but Bell ordered the small, sooty sails to be hoisted, and walked up and down his bridge in a dangerous mood. He had had his troubles before he sailed, and now it might be made to look as if he had been bought by his country's enemies; but if the worst came, they should find that he could fight. With this object, he had a heavy grindstone and a big spare anchor-stock lashed outside These would do some damage the bridge. to anything they fell upon. The steamer was heading about south, which, with the ebb tide on her lee bow, would carry her into the danger zone, but the drag of the propeller prevented his bringing her round. At length a message came from Ferguson, and Bell left the bridge.

"Evans can finish the job noo," said the engineer. "As she's no quite ready for

starting yet, we'll look at the cases."

He brought a lantern, and they went down alone into the dark hold. The cases were large and strongly made, and the steamer rolled awkwardly, but after working hard they loosened the top of one.

"What do you think we'll find?" Bell asked breathlessly, as he threw down his

crowbar.

"Drums o' oil that would suit engines o' the Diesel type, and maybe cylinders o' oxygen, though I dinna ken much about submarines."

"Then look here!" Bell exclaimed, with a hoarse laugh, when he had pulled off the loose boards.

Ferguson looked and rubbed his forehead. The case, which was marked "Tools," was filled with axes, navvies' picks, and saws.

"Weel," he said, "this is no what I

expected. Maybe it's a blind. We'll open another."

They did so, and found it contained the articles described in the manifest. they stood, at a loss, amidst a litter of broken boards and torn jute packing, Bell swung round at a footstep and saw Harkness close by.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"About ten minutes. I saw a hatch plank had been lifted, and came quietly down. Though it's not my business, I suppose you have some reason for broaching this cargo?"

Bell rather liked the man, who had a good name with his captains. He thought he could trust him, and he might need an independent witness. In consequence, he related his interviews with Linstock and the Harkness pondered for a few moments, and then said—

"To begin with, the German agent's game is tolerably plain—he wanted to ensure your being near a spot where the submarine could find and sink you. You were right to take the money, which, of course, is all you would have got."

"He's ten pounds to the good, onyway!"

Ferguson remarked.

"The old boat's hardly worth a torpedo," Bell objected. "Linstock would be glad to lose her."

"Just so," Harkness agreed very dryly. "For all that, a British steamer of four hundred tons would swell the German pirates' bag. It's strange your manager said nothing about the submarines, but you may see how two objects would be gained by one shot."

Bell looked hard at him, and Harkness "Nobody seems quite sure about Mr. Linstock's nationality, though I suppose he has satisfied the police. Still, if we assumed him to be a foreigner, one could understand-

Bell's face set hard and he clenched his "The rogues thought they'd buy me, and then let me go down with the ship!"

"Without e'en paying the full price!"

Ferguson interposed.

"That was, no doubt, their plan," said "However, as I imagine we're near the dangerous spot, what are you going to do?"

"Run, if I can," Bell answered. "If not, I'll fight!" Then he turned to Ferguson. "Start your engines and raise all the steam the old boiler will stand."

He went up, saw the hatch battened down, put out his navigation lights, and changed his course when the engines began to throb. It was blowing fresh, but the air had cleared and the rain had stopped. The line of Manx hills cut black against the sky, and though the vessel was under the lee of the land, a confused swell was running. lurched across it, flinging the spray aloft in clouds, but while the engines were now running well, Bell thought it prudent to keep some speed in hand. Few modern colliers were as fast as the old fruit boat. The light on the Chickens rock had been extinguished, but he was steering for the dangerous channel between it and the Calf island when the look-out forward hailed him.

"White streak crossed our bows, sir, like a flash!" Then there was silence for a moment, and the fellow called again in a harsh voice; "Something big on port bowlooks like a submarine."

Bell rang for full speed, and after signing to the helmsman, said to Harkness, who stood near him on the bridge: "You'd better get below. Some of them carry guns."

"I sent my two boys to the Navy, to take worse risks," Harkness answered, with a

short, stern laugh.

Listing down as her helm went over, the *Pharpar* swung to starboard, and Bell, who snatched up his night-glasses, saw a low dark object rushing after him through a broad track of foam. It was now on his port quarter.

"That's a submarine, boys!" he called to the startled watch. "Stand by me like

Britons, and we'll beat him yet!"

A savage growl answered him, and he glanced aft again. The black object was plainer, and drawing up; he could see the torn swell wash across its rounded top. The enemy was faster than the *Pharpar*, but she could not bring her torpedo tubes to bear as she was steering, and to change her course would lose her ground. Still, Bell knew he had another danger to face, and gripped the bridge-rails hard as a quick red flash blazed out of the dark. Smoke gushed from the side of the punctured funnel, and the crash of the gun was followed by a detonation and a white cloud in the air ahead.

"Something wrong with their percussion gear," he said to Harkness coolly. "If he gives me a chance to swing off, I'll run for the Calf Sound and drown him among the reefs; but he'll hit us with his starboard tube if I let her swerve." Then he pushed Harkness back with a cry of: "Look out!"

There was another flash, the back of the

wheel-house was torn to splinters, and somebody screamed inside; but Bell, springing in among the wreckage, seized the wheel in time. A shadowy figure lay groaning at his feet, and half the bridge had gone, but the Pharpar was still on a course that prevented the submarine bringing her tubes to

upon him, and the shattered wheel-house was filled with smoke. His hands slipped from the spokes, but next moment Harkness sprang in and seized the wheel.

"Fight your ship, if you can! I'll take the helm!" he cried.

Bell staggered out, choking with the



"'Hold fast, all!' he shouted feebly."

Then rifles began to crackle, and bullets sang past and struck chips from the wrecked bridge, while a small shell made fragments of a swung-out boat. A cry of pain and hoarse curses rose from the deck below, and Bell felt a sudden burning pang in his shoulder, after which something fell

smoke, half dazed and faint. His face was blackened, warm blood ran down his arm, and he had lost his cap, but he pulled himself together as he leaned on the broken rails. The submarine was converging on the Pharpar and drawing further forward. Her low, dark hull emerged in patches from the tumbling foam, and the small superstructure near its middle was level with the bridge. It looked as if she did not mean to waste a costly torpedo when she could finish her victim with her gun; but if she held on for another minute, Bell saw what he could do.

"Starboard!" he called to Harkness, as a shell burst aft. "Hard over!"

A bullet screamed past him, but he laughed as he felt the *Pharpar* list and saw her bows begin to swing. Then the crackle of rifle-fire stopped, and the submarine swerved; but she was too late, for the *Pharpar*'s helm had gone over first. The collier's tall black forecastle lurched out of a cloud of spray, towering over the other's almost submerged hull. The submarine could dive, but this would need some preparation, and Bell meant to help her down before she was ready.

"Hold fast, all!" he shouted feebly.

There was one wild cry of terror, and then a heavy crash. The *Pharpar* trembled, but did not stop, and her crew heard the thin steel shell she struck crumple up. Four hundred tons travelling at twelve knots carries its momentum well, and her shattered enemy was pressed beneath the collier's keel. For a few moments there was a harsh grinding and grating that steadily passed aft, and then the steamer leaped ahead. A patch of frothing white broke out and vanished in her wake, and Bell, who slipped from the rails, sat down limply on the bridge.

An hour later he found himself lying on the settee in his room, though he did not know how he got there. His arm was bound to his side, and there was a bandage round

his head.

"How's the boat?" he asked Harkness, who sat close by.

"Something the worse for wear, but steaming well on a course to Belfast."

"She's not consigned to Belfast," the captain objected feebly.

"We're going there, anyhow. We have two men badly hurt, who must be sent to hospital. Besides, you're damaged yourself."

"Some fool has tied my head up, but that

wasn't where I was hit."

"It looked pretty bad," said Harkness.
"I imagine a stanchion fell on you, and it was the blow that knocked you out. The bullet went clean through your shoulder, and, if it hasn't smashed the blade, mayn't have done much harm. But drink this and go to sleep."

Bell, who felt very thirsty, drained the offered glass and closed his eyes. When he wakened, the *Pharpar* was moored, and two of the crew put him into an ambulance.

Three or four days later Harkness came

to see him at the hospital.

"We got the Cygnet off, but I've sacked the fellow who stranded her," he said. "That means some changes, and you can have command of the Merganser. if it suits you. She's a big boat, and the pay's better than anything you're likely to get from Torwoods."

"It's tempting," Bell replied. "Still, though I think Linstock meant——"

"Linstock's gone. He seems to have vanished when the news of your exploit got home, and I hear that Torwoods are badly upset. Some of the old shareholders never trusted the manager, and now there's talk of defalcations and reconstructing the company. Anyhow, as they mean to sell off the worst paying boats, you had better come to us."

"Thanks!" said Bell, with feeling. "I'll do my best; but you don't know much about me yet. Then there's Ferguson—"

"I know enough," Harkness answered, smiling. "There are probably more submarines about, and it looks as if you could be trusted by your country and your employer. Besides, we're rather short of good engineers, and. to satisfy you, we'll put Ferguson in the *Mallard*."

THE SEAS OF ENGLAND.

O SEAS of England, guarding still her shores,
With sure watch and inviolable ward,
From devastation and the scourge of wars,
Women from anguish, infants from the sword.

Sometimes how cruel have you seemed to be
To your own children who have loved you well:
'Tis the price paid that England may be free,
Her people may in peace unbroken dwell.

EDGAR VINE HALL.



"CHRISTMAS MORNING IN WAR-TIME." BY SEPTIMUS E. SCOTT.

AUSTRALIA & THE WAR

By SIR GEORGE REID, G.C.M.G.,

High Commissioner for the Australian Commonwealth.

THE late arrival of Australia in the family of nations was largely owing to the singular fact that the earliest navigators, whether Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, French, or English, turned, without one exception, to the right when they touched any part of North Australia. That way lay an illimitable margin of coast of the most sterile aspect. Had any one of the explorers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, or early part of the eighteenth century turned to the left and sailed down the eastern coast, instead of ugly barrenness they would have reached tempting panoramas, eloquent with assurances of a fertile interior.

When at last the white pioneer took possession of Australia, he failed to discover, and no one has since discovered, any trace of human genius or any monument of human industry either upon or below its surface. Mounds erected by ants—insects whose tireless energy belongs to no country in particular — provided the only visible triumphs of intelligent plan and purpose of which Australia could boast.

The vigour of British settlement was in striking contrast to the lazy aimlessness of the aboriginals. It was peaceful because there were no formidable enemies to conquer, but vast spaces were soon colonised at a rate and with a thoroughness well worthy of admiration when you remember the vast distance of the pioneers from the great centres of civilisation.

In the early 'fifties gold discoveries set the tune, but the pastoral, farming, and manufacturing industries, stimulated by a wonderful series of public works, have brought about a degree of solid and productive national development which has made the Australian Commonwealth one of the strongest pillars of the British Empire.

The discovery of methods of freezing meat, and methods of conveying meat, butter, and fruit in cold storage to the distant markets of the Old World, was far more valuable than all the Australian gold-fields. The gold deposits could not be renewed, but the freezing and carrying

processes to which I have referred linked up for all time the vast natural resources Australia contains with the ever-growing needs of more populous communities.

One of the strangest delusions of German statesmanship has been its belief in the hollowness of Colonial and Imperial professions of loyalty. There was no sort of excuse for this blunder. The selfish aggressiveness of Germany, and her manifest intention to challenge the naval supremacy of Great Britain—a challenge which equally menaced our own integrity—sharpened our perceptions of self-interest and added greater force than ever to our sentiments of loyalty.

No community could be more devoted to peaceful courses than Australians have always been—none would more gladly join in a universal disarming—but no other nation sets a higher value upon its freedom, or has been more convinced of the urgent need of preparations for self-defence.

A brief review of the history of military and naval preparations in Australia may be

interesting. Before 1870 the Imperial Government undertook our defence both on land and sea. The British land forces, infantry and artillery, had their headquarters in Sydney. There were, besides, some volunteer forces, it is true, but they were small in number. In 1870 the British troops were withdrawn, and the Colonies were asked to provide for their own land defence, the Royal Navy remaining responsible for our naval defence. That arrangement continued until 1887, when the Australian Colonies and New Zealand consented to make an annual payment for ten years to the Imperial funds towards the expense of the naval squadron on the Australian station, the limits of which were described. After Federation this agreement was renewed for a further period of ten years, with an increased payment. In 1909 the project of an Australian Navy was adopted. vessel was launched on the Clyde in 1910. When the War began, the Australian fleet

D

consisted of one first-class battle-cruiser, four light cruisers, three torpedo-boat destroyers, and two submarines, all under the command of Admiral Sir George Patey. These vessels were manned by Australians and men lent by the Royal Navy. Another light cruiser and two destroyers, all built in Australia, have since been launched, and, like the British Navy, the Australian Navy is steadily increasing in strength.

For land defence the Australian Parliament, in 1909, also began a resolute move in the direction of universal service. Boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age, young men from eighteen to twenty-six, were compelled to undertake military training. The drills were limited in number and duration, but the young men had to go into

camp each year for ten days.

To establish compulsion in any form is not easy in the Commonwealth. To the everlasting credit of the people and their Parliamentary representatives, this immense inroad upon popular prejudice was cheerfully welcomed. The fact that the new scheme did not apply to any young man of voting age may have had something to do with that.

The value of these vigorous measures, in fighting results, has become obvious. But had there been no war, the training would have been popular from other points of view. Every observer admits that the discipline and associations the new system created improved our young men in every way.

The sudden growth of the naval power of Japan and Germany, coupled with the general increase of sea-power in the navies of other countries, had quite effaced that overwhelming supremacy of the British fleets which used to make the people of Australia

feel so secure.

Themselves the freest and most democratic of mortals, Australians took a lively interest in every struggle for national liberty. Imperial despotisms have no charm for Australian men and women, and in their eyes the most dangerous of all these Imperial despotisms is that of Germany. Not satisfied with the lustre of her intellectual and the expansion of her industrial and commercial achievements, Germany was preparing, they feared, to crush by force of arms the liberties of the world, in order to throw all the destinies of mankind into a cast-iron Tentonic mould.

Australians followed the diplomacy preceding the War with the keenest interest. Germany's sickening professions of helplessness when asked to give good counsel to Austria, her sudden declaration of war against Russia when Austria began to listen to reason, the diabolical attack on the heroic Belgians—at first excused as a necessary military manœuvre, and afterwards as prompted by a fear of invasion—all these cynical pretences and dastardly outrages redoubled the disgust and indignation already excited by Germany's overbearing conduct.

The heart of Australia was stirred to its depths. When Great Britain declared war, every feeling of loyalty and instinct of liberty combined in an instant resolve to stand by the Mother Country, as the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth put it, "to the last man and the last shilling." Our fleet was at once placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government. Even before war was actually declared the Government telegraphed an offer of a large and fully-equipped contingent of troops, the forerunner of many more.

The wonderful excellence of the men, the efficiency of their equipment, and the promptitude of their dispatch, astonished everyone. They were all volunteers; they included every rank of life and grade of social circumstance. Half of them might have hoped for commissions if they had not rushed into the rank and file.

The stream of reinforcements from Australia has been well sustained ever since. Every new anxiety at the Front brings forth a new harvest on the recruiting fields of the Commonwealth.

Already there is a strong lead in favour of a system of conscription. In Sydney the Labour Premier, Mr. Holman, supported by the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Wade, and endorsed by a great meeting of citizens, has started a move in that direction. If more and still more soldiers are needed, Australia

will supply them.

The movements of the Australian cruisers in the early stages of the War are not yet fully revealed. But facts we know show how quickly they got to sea, and how useful they were. They protected the coasts of Australia and New Zealand from attack by the German Pacific Fleet. They convoyed the Expeditionary Forces to, and took part in the capture of, German New Guinea and the islands in that neighbourhood, and of the island of Samoa.

They destroyed all the German wireless stations in the South Pacific. They captured the German gunboat *Komet*, and destroyed certain enemy mercantile vessels.

They assisted in the drive of the German Pacific Fleet from Pacific waters, which resulted in the destruction of that fleet by Admiral Sturdee off the Falkland Islands. They assisted in the convoy of the Australian Expeditionary Forces to Europe, during which service H.M.A.S. Sydney engaged and destroyed the German cruiser Emden off the Cocos Islands.

In the performance of these operations Australia has to deplore the loss of a number of gallant men, as well as the loss of submarine "AE 1" in the Pacific, and of

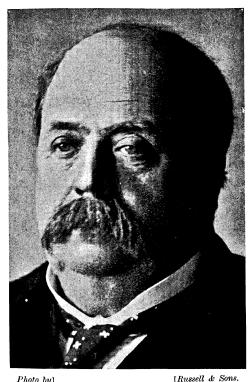


Photo by]

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE REID, High Commissioner for the Australian Commonwealth.

submarine "AE 2" in the Sea of Marmora, and although the present duties of the Australian ships cannot be made public, they are acting as an integral part of the Imperial Navy, under the orders of the British Admiralty.

The mere existence of the battle-cruiser Australia somewhere in the Pacific, with her rate of speed and battery of 12-inch guns, saved the Commonwealth and New Zealand from very grave dangers, and helped to drive the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau into the waters where they were destroyed by the Intexible and the Indomitable. The exploit of the second-class cruiser Sydney, in smashing up the *Emden* so near our fleet of Australian transports, filled with our first contingents, was not, of course, by itself, anything very wonderful; but the quick completeness with which the Australian cruiser finally disposed of Von Muller, his ship and crew, placed a glorious feather in the cap of the Australian Navy. Von Muller must have cursed the accident that caused the dummy funnel to fall and so reveal his identity to the wireless operators of the Cocos telegraph station. The fact that he made for the wireless station in the early morning showed how secure he thought his position to be.

There is one certain record in store, I think, for the Australian Navy. I believe the distance steamed by our battle-cruiser Australia during the War will exceed all

other totals.

But the qualities of constant and enduring heroism in landing, attack, and defence shown by our Australian Expeditionary Force sent to the Dardanelles eclipse all our other achievements in the War.

The officers commanding, from Sir Ian Hamilton and General Birdwood downwards, vie with the literary Eye-Witnesses in their endeavours to do justice to the sublime dash, the indomitable steadiness and brilliant resourcefulness of these young soldiers making their first appearance under such fearfully trying and deadly conditions with such conspicuous success. Our men got out of their trenches time after time to face almost certain death in order to give other forces a chance of taking advantage of their sacrifice. The annals of war will rarely, if ever, show such records of cheerful, unflinching heroism in troops so juvenile in their military experience. The casualties in our ranks at Gallipoli have been enormous, but those who are left are as brave, as thorough, and as cheerful as were those glorious sons whom Australia will ever mourn with mingled pride and grief.

In his dispatch of May 20, Sir Ian Hamilton thus described the conduct of the Australians on their landing at Gallipoli:—

"The moment the boats touched land the Australians' turn had come. Like lightning they leaped ashore, and each man, as he did so, went straight as his bayonet at the enemy. So vigorous was the onslaught that the Turks made no attempt to withstand it, and fled from ridge to ridge, pursued by the Australian infantry."

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, in his most graphic "Dispatches from the Dardanelles," at pages 47-48, writes—

"I do not suppose that any country in its palmiest days ever sent forth to the field of battle a finer body of men that these Australian, New Zealand, and Tasmanian troops. Physically they are the finest lot of men I have ever seen in any part of the world. In fact, I had no idea that such a race of giants existed in the twentieth century. Some of their battalions average five feet ten inches, and every man seems to be a trained athlete.

"Their discipline is different from what we are accustomed to at home. There is not that social line of demarcation between the officers and men. Many of the privates hold better positions in civil life than their officers. Yet there does not seem to be any friction, and the discipline is excellent, arising as it does rather from a mutual understanding between all ranks than from a written code which has been ingrained in the blood for centuries."

Whatever the future may reveal of mistaken plans and expectations, and whatever the ultimate end of the whole endeavour may be, the landing at the Dardanelles will have one excellent feature—it was a move of great and immediate service to our noble Russian ally at a time when she had to bear by far the largest share of the brunt of active hostilities.

If our regard goes back to the Australian shores, we see that distance has not cooled the ardour of Australian good-will to our Allies either. When you remember the small total of our population, and the scattered nature of country settlement, the volume of our collections for patriotic funds at home and abroad is amazing.

Australian funds for patriotic purposes connected with the War have reached, and will far exceed, the sum of £3,200,000. Then the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society has remitted, in the first year of the War, the fine total of about £130,000. The share the Belgian Relief Fund enjoyed of Australian generosity approached £1,000,000. For French, Russian, and Serbian funds large donations have also been sent.

In addition, almost the whole of the female population has been employed in making clothing comforts, most of which have been shipped to the British Red Cross Society.

July 30 was set apart and called "Australia Day," in order to take up a national collection in support of our sick and wounded, and to help them when they return home. The grand total of the moneys subscribed on that one day was £780,000, or three shillings for every man, woman, and child on the continent. That is another proof of the inexhaustible generosity of the people.

The financial position of Australia has always been sound. There has never been a commercial crisis. There was one banking crisis in 1840, and another in 1893. Both were caused by reckless speculation—in the former case in country lands, in the latter, city and suburban lauds. In both cases the injurious effects were transient, and the position soon became sounder than ever.

The public debts of the Australian States have always been large, and so has the public expenditure. But the public debt is represented by immense benefits conferred in the shape of settlement and industry, railways, harbour works, waterworks, and other services directly reproductive, and nearly the whole of the debt is represented by business concerns paying working expenses, interest, and yielding a surplus of revenue besides.

It is only when the running expenses of all those great works are taken out of the accounts of public expenditure, and set against the revenue they produce, that the true rate of Government outlay proper is perceived. It is only when the nature of the public debt, the revenue it produces, the immense industrial service it has rendered, and will render in ever-increasing measure, are realised, that the critic begins to understand the singularly good position the Commonwealth and States occupy, in any fair estimate of national liabilities and assets.

For the first time war expenditure now forms part of our public debt. The new burden is rapidly mounting into large figures. For the year 1915–16 the Australian estimate of naval and military expenditure is £47,554,000, divided as follows—

Military £38,460,000 Naval 7,289,000 Interest, Sinking Fund, and War Pensions . . 1,805,000

No one grudges the outlay, or would seek to escape from it. We look upon the War as just as much our affair as that of any English taxpayer. We have just as great a horror of German methods of warfare, and just as fierce a will to keep our land free from a German triumph, as the most ardent of our brethren in the British Isles.

Perhaps I am privileged more than any other person in England to know the extent to which the Australian Government has fallen in with the wishes of the Imperial Government in every conceivable way.

With the same readiness Australians have shown to sacrifice their lives, and open up generous springs of private beneficence, they have surrendered the control of their export trade and consented to forego markets full of promise, in order that the urgent measures deemed necessary by the British Government should be effectual.

Whilst the War is raging, speculations as to the future are rather futile. Still, the changes that must come in the only event we think possible, that of victory for our arms and those of our faithful Allies, are so immense that those who cannot fight or work in war factories may well consider if they do not publicly discuss them.

The political changes inevitable as part of the terms of peace will be of immense moment to the whole world.

Perhaps the changes that will take place within our own Empire will be equally momentous. It is already probable that the people of the Indian Empire will receive some substantial recognition of their loyalty and valour in the Empire's hour of need.

The settlement of the terms of peace, the political and industrial changes within Great Britain and within the whole Empire, will give less trouble probably than the stupendous problems that will confront us owing to the new ideas and ambitions which our two or three millions of citizen soldiers will bring home with them from their service abroad. Hundreds of thousands will never settle down to the uneventful drudgery of their former occupations. The open-air industries of the countries beyond the sea will

make an irresistible appeal to such men. The emigration that will then take place, perhaps on a colossal scale, should not be allowed to drift into countries outside the range of our own flag. Surely the fearful mistakes of the past are not to be allowed? There are openings enough on our one-fifth of the earth's surface for every British emigrant.

Less than one-tenth of Australia's three million square miles has passed out of the ownership of the State Parliaments. Vast areas of that land are at present quite unfit for settlement, but immense spaces are eligible. I feel sure that the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa will not turn a cold shoulder to any sound proposals that will be beneficial all round. One's heart and soul revolt at the idea of any of our sailor or soldier heroes who are able to work ceasing to belong to the Empire they have risked life and limb to defend.

It was well for our family of nations that the Colonies in Australia and South Africa followed the example of the Canadian Provinces and established Federal Constitutions. It was our Federal Union in 1901 which made possible the wonderful naval and military response United Australia has made to the war signal of our Sovereign.

The relations between Britain, her Dominions and Dependencies, are full of interesting paradoxes. The gradations from Colonial freedom, up or down, to autocratic sway are very puzzling. They ought to have worked badly, but have not.

The fact is that the sort of union which gives strength to a bundle of inanimate sticks is not always the sort of union which gives the best results in the case of living organisms. Some day noble ideals such as that of an Imperial Parliament will materialise, but some evolutions in more than one part of the Empire are necessary before the greatest of all Parliaments can meet at Westminster.

An article on New Zealand and the War, by the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand, will appear in the next number.



THE HEART'S AWAKENING

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by H. R. Millar

I. PLUNDER FROM THE SEA.



WANING moon, vast and vague, hung above the icy blue of dawn, and all down the coast the sea, beating upon the rocks, sang to the land a thriddy song, desolate as the wind that blew

from the distant mountains.

The mountains lay to the east, the sea to the west, to the north lay mountains, and to the south a vast plain bordered by the sea and reaching to the eastern foothills; and north, and east, and almost to the sea-edge in the south, the forms and fumes of volcanoes stamped and stained the sky.

Some inhabitant of Mars, had he suddenly been placed here, would have stood fascinated and held by two things—the enormity of that awful moon, so huge, so ghostly, yet so vividly real and, despite its vagueness, so evidently a solid body and not a cloud, and the activity of those volcanic hills in the midst of the absolute and utter desolation. Then, had he stood long enough and scanned the scene attentively, other things stranger than the moon, or the silence, or the furiously active hills, might have drawn his attention. Those great rocks by the sea border in the middle distance, could it possibly be that they were in motion? That flight of giant birds, breaking the sky now above the hills, was that an illusion?

Then, had he carried here with him from Mars a human intelligence, he would without doubt have forgotten all

else in contemplation of the man and woman coming up from the sea-edge and making eastward along the flat lands in the direction of the distant mountains. The woman was walking first, laden with a bundle of sea refuse collected beneath the light of that vanishing moon—a light that had been brilliant almost as the light of day. She was carrying the bundle by a thong of hide on which the fur still remained, and from amongst the fucus and sea-wrack the claw of an enormous crab hung loose.

The man following the woman carried nothing but a club, black as ebony, made from some heavy wood and charred into shape by fire. They wore no semblance of clothing, and the man, as he walked swinging the club, gazed about wildly and vaguely, sweeping all the landscape near and far, to right, to left, in front, and now and again, glancing back, behind.

His gaze from time to time, losing its vagueness, concentrated on some point, and then became piercing and hard as a dagger. He seemed the incarnation of watchfulness—tireless, mechanical, eternal watchfulness. The woman looked neither to right nor left. She carried the load.

Her legs were marked by old scars, as were her sides and arms. The man was terrible with old wounds long cicatrised, and his face were scars that were features.

They seemed to have travelled all their lives through some great bramble that had clutched and torn at them without being able to stay them or kill them. Their appearance, far from being pitiable, was terrific, emblematic of the truth that Man, though Nature has denied him fangs and claws, has always been the most potent and terrible animal in the world, and ever will be.

II. THE VALLEY OF THE LITTLE HORSES. As the sun broke above the eastern hills, and the level beams struck across from the hill shadows to the blue blaze of the sea, the air became filled with a dolorous piping and droning. Millions of squat-shaped lizards and flying and crawling insects were giving tongue, and from the rock shadows round about creatures like plucked chickens, with huge membranous wings, fluttered up and fleeted away on the air to right and left before the advance of the human beings.

The man noted everything, missed nothing of what was happening within reach of his eyes and ears and skin, for his skin, though absolutely indifferent to changes of temperature, told him with unfailing sureness of the approach of those awful thunderstorms that shook the world to its foundations, and of the earth storms that now and then made the hills heave and tumble to the light of new blazing volcanoes, the great bogs to break their beds, and the geysers to roar and thump and boom.

And just as his senses told him all things without language, so his mind accepted all things without question, and saw all things as they are. No thing had for him a name, not even the woman tramping before him.

Speech was only a means of communication, a method of expressing sudden anger

or dislike, rebuke or encouragement.

Now, as the man tramped behind his mate, he would call out occasionally, if she slowed her pace or paused for any reason, "Hike-Hike-Hike!" a sound monotonous and hard as the clapping of a rattle. The voices of the pterodactyls clacking in the distance were no less human, and the voice of the far-off sea scarcely less articulate.

They were making across the boulderstrewn plain towards a spot where every now and then a white plume rose into the air,

wavered, and vanished.

It was a geyser, and, as they neared it, its voice came to them on the wind; and as they passed it, the water spouted and sputtered, booming up, snarling, snorting, and spraying them as they went by, absolutely heedless of it.

Beyond the geyser the ground dipped into a vast basin, a valley where rank grass grew and great boulders stood about like stone figures, and little forms moved here and there singly and in groups.

They were horses—tiny horses of a height scarcely reaching the height of the man's knee, wandering about like moving toys, cropping the grass, and scattering now at the sight of the new-comers with shrill cries and a sound like the beating of little

In a moment not a horse was to be seen. and the man and woman were the only moving things in all that vast valley, with the exception of the lizards that haunted the rock shadows—enormous dun-grey lizards. a dying tribe, sluggish and so given over to inertia that they scarcely moved from the path of the human beings, lying like creatures in a great infirmary, patients given over by Nature and doomed to die.

They were the last patterns of an extinct age, a fashion in form that Nature was

discarding.

The great pterodactyls sometimes made raids here when food was scarce elsewhere, the great pterodactyls, for mysterious reason, dreaded the little horses. and the dying tribe was left in comparative

The rock shadows were now shortening, and they had almost vanished when the man and woman reached the rising ground that marked the end of the valley and the beginning of a country hard and fierce and fantastic with the fantasy of basalt. Giants seemed to have fought here with rocks, and left behind them the silence that held the place, which, seen from a distance, had the appearance of a broken plain. But it was not that. To cross it, you had to follow gullies that sank hundreds of feet between walls of basaltic rock, cañons that seemed valleys in a hilly country.

III. THE HOME OF THE DYING PTERODACTYLS.

They were nearly through the place when

they came upon a horror.

Where the cañon they were following broadened out to begin the ascent to higher and less dismal ground, a croaking sound filled the air, and was amplified by the cliff echoes; and now, amongst the rocks and perched on the rocks, might be seen vast forms, like the forms of birds that had lost their feathers, birds with huge, membranous, half-folded wings, birds with the heads of demons, spectres that had once flown, but would never fly again.

They were the sick and old of the great This was their hospital and pterodactyls. last home. No longer able to hunt and seek their food, they came here to die, and, being things almost indestructible, they did

not die quickly.

In a more hungry land they would have been sought out, even in this last retreat, and devoured by all sorts of creatures; but in this world food was plentiful for all who could pursue and strike, or even move about to graze under the protection of armourplating, and these bloodless things were left in peace. Besides, though capable of being easily attacked by their own kind, they were still capable of evading the attentions of footed creatures by fluttering to the rock shelves and the higher rocks.

The wayfarers, steadily pursuing their path, took no notice of these familiar ghosts or the ghastly and faded odour of the air around them, but pushed on to the higher ground, where they paused for the first time in their journey, whilst the woman, putting down her bundle, produced some raw fish for the

mid-day meal.

It was now slightly after noon, and from this high point of ground the country lay spread before the eye far and wide—a terrific desolation lit by the sun for the blowing wind that seemed its only denizen.

As they fed, the woman sat with eyes fixed before her, chewing as a cow chews the cud. Thought with her was a half-brother of sleep, her life a gigantic labour in a dream.

The man as he ate stood erect and watchful. He had no need for rest; he never rested, except when he slept, stretched out in the cave that was their hiding-place and home.

The cave was still far away.

Once every season, when the new grass was showing, they left it, drawn by some irresistible instinct to the sea. The sea began to talk to them and call to them with a voice that was not to be resisted. All over the land this migration of cave-dwellers to the sea took place at the same season, and the eternal warfare and feuds between man and man ceased.

Life by the sea-edge was safe from human attack—the migrants seemed under a common pledge to observe peace—but here it was different, with the sea out of sight and in a country that seemed constructed with a view to ambush.

IV. THE ATTACK.

IT was long after noon, amongst a country broken and boulder-strewn, that the everexpected happened. Something whistled past the man's head, and a disc-shaped stone smashed itself to pieces against a mass of basalt, and from the rocks around three forms appeared, shouted one to the other, and then came on the wayfarers with a rush.

They were armed with great stones, and the man with the club, attacked by two adversaries, and knowing that they would only strike with the stones when at close quarters, ran, taking a half-circle round a rock and instantly doubling back again. He met his first pursuer full face, and dashed his chin up with the end of the club before the stone could be raised for attack. Leaving the corpse, he faced like lightning towards the second attacker, who had drawn off, and was now rushing in with stone upraised. It flew, was evaded, and now the stone-thrower, running and screaming, was the man attacked.

The club man held on his heels, doubling as he doubled, twisting as he twisted, and now, as the pursued took a straight line, gaining on him as a greyhound on a hare. A watcher would have seen the club rising as the striking distance was slowly gained, and then falling, lethal and swift, and so perfectly aimed that the head of the stricken man flew outward from the crown, and he fell as if cut off at the knees.

Without a second glance at him, the club man wheeled and came running to where the woman and the third attacker lay fighting and struggling on the ground. This man had got the blow of the stone in, catching the woman on the side, but without entirely disabling her. The great crab and the bundle of sea refuse was the prize that had drawn the plunderers, and they were the objects for which now the woman was risking her life—she who could have obtained safety at the outset by dropping her load.

The man with the club drew near the strugglers at a swift run, half bending, trailing the club behind him and crouching, like a cat prepared to spring, when he

reached them.

The bundle was lying loose on the ground, and the struggling forms were so interlocked together that to strike might have been death to the woman. She had her teeth fixed firmly in the shoulder of her assailant, her left arm was round his body, and her right hand fixed in his hair. As they rolled over and over, biting and fighting like mad cats, the right hand of the man suddenly shot out, grabbing along the ground as if in search of the weapon it could use so well—a stone. The man with the club instantly saw his chance, and brought the club down with an awful blow on the hand.

Just as the octopus drops from its prey when the brain is pierced, so did the man on the ground when his hand was shattered. He fell away from the woman, she sprang to her feet, and the man with the club struck home. He struck solemnly and hard, like a workman completing a good job; then he rearranged the bundle, from which the precious crab had nearly broken loose, and the woman standing by let him fasten it upon her.

It had been a great fight, yet there was no jubilation shown by the victors; the



"He saw the light now fading out of her eyes.

three dead men might have been three rocks that they had succeeded in climbing over, for all the attention they paid to them. The crab was everything, and the bundle of sea refuse. There was two days' food in the crab, and the refuse was mostly edible seaweed. The migrants to the sea always returned laden with whatever sea-food they could find to bring back, and this fact was known to the few men who did not migrate, preferring to remain in the solitudes, hearing no call from the sea, but always ready to

plunder the returning travellers of their fish and crabs.

They never attacked unless in superior numbers. These three had fancied that a man and a woman would be fair game for them, and they lay now amidst the rocks, never to fancy anything more, whilst the man and the woman passed on.

They could see now the low range of hills beyond which lay their home; but the range was a good way off still, and between them and it lay a bog that was bad to pass—a

lake of mud through which a ridge of firm land ran, making a road. They reached this place and began to cross, walking warily, whilst the woman, for the first time on the journey, looked incessantly to right and to left of her, as though dreading some trap or antagonist.

They had nearly reached the opposite bank, when the mud on their right suddenly heaved and broke, and a vague head, that seemed roughly compounded of mud broke up, rose on a long ringed neck and shot towards them. It was met by a blow of the club and collapsed, sinking back into the mud, which closed on it.

V. THE LAST HALT.

It was nearly sundown when they reached the crest of the hills, and here the woman stopped. She let the bundle slip from her back, and then, just as though all life were going out of her, she fell together and sank to the ground. The man, uncomprehending, stood and looked

at her. The blow of the great stone had inflicted a mortal injury, affecting the heart and lungs, yet she had carried her load and walked forward to the last. It was impossible any longer to stand, impossible to lie on her left side. She lay supporting herself on her right arm, breathing hard and looking up at the man.

From the hill-top, away beyond the broken plain, could be seen the sea, nearly touched by the setting sun, to the east the volcanic mountains, all mauve and purple

and grey, and between the mountains and the sea-line no living thing or sign of life, with the exception of the two forms upon the hill-crest.

The woman's eyes were still fixed on the man, filled with a wild perplexity, and her breathing, heavy and laboured, was that of a creature drawing to its last gasp.

The man squatted down beside her, knowing nothing of the extent of her injury, knowing nothing of that last desperate effort that enabled her to climb to the top of the last barrier dividing them from their home. He saw the light now fading out of her eyes. He placed his hand upon her chest. He felt her body arch upwards, stiffen, and collapse. Then he knew that she was dead.

She would never walk again, or move, or help him or be with him.

He knew little of pain, and he had never known sorrow. His memory was so vague that in his mind the woman had always been with him

And now she would never be with him again.

He looked at her, and then looked away to the great setting sun and the blazing western sea. Then, as if stricken by the desolation that lay before him, he raised his face to the blind skies above, calling to them in a lamentable voice, waking the echoes of the hills to repeat what they had never heard before.



CHRISTMAS, 1915.

FEAST of the Christ-Child's birth,
Divinely sweet, can Earth
Greet thee from out the strife,
Bloodshed, and din of life
To-day?

Peace was the message clear For all mankind to hear:
Love and good-will to all.
Strangely those echoes fall
To-day.

Yet hath the human race
Need of the Christ-Child's grace.
Hunger and thirst for love,
War's rage and hate above,
To-day.

EDITH DART.

BOB'S EYE

By GERTRUDE PAGE

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt



HINGS seemed to be happening rather fast the evening the Hon. Dicky Baird went to see young O'Meath, to discuss the extraordinary rumour of gold being found on Hadley's farm.

It was altogether

the most astonishing thing, because the spot was not a very likely one for gold, and Hadley had been there many years without suspecting its presence; and yet the rumour ran that it had actually been picked up on the tenniscourt. Of course, rumours of that sort were often met with in England, after a Rhodesian liar of the first brand had had an innings in some smallish town, and his astonished listeners had not yet encountered the "wet blanket" sure to follow sooner or later.

But this rumour was actually started on the spot, and Dicky had discussed it with a puzzled man, not at all given to romancing, who somewhat reluctantly confessed he had actually seen a sample that had been picked

up.
"And it's gold," said the puzzled man,
"well worth digging. Looks like the same
reef as the Jack Johnson Mine. Of course,
it might crop out again like that. But it's
a funny thing, all the same."

Anyhow, Dicky thought he would go over and see young O'Meath, and tell the tale to him, and see what he thought of it.

As his horse was lame, he had to go on his bicycle, and as his bicycle was punctured in both tyres, and the back wheel nearly off, it took him some little time to get ready.

About half a dozen natives stood round to help him, and succeeded in hindering him very effectually, while they grinned happily to each other over the Boss's fiery language, and the amazing list of uncomplimentary names he had to call them. Then he rubbed

his oily hands on a nigger's head, and prepared to start off at an hour when no one but just Dicky himself would have dreamed of starting off. However, the bicycle kept on its wheels, and no very serious stump or stone rose up to trip him in the dusk; so when he came to an incline, he started to sail airily down it, singing at the top of his Mealies chanced to grow on one side of that incline, young, luscious, and green, and, unknown to the cyclist, high revelry was being held just within their shelter. Not too noisy, however, to drown the sound of that gay voice, which smote with startling suddenness upon various pairs of ears. stampede followed, and a moment later black objects dashed across Dicky's path. He had no time to pull up-scarcely to say a swear word—before he found himself sailing through space, and alighting with a thud upon a black lump that grunted and squealed in the most amazing fashion of any black lump ever encountered before. Dicky made a grab to hold it, but it wriggled violently until it was free, and then vanished like a shadow after the other black lumps into the long grass of the veldt.

Then Dicky sat up where he was and felt himself in search of bruises. Finding nothing serious, he shook his fist after the retreating sounds of scuttling, and remarked: "For five years have I been looking for you fellows, and if it isn't like your impertinence to sneak out and trip me up just when I'm in a hurry and haven't got a gun! But I'll chalk it up against you all right, and sooner or later you shall grace my baronial table."

"Wild pig!" he said ruefully to young O'Meath, half an hour later. "Dozens of them—all across the path! And there have I been looking for the devils on and off for five years, and the first time I get near them I take a header into their midst, and don't get a shot at all! Just like this blooming country, and my blooming luck!"

Young O'Meath dug his hands into his

pockets, threw his head back, and gave a roar of laughter at Dicky's rueful face.

"You must have fallen pretty hard," he

said.

"Not a bit of it, my boy," laughed Dicky. "I managed thundering well. I came down plump on top of a squeaker. Nearly caught him, too, if the little beast hadn't been such a champion wriggler. Look here! Got anything to eat? Got anything to drink? I've come over to discuss this gold find. I thought we'd go and have a look at it to-morrow. There's to be a great gathering at Hadley's to discuss the phenomenon, and about working it, and all that."

"Come on in. Old Mac's here. What's the yarn?"

"Mac's here! Good biz!" And he strode through the open French window into the little sitting-room, and through to the verandah. "Hullo, Mac, me bonny lad!" he ran on, slapping that dour-visaged man on the back. "Heard about the gold find? Eh, what? Gold to be had for stooping to pick it up! Gold fairly gleaming in the sunlight—positively dazzling folks looking at it! How's that for a true Scot?"

"Eh, lad, I've heerrd o' that sort o' gold find before noo—in Rhodesia. It's only the

boys' eyes that it dazzles."

"Come on in and have scoff," called O'Meath. "If you'd had the sense to squash that youngster flat and bring him along, we'd have had a good dinner. As it is, there's only a rather talkative leg of buck."

"Red-currant jelly and Worcester sauce will subdue him all right," said Dicky, sitting down and wrinkling up his nose as he surveyed the dish and received a doubtful whiff. While they proceeded with their meal, Dicky related the incident of the gold find

"One of Hadley's kids was digging around, amusing himself, and he picked up a bit of quartz with indications of gold. It was that youngster Bob, you know, artful little tinker, about nine or ten years old. showed it to his father, who was immediately struck with the formation, and went to have a look at the spot where he found it. They didn't find any more then, but marked it for future investigation. The next day Bob finds another piece somewhere around a bigger piece still, and the same indications of gold. Later in the day another piece. You can guess old Hadley was growing Hang it all!"-breaking off excited. suddenly. "This piece of buck is not just

talkative—it's a positive suffragette! think I'll dine off the currant jelly."

"Venison, my dear fellow," said O'Meath, this is the way it ought to be, killed in the royal park. Mac's eating it all right."

"Of course he is. It's economical. If he has enough of it, it will save his breakfast to-morrow, and probably his lunch as well. None of us will want to eat anything else for about twenty-four hours. Here, give us the loaf. Heavens, what bread! I'd kill my cook-boy if he made bread like this!"

"Well, get on with the yarn, and don't grouse. It's pretty seldom there's bread fit

to eat in your shanty."

"Where did I get to? Oh, Hadley getting jolly excited, and fetching in the neighbours. They had a confab, and decided it was gold quartz right enough, but couldn't place the reef. They sent the samples off to Bradshaw to be assayed, and he sent a report that it was splendid stuff, running over an ounce to the ton, and, if he'd got much more, Hadley could consider his fortune was made."

"But, goodness gracious, how can it have been there all this time, and Hadley never notice it?"

"That's the rum thing. But, anyhow, there it is, and old Hadley is launching out on the strength of it already. Been in to town and bought various things he has been going to buy ever since he came to the country twenty years ago. I believe he has even bought the missis a new gown, and it's the first she has had for ten years. They are going to call the mine 'Bob's Eye.' Henderson had lunch at my place to-day, and told me all about it. I vote we go down there to-morrow and investigate. Are you on, Mac? Bradshaw is coming over to give his advice on working the mine, and all the fellows round will be there."

Mac grunted a signification that he was prepared to join the expedition, and ways and means of getting to Hadley's were discussed. Later they all three sat and smoked on the verandah, and put forward many likely and unlikely theories concerning the presence of gold on Hadley's farm, and young Bob's perspicacity in finding it.

"Of course, as Bradshaw says, it is a curious outcrop of the Jack Johnson reef, where no one would have dreamed of finding it. He knew the quartz at a glance. He's like a bloodhound on quartz—can tell you off-hand where samples come from, and he scarcely ever makes a mistake." While O'Meath spoke, he was collecting various

cats and kittens from tables, chairs, and window-ledges, and placing them round a large dish of milk, which they languidly lapped, being already, as Dicky put it, "full to bursting."

"It's mere affectation," Dicky insisted,

worse than a rat or two to-night. They come in the window and skylark on that bed, but I bet you're used to those at home. Anyhow, Mac will hold your hand if you're frightened. Here's your candle. Good night, and shout if you want another blanket."



"'Come, what is it?' demanded O'Meath at last, giving him a shake."

"just to keep the dogs on tenterhooks, sitting all round. The last time I slept here there were five kittens born on my bed in the night, and all O'Meath had to say about it "—to Mac—"was that he hoped I kept still and didn't fidget the poor mother!"

"Well. go to bed, and don't grouse so," laughed O'Meath. "There won't be anything

The next morning they made an early start, and when they reached Hadley's farm, they found considerable excitement was manifest everywhere. The usual medley of queer vehicles stood about the house, and equally queer quadrupeds to draw them. Bradshaw had arrived, and was expressing the firm opinion that the small boy had

made a wonderful find, and done great things for the neighbourhood. Everyone was in good fettle, foreseeing better days ahead—better markets for produce, better prices for land, a railway station, etc. Young Bob evidently felt himself quite a hero, though there was a slightly uneasy look in his eyes, which everyone was too much occupied to notice. Mrs. Hadley wore the first new dress she had had for ten years, and proudly displayed the new piano, bought to commemorate the occasion.

The luncheon took place first, at which precious fowls were eaten, and even wine handed round. When the luncheon was over, the final confab was to take place, when ways and means to provide capital would be discussed, and the meeting was likely to be more successful if everyone was well fed. So Hadley did his best, and made his guests welcome.

After lunch they all went out to investigate and scrape about for other symptoms of the reef. But, look as they would, no one could find any quartz, nor any indication of quartz in the least like the pieces young Bob had found, and a thoroughy puzzled air began to make itself felt.

Then, to everyone's astonishment, young Bob himself ran up to his father with a piece in his hand, gaily announcing he had just picked it up by the tennis-court. Everyone crowded round and discoursed excitedly.

"Well, it's the rummiest thing I ever knew," declared the oldest of the settlers there, "and I've seen some funny things in this country. It beats me. What do you think, Mr. Macpherson?"

"It's a wee uncanny, eh, Mac?" chimed

in Dicky.

"Aye," quoth Mac slowly, "it's a wee uncanny, mon"—and the puzzled air of

mystery grew.

Now, it happened that young Bob had a small sister called Babs, who was rather a shy little girl among strangers, but devotedly attached to Dicky, whom she usually followed like a shadow whenever he was at her father's farm. The unusual number of guests to-day, and their eager discussions, had made her even more shy than usual, but her small, alert ears were wide open, and she began to gather in all that was taking place. At last, sidling a little closer to Dicky, she looked up at him with solemn blue eyes and remarked enigmatically—

"But Bob only picks them up."

"Picks them up, kiddie?" repeated Dickv.
"Yes, we know that, but why can't we pick

them up, too? We've all come here to help do a bit of picking up, and we can't find anything worth stooping for."

"Because you don't put them down," said

the small girl solemnly.

"Eh, what's that? Don't put them down?" asked Dicky, eyeing her with a sudden searching glance.

"Yes"—with a touch of childish scorn.

Bob first puts a bit down, and then he goes

back and picks it up."

"O-oh!" quoth Dicky, with a swift gleam in his eyes. "And when did he first begin

doing that?"

"He's done it all the time, I 'spects. I know he took the pieces out of father's bottom drawer a long time ago, 'cause we

played with them. We——"

But the small girl was suddenly silenced by such a mighty shout of laughter from her companion that she was too scared to go on, and retired into the background. For some minutes Dicky continued to laugh so helplessly that gradually the attention of everyone present was centred upon him, and they all gathered round to hear the joke.

"Come, what is it?" demanded O'Meath at last, giving him a shake. "Out with it!"

"O-o-oh!" gasped Dicky. "Babs says the reason we c-can't pick up any q-quartz is because we don't put it down!"

"What?" exclaimed Hadley, with sudden

peremptoriness. "What is that?"

"We don't put it down," Dicky reiterated gaspingly. "In this b-blooming gold mine you f-first put the q-quartz down, then you pick it up again! Ask B-Babs!" And once more he rocked with laughter.

"Come here, Babs," said her father. And, looking rather frightened, Babs sidled up to him. "What have you just told

Mr. Baird?"

"Only that Bob took the pieces of quartz out of your drawer, and before he picked a

piece up he always put it down."

Hadley straightened himself with a look in his eyes that boded ill for his promising son and heir; but when they looked round for that enterprising youth, he was nowhere to be found. The remainder of the party had a good laugh, as the only thing to do, but Hadley himself scarcely smiled.

"What about Bob's eye now?" asked Dicky cheerily. "Too much of it, eh? In

fact, all my eye!"

"I reckon," said Hadley, with grim emphasis, "it is not going to be Bob's eye at all now; it is going to be Bob's other end!"

HEROES OF THE V.C.

THE SPLENDID RECORDS OF THE SUPREME AWARD FOR BRAVERY

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

T would take a Milton—" smit with the love of sacred song"—to set forth in fit colours those terse paragraphs of The London Gazette which announce the Victoria Cross. For apart from deeds which indeed rob Death of its victory, the

cause is in itself an epic. "Weakness," declared the German Chancellor to the Imperial Reichstag, "will always be the booty of the strong." That is the issue which has enthroned Mars as Allerhöchst, and set the world ablaze.

"It is democracy's fight," Lord Haldane told the Americans. "The militarist has hurled his system against Europe, and it must be broken." Hence Britain's amazing response—that slow-moving giant of limitless resource. She is warring in African jungles and by the waters of Babylon. Turkish

gorges echo the Maori war-cry and shrill Australian calls. The saga of Ypres is lifted anew by Canadian Highlanders; and young Niven, of "Princess Pat's," grasps his Lady's colours—"battered, bloody, but still intact"—holding service for the dead by the ghostly light of German flares.

In twenty-four hours a roll-call of 635 stalwarts had dwindled to an heroic remnant of 150. And even then the Colonel of the 3rd King's Royal Rifles had to give them "positive orders to retire." Or, again, see the fine show of Empire spirit, with Australians and Indians eating chupati cakes in the valley of death at Gaba Tepe. "Words cannot convey," wrote Private H. A. Browett, of the Australian Medical Corps, to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, "the loyal help they (the Indian Mountain Battery) gave us when we were in need of it." The

Secretary of State's reply is an historic document.

"It is a privilege to fight with the Indians," says a wounded Australian. "If ever I was proud of the Empire, it was that day when I saw the pluck of men which the old

Fiag roused, despite all difference of colour, caste, and creed." Pathan and Sikh, Gurkha and Dogra — how superbly Gunga Din bore the terrifying brunt! "Very often their wounds were due entirely to their coming to our aid." This is the British Empire at war.

Clive Conrick, the Queensland grazier, heard the call at Nappa Merrie, his father's station, 460 miles from a railway. Conrick mounted and rode to Hergot Spring, then went by stock-train to Adelaide, 500 miles away. Young Stewart was in Hudson Bay employ, 730 miles from

HA CROSS.

Young Stewart was in Hudson
Bay employ, 730 miles from
civilisation, and took an Arctic journey to
join.

Bishop Robins, of Athabasca, tells of three Homeric recruits from the wilds. One of these tramped 1000 miles alone, and had to throw away his blankets to struggle through. Another did 1500 miles from Fort Good Hope, with a single dog to carry his supplies. And in that huge hospital in Stamford Street you may speak with Hori Ngarae, the full-blooded Maori who enlisted as "Private Ned Clarke" to fight for his King at the Dardanelles.

"Noblesse oblige!" Lieutenant Boyd-Rochfort—the first Guardsman V.C. since the Crimea—entered the Army with the family butler, Thorowgood.

So is the whole Empire strengthened and fused for Freedom's mighty clash. "It is a masterpiece," says M. Maurice Barres from



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

our own Headquarters in France—"a miracle of will and method." And what terrors our heroes face, now that all human genius runs to war! "Science," Sir William Osler mourns—that great professor of the healing art—"has made slaughter possible on a scale never dreamed of before. Chemistry, electricity, physics, optics, and mathematics—every aspect of the subtlest human study has contributed to the perfection of new guns and explosives. Such a combination of brains and courage does not exist in the working of any other machine. Yet to us the courage seems to hallow the shambles."

our lads face now! Those monstrous guns and giant shells—suffocating, tear-compelling—roaring through the air like freight trains; flame-projectors, mine-throwers, clouds of poison-gas, grenades and bombs and death-dealing wires. The unlikeliest lads—the boy Dwyer, a greengrocer; Belcher, an ex-shopman; Somers the footman, Keyworth the clerk, and Willie Angus, of Carluke, the collier-lad to whom the King in his palace murmured, "Forty wounds!"

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied the feeble, war-worn soldier, "but only fifteen of them serious!" Just then the King heard that



THREE V.C.'S LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THEIR INVESTITURE BY THE KING.

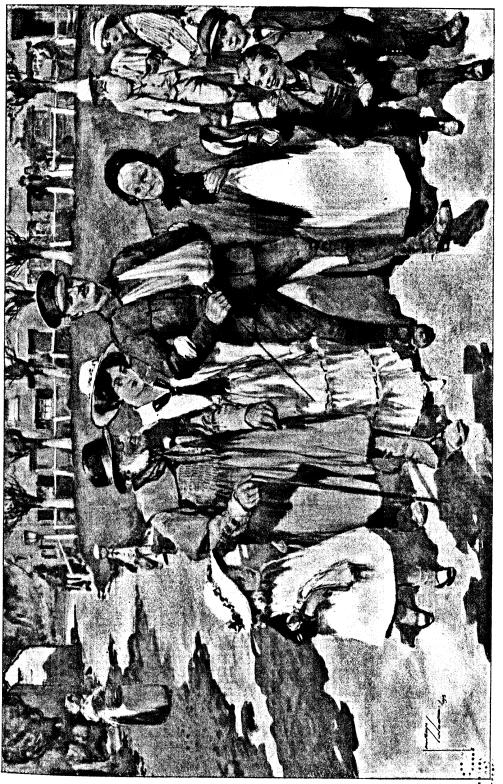
Now, this is the very note of the Victoria Cross—that visible symbol of imperishable deeds, and selfless glowing of the human spirit in its loftiest flight. For in these supreme moments life itself is of no account,

and the primal instinct of preservation is suspended in ecstasies of effort.

Let me insist that war is inconceivably more terrible than it was. All our battles, from Poitiers to Paardeberg, are but child's play to the fields of to-day, with their maddening thunders, their wholesale havoc, with millions of men on a front from the Alps to the North Sea. What dire weapons

the hero's father was below, and promptly sent for him. "Your son has won his decoration nobly," His Majesty said. "It is almost a miracle he is spared to you, and I sincerely hope he may fully recover and live long to enjoy it. May you, too, be long spared to feel pride in him and his achievement."

Now, the case of Corporal Angus has elements in it which single it out pre-eminent as an epic of calculated heroism—no deed of the "mad minute." such as the psychologist loves to weigh and probe. The long agony and triumph; the home-coming tumult—

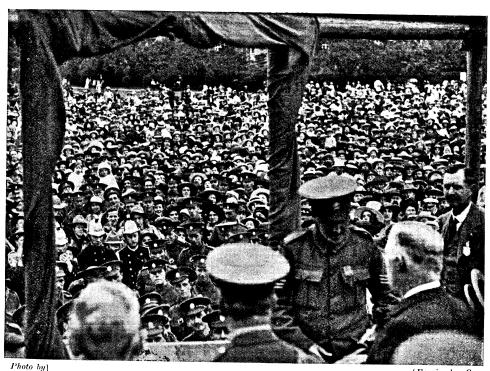


the bedside interview with the officer he saved; the visit to the Palace (where Angus was the only V.C. among fifteen officers attending for decoration); the gifts lavished by his native town (including £1000 in War Loan Stock); and the hero's final passing to the little cottage on the moor, which bore above its gate the wistful welcome: "East-West—Hame's best!"—all these make a perfect whole, a poignant and stirring story of the Victoria Cross.

One night in June Lieutenant Martin, of the Highland Light Infantry, went out with

Our best shots were mustered to prevent the murder of the fallen officer. Germans were equally determined he should die, and ran up steel shield loopholes, fenced by sandbags, so as to make a rescue impossible. On neither side could a head be raised. At last a sniper shot him in the side, and Martin feigned death so well that his men prepared a cross for his grave!

About three o'clock, however, he was seen to move, and a Canadian officer suggested a hot covering fire and a swift expedition with a lassoo, that the wounded man might



SERGEANT BELCHER, V.C., RECEIVING HIS PRESENTATION AT THE GATHERING ORGANISED IN HIS HONOUR IN HIS NATIVE TOWN.

a bombing party to wreck a German sap that was coming dangerously near. Suddenly the earth heaved and roared. A mine went up, and Martin with it—to fall stunned and bleeding at the foot of an enemy parapet. At one point there were but two feet of earth between! The young officer was half buried, but after a night of horror he scooped himself free. Now came the tussle—with eyes on two rows of periscopes; with burning thirst as the summer sun climbed higher, and the helpless man wailed aloud for water —to be thrown an unlighted bomb by the cruel foe behind that six-foot wall!

be hauled in. Now enters Lance-Corporal Angus, fresh from a hospital bed in Rouen his leg had been badly smashed at Festubert.

" Let me go, sir."

"It's certain death," he was warned. "Corporal Angus had no chance whatever,"

says the official record.

"Well, sir," said the young soldier, "sooner or later—what does it matter?" Seventy yards separated the two lines—a lunar landscape of crags and pits, strewn with broken steel, barbed wire, and stark, contorted bodies of men.

Slowly, warily, clearing a way as he went,

with all a brother's affection and forethought for the return, Angus crawled out. Never a shot, never a sign from the crew behind the German parapet. An age-long half-hour, and the young Scot was at his officer's side with a flask. Martin was now half crazed with pain and thirst. A flick of a German wrist, and the first bomb was lobbed over. A blinding explosion, and Angus was terribly hurt in the right side.

Soon bombs were raining, and the lane of safety was a hell of smoke and flame and "I actually watched the one that cost me my left eye—I thought both were blown out in that awful, burning flash, so fearful was the pain in my face."

A glorious story, and it had a glorious sequel. Saviour and saved met in Fort Pitt Hospital at Chatham, with looks too deep for words. They met again in little Carluke, their home town, where a crowd of 20,000, with lords and ladies, M.P.'s and brass bands, welcomed the hero home again. He was one huge wound when the surgeons got

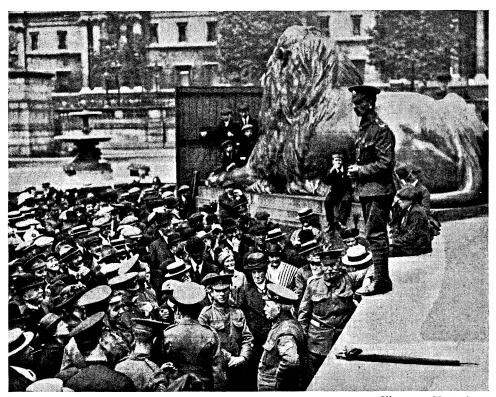


Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER WHO HAS EVER WON THE V.C., LANCE-CORPORAL EDWARD DWYER, SPEAKING AT A RECRUITING MEETING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

flying metal. The rope was forgotten. Now German periscopes were up—were shot away and renewed. Rifle-fire spat also at a range which made a miss impossible. At one point a dozen bombs burst around the devoted pair. It was here that Angus was riddled.

Martin's company had to be restrained from rushing out. There was hurricane fire on both sides, but at last—in a roar of triumph—the two soldiers rolled headlong into the Scottish trench. "I could see the bombs coming," Corporal Angus has said.

him, and they worked over the lad with more than professional pride.

Officer and man were from the same town, and outside the Martin home rose the garland-welcome: "Accept our lifelong gratitude!" The rest is cheers and gifts, with the sick man standing silent at the salute, and the young officer cutting short his speech with: "My heart is too full for words." And the curtain falls on the moorland cottage, where old Angus looks on his son and is well pleased.

In the nature of things, the V.C. bears a



THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF MICHAEL O'LEARY. BY A. C. MICHAEL.

charmed life. Consider Captain C. C. Foss, D.S.O., of the Bedfordshires, who turned failure into victory at Neuve Chapelle. Part of our trench was captured, our counterattack withered away, all but two of the party being killed or maimed. Captain Foss dashed forward in a volcano of fire, and with eight men began pelting the foe with bombs. He captured the whole position

a host in himself, this junior of the famous Worcesters—a regiment to which the Field-Marshal accorded unique praise. "Second-Lieutenant James," says the V.C. record, "was throughout exposed to a murderous fire."

Captain Gerald O'Sullivan, of the Inniskillings, likewise threw himself into the breach near Krithia—a volunteer with a



MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C., ON HIS WAY TO MEET THE GREAT GATHERING OF PEOPLE IN HYDE PARK, WAITING TO HONOUR HIM.

in an access of heroic fury, and with it fifty-two Germans.

Second - Lieutenant James is another bomber, this time in the southern zone of Gallipoli. Again and again this young officer put new life into flagging attacks. Once, after nearly all his throwers were killed or out of action, he remained alone at the head of the trench, beating back the enemy single-handed till a barrier was built behind him and our position secured. Truly

scratch party who recaptured a whole trench with desperate zeal. The gallant Irishman, forgetful of self, stood fully exposed on the Turkish parapet, hurling bombs into the welter of furious men below. Of course, he was hit, but not before his inspiring example had kindled his party to further efforts that were crowned

Whatever his rank, the man who adds leadership to valour is a fine asset in the fight. Take Lieutenant G. R. Roupell, of

the East Surreys, who endured a long day of shattering salvos in a front trench of Hill 60. He cheered and sustained his company with magnetic zest—made light of his several wounds, and changed the passive to the active by repelling a fierce trench with searching science. Lieutenant Roupell held on, and also held his men. Towards evening he went back and reported. With amazing boldness he now passed back and forth, bringing up fresh forces, and with these he fought all night until relieved at



Photo by]

[Topical.

THE KING DECORATING CORPORAL FULLER, V.C., WITH THE RUSSIAN CROSS OF ST. GEORGE,

SENT BY THE CZAR IN TOKEN OF HIS ADMIRATION FOR FULLER'S HEROISM.

German assault. Then came a lull. Roupell had his wounds hastily dressed, then overrode the doctors and went back to the earthquake that crashed and spouted in colossal uproar of which every note is known.

All day long artillery "plastered" that

dawn. "This young officer," says his V.C. record, "was one of the few survivors of his company. He showed a magnificent example of courage, devotion, and tenacity which undoubtedly inspired his men to endure unto the end."

Here is the born leader. And he begins early—witness young Dallas Moor, who last year was a school-boy at Cheltenham College. This youngster saw a mass of our men retiring before a tremendous Turkish attack. He grasped the peril in which the rest of the line was placed, and, racing back, stemmed the rout—led back the leaderless, and saved the day. No wonder the men love and admire their officers. "Kind and gentle,"



AN "ELECTED" V.C., MAJOR R. D. WILLIS.

One of three men of the Lancashire Fusiliers awarded the V.C. by vote of their comrades after the landing at Gallipoli. He was subsequently promoted to the rank of major. He is here seen with his wife and son after his return home.

is the verdict of one of his company on the late Captain Agar-Robartes, M.P.

A sergeant-major of the Munsters tells how Colonel Bent was struck down trying to save a wounded private. And when the bearers went for him, the Colonel would not be moved till his fallen men were taken first. "It was the same with Major Thompson. He lay outside our trench all day, terribly hurt. Yet he still issued orders

to us till he died from sheer exposure." Now, these three were not V.C.'s at all, but just typical officers of our new and vast democratic army. I have before me sheaves of private letters from our soldiers to the families of dead leaders—letters of real love and passionate grief for lost friends sent to people whom the writers never saw.

"They'll come along the trench," is a trooper's testimony, "from one booby-hutch to another, to see if you're all right. They'll lie down alongside you in the mud. They'll offer you their glasses, and follow you with a cheery drop of rum. If you stay in the ditch all night, they're on watch with you, and it's share and share alike all through." Here are quite new relations, with the germ of a new nation in them—a new social order of which none may foresee the growth.

And together they die. How deathless is the passing of V.C.'s whose deeds and spirit flash through the crooked ditch with live potency and purpose! Francis Grenfell, for instance, true knight and saviour of the guns at Doubon. Student and sportsman, radiating grace, evoking affection in unique degree. His Lancers were gassed and shelled in cruel style. "Tell them I die happy," was their captain's last word to his squadron—"I loved them all!"

Sidney Woodroffe was one of three brothers—Marlborough boys, and all of them Head Prefects of the famous school in their day. Sidney was still in his teens. At Hooge the foe sent upon us clouds and sprays of blazing petrol with disastrous effect. Then they broke through in a hell of flame, to shower bombs on the flank of Woodroffe's position. But he and his gave bomb for bomb in the bloody clash. When supplies were gone, the boy withdrew his force, rallied them anew, then dashed into a welter of machine-guns, to be killed in the act of cutting barbed-wire jungles in the open.

Lance-Corporal Fisher, of the Canadians, lost his life in a rally of this kind. Another Canadian, Sergeant F. W. Hall, was shot through the head and mortally hurt with a wounded man in his arms—one who had called for help in tones that our lads never refuse.

But surely, of all the posthumous awards of the V.C., the most poignant is that of Private John Lynn, of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers. The case is unique in that Marshal French himself reports it to Lord Kitchener: "Gas was seen rolling forward from the enemy's trenches. Private Lynn at once rushed to the machine-gun without

waiting to adjust his respirator. Singlehanded he kept his gun in action the whole time the gas was rolling over-actually hoisting it on the parapet to get a better field of fire. Although nearly suffocated by the gas, he poured a stream of lead into the advancing enemy and checked the attack.

the sight of their tortured patients. That Lancashire lad died a hundred deaths. knew his risk-saw the fume-bank rolling, yet fought on, a superhuman figure in the hideous fog, resolute still, though in the clutch of a terrible fate.

So John Lynn will live; his deed has



Photo by

[Central Press.

THE RETURN OF CORPORAL ANGUS, V.C., TO HIS HOME AT CARLUKE.

Assisting him are Lord Newlands on the left and Lieutenant Martin on the right. It was in s life of the latter, his fellow-townsman, that Corporal Angus gained his Victoria Cross. It was in saving the

Lynn was carried to his dug-out; but, hearing that another attack was imminent, he tried to get back to his gun. Twenty-four hours later he died from the effects of the gas."

So says the supreme commander of our Armies. Now, the bravest man that lives might well blench before that soft green cloud, with its freight of death so ghastly that nurse and doctor quail at

unique and peculiar features, even in the epic annals of the V.C.

Ripley, of the Black Watch, and Cosgrove, of the Munsters, are two non-com. heroes of the barbed wire—that web which has caught and killed its thousands. Captain R. D. Willis, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, has the singular honour of being an "elected" V.C. But for him and kindred spirits, like

Sergeant Richards and Private Keneally, our Gallipoli landing would have been hurled back into the sea. The survivors rushed up and cut those wire traps in a terrific fire. The fate of all hung in the balance for a while, but "the cliffs were gained and the position maintained." So these three were elected by the rest. For precedents in this matter of "election" we must go back to the Indian Mutiny—to John Divane at Delhi, and to Dunley and Captain Burroughs at the Secundra Bagh.

Now consider the flying V.C.'s—those

Brussels. He flew at it like a hawk, circling higher and higher to escape the Zeppelin's own guns as well as batteries below. Has fact or fiction such a scene to record as the one that followed? The daring airman swooped down on the fabulous engine. He got within four yards of it and rained his bombs.

The sixth of these tore the monster to ribbons and fired its tanks. A mighty explosion set up tornadoes in the air, and while the vast ruin fell in blazing wreckage on a convent, Warneford himself was blown



Photo by]

[Central Press

CORPORAL WILLIAM COSGROVE, V.C., OF THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS,

Who, during the Gallipoli landing, pulled down the posts of the enemy's wire entanglements single-handed, notwithstanding a terrific fire from both front and flanks. He is here seen, back in his Irish home, being congratulated by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Brasier-Creagh, who said: "We, the Munsters, are proud of your bravery."

paladins of a new era whose deeds call for courage of a new kind. Unique and historic is Warneford's exploit, for which the King himself conferred the supreme decoration next day by wire. Ten days of fame this hero had—he was only twenty-three—then he was dashed to destruction in a prosaic accident whilst testing a new machine near Paris.

In the dusk of a June dawn Warneford, the ideal flying man, spied a monstrous German airship, at a mile high, between Ghent and

upside down, so that one of his tanks was emptied.

Superb craft alone saved this superman of the new arm. Forced to land near the German lines, he filled the forward tank from the rear one, then flew back safely, to amaze the world and mark another milestone in ultra-modern war.

Honours fell thick and fast—French as well as English. Unhappily, all was cut short by swift and tragic death. There is no accounting for these things. The veteran

of Mons and the Marne comes through every battle unscathed; Private F. Burrows, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, was just ninety minutes at the Front when he was struck dead!

Flying alone, Captain L. G. Hawker attacked three German planes, all of them armed with machine-guns and carrying a passenger as well as the pilot. At 10,000 feet the third machine was driven

his record reads, "that he could have accomplished his task, as the control-wheel and throttle-control were smashed, and also one of the under-carriage struts." Young Rhodes-Moorhouse was less fortunate. He flew to Courtrai and bombed the railway, but was mortally wounded on his return. Yet the dying lad flew back for thirty-five miles, keeping very low. He reported his success, then breathed his last, well content

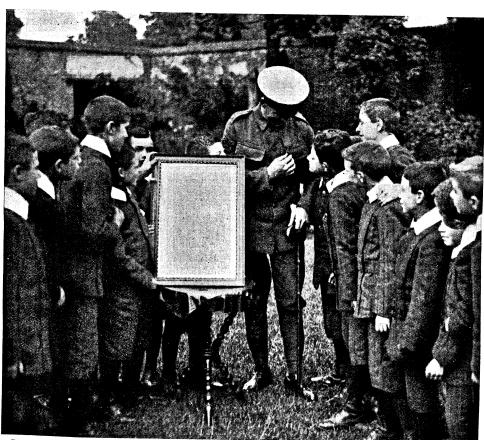


Photo by]

[Central Press.

COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR HARRY DANIELS, V.C., SHOWING HIS MEDAL AND THE ILLUMINATED ADDRESS, PRESENTED BY THE CITY COUNCIL, TO THE BOYS OF THE HOME IN ST. FAITH'S LANE, NORWICH, WHERE HE WAS FORMERLY AN INMATE.

to earth, killing pilot and observer. Captain J. A. Liddell, flying at great height, was terribly wounded and collapsed in a faint, his right thigh badly broken. His machine fell 3000 feet, and then, with a supreme effort, he took charge—still "over fire," and fiercely bombarded from below.

Captain Liddell completed his course and saved his machine, as well as the life of his observer. "It would seem incredible,"

with duty done. The deed fairly burns through the epic records of the Victoria Cross.

So does Mike O'Leary's, of which Conan Doyle has said: "No writer of fiction would dare to fasten such an achievement on any of his characters." A fabulous feat of single-handed killing and capture. "Lance-Corporal O'Leary," says The Gazette, "practically captured the enemy's position by himself."

Prodigious fellows all—supermen of the roaring, reeking blizzard before which every instinct quails. Corporal Wilfred Fuller fell on the foe like a Titan, a-clatter bombs.Fifty explosive Germans surrendered to his terrific singlehanded onset. At home this ex-miner of Mansfield entered a den of lions at a fair not out of bravado, but because "it would help recruiting." Lance-Sergeant Belcher's heroic bluff kept a large force at bay for thirteen hours and saved the flank of his whole line. This former shopman had with him ten comrades. "We're holding on, whatever happens," was the message he sent back from a deserted trench, now fairly blown to pieces. A bold front, rapid and skilful rifle-fire, and "tricks of the trade" amounting to real genius—these won the V.C. for Douglas Belcher.

Harry Daniels braved machine-guns and barbed wire—the most dreadful defensive combination of the whole War. The machine-gun fires 600 shots a minute, and German positions fairly bristle with these awful weapons. Daniels dashed upon them and cut the wire jungles, thus opening our

path to victory.

And there was Ted Dwyer, whose youthfulness amazed the King. He enlisted at sixteen, and, while still in the "'teens," leaped to fame on Hill 60 as a bomber at close quarters, before whose explosive hail a big force of the enemy fairly cowered and melted away. He climbed on the parapet, this greengrocer's boy—a born soldier rising to heroic heights when the call came, a loyal, generous son, and a recruiter of passionate appeal whom a number of men gladly followed into khaki.

By the way, what a violent part grenades and hand-flung bombs have played in a siege warfare which has revived the older weapons, as well as calling forth new terrors of earth and air. Bomber V.C.'s play a brave part in the lists; ditch-pelters of fine foresight and swift sporting instinct, which often changed the tide of battle in the cavemen's line. Sergeant Barter, of the Welsh Fusiliers, performed prodigies at Festubert—gave a call for volunteers, and with eight men advanced festooned with bombs, to capture a whole German position, taking three officers, 102 men, and 500 yards of trenches!

Nor did victory blind Barter to the deadly mine-leads of the enemy in this hard-won sphere. He cut eleven of these, about twenty yards apart, otherwise he and his lads might have been blown sky-high by the touch of a button a mile away.

How comes it that Bandsman T. E. Rendle is among the V.C.'s? There are no bands in the trenches, and the musician is now a stretcher-bearer, carrying unending streams of broken men. Well, at Wulverghem our parapets were blown in by high-angle howitzer fire. Living, wounded, and dead were all involved in one burial.

In such a scene as this Bandsman Rendle won his Cross—dragging men from the living tomb, entirely heedless of the whirr and hiss of small-arm fire and the vengeful crash of murderous shells. Truly war has changed, and the bandsman's rôle become inconceivably strange amid hell's own music! But to a further article in the next number must be deferred the doings of other "supermen" of the Victoria Cross.



THE TRAILERS

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds



OUNG Stan Murray turned on his heel and went into the house for his gun. His breast boiled with pity and indignation. The hired man, coming down from the Upper Field, had just told him that

two more of his sheep had been killed by the bears. The sheep were of fine stock, only lately introduced to the out-settlements, and they were Stan's special charge. These two last made seven that the bears had taken within six weeks. Stan Murray, with the robust confidence of his eighteen years, vowed that the marauder, or marauders, should be brought to an accounting without more ado, though it should take him a week to trail them down. He stuffed some hard tack biscuits and a generous lump of cheese into his pockets, saw that the chamber of his Winchester repeater was duly charged, buckled on his cartridge-belt, and started for the Upper Field.

The hired man led him to the scene of the tragedy. The two victims—both full-grown sheep—had been struck down close to the edge of the field, within a dozen yards of each other. Nothing was left of them there but their woolly skins and big sploshes of darkened blood on the stiff turf of the pasture. The carcases had evidently been dragged or carried off into the dark seclusion of the fir woods which bordered the top and further side of the field. It was now just after midday, and Stan and the hired man agreed, after examination of all the signs, that the killing must have taken place early the previous night.

"It's a long ways from here them b'ar'll be by this time, I'm thinkin'," said the hired man. Not a native of the backwoods, he was little versed in wilderness lore.

"Not at all," corrected Murray. "Like as not they're within a half mile or so of us now. They wouldn't lug those fat sheep far. They'd just eat what they wanted an' hide the rest in the bushes. And they'd come back an' finish it up when they'd slept off the first feed. What would they want to travel for, when they'd got such a dead easy thing right here?"

"Um-m-m!" grunted the hired man grudgingly. "Mebbe you're right. But I'd like to know who's been here afore us, an' rolled up this here skin so tidy-like? T'other skin's left all of a heap, mebbe because it's so torn 'tain't no good to nobody."

The young woodsman laughed, for all his vexation of spirit.

"Lot you know about bears, Tom," said he. "You see, there's been two bears here on this job, curse their dirty hides! One's, a youngster, an' don't know much about skinning a sheep. He's just clawed off the skin any old way, an' made a mess of it, as you see. But the other's an old hand, evidently, an' knows what he's about—an old she, likely, an' perhaps mother of the young one. She's known how to peel off the skin, rolling it up that way quite as a man might do. Now, Tom, you get along back home, an' take those skins with you. I'm going after those two, an' I'm not coming home till I've squared up with 'em over this here deal."

For half a mile or more back into the woods the trail of the marauders was a plain one to follow. Then Murray found the remnants of the two victims hidden in a mass of thick underbush, several yards apart. The tracks of the two bears encircled the spot, a plain proclamation of ownership to any other of the wild creatures which might be inclined to trespass on that domain. And on the trunk of a tall spruce, standing close beside the hiding-place, the initiated eyes of young Murray detected another warning to intruders. The bark at a considerable

height was scored by the marks of mighty claws. The larger bear, after her meal, had stretched herself like a cat, rearing herself and digging in her claws against the trunk. And the great height of her reach was a pointed announcement that her displeasure would be a perilous thing to reckon with. As Stan Murray stood, estimating the stature of his foe, his eyes began to sparkle. This would be a trophy worth winning, the hide and head of such a bear. His wrath against the slayers of his sheep died away into the emulous zest of the hunter.

The bears, their hunger satisfied, had gone on straight back into the wilderness, instead of hanging about the scene of their triumph or crawling into a neighbouring thicket, as Murray had expected, to sleep off their heavy Murray thought he knew all about bears. As a matter of fact, he did know a lot about them. What he did not know was that no one, however experienced and sympatnetic an observer, ever does achieve The bear is at to know all about them. the opposite pole from the sheep. He is an individualist. He does not care to do as his neighbour does. He is ever ready to adapt his habits, as well as his diet, to the varying of circumstance. He loves to depart from his rules and confound the naturalists. When you think you've got him, he turns out to be an old black stump, and laughs in his shaggy sleeve from some other hidden post of observation. He makes all the other kindred of the wild, except, perhaps, the shrewd fox, seem like foolish children beside him.

For a good hour Murray followed the trail of the two bears, at times with some difficulty, as the forest gave way in places to breadths of hard and stony barren, where the great pads left smaller trace. At last, to his annoyance, in a patch of swamp, where the trail was very clear, he realised that he was now following one bear only, and that the smaller of the two. He cast assiduously from side to side, but in vain. He harked back along the trail for several hundred yards, but he could find no sign of the other bear, nor of where she had And it was just that other branched off. that he wanted. However, he decided that as the two were working together, he would probably find the second by keeping on after the first, rather than by questing at large for a lost trail. In any case, as he now reminded himself, it was not a trophy, but vengeance for his slaughtered sheep that he was out for.

The trail he had been following hitherto had been hours old. Now, of a sudden, he noticed with a start that it had become amazingly fresh—so fresh, indeed, that he felt he might come upon his quarry at any instant. How did it happen that the trail had thus grown fresh all at once? Decidedly puzzled, he halted abruptly and sat down upon a stump to consider the problem.

At last he came to the conclusion that, somewhere to his rear, the quarry must have swerved off to one side or the other, either lain down for a brief siesta, or made a wide detour, then circled back into the old trail just a little way in advance of him. it seemed, he had overshot the important and revealing point of the trail. He was nettled, disappointed in himself. His first impulse was to retrace his steps minutely, and try to verify this conclusion. reflected that, after all, he had better content himself with the fact that he was now close on the heels of the fugitive, and vengeance, To go perhaps, almost within his grasp. back, for the mere sake of proving a theory, would be to lose his advantage. Moreover, the afternoon was getting on. He decided to push forward.

But now he went warily, peering to this side and to that, and scrutinising every thicket, every stump and massive bole. He felt that he had been too confident, and made too much noise in his going. It was pretty certain that the quarry would by now be aware of the pursuit, and cunningly on guard. Twice he had been worsted in woodcraft. He was determined that the marauders should not score off him a third time.

For another half-hour he kept on, moving now as noiselessly as a mink, and watchfully as a wood-mouse. Yet the trail kept on as before, and he could detect no sign that he was gaining on the elusive quarry. At last, grown suddenly conscious of hunger, he sat down upon a mossy stone and proceeded to munch his crackers and cheese. He was getting rather out of conceit with himself, and the meal, hungry though he was, seemed tasteless.

As he sat there, gnawing discontentedly at his dry fare, he began to feel conscious of being watched. The short hairs on the back of his neck tingled and rose. He looked around sharply, but he could see nothing. Very softly he rose to his feet. With minutest scrutiny his eyes searched every object within view. The mingled shadows of the forest were confusing, of

course, but his trained eyes knew how to differentiate them. Nevertheless, neither behind, nor before, nor on either side could he make out any living thing, except a little black-and-white woodpecker, which peered at him with unwinking curiosity from a gnarled trunk a dozen feet away. From the woodpecker his glance wandered upwards and interrogated the lower branches of surrounding trees. At last he made out the gleam of a pair of pale, malevolent eyes glaring down upon him from a high branch. Then he made out the shadowy shape, flattened close to the branch, of a large wild-cat.

Murray disliked the whole tribe of the wild-cats, as voracious destroyers of game and cunning depredators upon his poultry, and his rifle went instantly to his shoulder. But he lowered it again with a short laugh. He was not bothering just then with wild-cats. He cursed himself softly as "getting nervous," and sat down again to resume his meal, satisfied that the sensation at the back of his neck was now explained.

But he had not found the true explanation, by any means. In fact, he was fooled yet

again.

From less than fifty yards ahead of him a little pair of red-rimmed eyes, half angry and half curious, were watching his every movement. Crouching behind two great trunks, his quarry was keeping him under wary observation, ready to slip onward like a shadow, keeping to the shelter of the thicket and bole and rock, the moment he should show the least sign of taking up the trail again.

Moreover, from a slightly greater distance to his rear, another pair of little red-rimmed eyes, less curious and more angry, also held him under observation. For an hour or more, at least, the older bear had been trailing him in her turn with practised cunning. For all her immense bulk, she had never betrayed herself by so much as the crackling of a twig; and the unconscious, complacent hunter was being hunted with a woodcraft far beyond his own. Whenever he stopped, or paused for the least moment, she came to a stop herself as instantly as if worked by the same nerve impulse, and stiffened into such stony immobility that she seemed at once to melt into her surroundings, and become invisible in the sense of being indistinguishable from them. Among mossy rocks she seemed to become a rock, among stumps a stump, among thickets a portion of the dark, shaggy undergrowth.

Having finished his crackers and cheese. Murray got up, brushed the crumbs from his jacket, flicked a hard flake of bark contemptuously at the wild-cat—which darted further up the tree with an angry growland once more took up the trail. He was beginning now to wonder if he was going to accomplish anything before the light should fail him, and he hurried on at a swifter pace. A few hundred yards further on, to his considerable gratification, the trail swept around in a wide curve towards the right, and made back towards the Settlement. "Perhaps," he thought, "that fool of a bear does not know, after all, that I am on his track, and is going back for the remainder of his supper."

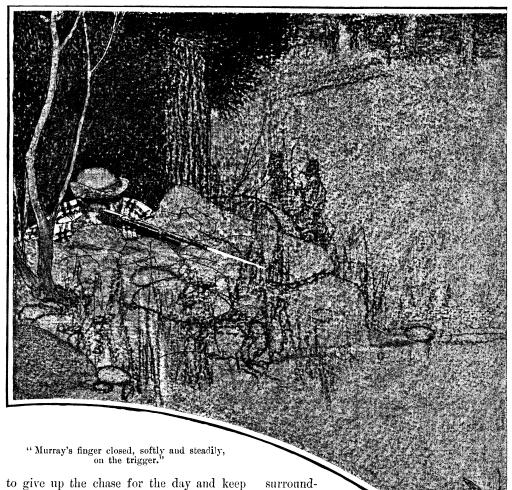
Encouraged by this idea, he pushed on

faster still.

Then, not many hundred yards further on, he had reason to regret his haste. Crossing a patch of soft, open ground, his attention was caught by the fact that the footprints he was following had miraculously increased in size. Examination proved that this was no illusion. And now, for the first time, an unpleasant feeling crept over him. Apparently he was being played with. The second bear, it was evident, had slipped in and taken the place of the first, copying an old game of the hunted foxes.

Murray suddenly felt himself alone and outwitted. If it had been earlier in the day, he would not have cared; but now it would soon be night—he had no great dread of bears, as a rule; he was willing to tackle several of them at once, as long as he had his Winchester and a clear chance to use it —but after dark he would be at a grievous disadvantage. If the trail had still been leading away from home, he would probably have turned back and planned for an early start again next morning. But as his enemy was going in the right direction, he decided to follow on as fast as possible, and see if he might not succeed in obtaining a decision before dark.

The trail was now almost insolently clear, and he followed it at a lope. He gained no glimpse of the quarry even at this pace; but at last he had the satisfaction of knowing, from the increased heaviness of the footprints and the lengthening of the stride, that he was forcing his adversary to make haste. Presently it appeared that this was displeasing to the adversary. The trail went off to the left, at a sharp angle, and made for a dense cedar swamp, which Murray had no desire to adventure into at that late hour. He decided



straight for home.

By this time Murray felt that his knowledge of bears was not quite so profound as he had fancied it to be. Nevertheless, he was sure of one thing. He was ready to gamble on it that, as soon as they realised he had given up trailing them, they would turn and trail him. The idea was more or less depressing to him in his present mood. He did not greatly care, however, so long as it was fairly light. He did not think that his adversaries would have the rashness to attack him even after dark, the black bear having a very just appreciation of man's power. Still, there was the chance, and it gave him something to think of. He made a hurried estimate of the distance he had yet to go, and it was with a distinct sense of relief he concluded that he would make for the open fields before the closing in of dark.

The woods at this point were somewhat thick, an abundant second growth of spruce and fir. Presently they fell away before him, revealing a few acres of windy grass-land

ing a deserted cabin. At the sight of the space of open ground Murray was seized with a new idea. His face brightened, his selfconfidence returned. The bears had, so far, outdone him thoroughly in woodcraft. Well, he would now show them that he was their master in tactics.

He ran staggeringly out into the field, and fell as if exhausted. He lay for a few seconds, to make sure he was observed by his antagonists, then picked himself up, raced on across the open as fast as he could, and plunged into the thick woods on the opposite side.

As soon as he was hidden, he turned and looked behind him. The growth of bushes and rank herbage which fringed the other side of the clearing whence he had come was waving and tossing with the movement of heavy bodies. For a few moments he thought that his pursuers, grown bold with



"She came out into a space between two clumps of young fir trees . . . offering a perfect mark."

his flight, would break forth from their concealment and follow across the clearing. In that case he might count on bagging them both.

But no, they were too wary still for that. Presently the tossing of the bushes began to separate, and moved rapidly both to right and left along the skirts of the clearing. A smile of triumph spread over Murray's face.

"My turn at last!" he muttered, and ran noiselessly, keeping well hidden, down toward the left-hand corner of the field. He had an idea that it was the bigger bear which was coming to meet him in that direction, because the movement of the bushes had seemed the more violent on that side. He was himself again fully now, the zest of the hunter swallowing up all other emotions.

Just at the corner of the field, behind a heap of stones half buried in herbage, he hid himself, and lay motionless, with his rifle at his shoulder and finger on the trigger. He could hear the bear coming, for she was running more carelessly now, under the impression that the enemy was in full flight. Dry branches snapped, green branches swished and rustled, and occasionally his straining ears caught the sound of a heavy but muffled footfall.

She was almost upon him, however, before he could actually get a view of her. She came out into a space between two clumps of young fir trees, not twenty-five yards from his hiding-place, and was just passing him diagonally, offering a perfect mark. Murray's finger closed, softly and steadily, on the trigger. The heavy, soft-nosed bullet crashed through her neck, and she dropped, collapsing on the instant into nothing more than a heap of rusty-black fur.

Immensely elated, his dear sheep avenged, and his standing as a hunter vindicated at last, young Murray strode over and examined his splendid prize. It was by far the biggest black bear he had ever seen. To the other of the pair he gave not a thought; he knew that the crack of his rifle would have cured it of any further curiosity it might have had about himself. He took out his handkerchief, tied it to the end of a stick, and stuck the stick into the ground beside the heap of fur, to serve both as a mark and as a warning to Then he made haste possible trespassers. home, to fetch a lantern and the hired man, for he would not leave so splendid a skin all night to the mercies of fox and fisher and weasel and other foragers of the



THRUSHES IN DECEMBER.

THE thrushes sing! This dim December day
Fades from before my eyes.
I see instead the radiant sun of May,
The blueness of May skies!

Green hedgerows, with the hawthorns all a-bloom,
Meadows where cowslips swing;
The white and golden glory of the broom,
And orchards blossoming;

Woods sown with bluebells, songs of birds at dawn,
Fragrance of growing things—
All these are mine when on this winter morn
I hear a thrush that sings!

L. G. MOBERLY.



 $\begin{array}{cccc} \text{HOME} & \text{FROM} & \text{THE} & \text{FRONT-} \\ & & \text{From a Painting} \end{array}$



"AND PLEASE BRING MY DADDY HOME TO ME SOON!" BY G. C. WILMSHURST.

FOR THE FUN OF THE THING

By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa



T began in this way.

Mr. Pat Hanlon, of Ireland, was eating his Christmas dinner with Mr. Bob Newbiggin, of Scotland, in the latter's jolly little Green Street flat, somewhere Piccadilly. Both

were bachelors, grey on top and round below, but exceedingly cheerful withal. They had provided many Christmas dinners for others, and felt entitled to enjoy their own.

They were waited upon by Mr. Harold Browne, who, hailing in the first place from Putney, had seen adventures in various parts of the world. He had been everything, from a billiard champion (local) to an actor's dresser, and therefore made an obvious gentleman's gentleman.

Arising out of the War, the conversation turned, over the port, to the effect of climate on character. The Russians, the Germans, the Belgians, the French, the Serbians, the Italians, and the Japanese all had their innings, and then Mr. Hanlon and Mr. Newbiggin turned their attention, with some zest, to the racial characteristics of Ireland and Scotland.

"There's no denying," said Mr. Hanlon, "that the Scottish are a fine race. are that."

"Aye," agreed Mr. Newbiggin, ye'll not be forgettin' your own country, Pat."

"I'll not be forgettin' that at all, but there's something about you Scotties, Bob, that we Irish haven't got."

"Well," assented Mr. Newbiggin, "maybe there is. Maybe you're right, Pat."

"I don't rightly know what it is, mind. You're not braver."

"Oh, no, we're not braver, Pat."

"And I don't know that I could call you better-looking."
"No, no! We're not better-looking."

"And you haven't better brains than the Irish."

"Have we not?" Mr. Newbiggin looked up quickly.

"Why, certainly not," contended Mr. Hanlon. "An Irishman is noted for his quick wit the world over."

"Not when it comes to business, Pat."

"Oh, for that, an Irishman is no such fool at business as some people make out. He may not drive such a close bargain as a Scotsman, but that's only one way of doing business. The Irishman brings romance into his dealings with the mercantile world."

ye.'' there I'm with

Newbiggin winked at Mr. Browne.

"The Irishman dreams dreams and sees visions. He may not be so keen as you chaps after the bawbees, but start him on a big scheme, and——"

"And he'll come running to a Scotsman to pull him through with the details. Man alive, haven't I seen it times without

number!"

"That's the worst of you Northernersyou're so self-assertive. You won't admit that anybody can ever get the better of you."

"I'm verra doubtful if they can."

"Well, did anyone ever hear the like of that? Now, listen to me a minute, Bob Newbiggin. I'm only a poor Irishman, but, if I gave my mind to it, I could diddle you out of half your possessions, and you'd never even suspect that I had a hand in it."

"You think that, Pat, do ye?"

"I know ut."

"And I say you could not. I may look simple, but I'm not nearly so simple as I look. I'm not only a match for you, my old friend, but I'm more than a match for you. You try and do me in the eye, just for the fun of the thing, and I'll not only prevent you doing it, but I'll turn the tables on you so that it'll work the other way about, in the long run."

"Done with you!" cried Pat, helping himself to another glass of port. "I'll take it on, just for the fun of the thing. How long will you give me, and what shall the

wager be?"

"I'll give you a week, and we'll put up a fiver a side. How will that suit?"

"Splendid! Nothing could be better. There's my fiver."

"And there's mine. Browne can hold

the stakes. D'you agree?"

"By all means. Now, Browne, you fully understand the conditions. Mr. Newbiggin says that I can't do him in the eye, even in a small way, within a week. On the contrary, if I try, he'll not only prevent me, but turn the tables on me so that it'll work the other way about. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear, gentlemen, as far as it

goes."

"As far as it goes?" repeated Mr. Newbiggin. "What d'you mean, Browne?"

"Well, sir, this is not the first time I've held stakes for gentlemen, and sometimes there's been disputes arising afterwards because all the conditions wasn't fully stated at the outset, sir. For instance, sir, supposing Mr. Hanlon should succeed in doing you in the heye, sir, and then you likewise does Mr. Hanlon in the heye, so that the honours is easy, what becomes of the stakes in that case?"

"In that case," replied Mr. Newbiggin, rather nettled at the suggestion that there could be any doubt of his triumph, "in that unlikely case, Browne, you may keep the stakes yourself. What do you say,

Pat ? "

"Why, certainly. I agree. But don't count on it, Browne. That money is as good as mine already."

"I perfectly understand, gentlemen. I have placed the whisky on the table in your study, sir. Good night, gentlemen."

And Browne withdrew with the tenner.

TT

THREE days later, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when Londoners were just settling down to a long and foggy night of it, a

taxicab stopped at the quiet and deserted end of Green Street, Piccadilly. Mr. Pat Hanlon, of Ireland, descended, and gave the driver some very careful instructions. The driver nodded and touched his cap. As Mr. Pat Hanlon toddled away up Green Street, the look of earnest respect on the driver's face changed to one of cynical indifference.

"Keep me engine goin', and be prepared ter stawrt orf at any moment, eh? Orl right, old cock, but them as aren't on the strite 'as ter pye when they gets inter my cab, an' don't yew ferget it!" He then turned the cab about, according to instructions, lighted a cheap cigarette, and gave his attention to a crumpled halfpenny evening paper.

Mr. Hanlon mounted in the lift to the flat of his friend Bob Newbiggin, and rang the bell. The door was opened by Mr.

Harold Browne.

"Good evening, Browne. Mr. Newbiggin at home?"

"No, sir, but I'm expecting him at any moment. Will you step in and wait, sir?"

"Thanks. I think I will. Nasty foggy night, Browne."

"Very unpleasant indeed, sir."
Got that tenner quite safe?"

"Perfectly safe, sir."

The splendid Browne showed Mr. Hanlon into the study, mixed him a whisky and soda exactly as he liked it, and, without orders, placed the cigars at his elbow, handed him the latest evening paper, and withdrew to

his own quarters.

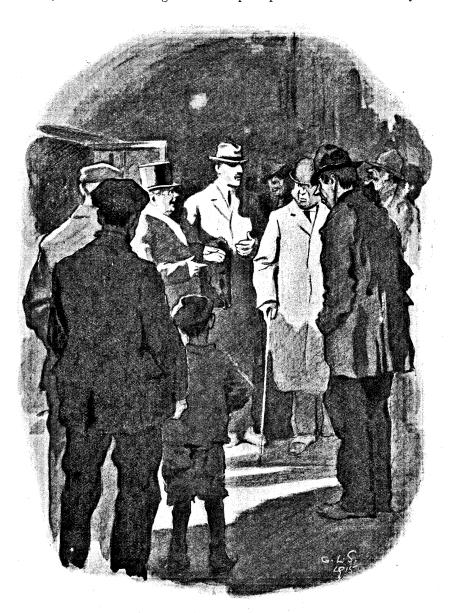
Left alone, Mr. Hanlon went to the door, opened it, and heard Browne shut the door leading to the servants' quarters. very quickly for a rather stout gentleman of fifty or thereabouts, he skipped across the room and removed from the wall a small painting in oils. The painting, as Mr. Hanlon knew very well, and had known for years, was one of his friend Newbiggin's most treasured possessions. It was the work of a great master, and had been left to Mr. Newbiggin by his great-uncle, who was said to have paid a huge sum for it. Mr. Newbiggin himself had refused over two thousand pounds for the picture. did not really know what it was worth, but had insured it for five thousand.

Mr. Hanlon wrapped the picture in a large piece of new wash-leather, and outside that he placed a covering of limp oil-cloth. He secured the parcel with a piece of string, then tucked it under his arm, and again opened the door. All was still. He stole across the entrance-hall, let himself out of

the front door, walked downstairs instead of ringing for the lift, gave a careless nod to the hall porter, and—well, then he had one of the surprises of his life.

His taxicab, instead of waiting at the

eye on the door of the flats, was a Scotland Yard detective in plain clothes! Mr. Pat Hanlon knew the breed intimately. Twenty years at the criminal Bar had enabled him to spot a plain-clothes man as surely as though



"'That's splendid! You nearly did me, Bob. You nearly won the tenner."

corner of the street, had backed to the very entrance to the flats. But that was not what shocked and startled Mr. Pat Hanlon. Standing close to the cab, talking in low tones to the driver, but keeping a very alert he were in uniform. Many of them he knew by sight, and they knew him, but this man was a stranger.

Mr. Hanlon paused. If the driver had given him away, if he had repeated those

sinister instructions, things would look ugly. There was the picture under his arm. Newbiggin was out. Most of his friends were away from London for Christmas. his agitation, he could not recall the name of one person available to bail him out for the night. The story would get into the news-People would say that, ruined by the War, he had taken to burglary. Social and financial wreck stared him in the face.

dreadful man in plain clothes advanced. Little wisps of fog broke about

him as he moved.

"Best come quiet, sir," he murmured.

"What do you mean?" faltered Mr. Hanlon.

"No use makin' a fuss. I've seen it all. I'm watchin' another house in this street, and saw you pull up. Your driver had to own up to the instructions as you give him. What's that under your arm?"

With a sudden deft movement the horrible

fellow seized the priceless picture.

"Take care!" cried Mr. Hanlon, much concerned for his friend's property even in this dire stress. "That's very valuable."

"Yes, I'll lay it is," agreed the plainclothes man. "Feels to me like a picter. We often 'as cases of picter-stealin' at the Yard."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Hanlon desperately, "I admit that things look bad, but I can explain everything. Mr.-

"One moment, sir. It's my duty to warn you as anything you says will be took down and used in evidence against you. Now you can go on, if you wish, but first get inside this cab."

He seized Mr. Hanlon with a firm grip and impelled him towards the taxi. little Irishman gave himself up for lost. The door of the cab was open, and the door of the cell came next.

At that instant a look of intense relief came over his chubby features. Through the fog, not ten yards away, he had recognised Mr. Newbiggin.
"Bob!" he called. "Hi! Newbiggin!

Come here! Quickly!"

Mr. Newbiggin hurried forward.

on earth's the matter?" he asked.

"Beg pardon, sir," explained the detective, "but it's my duty to arrest this gentleman on suspicion of stealing a picter from one of these flats. If you like to come along and speak for him, you're welcome."

don't understand," replied "I never saw the man in Newbiggin.

my life.

III.

JUST for a second Mr. Pat Hanlon stared at his old friend in speechless amazement. Then he burst into a wild yell of laughter that startled the plain-clothes man, startled the taxi-driver, and brought a small collection of evil-looking loafers lurching out of the fog.

"That's good!" cried the little Irishman. "That's splendid! You nearly did me, Bob.

You nearly won the tenner."

Mr. Newbiggin preserved an icy demeanour. He drew back a pace, as though afraid that the thief might attempt to grasp him by the collar of his coat.

"Will you come along to the station, sir?" asked the man in plain clothes. "We don't want a crowd round, and you may be able to identify this here picter, even if it don't come from your own flat."

"Certainly," said Mr. Newbiggin.

Mr. Hanlon, still laughing, though not quite so heartily, stepped into the cab, followed by the detective and Mr. Newbiggin.

"I'm afraid," said the Irishman, as they drove off, travelling slowly on account of the fog, "you've been done, sergeant. gentleman and I had a little bet. I've scored off him by stealing his picture, and he's trying to score off me by pretending that he doesn't know me. Come, Bob, old boy, you can't frighten me. Give the sergeant half-asovereign, and don't waste any more of his time."

Mr. Newbiggin exchanged glances with the detective, and slowly shook his head.

"Is there any truth in that, sir?"

"Not a word."

"You old liar!" cried Mr. Hanlon.

"Silence!" commanded the detective.

"But this is going too far," protested Mr. Hanlon, who thought that Newbiggin might have suddenly lost his memory. "If we once get inside the station, Bob, there'll be no end of red tape before we get out again. You mustn't play ducks and drakes with the law in this way."

Mr. Newbiggin, almost invisible on the other side of the cab, said never a word. The cab moved forward, stopped in a block, and moved forward again. Mr. Hanlon was not laughing at all now. A sudden suspicion seized him that Newbiggin was furious about the picture, and meant to hand him over to the law.

"Look here," he said at last, "I give in. You've beaten me. I lose my fiver. Explain matters to the sergeant, and let's get out of

this."

"Very good," replied Mr. Newbiggin, suddenly alert. "What this gentleman has told you is quite true, sergeant. The only difference is that he will give you the half-sovereign instead of myself."

"Certainly, certainly!" agreed Mr.

Hanlon, at once producing the coin.

But the detective put it away. "I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but that cock won't fight. I don't know what the game is, and I don't care. I've my simple duty to do, and I shall do it."

Mr. Newbiggin now became as anxious as Mr. Hanlon. He saw that he had gone too far. The consequences might be disastrous

for his old friend.

"But I assure you," he protested, "that what I say is absolutely correct. We had a little wager, just for the fun of the thing. I can bring my man-servant to prove it. He's holding the stakes—five pounds a side."

The plain-clothes man shook his head.

The cab crawled forward.

"You've done me, Bob," said poor little Mr. Hanlon. "It'll be in all the papers!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Newbiggin.
"Look here, sergeant, this gentleman is very well known. He's a barrister—Mr. Patrick Hanlon. Probably you know the name?"

"Never heard it in my life," replied the

detective. The cab crawled on.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," urged the desperate Newbiggin. "Stop the cab, let us get out, and you shall have the tenner. I've won it, but that doesn't matter a fig in comparison with getting my friend out of this silly mess."

The detective reflected. "Cash down?"

he asked softly.

"Of course," exclaimed Mr. Newbiggin

and Mr. Hanlon in a breath. They dived into their pockets, and each produced a fiver. These they handed to the plain-clothes man, who examined them carefully and placed them in a safe pocket. He then took up the whistle to stop the cab.

"Just a minute," said Mr. Newbiggin.
"Haulon, what's the penalty to a member of

the Force for accepting a bribe?"

"Reduction in rank," said Mr. Hanlon

briskly, "probably dismissal."

"Very good. We'll go on to the station, sergeant, and I shall charge you with accepting a bribe from my friend and myself. We shall both give evidence, and the money will be found on you. It serves you right for not believing our story. You must have seen it was true. You merely wanted to show your zeal."

The detective, by way of reply, removed his bowler hat, a wig, and a large, fair moustache. There was an awful silence in the cab whilst Mr. Hanlon and Mr. New-

biggin stared at him.

"Pardon the liberty, gentlemen," said Mr. Harold Browne. "I've had these props by me a long time, ever since I left the service of Mr. Basil Moody, who had no further use for them when he chucked the halls. I've got a brother in the Force, and I picked up the manner from him. Even then, if it hadn't been for the fog, I couldn't have pulled it off. Here are the fivers, gentlemen—all four of 'em."

"There's only one due to me," said Mr.

Hanlon, taking it.

"And only one to me," added Mr. Newbiggin, taking it. "Just tell the man to drive back to Green Street, Browne. And be very careful with that picture, you rascal!"

YOU.

WHEN the cheering ceases, quiet falls,
And all the pride of empire falls away,
And nothing in God's world is real to me
Save you—
And you I cannot find in all the empty day.

Dear Heart, I was a poet; but not now!
So far from you, to sing would be to weep.
And there is nought in this mad world to sing
Save you—

And you come to me only in my haunted sleep.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.

THE GAY HAZARD

I. HIGHWAYMAN'S HILL

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram



oltron priory laydown by pleasant Wharfe, circled by the wide arm of the river, as Dick Mortimer rode up the hill and turned in saddle for a last glimpse of the peace that had been.

"So that's all

ended," he said, with a careless laugh. "We've the world in front of us, mare, and never a fear."

The mare whinnied quietly, for she and the master were old in friendship.

"I never guessed it till now, lassie, but the man without hope is the man without

fear. We're outlaws, you and I."

They went at a foot-pace up the winding road, and Mortimer, for all his bravery, was sick at heart. He recalled the dinner at Squire Thorpe's yesterday, when he had been challenged roughly by a wastrel of the company touching his regard for Janet Lister. He had risen, had bidden Phil Underwood withdraw the taunt. And Underwood would not; and they had met at dawn, with rapiers, two friends and steaming coffee for company, on the dewy greensward. He had left his man for dead, and was advised to quit the homeland, because the ruffler had relatives so near the King's ear that the law's majesty might be invoked.

So Dick Mortimer rode up the hill. After all, he told himself, it was better than riding down—one reached the sharper air, the tang of the wind blowing over the breezy hills of freedom.

It was a day out of Heaven. The October sun was mellow on russet bracken, and all the winged things of the moorland were abroad and busy, making the most of warmth before their winter-time set in.

Mortimer came to the grey gateway of the hospital on the left hand of the road that led through Beamsley. An old woman stood at the gate, and her face lit up at sight of the horseman,

"You're the doctor, sir?" she said,

running to his stirrup.

"Devil a bit, madam," answered Mortimer, with the salute that he gave all women, old and young. "I have no skill that way—nor, indeed, in any other way, except to ride a horse and make the most amazing hash of life."

"You must have your jest, doctor, but you have come. My grand-daughter is ill of a grievous malady. There's no time for jests."

Mortimer had picked up some roughand-ready knowledge of physic during his haphazard life. It occurred to him that he might be of service here, and his time was his own, after all. He hitched his mare to the gate and went into the courtyard, with its seven little houses grouped round the central chapel. The place seemed full of women and big, pampered cats that mewed forlornly. They went in—he and the old woman—shutting the door on the gaping crowd.

In a chair by the fire sat a girl—a pretty, elf-like thing, with great eyes shining under a tangle of brown, disordered hair.

"Here is the doctor, Lucy," said the

grand-dame.

"He might as well have stayed away. I'm for death, I tell you."

"Are you, now?" laughed Mortimer. "Well, I'm here to cure you of that fancy."

"It is no fancy. What should I do living, now all I care for has gone?"

"But, my lass, folk do not die for so slight a cause. Would you say that I looked near to death? I'm good to drink a brimmer with any man, and to eat like a plough-boy; vet I've lost all in life."

"Ah, you jest, sir," said the girl wearily. "Those who have lost all do not look as

you do."

"They do, if they're wise. When one is merry, one sings a song to the world, to hearten it; but where's the use of shedding tears in public?"

The old dame began to be sure that he had breakfasted on wine this morning.

"You've not tried her pulse, doctor."

So Mortimer, with due gravity, went through the ritual asked of him. "Pulse feeble, from too long sitting by the hearth. The heart's action intermittent, because the child has a lover somewhere near at hand."

Lucy sat bolt upright in her chair. "How did you learn it, sir?" she asked naïvely.

"Ah, doctors have to know so much. They know the countryside as a man sees his own face in the mirror when he shaves his chin. Why have you lost your gallant, Lucy?"

The grim, elder dame attempted to silence her, but Lucy would not be denied. "He lies in gaol, because he cannot pay a debt; and grandmother, she says that none of her family married a gaol-bird yet, and would rather see me dead than wedded to him."

Mortimer took a pinch of snuff and laughed. "Grandmother is too strait-laced for this world. I killed a man this morning. when the frost was on the dew, and am a

gallows-bird myself."

"The old doctor—he that died in the summer-was a rare one for his quips and jests," said the older woman, with a chilly smile. "It seems the new-comer is a bird o' the same feather, though I've not set eyes on you before, sir. We're too poor up here to send for a doctor oftener than we need."

So then Mortimer understood why he had been able to play this odd part thrust on him. He knew Lascelles, the young apothecary over at Bolton Abbey, and had been puzzled to guess how anyone could mistake one for the other.

"Very proper," he agreed. "It is kill or cure with us, but oftener kill. And I'm jesting again, while the lassie thinks she is dying of a heart-break. Tell me about this lover. Is he in prison for a debt of honour?"

The girl looked at him with timorous question. "It was a debt, and he is in

prison," she said. "He has a brother—a ne'er-do-well—and stood bond for him."

"A daft thing to do, but plucky," growled Mortimer. "And, to be sure, the rogue went free and left the burden for other shoulders. They do, these cattle."

He fidgeted up and down the room, took

snuff in plenty, and halted at last.

"Was it a big debt?" he asked.

"Twenty guineas, sir."

"What! A man in prison, and a maid crying her heart out, for so little a sum? I shall send you a packet of physic, girl. I forget the Latin for the prescription, but it is what your ailment needs."

Her big eyes pleaded with him. "It is not physic that I need, sir. It is Peter, who

lies in gaol for another's fault."

"Well, there'll be twenty guineas wrapped inside the packet. Oh, no thanks. I've other patients on my hands to-day, and

must be hurrying."

It was only when he stood outside the courtyard, and was unfastening his horse's bridle from the hook in the wall, that he cursed his own impulsiveness. forgotten, when he promised the packet of physic, that he had only a handful of silver in his pocket, and could not return to his home in search of guineas. He was not in gaol as yet, but he was a banished man. He, too, it seemed, was a fool, for he had shouldered another man's debt, and must pay it somehow.

As he stood there, ready to set a foot in the stirrup, young Lascelles came riding to the gate, and his face was grave on the sudden.

"You here, Mortimer? Get away, man -get away. We thought you were miles wide of this."

"I should have been, but I've been attending

a patient of your own."

"But I tell you your friends care more for your neck than you. It is not fair, Mortimer, to be cracking a jest out of season here, when—well, Underwood is not dead, but I have little hope for him.

Mortimer's face hardened. Later on he would wake to full knowledge of what it meant to have killed a man; but for the present he could remember only Underwood's taunt, and the quick reparation made.

"Oh, I'm grateful," he said. "No man ever had so many friends, I think. And shall be leagues away by nightfall. Ι Meanwhile, d'ye happen to possess twenty guineas?"

The doctor was puzzled by this man, as

well he might be, for Mortimer had never understood himself, so it was unlikely that his neighbours should.

"I have a crown piece in my pocket, entirely at your service, and at home a

nest-egg of untold debts."

"It does not signify," said Mortimer, passing his snuff-box. "Give the little girl in there any physic that comes to hand, and don't worry her unduly. I know her ailment—and its cure."

He swung carelessly into the saddle, saluted with his riding-whip, and trotted up the rise

"And who may you be, sir?" asked the grand-dame, as Lascelles knocked at her door and entered without further ceremony.

"Why, the doctor, woman. You sent for

me."

"Out with you! The doctor has just been. 'Tis not for me to judge my betters, but he had been neighbour to the wine-bottle by the air of him. He laughed when I told him the lassie here was dying—"

"Small wonder," put in Lascelles briskly. "Short of food and good fresh air, by the look of her, but dying—no. Surely you knew who it was who came just now?"

"I seldom go beyond my own door, save to the wood in search of sticks for the fire. How should I know?"

Lascelles was glad that this woman's life was so narrow. It was not good that folk should know how near home the fugitive was, when he should have been an hour nearer safety. "It is of no account. He is one who makes a jest of life."

"It was a good jest he made, sir," said the sick girl, with unexpected vigour. "He promised to send twenty guineas, and that

would free my man from gaol."

"Ah, so. All his friends say that his heart is too big for this world. It gets him into trouble often. You shall have a sleeping-draught, my girl, and wake to find your dreams come true."

Dick Mortimer, for his part, was riding forward over wild uplands whose nakedness was clothed by the ruddy brackens and the heather. He had forgotten, as his habit was, that his own neck was in peril. The girl's beauty, her helplessness, the little that was needed to give her happiness—they made his heart beat, as if he rode for some random tryst and stole kisses at the gate.

He came to the long, raking slope that led to Highwayman's Hill; and, when he neared the crest, its wind-driven firs leaning all one way with memories of many bitter gales, he saw a post-chaise standing on the summit. A frightened postillion was holding the head of a frightened horse. In the roadway stood an elderly and fragile gentleman, and a gallows sort of man who handled a pistol with dangerous carelessness.

"What d'ye need of me, my man?" the

older man was asking fretfully.

"What does anyone ask of a money-lender when he gets the chance? Eh, I know you, Master Simplicity, though it's a few years since we met. I borrowed at usury from you in my gay days, and you ruined me. So I'm here, by good luck. Which do you fear more—to be shot where you stand, or to empty your pockets?"

Mortimer, disposed to interfere at first, drew rein. He had a humour that was easily touched by any hint of the ridiculous; and on the road-top up above was the spectacle of a money-lender and a cutpurse meeting, without any niceties of law to

hinder the plain argument.

"You will live to be hanged, undoubtedly," said the fragile gentleman, with some heat.

"And die in the process—granted. But to rob the robber meanwhile is pleasant. The laughter bubbles from my toes upward, sir."

Mortimer watched the exchange of money. He had the highwayman's view of this affair, and was consumed with mirth—until the matter was ended. The postillion got to horse again, and the chaise blundered past him down the rise. It was only then that Mortimer saw clearly what was to be done. It was a simple matter now to make money for the relief of a maid whose lover lay in gaol.

He spurred his horse up the slope and over the crest of the hill. Away in front of him he saw the highwayman riding hard across the level strip of road. He gained so fast that the rogue, hearing the pursuit of hoofs, glanced round and quickened his

mare's stride.

Then the good race began. Both were well mounted, and each was hot for the endeavour—one to escape, the other to ride down his quarry. They swirled past the tavern with its flaunting sign—the picture of one carrying a woman on his shoulders, and over it the painted words, "The Man Loaded With Mischief." They went down and up the ferny hollow where the well was at whose shrine pilgrims used to halt for prayer; they crossed the black and peaty waste known as Hell Hag's Bog, and still the highwayman was leading.

The road took them now to a long and



"The two of them won through."

steep incline; and it was here that the true mettle of the horses found its test. Yard by yard Mortimer gained on his man, till the cutpurse, knowing flight was useless, turned his nag with astonishing dexterity, levelled his pistol, and fired unhurriedly. The ball touched Mortimer's bridle-arm, drawing a little spurt of blood.

"If I had worn my heart on my sleeve, friend," he said carelessly, "how your bullet would have damaged it! As it is, I have you covered."

"Well, I'd as lief be shot as hanged, if one o' the two must be."

Something in the man's acceptance of disaster stirred Mortimer's liking. He was unkempt and not pleasant to look at, but he did not whine, and in that he showed gentility. "Oh, take your life with you; I've no use for it."

"Then you chased me just for frolic?"

"No, just for the contents of your pockets."

An odd change came to the rascal's bearing. He was no longer an outlaw facing an upright gentleman. He was a poorer brother of this horseman who wore fine linen and who spoke good English.

"You've heard of honour among thieves?" he asked roughly: "For one dog to take another dog's bone——"

"But, friend, I surprised you at the same pastime. You were easing a money-lender

of his gains."

It chanced that the dapper little gentleman had been riding from one town to the next with a goodly sum in the pocket of his saddle. When the highwayman displayed his spoil, there were two leathern purses filled with guineas and a bag of silver.

"Be easy, friend," said Mortimer. "Keep the silver, and remember you'd have had little use for it if I'd done my duty."

"Your duty?"

"Ay, man — handed you over to the hangman. An honest gentleman should do no less; but I confess to a certain liking for you."

With a nod and a cheery smile, he set a foot in the stirrup, and was cantering over the hill-crest before the other had time to bethink him of his other pistol, ready primed. The rogue looked at the handful of coins that Mortimer had left him, and again at the swirl of dust ahead.

"They carry it well, these high-stepping gentry," he muttered, with a rueful grin. "Robs as if he was going daintily to church, he does—oh, altogether the gentleman!"

Mortimer, for his part, was not sure how he stood in this transaction. He carried spoils taken from a highwayman who had them from a money-lender. If he reined about and overtook the peppery little gentleman in the post-chaise, he would be travelling into a country forbidden him. Moreover, there was the maid at Beamsley, and he had pledged his word to send her the price of her lover's ransom.

Taking the affair altogether, he decided that it was in the hands of Providence. The fat purses would fulfil his promise, and would give the little lass a dowry into the bargain. He would keep them until he found some messenger to carry them to the Beamsley

country.

Dick Mortimer, if he had little commonsense and a wayward heart, had one fine gift at least—a readiness to forget yesterday and to begin to-day's climb with cheery hope of betterment. The breeze and the sunlight and the scent of pines were his. He had a good nag under him, and ahead was the great adventure that is life. If he had killed a man, it was in fair fight, and the quarrel forced on him. For the rest, he was free of

the moorland spaces, and scent o' the bracken was keen in his nostrils.

The first adventure that encountered him was a keen thirst and hunger that enticed him into a wayside tavern. It was a rough inn, and none too clean; but he ate his bread and cheese and drank his beer as if he had dined in the Elysian fields.

"What is your news in these parts, landlord?" he asked, seeing that the host stayed to watch him eat, and was accustomed, it seemed, to stand gossiping with his customers.

"Well, as for news, there's little in these parts. My black sow, she went and died last night, just for contrariness—a mint o' money she lost me. And the blacksmith has smallpox, caught from a traveller who stayed to have his horse shod. That's about all, I reckon, save that we had two o' the quality here a week since, staying for a bite and sup. Mr. Lister of Listerhall it was, and a free gentleman of his purse. He had his daughter with him, too—a very dainty piece of goods."

Mortimer flushed as if a whip had touched his cheek. "Mr. Lister of Listerhall?"

"Yes, sir. On their way to York, I understood. Three of the quality in one week, sir, is a rare happening in these parts; and I'm wondering where you come from."

"Out of the everywhere," protested Mortimer, taking a pull at his tankard. "From the wine and the dice and the rapier, and I go—into the everywhere again, good host."

The landlord resented this heedless gaiety. The gentry were always puzzling workaday men's wits with their cantrips and their flowery speech. "The two who came a week since were just as light wi' their tongues," he growled. "I asked them, plain as a pikestaff, where they came from, and they told me they came from the west—as if I didn't know as much already, seeing the high-road goes west and east straight past my door. It was the post-boy told me they were bound for York."

Mortimer understood his man. He had lived so long in his rural alehouse, bordered by the village, that he claimed, as by right, the privilege of catechising all intruders. The outer world was a menace that had to be met with instant question.

"If I give you my secret, host, you'll not repeat it?"

"Not I, sir. My tongue's as close as a key in the lock."

"Then bend your ear. I go—— There is none listening, host?"

"There are no eavesdroppers here."

"Bend your ear lower, for all that. go—due east."

He finished his draught of ale, paid his

reckoning, and got to horse again.

"Mind, not a word of this," he laughed over his shoulder. "Due east, my ruby pumpkin, to the land where the sun gets up from his bed."

Yet his heart grew heavy as he rode at a foot-pace down the village street. He might jest as he would, but could not forget that he had lately killed a man. It astonished him that he could take to heart a duel fought out fairly with a wastrel-that the man's death lay heavy on him, like a nightmare from which there was no awakening. was as if the blue had gone from the sky, the warmth from the sun—as if dumb, phantom feet pursued him.

As he neared the market cross, he grew aware that the street was in a hubbub. Shouts and groans and laughter came from the square, and Mortimer, pushing forward, saw a man's red, unkempt head reared high

above the folk who carried him.

"What is amiss, friend?" he asked of a villager who was too old to run with his

neighbours.

"I know not, save that they're going to souse him i' the horse-pond. Some say he was mixed up in last night's robbery," he added guardedly, "but I was never one for gossip."

As Mortimer followed the crowd, the redheaded fellow's glance met his and rested there with a sudden, swift appeal. It was as if the rogue knew the horseman at sight, and trusted him. So Mortimer, ever a fool when he pitied and was trusted, set his mare's feet playing daintily among the villagers, and made his way so thoroughly that those who carried the culprit were glad to let him drop, and seek safety on either side the roadway.

"Well," asked Mortimer, stooping to give the fallen man a hand, "what is his crime?"

A fleshy, thick-jowled fellow pressed close to Mortimer's stirrup. "And who may ye be?" he asked roughly. "The man robbed a widow yesternight. So much is proved. We mean to make sure of a ducking, lest the lawyers save his neck for him."

The accused had found new life and spirit, jolted out of him for a while by the rough "How d'ye prove it?" he asked. "I was a score miles from your village

yesternight."

"So you say. But we all know that a red-headed fellow was seen coming from the

widow's house, and this morning you came skulking down the fields, with hav-seeds all over your clothes. That showed you'd hidden in a barn all night—and, besides, there's your red hair. We don't like redheads in our parish."

Mortimer knew his own village — its narrow and appalling prejudices. If Heaven had given a man a cast in the eye, or a wayward temper, or any casual infirmity, his neighbours were always ready to drown him in suspicion, if not in the parish horse-pond. All that was chivalrous in Dick Mortimer, all that was strong and unrusted by the dripdrip of this world's meannesses, leaped to the front.

He whispered to his mare, and they cleared a wide space in front of them. "So, friends," he said gently, "this man is on his trial, and I'm the judge."

"And who made you the judge?" snarled a lean effigy of a man, who looked as if he had never tasted honest meat or liquor in

"My sword and a pistol in the holster. Have you a stomach for them, windlestraw?"

Somebody in the crowd laughed. man was indeed so like a thin, wind-blown bit of moorland grass that the phrase went And the laughter spread and gathered volume, till good temper blew among them like a clean breeze from the

As for Mortimer, he had no gift for knowing the hidden springs that touched He wondered, as he sat in his moods. saddle here and took a pinch of snuff, why he had burdened himself with this affair; and did not guess that he was learning, for the first time in his life, the freemasonry that holds between all fugitives and outlaws.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, with a gravity that tickled his humour, "you are accused of robbing a widow. You say you were twenty miles from the place last night. Where did you rest, then?"

A guilty flush, red as his mop of hair, swept over the man's face. "I will not say,"

he stammered.

"But, man, you must say, or judgment goes - how do these confounded lawyers phrase it?—goes by default. Where did you sleep last night?"

Again Mortimer met the glance of trust and pleading. It was as if a dog, whipped for some canine sin, pleaded for mercy and And Mortimer was fond of forgiveness.

dogs.

If it "Come, tell us where you slept. was in a barn—well, better men have carried hay-seeds in their clothes."

"I will not say," repeated the other, with

dull obstinacy.

The crowd grew venomous again. "What now, judge?" came a voice. "You, with your snuff-box and your coxcomb airs, shall we souse him in the pond?"

"Yes," said Mortimer. "As judge, I sentence him—but, as a plain, wayfaring man, I like the rogue. He goes free."

A stone was flung at him; and, because a crowd is always like a flock of sheep, following the bell-wether, a hail of missiles Mortimer was hit on the right cheek, and passion grew bright as a swordblade in his face. He bade the culprit clutch his stirrup, and he whispered to his mare; and, when the two of them won through, and were out in the open country, with Heaven's wind about them and the crying of the plovers overhead, he drew rein.

"Are you hit, man?" he asked non-

chalantly.

"Naught to matter, but I'm nigh brokenwinded. I was not bred to keep pace with your wind-footed mare." The rogue's face softened. "So I'm grumbling, am I?" he said by and by. "I should be thanking you on my knees, instead."

"Oh, the saints forbid! It would embarrass me appallingly. As for thanks, I'm consumed with curiosity, and you can

repay me."

" How?"

"Just by saying where you spent last night, and why you would not let a righteous judge acquit you by proving yourself a score miles off."

A smile broke, little by little, across the man's harassed face. "As between ourselves, sir, I was in gaol. There was a lass needing me; so I broke prison, and ran till my heart was beating like a flail. Then I found an upland barn, and slept like a babe till I dreamed that they were hunting me. I got out again into the fields, and into that gentle township where they hate red hair."

Mortimer laughed — the laughter shook him till his eyes were wet. "You were a wise sort of prisoner at the bar, after all. Of all the diverting chances that ever happened in this life—I, the upright judge, and you, the prisoner I wished to save. be sure, it would not have helped you to explain.

"It was for no fault of my own that I lay in gaol," said the other, with sudden heat. "If it had been, I'd never have cared to win out in search of that little lass of mine. She's sweet as clover in the meadows, and— I'd have died rather than see her wedded to a wastrel. I'm not that."

The vanities of Mortimer's life, the ease of pride and station, went by. He was here, outlawed for killing of a man; and this rogue was here, with his uncombed hair and the hay-seeds in his rusty clothes, outlawed for no fault of his own. He knew, by some swift intuition, that the man was no liarknew him for an honest lover, who cared greatly for one woman's happiness.

"We've the world before us," he said, "and I'm in your case, friend. Neither of us two can return—just yet—but I need a

servant."

"My lass is waiting for me. Risk it or no, I get to the Beamsley country, just to tell her I am safe."

"It's an odd, small world. Does she live at the hospital there, and has she hair as

brown as winter brackens?"

The fugitive was weak from hard usage and lack of food, and suspicion was ready to take fright. "There's some black magic about all this, mister. How should you know of Lucy and the hospital?"

"Nay, friend, it's the whitest magic. shall tell you of it by and by, when we've found a tavern and a meal. You look in

need of victuals."

"I'm for Beamsley," insisted the other,

with a tired man's obstinacy.

"But you'll get there sooner if you stay awhile for repairs. How far to the nearest inn?" he asked of a lad riding bareback up the hill on a lusty farm-horse.

"A matter of two miles and a bittock. They brew rare October ale at 'The George and Dragon.' I should know, for I've just

sampled it myself."

Mortimer watched him swing up the hill and out of sight—a fine, sturdy countryman, ready for the plough and for the ale-drinking. And a chill came about his heart; for he understood, in a moment's ecstasy of pain, what the old life had meant to him. He had been the squire of his own village, loving even its frailties, because it was his own by long heritage of squires who had preceded And now he was an outlaw—shut out from the quiet Paradise that once was his.

The pain was so fierce that he was glad to have this tired, unhappy culprit needing him. After all, there was something to be done, and he craved action of some kind. "You will drink that October ale, my lad, and eat

And afterwards I have a present vour fill.

for you."
"Nay, there's black magic in all this. Folk don't give presents to them that have less than naught. Life isn't fashioned that way, mister."

"Life? Life has a thousand faces, man. 'Tis all a matter of the face you choose to see. As for 'The George and Dragon,' I take

no denial."

The man was dead-beat, and offered no Indeed, it was plain, as resistance now. they covered the two miles of road, that his strength was failing. Mortimer, the bridle swung over one arm as he walked beside him, gave him a helping hand now and then; and it was so that, dusty and halting, they came to the inn in the hollow. The sun shone hot and mellow on the signboard reared high above the village green—on the golden figure of St. George and the red monstrosity of the dragon he was slaying.

A post-chaise had just rattled up to the door, and out of it was stepping a huge, debonair man, who seemed to own the county and to be well pleased with his heritage. The host, bustling forward, found a deeper respect, a lowlier bow, when he saw who it was that honoured his good inn. For the Listers of Listerhall were so old in this part of the country that for generations they had laughed when titles were offered them, and had protested that they wished to die as they had lived—plain gentlemen, whose ancestors had fought at Senlac and on other fields of battle.

Mr. Lister of Listerhall was not built for a post-chaise. He left it swaying like a ship in storm; and his daughter, following, had to steady herself with a hand on either side the door as she descended.

Dick Mortimer withdrew a little. It was incredible that she should come at the worst of his need. He had fought for her and was banished, and was well content, except that she had come. Slight as gossamer, blue-eyed as speedwell when the spring comes in, erect and proud and dainty -she was here, desirable beyond belief. And he was as she found him-outlawed, dusty, helping a brother-criminal along the

Janet seemed to understand nothing of all this. She glanced up the road, saw Mortimer, and smiled with a welcome that brought a deeper crimson into her wild-rose "Father," she said, "here is Mr. Mortimer. It is diverting, but one always finds him helping some lame dog or other."

Lister reached out a hand—a generous, big hand that hurt when it gripped—for friendship's sake. "You, Dick? I always had the luck. Come in and crack a bottle while they change the horses. We are travelling post haste; my fool of a bailiff absconded, and they need me to set things to rights. If the fool must abscond, why hadn't he the sense to wait until my holiday in York was over? Never knew the city so gay, Dick. And it does me good to see the York women—does me more good than any gout-cure ever known. They're so trim to look at, Dick-so proud and poor and cleanbuilt." He glanced at Janet with boyish apprehension, saw the little frown that was gathering across her brows. "My daughter's like that, you understand. They remind me of my own spoiled child."

The girl laughed—a quick, infectious laugh that set the world to rights. She did not know how she was hurting Mortimer. In the days that seemed remote as boyhood, her laughter had always set his tangles straight; but now there was a difference.

"Faith, Dick, we're getting no nearer the bottle," said Lister. "By the look of you, you've met some lass that has flouted you, and you're writing a gloomy sonnet to her eyebrows. Give the whole sex up, lad. I'm old, and I know, and feel like a father to Give 'em up and take your ease."

From behind there came a stifled cry. They turned and saw the red-headed rogue spin round like a top and fall into the dust of the sunlit highway.

"By your leave, sir, the bottle must wait,"

said Mortimer.

They watched him pick the man up and carry him indoors with a strength that the slimness of his build disguised. And Lister, in spite of his impatience, found a rough, queer liking for the deed.

"What a fellow he is for carrying other people's loads, Janet! If Dick could once fairly get rid of that foible, and forget all women, he would taste the mustard and the

beef of life."

"Dick is well enough as he is, father."

"To be sure, and one day you'll marry him, and cure him of his whims. You can frown till you bring the thunder down, my girl, but you'll not turn an old man from his certain knowledge."

"One's father is so old and wise. It may be so, but—but, indeed, there are obstacles."

"Obstacles? None that I know of. You were meant for each other from your cradles."

"True. That is the first difficulty. And then he has not ever hinted that he wished to marry me; and, again, I might not wish it if he did."

"Oh, have your cantrips," broke in Lister, with his air of jovial finality. "Your mother and I played bo-peep with each other in the same daft way. But I married her."

"You were not condemned to it from

your cradles, sir."

"Not we. We had too much spirit to play follow-my-leader of that sort. I saw her come up the lilac lane one day—out of nowhere—and I fell in love with her at sight. The world was younger then, my lass, and hearts roamed free."

Janet laughed, and little by little Mr. Lister began to understand that it is possible, even for a man of ripe experience, to be entirely boyish and without consistency.

"Hearts roamed free in those days," he

repeated weakly.

"So does mine, sir, and so does Dick Mortimer's. It is pleasant to be free."

Mortimer himself came out of the inn and stood a moment in the quiet, sunlit courtyard, as if to brace himself for some encounter.

"Well, Dick," said Lister, "are you ready for that bottle? And, if you're riding for pleasure, you'll turn rein afterwards and sup with us at Listerhall. I never had a head for figures, and that confounded bailiff had. You must help me."

Mortimer was young to bitterness of heart and soul, but he did not flinch. "I

cannot, sir."

"Cannot never won good supper or fair lady. Cannot? Fie, Dick, I've seen you

take your fences in a stiff country!"

Mortimer drew him aside. His air was sharp, imperative, as he bade the older man put Janet in charge of some woman or other in the tavern while they drank their wine. And when they were together in the low, pleasant room that was reserved for special guests, Dick told him a little less than all, as the way of all men is when they make confession.

"But, my lad, the affair is grave. Phil

Underwood is dead, you say?"

"Beyond hope, the doctor said; and Lascelles is no fool. He warned me to ride out into a healthier country."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Underwood could go, and none miss him; but he has friends. What was the quarrel, Dick?"

"I—I scarcely know, sir. Wine, and a few hot words, and—and some nonsense that

I forget. There's no need to tell Janet until you take the road again."

"No, Dick, no. Bless me, how lonely I shall be without you! But it will all blow over. A year in France or Spain, and your friends working quietly for you all the time at home—you'll only miss one winter's hunting, lad."

They fell into one of the diffident silences that come between men when their hearts are full; and presently, when Lister asked in a matter-of-fact way if he could do anything for Dick in the home country, he was astonished to see Mortimer dive into the wide pockets of his coat and bring out two bags of leather. Dick explained, as if the affair were a matter of everyday business, that Mr. Lister's route home lay by way of Beamsley, that there was a brown-haired lass there to whom he had promised help, and that he would be for ever obliged if his friend would halt for a moment to do the errand for him.

Lister showed a certain chilliness, especially when he asked what was in the leather purses, and learned that they held fifty guineas. He was a man of what he was pleased to think the world, and this business did not seem at all to square with his arrangements for Janet's happiness. It was only when Mortimer—again with entire simplicity—explained the whole adventure, that the older man found merriment.

"Your father was odd, too, Dick. Devil a bit he knew of the world, or cared, so long as he was helping somebody. And the countryside came to his burial as if they loved him to a man. Why, it seems yesterday—the snow and the bitter wind, and ruddy farmers standing with bared heads. Eh, Dick, they loved your father." He took a pinch of snuff, and sat staring into the log fire. "What is the girl's name?" he asked presently.

"I forget entirely, but she's like an elf to look at, and her grandmother is without question the ugliest beldame in the hospital."

"Good," laughed Lister. "When I find the grandmother, Dick, I shall protest it was her comeliness that guided me. Oh, I know my world, lad—and sometimes I've a longing to know yours. Hey, ho! One's too old to learn at fifty, doubtless."

When they went out and found Janet in the hall, Mortimer said good-bye with a coldness that affronted her.

"You do not ride to supper with us, Dick? No? You've some new wild-goose chase in front of you,"



""I shall be glad to wing home again—if you're still free."

"Yes," he said bluntly. "The wild geese will be flocking soon for warmer climates."

He saw them to the chaise; and, while her father was busy hectoring the postillion for his good, she came to his side with an appeal half proud, half diffident.

"Are you glad to be on the wing?" she

isked.

"I shall be glad to wing home again—if

you're still free."

Their eyes met, and she knew that he cared with the long caring; and the world seemed carpeted with primroses where none had been a moment since. Then she got into the chaise, and Lister waved a cheery farewell; and Mortimer got indoors again, to the red-headed rogue who needed him.

The man had been hard hit by the mob that stoned him—had been badly kicked, too, by Dick's mare as he ran beside the stirrup. He was weak from loss of blood, and in a fever; yet he raised himself, in the middle watch of the night, and fumbled about for his clothes, and said that he must get to Beamsley, where his lass was needing him.

"She knows that you go free," said Mortimer.

The rogue looked into Dick's eyes—as Janet had done awhile since—and found a strength and a great honesty mirrored there. And he fell asleep like a child; but Mortimer sat on with wide-awakeness for sole comp.ny. His past went by in drab and slow procession. The little sins grew to the stature of high crimes, and casual good deeds by the way were not remembered. Yesterday he had killed a man, and his penance-time was not a day old as yet.

As he watched, without hope or weariness, in a dead backwater of life, there came the first dawn-note of the birds from outside the shuttered windows. And a magic came and told him all was well. The dreamers of this world have their recompense; he remembered now the look that Janet had given him at parting, and the waiting-time ahead seemed long, but there was a light showing clear beyond. Life had been kind with Dick Mortimer since he fought a duel to-day.

A further episode in this series will appear in the next number.

WINTER.

MY heart is sad because the summer's over, Long, lingering day and jasmine-scented night; The songless blackbird flying under cover, Steals from the thorn her berries golden bright.

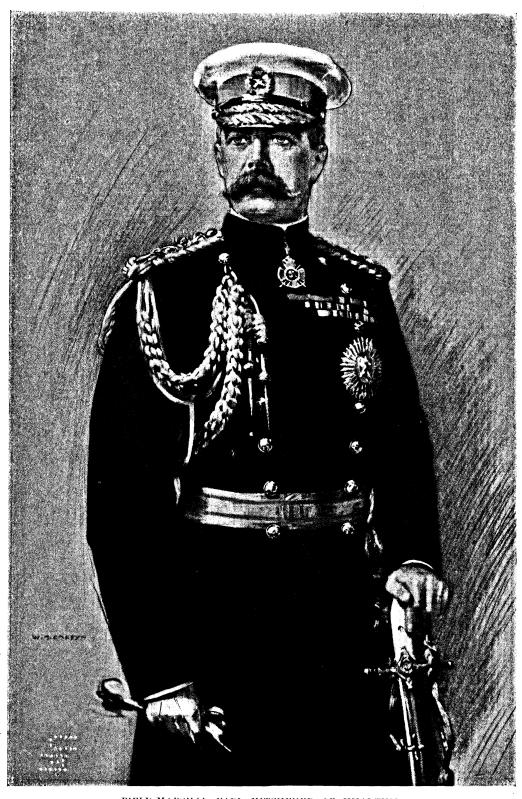
The robin trills alone his song of sorrow, How winter comes within the garden close, To scatter, on the dead bloom of to-morrow, With her pale hands the white flower of the snows.

Why should I fear because the winter's coming, And silence falls where singing once has been? Spring's crowded songs are still, no swift bees humming Shall wake a sleep with promises unseen.

See how the tree flings off her leafy cover, To sleep till spring beneath her icy kiss: Why should I weep that summer days are over? Hath not my soul a dream as fair as this?

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

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FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER OF KHARTUM.

From the portrait by W. H. Caffyn, reproduced by permission of the Graphic Photo Engraving Co., Great Eastern Street, E.C., pu dishers of the large plate.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ITALY.

Photograph by Stanley.

LEADERS IN THE WAR

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

T is meet that we should have a pictorial record of the exchange of kingly yows of mutual help and constancy that marked the day on which Belgium, in the person of her Sovereign, greeted Britain through her King-Emperor, under the circumstances represented by Mr. Olivier in the picture reproduced as frontispiece to this number. The grave has closed over many a gallant witness of that historic meeting; hope has waxed and waned, and again leapt high in the hearts of both peoples; but the magic significance of that coming together, behind the battle-line, of these two men, one pledging the greatest Empire in the world, the other almost the tiniest, has never been forgotten. From that day Belgium, though her anguished voice has been upraised, "How long, O Lord, how long?" has never doubted that, through

these two royal chiefs and their Allies, she will in due season reap in joy where she has sown in torture's bitterest tears. Each of the parties to that solemn, stirring compact, made within carshot of the enemy's ordnance, has in the interval unswervingly borne his part in seeking to hasten the coming of that day; each has hazarded his personal safety with complete contempt for danger.

Our King was bred a sailor—bred to imperturbability. "The first rule of the Navy," he recently reminded a company of our workers, "is, 'Keep your hair on!'" And the King is head of the Navy. We all had a reminder of the fact when, with resounding fanfaronade, the submarine blockade was initiated.

On paper we were surrounded by a ring of iron beneath the sea, into which latter

97 G

our Navy was swiftly to be lowered by multitudinous torpedoes. When a pardonable anxiety was at its tensest, and the timorous were wondering whether a craft with the British ensign flying would dare put out to sea, there came the astonishing tidings in his yacht to look at the ships assembled for a peace-time review—only that, and nothing more. Just the unemotional British retort to German bombast and insolence which the King has taught his countrymen to expect of him—the superb nonchalance



GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA,

Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Armies in the Field. From a drawing by F. Matania.

that the King had just returned from a visit to part of the Fleet. More threats from Germany, more multiplication of submarine terrors, and lo, we learned that the King had returned from a further trip to the rest of the Fleet. Just the most ordinary announcements, as if he had but run out of the Sovereign-sailor who carries on the tradition of Alfred, our first great seaman-King.

Our Constitution does not admit of his unsheathing his sword upon the battlefield, or taking his place on the bridge of the ship which leads our Super-Dreadnoughts into



IIIS MAJESTY THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AT HEADQUARTERS. From a drawing by $J.\ Simont.$

action, but in the sphere open to him he has wrought unceasingly, encouraging and inciting the workers who arm the fighting forces on land and sea, speaking brave words that inspire the men upon their way to the battle din, solacing with brotherly sympathy the pangs of those who have come home broken in the War. The testimony is unanimous as to the unfeigned solicitude of the King for those whom he has visited in a hundred asylums of pain, his gentle, manly pity for the suffering, his heartening geniality with the convalescent.

It has been given to King Albert to continue in the field the noble part which he first assigned to himself. He began, and has continued, head of the Belgian Forces

in name and in fact. Upon the exiguous remainder of his ravished kingdom he took his stand — a king without a crown, without a home. He arrived with the skeleton of an army, to which his lofty, self-denying example increasing support from every centre where his subjects congregated free of the stranglehold of the Germans. Wonderfully that ·little army grew around him, wonderfully it fought and held its line. Wellington used to say Napoleon's

say Napoleon's presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men. King Albert's presence in the Belgian fighting-line has been as valuable. He has directed all their fighting, and he has shared it. As we all know, he has fought in the actual trenches again and again, filling with his own body a breach in the line, by his counsel and example supporting the fainting hearts of his men, opposed to almost overwhelming odds.

No man in the Belgian Army has faced more terrible risks than its King. He has deliberately calculated the cost and gone on indeterred. He has known throughout that death might at any moment strike him down. And through all the long months, through good report and evil, this stalwart, modest, talented warrior-king fought his good. great

fight, helping to keep back the Kaiser's myriads from the Channel ports.

Although he has not personally led forlorn hopes, or fought in the front-line trenches with his army, the Emperor of Russia has acquitted himself nobly in the dark hours through which his Empire has been passing. He has had to tread a path beset by many dragons, but he has not quailed or faltered. Sweeping through Galicia, overrunning the thinly-held line of the Russians, came an enemy armed as no army had ever before been armed. The Czar saw his forces hurled from the greater part of hardly-won Galicia, saw dearly-bought fortresses and capital cities snatched from his grasp, saw a multitudinous army thrust through his

beloved Warsaw and through the fortress line beyond, upon which he had first intended to fight. But his answer has ever been: "Fight on!"

Until this War rent from his soul the external wrappings in which common report had invested it, none of us knew Emperor Nicholas. German spies had been charged to make as close a study of his psychology as their confederates of his military dispositions and resources. And the sum total of their observations and theories was



MARSHAL PUTNIK,

Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Armu,

that, after a smashing defeat or two, the Czar would humbly sue for peace. Of many errors committed by the Central Empires, none has proved more stupendous than this. Each successive blow did but increase the resistance of the Czar. When the Imperial ship had descended into the trough of the wave from which the Germans thought there could be no recovery, the Emperor electrified us all by himself assuming absolute command of all the land and sea forces of the unconquerable Empire. Courage invincible, magic incomparable, marked the It involved the transference of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the head of all the armies of Poland and Galicia to the Caucasus, and the world at large knew not whether the decision were militarily good.



General Sir Douglas Haig. General Joffre. General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien. Sir John French. General de Castelnau. General Pau.*

SIR JOHN FRENCH, GENERAL JOFFRE, AND GROUP OF BRITISH AND FRENCH STAFE
OFFICERS. BY SEPTIMUS E. SCOTT.

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Photo by]

M. AUGAGNEUR,

[Manuel.

French Minister of Marine.

For with territory so boundless, with forces so colossal, the Czar could not lead as King Albert has led. But the effect was inestimable upon the Russian people, to whom the Czar is Little Father in name and scarcely less than Deity in their affections. It was an enactment of the oath that he had sworn: "I will not sheathe the sword so long as an enemy remains upon Russian soil."

And then the Grand Duke Nicholas departed from that post of enormous responsibility in which he had focussed the attention of the entire world. He left a noble message behind him—a clarion call to the loyalty and patriotism of the nation which was now to fight under the personal direction of its beloved Emperor. Quietly he took command of the Russian Force in the Caucasian theatre of the War.

Whatever be the ultimate verdict of history upon the Grand Duke's conduct of Russia's war, the critics appear agreed that we owe to his cool courage and adroitness the extrication of the hard-pressed forces which recoiled under the thunder of the unparalleled ordnance with which Mackensen blasted his way in from Cracow. We owe to him the wholesome fear with which army contractors of doubtful nationality were filled in furnishing supplies

for the army. "Now, gentlemen, no stealing," are the words attributed to him upon the point. He is said to have inspired the Czar's rescript against vodka, and by so doing removed from the army the outstanding peril by which it was menaced. And it was in his name that the famous proclamation to the Poles was issued. That his sympathies were unreservedly with the little peoples of the Balkans is to be inferred from the fact that, like his brother, the Grand Duke Peter, he went to the little Court of Montenegro for his bride, and so became a brother-in-law of the King of Italy. We have not heard the last in this War of the inscrutable Grand Duke. There may come startling news of good import out of the "frosty Caucasus," whither he has now gone.

The King of Italy owes his throne to an Italian Venizelos, in Garibaldi, and nobly he has set himself to complete the titanic task begun, in his grandsire's reign, by the immortal leader of The Thousand. There yet live Englishmen who were of that glorious company, and proudly their hearts



Photo by]

[Manuel.

M. VIVIANI,
The French statesman.

must have leaped when this King of the land for which they bled threw his sword, his kingdom, his very life into the conflict, not merely for the reclamation of unredeemed Italy, but for the sacred cause of right against might. Victor Emmanuel has organised no pageants, prepared no shining armour for entering conquered cities; this he left to his forsworn ally, the Kaiser. Very modestly, without beat of drum or

blare of trumpet, he has gone hither and thither in the battle-line, under fire as often as not, encouraging, inspiring the fighters, succouring the wounded, chivalrously safeguarding the lives and welfare of those dwelling in captured A kingly places. crusader lives again the person of Victor, Sovereign of Italy.

The King was fortunate in having at his side, as Commander-in-Chief, a man, in General Count Luigi Cadorna, who helped to crown for Italy the labours of Garibaldi. When the Italian Army entered Rome fiveand-forty years ago, there was a Cadorna at its head, and by his side a stripling lieutenant. The two men were father and son, and the hopeful young patriot of that day is the Commander of the Italian Forces of the present. He

was sixty-five at the opening of Italy's new war, but as tough and supple as constant exercise in his native Alps could keep him, with something of the Joffre in his calm, inflexible purpose and the extreme modesty of his utterances.

Even valiant Italy might have hesitated to enter the War when she did had not Serbia so long and marvellously resisted the bullying Austrians. For the wonder of her unprecedented early victories we owe thanks, in the main, to Marshal Putnik, Serbia's inspired Chief Marshal, the son of a village schoolmaster, who, unaided, struggled through a poverty-stricken military academy career, to become her foremost general, ranking in achievement with the immortal heroes of whom the peasant-poet-soldiers sing. It was Putnik who fought the two first great battles, who conducted the

bitter retreat, and then, at the psychological moment. called for that magic offensive which flung Marshal Potiorek and his armies to ruin. The strange thing is that, on the day before the Austrian ultimatum expired, thev had Putnik prisoner—arrested him on his way home from a "cure" in Styria, feared public opinion, and released him, to be smitten, routed, utterly humiliated by him in due season. All praise and honour to King Peter and the heroic Crown Prince, but bays resplendent for the brow of the incomparable Putnik!

Everyone realised, as far as he might, the debt which the Entente owed to M. Viviani, the French Premier, for his unwearying efforts and indomitable courage, in the face of exacting difficulties in general and of critical complexity, at the time

that the sinister turn of events in the Balkans drew us with horse and foot into that ensanguined theatre. M.Viviani had throughout stood high in British esteem, but when, in addition to his own burden, he shouldered that which M. Delcassé felt compelled to relinquish, the French Premier was generally acclaimed a hero of diplomacy's firing-line. It was a valiant lead to a nation of heroes—heroes very close to our hearts in these tremendous

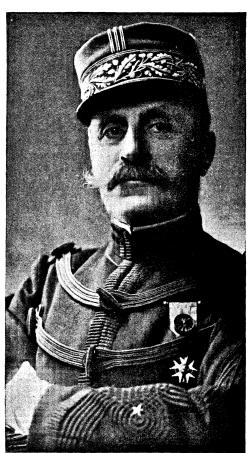
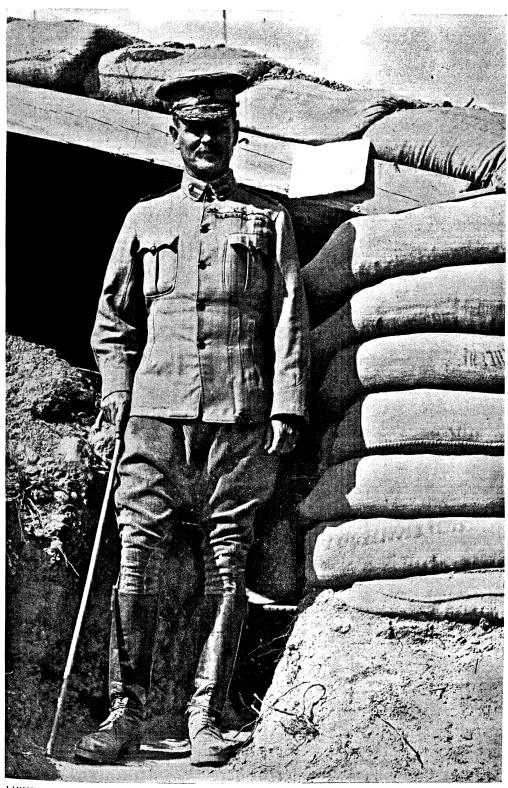


Photo by] [Manuel. GENERAL FOCH,

The distinguished French commander.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM R. BIRDWOOD, COMMANDING THE AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND ARMY CORPS IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA, OUTSIDE HIS DUG-OUT.

Photograph by Central News.

days. The spirit of the race seems to find embodiment in General Foch, the philosopher-strategist whose disciplined, fiery courage turned thrice-threatened defeat into victory on the Marne, and enabled his Northern Army gloriously to share the dear-bought laurels of Ypres. Often has Sir John French had occasion to acknowledge

the old fire that consumed Napoleon flaming unquenched in his patriot heart, how mightily he struck when all seemed lost in Galicia! Could he but have had adequate guns and munitions in time to support his lion-like infantry, how different had been the summer days in Galicia, in Poland, in the Carpathians and the Danubian plains beyond!

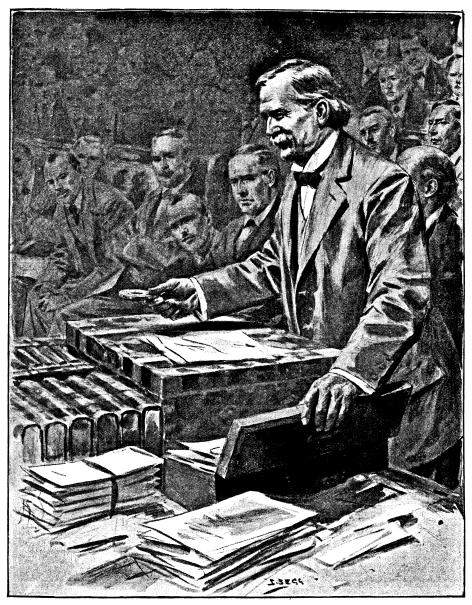


THE RIGHT HON, A. J. BALFOUR

First Lord of the Admiralty.

this great Frenchman's skill and support, and gladly he has done so. The twain are fast friends from of old, and much that friendship has meant to the two armies linked together on that most critical of fronts. Cadorna, Putnik, Foch, Ruszky, Dimitrieff, Ivanoff—what towering figures in any but such a war as this! Ivanoff, with the face of a benevolent Russian pope, but with

If Sir John French has had fewer men at his back than has the Grand Duke Nicholas, he has had the gratification of handling the greatest army, in point of numbers, no less than in valour and skill, ever dreamed of in all the military history of the Empire. Napoleon, musing at St. Helena upon the glory which had been his, declared that the day upon which he led forth his Grand



The right hon, david lloyd george making his famous speech on munitions in the house of commons.

From a drawing by S. Begg.

Army was the culminating splendour of his life. Sir John has had under his command forces twice as numerous as that host which marched into Russia. No British leader of our time had ever handled more than twenty thousand men on the field of battle; Sir John has been responsible for the strategy and tactics of a million and more. He has endured the agony of seeing his well-loved soldiers foully murdered by the enemy's asphyxiating gases; he has seen his boldly planned blows fail to reach finality

owing to lack of the requisite fighting material. In spite of all, however, his outstanding genius as a general has secured for him a place in the ranks of the greatest commanders of all time. His fellow-countrymen might be pardoned for the display of a certain affectionate partiality for their indomitable leader, but the searching analyses of his work by French and neutral military critics more than suffice to warrant the warmest eulogy uttered by a Briton. The Médaille Militaire, the highest



Photo by]

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY,

Director of Recruiting.

[Russell & Sons.

distinction which France can bestow, is borne by only two men not of French birth—one is Sir John French, the other the fighting King of the Belgians.

"Not a few of the greatest military commanders the world has known," Sir John has said, "have been distinguished by a certain grand simplicity of character—a quality of the greatest value to a military commander, as meaning, in all likelihood, fixity and singleness of mind and purpose, a power of concentration and a wise direction of thought." He might have had in mind

General Joffre, who ideally answers the description. Grandpère Joffre, as the French Army calls him, is the very incarnation of these attributes, as his English comrade-in-arms has had happy reason to know since, in time of peace, he pictured his military hero. Remembering our own initial and later deficiencies, we forget that General Joffre also had his handicap. We overlook the fact that he began the War with defences antique in armament and with ammunition none too abundant in places; that in the first mad German rush



ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT.

In command of the anti-aircraft gunnery defences of London. Photograph by Russell & Sons, Southsea.

he lost possession of vastly important munition areas through geographical conditions which should have been altered long before the French Army came under his But his marvellous defence and mighty offensive were achieved with that quiet, unemotional thoroughness which the world now knows to be characteristic of the man. As he repaired deficiences in the matter of material, so he swept away incompetency from the higher commands. In both respects he has had very largely to remodel during the War, and he has done it, and made the French Army the most

wonderful fightingmachine even that great fighting nation has known.

Both men, the French Generalissimo British the Commander-in-Chief, possess in an eminent degree that grand simplicity of character which the last-named admires in their prototypes. Both possess the stolid imperturbability distinguished which Wellington, blended with the fierce dash which marked the great days of Napoleon. In a simple particular both resemble their illustrious predecessors.
Through good report and evil they follow what the King calls the first rule of the Navy. They live as

simply as the youngest subaltern; they rise with the lark, and they retire to rest while fashionable London is still at dinner. His power to sleep at will kept Wellington alive and alert; the same sovereign gift blesses these two towering figures, and both start the day's work before dawn, fresh as Neither man is lavish of words. Recall Joffre's order of the day for the Champagne advance: "The offensive is to be pursued without truce or respite. Remember the Marne! Conquer or die!" Sir John is equally terse, but those who have heard him address his men on their way to the fighting-line say that eloquence

so appealing and inspiriting was never compressed into such few words.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has advanced. since his name last appeared in these pages, from the command of an army corps to the command of an army. He has been in much of the fighting which has taken place upon our gradually widening front. And, in the results achieved, Sir Horace has had the important part which his wonderful fighting during the Great Retreat taught us to expect. Although Neuve Chapelle was not as conclusive a victory as we had hoped to achieve, the later offen-

sive of our armies made amends, once the right quantity and kinds of munitions began to reach the Front. Sir Evelyn Wood has told us the type of man we have in Sir Horace, basing his estimate on an incident at Alexandria. where, in our veteran's fighting days, there were but six battalions to hold a five-mile front which the enemy had penetrated. sent an order into Alexandria," says Sir Evelyn, "for a smart subaltern, who was to go to the Khedive's stable and all the saddlers' shops, and produce in one day some mounted infantry. Smith-Dorrien received the order at 1.30 p.m., and at 6.30,

with eighty-one horses,

three mules, and a donkey, carrying Derbyshire men, the Sherwood Foresters, few of whom had ridden before, he passed me at Razlah, went out into the desert, engaged an Egyptian outpost, killed its commander, and never let them inside our outposts again."

Sir Douglas Haig moves from success Prior to this War he had never commanded more than a regiment in action, and even at manœuvres never more than a division. At the outset he skilfully commanded the First Army Corps, but as Commander of the First Army he has won the most eulogistic commendation from Sir



[Abrahams, Devonport. REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN M. DE ROBECK, In command of the British Fleet at the Dardanelles.



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE.

From the portrait by W. H. Caffyn, reproduced by permission of the Graphic Photo Engraving Co., Great Eastern Street, E.C., publishers of the large plate.

John French. It was he, the Commanderin-Chief has reported, who enabled us to keep our positions on the north bank of the Aisne when the great pursuit had slowed

down; it was he who held the centre in the three weeks' defence of Ypres—held it, as Sir John noted, "with marvellous tenacity and undaunted courage." Again, at the battle of Neuve Chapelle, according unstinted praise to the 4th and Indian Corps, the Field-Marshal stated in his dispatch: "I consider that the able and skilful dispositions which were made by the General Officer Commanding First Army contributed largely to the defeat of the enemy and the capture of his position. The energy and vigour with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power." In order to emphasise his enthustastic appreciation of this gallant soldier's conduct in the battle, Sir John included in his dispatch the special order of the day which he addressed to him at its close: "I am anxious to express to you personally my warmest appreciation of the skilful manner in which you have carried out your orders, and my fervent

and most heartfelt appreciation of the magnificent gallantry and devoted, tenacious courage displayed by all ranks whom you have ably led to success and victory." A noble eulogy, nobly won.

It will be long before the world forgets the fighting in Gallipoli, the tale of the terrible beaches, upon which the almost incredible landings were effected, the appalling

struggles in which our men held to the land from which the enemy sought to sweep them into the sea. The history of those days has been incomparably written by the master-hand of the man who designed and carried forward that heartsearching campaign. Sir Ian Hamilton has not allowed us remain ignorant of the superb work of men about him. The name of one of his brilliant coadjutors, Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Birdwood. commander of the superb Australian and New Zealand troops, has become almost a household word with us, as it must be at the Antipodes. Ian has told us of the brilliant work of General Birdwood in the big battles, but he took us behind the firing-line to show us the influence which this dauntless warrior has with his men: "He has been the soul of Anzac. Not for a single day has he ever quitted his post. Cheery and full of human sympathy, he has spent many hours of each twentyfour inspiring defenders of the front trenches; and if he does not know every



hoto by] [Newspaper Illustration

BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH,

Chaplain-General of the British Forces.

soldier in his Force, at least every soldier in the Force believes he is known to his chief." Sir William is one of "Kitchener's men," was military secretary to that iron leader in South Africa, has rendered service to the Empire as Military Secretary to the Government of India, and was a member of the Legislative Council of the Dependency; but if it were left to the men from the wide South Seas to decide, it would be in respect of his achievements in Gallipoli that in letters of gold they would write his title to immortality.

It fell to this popular officer to hold the fort, so to speak, pending the change in

expectation his work both as staff officer and leader of men.

But all that has been done on land in fields far sundered has been rendered possible only by the prince of organisers at home. Lord Kitchener has achieved, in the raising of armies, many of the things expressly declared by high military authority to lie beyond the bounds of possibility. He has raised and trained the greatest voluntary army ever

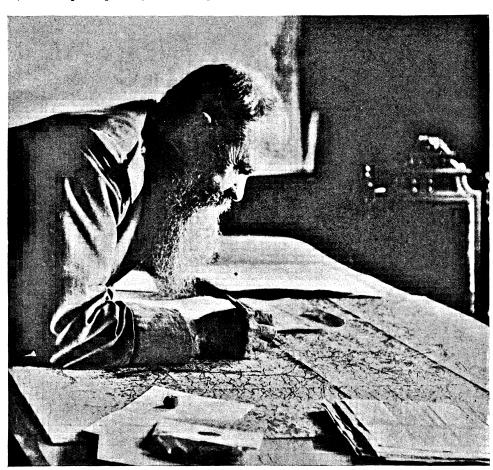


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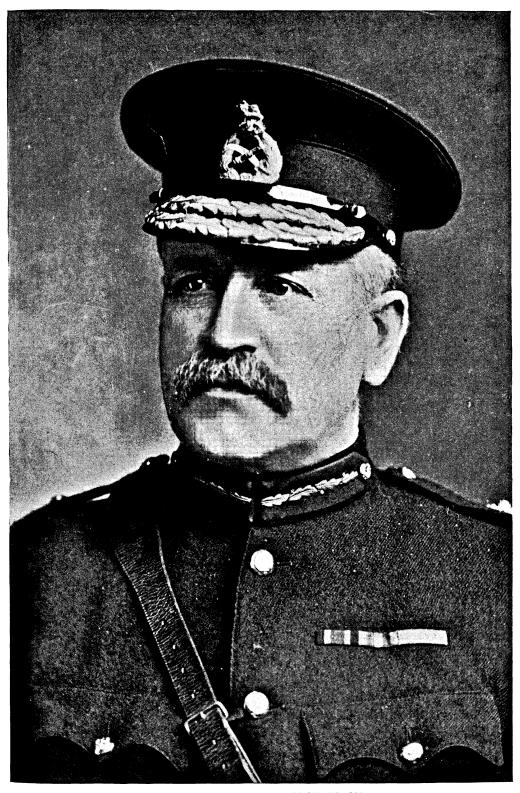
GENERAL IVANOFF,

[The Daily Mirror.

The Russian General who won the series of victories in Galicia.

command on this front from Sir Ian Hamilton to another fine soldiers' General, Sir Charles Carmichael Monro. Sir Charles, who won his spurs in South Africa, was at the head of a division when the present War broke out, and did such fine work that within less than six months he was promoted to command an army corps. His still greater advance was gratifying to a host of admirers who had followed with interest and

seen in the history of the world—an army collected and organised and armed by a system which had practically to be created by himself at an hour's notice. Until his advent at the War Office, we had thought of the British Army in terms of thousands; Lord Kitchener swiftly taught us to think in millions. Sir John French's dispatches have shown us with what wonderful celerity and precision fresh forces reached the Front to make good



GENERAL SIR CHARLES CARMICHAEL MONRO,
Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force at the Dardanelles. Photograph by Lafayette.

the wastage of his battles. That Lord Kitchener was able completely to satisfy the omnivorous demand of the War's gaping maw for men and still more men as rapidly as he desired, it would be idle to assume—in a nation wedded to the principle of voluntary service such a feat must ever be impossible—but within a year of the outbreak of hostilities he placed a million men at the disposal of Field-Marshal French, and had twice as many more in reserve. All of us could have wished the numbers thrice as great, but that does not in any way



Photo by]

CAPTAIN SIR SALTER PYNE,

Of the Ministry of Munitions.

[Bassano.

minimise the immensity of the unparalleled achievement of this unwearying giant at the War Office.

The bulk of our Army, then, returns thanks to Lord Kitchener for its beginning and continuance, while Lord Kitchener in turn must salute the Navy as rendering his military schemes possible. "The Navy has been both father and mother to us," said Sir Ian Hamilton of the operations in Gallipoli, and the words would stir the heart and blood of Sir John Jellicoe and his merry men, who, by imprisoning the great German Fleet, had

so far made all things possible. We have had many glowing pictures of the majesty and puissance of the mighty fleet which he controls, but nothing more appeals than a glimpse of the actual life aboard, sketched by Sir John's own pen: "We spent our Christmas Day waiting for the Germans, who did not appear. But we managed to find time for Church and for three celebrations of Holy Communion, although the whole time we were cleared for action and all the men were at their guns." May the Christmas-tide of this year be as peaceful—we know it will be as watchful—for him and his men.

Sir David Beatty will have to include a grimy stoker rampant in his armorial bearings, for it was a stoker who pronounced the national verdict upon the Admiral's fighting in the battle of the Dogger Bank. The Lion had sent the Blücher to the fate which that murderer of civilian populations well merited, but in the fight the Admiral's flagship herself sustained an injury which crippled her speed. Sir David went aboard a destroyer, and afterwards, when the pursuit was ended, boarded the Tiger. Here the men of the black squad had come up on deck from the furnaces, and as the Admiral stepped on board, one of these, in an irrepressible burst of affectionate enthusiasm for his daring leader, roared: "Well done, David!" Yes, well done, David! Well said, stoker!

The third naval portrait in our present group recalls the praise and thanks which Sir Ian Hamilton has bestowed upon Rear-Admiral J. M. de Robeck, under whose inspiriting lead our naval forces achieved such wonders of audacious heroism and brilliant skill in all that led to the landings

of the Gallipoli Expedition.

Mr. Lloyd George, having asked for and obtained abundant measure of silver bullets, became the pioneer, with the advent of the Coalition Cabinet, of the crusade of "push and go," and has since been applying his inexhaustible energies where they have been most needed—to the creation of the unparalleled supplies of munitions demanded for the successful prosecution of the War. It was a strange experience to see Mr. Lloyd George, the ardent champion of peace while peace might honourably be ensued, addressing the House as Minister for Munitions, and explaining the minutiæ of war's most terrific implements. His conduct in the new office has been such as to reveal yet one more facet of the abilities of which this ardent and versatile statesman is compact. With the dawn of autumn he was able to point to close upon



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a thousand State-controlled establishments under the Munitions Act, and when the Balkan crisis culminated to blacken the skies, he had got matters so ordered that shells were reported to be simply "pouring out." Mr. Lloyd George has shown that, while a destructive critic in Opposition, he has in its highest expression the rare faculty of the constructive statesman in office.

The appearance of the ex-Chancellor in this new $r\hat{o}le$, however, was not more dramatic than the succession of Mr. Balfour to the Admiralty, vice Mr. Winston Churchill. But the War has altered all the old values, and no one was conscious of any incongruity in the Prime Minister of one Administration quietly taking the portfolio of First Lord in another. As a fact, when a change at the Admiralty became a certainty, there appeared complete unanimity in the desire that Mr. Balfour should fill this vitally important office, and with unquestioning patriotism he responded. The new First Lord was present at Berlin to witness the negotiations from which Disraeli and Lord Salisbury came home saying, "We bring peace with honour," at which time Mr. Churchill was a small boy of four. Lord Salisbury lived to declare in Mr. Balfour's hearing that, in backing the Turk, we had put our money on the wrong horse; and the new First Lord's labours at the Admiralty have been directed, night and day, to undoing, as far as the Navy may avail, the blunder which his uncle unfortunately helped to perpetrate. The resuscitated Turk and a fortified Heligoland are the thorny heritage devolving, in these anxious days, upon Mr. Balfour from the political estates of Disraeli and Lord Salisbury.

At the very time that M. Venizelos, to the acute disappointment of the Entente, was for the second time passing from office, Lord Derby was entering anew upon official It is impossible not to associate the names of the two men, and ruminate upon the might-have-beens. For M. Venizelos might have been Prime Minister of a Greece which hailed the head of the house of Stanley, not as seventeenth Earl of Derby, but as King Edward of Hellas. It is an old story, but of unfading fascination, how, when Greece had expelled the Bavarian King Otho, and the Duke of Edinburgh had refused the crown, the statesmen of Athens besought the then Lord Stanley to accept it. But, as Disraeli predicted, Stanley preferred Knowsley to the Parthenon, and gratefully declined a kingdom. Had the decision been different, we should have lacked our new Director of Recruiting, but Greece would have had for King an Englishman of our best blood, embodying the finest characteristics of our race. How differently would the latter-day history of the Balkans have been written!

Although the two men had never met, the Serbian Chief Marshal owed some of his supplies to a remarkable man who has emerged, like himself, from retirement for the duration of the War. This is Sir Thomas Salter Pyne, perhaps the most picturesque personality at the Ministry of Munitions, whither he has gone at the request of Mr. Lloyd George. Sir Salter looks after fuses to-day, and ranks as captain; he used to found arsenals, and ranked as very wizard of very wizards at the Court of the Amir of Afghanistan. At Kabul he established for the late Amir a Ministry of Munitions of another sort. He made guns, rifles, shells, and what not, but he made also candles and soap, clothing and boots, vehicles and coins, tools and postage stamps, or, rather, he organised and instructed the staff, four thousand strong, which thus furnished the State with the bulk of its requirements. Better still, by a frank explanation to the India Office of the Amir's views and objects, he brought lasting peace and good-will between Great Britain and Afghanistan just when we seemed drifting inevitably into war.

Another doughty veteran who has surrendered his leisure to strike new blows for his country is Admiral Sir Percy Scott. Percy is, in a way, responsible for Germany's He first showed how heavy big guns. ordnance could be moved on land, when he took the guns of the *Terrible* to Ladysmith. The idea was developed by the Japanese, who brought up 11-inch guns for the land attacks on Port Arthur, and with such success as to suggest to Krupps still mightier secret pieces. By a coincidence the shooting Admiral has been called upon, at short notice, to handle the newest of all types of gun—the anti-aircraft gun. To him, after the Zeppelin raids of September, was committed the defence of London.

All these, and more, are men who stand for the great war on war that shall bring peace. In the field are men who speak that hallowed word to our dying. All denominations are there, all ministering in the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice. The Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor-Smith, doffs canonicals for khaki, and commands a spiritual force whose achievements and sufferings, with those of other creeds, proclaim that we have saints of our own blood even in these days.

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A WRETCHED IMITATION

By BARRY PAIN

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills



is not true—though
the statement was
made by certain
unprincipled persons in Rockham—
that the Rockham
Amateur Dramatic
Society constituted
one of the most
horrible features of
the Great War.

Persons who have not been invited to join a society are only too often inclined to a malicious criticism of it.

Undoubtedly the R.A.D.S. owed its origin in part to the War. The Chater family, which was directly responsible for its inception, always said that its main object was to provide cheerful and interesting entertainments for convalescent soldiers. It may be admitted that a caustic, though celebrated, physician said that, in his opinion, any man who was strong enough to stand the Rockham Amateurs was strong enough to return to the trenches. Great doctors are not necessarily sound dramatic critics.

Even before the War George Chater and his two sisters had organised many dramatic entertainments on behalf of various deserving charities. They were all three most modest. George said that he was no use, but that, of course, his sister Evelyn was remarkable. Evelyn said she loved acting, but did not pretend to have the real gift of her sister Myra. Myra said that she hated to hear her acting praised, as she was only too well aware of her shortcomings, and that those who had not seen George in "Richelieu" had not realised what acting might be. The Chaters might with justice have been called a united family.

It may be that their talents were inherited

from their parents. Papa well remembered, and not infrequently repeated, that he had been told in his youth that he was a born comedian. But he had given up his birthright and become a wool-broker, and had prospered sufficiently. No evidence of his ability as a comedian, other than that statement quoted above, ever transpired nowadays. Mamma, in her younger days, had at a school performance impersonated Joan of Arc. In this impersonation she won great applause, demonstrated how well the prosaic biscuit-tin of to-day may be contrived to simulate the armour of the romantic past, and did more yet. It was in the garden afterwards that Papa had, to use his own phrase, "first dared to hope." A complete suit of biscuit-tin is warm, and the garden, as Papa pointed out, was cool and refreshing, so they strayed out together. And thenoh, tut, tut! Mr. Chater still retained a large panel photograph, somewhat faded, of Mrs. Chater as Joan of Arc. It was not publicly exhibited, because some people are so narrow-minded.

But though Papa and the former Joan of Arc no longer appeared on the stage, they took a warm and sympathetic interest in the efforts of their talented family. Mrs. Chater was most useful in charge of the wardrobes. Papa had once acted as prompter, and in that office had been distinctly audible to everybody in the house except the performers, but he had higher work than this. It was his special prerogative, when a performance was given in the cause of charity, to write a cheque for that sum which represented the excess of expenditure over receipts. If you are giving "The Merchant of Venice" in aid of the debt on the church organ, it makes the church organ a little peevish to find that, in consequence, its indebtedness has

been increased by two pounds fifteen shillings and sevenpence. Of course, the expenses of such an entertainment do tend to exceed the original estimate. As Evelyn Chater always said, more particularly when selecting her own costume, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. Unseen and unheard, Papa and his cheque-book were still useful and salutary.

With the War came the definite formation of the Rockham Amateur Dramatic Society. There was a clear call for it. Papa may have thought that a succulent subscription list would lessen his own financial responsi-He certainly said that he would do his best to put the R.A.D.S. on a busi-The younger Chaters wanted ness basis. useful people to play subsidiary parts; so did the useful people. Enthusiasm was pre-For one reason or another, many men could not go to the recruiting office, or went and were refused, but every man and woman wanted to do something, but on no account to mind his or her own business. A society which existed in order to amuse and interest wounded soldiers in hospital had a good chance. There was a rush for The Committee was able to membership. exercise a selective judgment, and applicants of insufficient social calibre were told that the list was full. Among the rejected was Bunting—a vulgar little beast who worked for The Rockham Star—and shortly afterwards The Rockham Star had that paragraph, nasty and not at all funny, about dramatic societies entertainments at hospitals because they wanted an audience that could not escape or hit back. "And that settled the question of advertising in The Rockham Star, " said George Chater firmly.

The Committee had been chosen with care and tact. The President had been selected chiefly because of his title, but in part because his lordship was always unable to attend the meetings. We need say no more Then came that elder Chater whom, in our affectionate way, we have called Papa. His business was to act as Chairman in his lordship's absence, to put things on a business basis, and to rule that any proposal which he disliked was out of Then came Mr. Peters, who represented what might be called the anti-Chater interest, Mrs. Apsley-Carter, who has done so much good work, and Gerald Druce, who did secretarial duties, and had stipulated mark this—that he should not be called upon to take part in any performance. was a small committee. As it included

Mr. Peters, it was quite impartial; and as the Chater interest always had the preponderating vote, it was quite satisfactory. Young Druce always supported the Chater interest, and in this connection it may be added that Myra Chater was a very pretty and charming girl.

Druce was a dissatisfied young man. had experience and training, and he had expected a commission. If he could not get that, he was quite ready for the lowest rank. He was ready for anything if only he might be allowed to get out; but a fatherly and restraining power had put its hand on his shoulder and kept him back. He had been told that his business, which had nothing to do with munitions, and at first sight nothing to do with the War, was of great importance. He was admitted to be an expert in that business. He was to keep on with it. that way he would be best serving his He was not to be glorious; he country. was merely to be useful. He submitted, and became an exasperated Special Constable.

But it was not exasperation which made him the secretary of the R.A.D.S. That was merely Myra. She possessed the rather lovable weakness of a greater belief in those to whom she was attached than the facts would have warranted. If Gerald had expressed the slightest wish to play "Hamlet," she would at once have felt certain that he would be an ideal Hamlet. She would have gone further than that. After the performance she would have maintained that he was actually "It." As it was, she was in doubt about his refusal to take part in any performance.

"I should never be able to do it," said Gerald. "I've never done anything of the kind in my life."

"That only shows that you might be most awfully good," said Myra fervently.

H

That splendid institution the Rockham Amateur Dramatic Society had to learn—let us be quite candid about it—from adversity. It learned slowly through months of ambitious failures, but it did learn ultimately. Having once grasped that the audiences wanted funny sketches, sentimental songs, and dances by pretty girls, the Chater family stepped down from the legitimate pedestal and obliged. George Chater and his two sisters were by nature, aided by tuition, admirable dancers. Evelyn was a handsome woman on Junoesque lines, and Myra was as aforesaid. Mrs. Apsley-Carter was physically less attractive, but she was a

diligent and conscientious pianist. The dramatic talent generally lapsed from "Richelieu" into screaming farce, and the successes of the London halls were, with certain inevitable limitations, reproduced in Rockham.

Gerald Druce, having been credibly informed that the famous comedian Mark Masters had a new song which was quite top-hole, obligingly spent an evening in London to see if that same song would not suit Mr. Peters; and, as Myra observed, very good it was of him.

He made his report to George Chater on the following evening, and-merely to illustrate his meaning—sang the chorus and

repeated some of the patter.

"That settles it," said George darkly.
"Settles what?"

"What you did then was the very best bit of imitation I ever heard in my life." the Chaters did tend rather to enthusiasm.) "Peters won't have that song. You'll give it yourself as an imitation of Mark Masters at the next show we have."

"Couldn't possibly, my dear chap."

"Couldn't? You must. It will simply make them scream. Why, of course. do that thing of a man with a soda-water bottle, and sawing a bit off a plank, and catching a bee in his handkerchief."

"Oh, but everybody does those things! They're parlour tricks; you couldn't have

them on the stage."

"Old stuff, I admit, but always popular. I'll put that on the programme at once: 'Some Imitations—Gerald Druce.' very much!"

"Now, I made it a most definite con-

"I know you did, but in war every man must do what he can. You can imitate Mark Masters—there's not a shadow of a doubt about that. Besides, you've got a clear fortnight to work the thing up.

It was in vain that Gerald Druce rebelled. Even Myra turned against him. She heard the imitation, and said that Gerald had got the man to the very life—that it was absolutely like him. He would, perhaps, have attached less importance to this criticism if he had known that Myra had never seen and never heard Mark Masters; but he did not know, and nobody told him. He gave way before the presence of Chaterian enthusiasm and insistence.

But his days were darkened. He knew what he knew. He had no delusions. knew his own business thoroughly. He knew

that Myra was the sweetest creature in the world, and that it was madness to expect that she would care for a worm who was not even allowed to wear khaki. But he also knew that he had no real talent for mimicry, and that he had engaged himself to imitate a bee, a saw, Sir Herbert Tree, a soda-water bottle, and Mark Masters in public—to wit, at Rockham Town Hall. The thought of it made him perspire. The thought of Mark Masters made him perspire particularly. Bees and saws are more or less within the scope of any man, and in the case of Sir Herbert Tree he would be merely imitating an imitation, which is comparatively easy. But his study of Mark Masters had to be a direct study.

Yes, he worked hard at it. He did his very best. For six nights he heard Mark Masters, observed closely, and took notes. For six days he practised assiduously. And then once more he tried it on George Chater.

"Capital!" said George, with less than his usual enthusiasm. "Not quite so good as it was that first time you did it, but still good

enough."

Then did Gerald make one last effort, even as the last effort of a drowning man, to get his name expunged from that programme. It failed, and he sank deep down into the utmost depths of gloom and depression. He was going to make an unspeakable fool Myra would witness the conof himself. temptible failure. And after that he would

Meanwhile, as some distraction for the mind, he went to play golf—a game at which he excelled, and there deliverance in an

unexpected form came to him.

He had chanced upon a sad-eyed old man who was a new member and also new at the game. Gerald was good nature itself. He took that poor old man in hand and gave him an afternoon of the very best coaching he ever received. And the old man was not ungrateful.

"You've given me a totally different outlook on the game," he said. "I shall go ahead after this. And it has really been uncommonly good of you to a stranger. All I can say is that if I can ever do you any service in return, I shall be jolly glad to do You may have heard my name—Mark Masters."

Gerald Druce jumped. "Mark Masters?" he said breathlessly.

"Yes. On the stage. Supposed to be funny, you know."

"Then, if you're willing to do it, you can simply save my life."

"How?"

"I've promised to give an imitation of you at three o'clock on the afternoon of the fourteenth. Don't ask how I came to do

that I am going to make a number-one fool of myself, and that in the presence of—er—of somebody whose opinion I value. You can save me."

"Well, I can lend you the props and give you a few hints, but——"



"Then did Gerald make one last effort to get his name expunged from that programme."

such a fool thing. I hardly know myself. I was over-persuaded. It's an amateur show for a charity."

"Have you got it pretty like?"

"Not within a million miles, and never shall. I have no gift in that direction at all—absolutely none. The consequence is

"Better than that—far, far better than that. Listen."

Gerald unfolded the dark and sinful plot that had occurred to him. A gleam of humour came into the wearied eyes of Mark Masters.

"I'll do it," he said. "Imitation of

myself by me. For once I shall be able to enjoy my own work."

The performance went better, on the whole, than had been expected. The impersonation of Mark Masters called forth but little applause from the audience, but the subsequent imitations provoked laughter and enthusiasm.

"That bee was a masterpiece," said Mr. Peters to Gerald afterwards. "But if you don't mind my speaking plainly, I should cut out the Mark Masters next time. You've not quite got his staccato way of speaking."

The Rockham Star was again nasty. "Mr. Gerald Druce cannot look like Mark Masters, or act like him, or sing like him, or speak like him. So he gave an imitation of Mark Masters. These amateurs! He had better stick to his imitation of a man sawing wood—no novelty, but passably well done."

The Rockham Herald, which, by the way, received the advertisements, said: "A new-comer, Mr. Gerald Druce, proved himself to be an admirable mimic, and his impersonation of Sir Herbert Tree fairly convulsed the audience. His imitation of Mark Masters was, perhaps, a thought overcoloured and exaggerated, and had not quite the same success."

George Chater said that the thing which beat him altogether was the extraordinary rapidity with which Gerald had divested himself of his Mark Masters make-up.

The janitor of the town hall put a sovereign on the table when he got home, and told his wife that he had earned it honestly, but had promised to say nothing about it to anybody, and would keep his word. If a gent was let in by the back way to Mr. Druce's dressing-room, where was the harm? However, his tongue was tied. Even supposing a trick was played on an audience, and a man was supposed to have

done what the other bloke really done, as long as there was no complaint, it was not the duty of a janitor to interfere. At the same time he had sworn his solemn oath not to say a word about it to a living soul, and he should abide by that.

The janitor's wife commended him for bringing home the sovereign intact, not being aware that another sovereign was retained in her husband's waistcoat pocket for personal expenses of a festive nature.

The Vicar thanked Papa Chater most warmly for the very enjoyable entertainment provided by the R.A.D.S. "But," he added, "there is one point. In that song supposed to be sung by some London comedian there was just the faintest possible shade of—you know what I mean. We elder men must keep our eyes wide open for anything that even tends—— Don't you think so, Mr. Chater?" And Mr. Chater said he did.

Myra says that, when she is married, she shall simply make Gerald do that imitation of the man with the soda-water bottle all day, because it is absolutely the funniest thing she ever saw. But she never says a word about Mark Masters. This looks rather as if she would enjoy, and deserve, her husband's fullest confidence, which is quite as it should be.

And Mark Masters himself, a week or so later, in the small hours of the morning, at about the third whisky and soda, became

philosophical and dogmatic.

"We don't know ourselves, my dear boy; we are strangers to ourselves. Great and amazing thought, but it's the truth, and I've proved it. I once tried to do a skit on myself, taking off my own little peculiarities. Luckily, it was in the provinces before a tame audience. In London it would have got the 'bird' for a certainty. Rotten! I felt it was rotten while I was doing it, and I couldn't make it any better. Strangers to ourselves! Amazing! I'll trouble you for the whisky, Bill."



THE HEALER

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



HAT strange, almost impertinent courage h a d brought Fiennes back this year to the gay, familiar little hotel which clings between river and pine forest, just on the lip of the glacier-line heading

Lake Lucerne, no man could say. Madame, black-browed, robust, had taken her well-coiffed head between her plump hands when she saw Fiennes crutching himself up the path, and had hurled shrill expostulation at her husband.

"Tiens! To return here—here, whence they carried him upon the outhouse door! C'est incroyable! Mon Dieu! What to do with him, le pauvre! A cripple among the climbers of mountains!"

"C'est ça," said the little man, and shrugged. "The mountains have destroyed him, and he comes to defy the mountains. They are like that, les Anglais. Never have they the grace to accept defeat."

"Imbécile!" cried Madame. "It is Monsieur Bohun who destroyed him, and he returns to defy monsieur—or to destroy him, peut-être. Il en a l'air."

him, peut-être. II en a l'air."

"Bah! Le Monsieur Bohun? He can
well guard himself — and la petite
mademoiselle aussi — " But Madame
waved her fingers at him.

"Oh, la, la, la!" she said, in disgust, and went out to meet Fiennes.

Fiennes read the hostile curiosity in her greeting. He read the resentment and awkward sympathy in the faces of the climbers coming back, burnt, weary, and cheerful, as he so often had come, under the blue haze shutting slowly down from the hushed heights of snow. He knew that they were asking what this derelict of manhood did here in a place reserved by

Nature for the whole and strong, if ever place on earth was so reserved. He knew and he remembered that there was a glacier back in the Geschni Alp called after And then he saw the long mirrors of the lounge reflect a face sharpened and hollowed by suffering, and a body which dragged itself helplessly between two sticks, and he laughed to himself at the grim joke of it all. Here, where he had had no end of a jolly time last year, Bohun had destroyed him. Here, where—so report said—Bohun was having no end of a jolly time with the girl whom both had loved, he was come back to destroy Bohun. It was only chance that the moment should come to him at this place — chance — or the Devil. had believed implicitly in a Devil since that hour among the avalanches when Bohun's impatience had forced him to jump short; and through those hideous after-dreams, when agony and despair had burnt the youth out of him, the Devil had usually taken the shape of Bohun. Now, in Fiennes' inner consciousness, they were very much one, and he went to meet that one with a curious cold joy.

The little old hotel was just the same, with the curtains blowing at the open windows in the warm night, and the half-lit lounge full of the scent of those meadows in hay which ran sheer to the foot of the Geschni itself. The people were much the same. They came year after year, even as he had done, and their recognition of Fiennes had hurt them far more than it hurt him. Fiennes was past that kind of hurting. He had reached a point when he had sufficient knowledge and sufficient callousness to inflict it on others instead.

He had loved Nina de Cazelet as a boy in summer-time loves the prettiest girl in a merry party; but long before he saw her wide, soft eyes of horror fix on him as he came down the lounge, he had known that that love was gone—gone with everything

else, except hate. All through this year hate had been his spur, his lover, his plaything, and now, as Bohun stood up to greet him, he recognised that it was to be

his weapon also.

Bohun seemed bigger than before—bigger and broader, unless it was because he himself had so pitifully shrunk. There was dismay on the rugged face, which showed brick-red with wind-burn against the strong black hair and moustache, but there was anger, too—anger and a savage sense of outrage. Fiennes understood. Bohun, even in this moment, was saying with the others—

"What the deuce brings him back here? Hasn't the fellow the decency to know that he's down and under? He's no sport if he can't accept the fortune of war better than

unis.

Fiennes preferred this attitude in Bohun to a stammering pity and regret. He sat down with the comfortable consciousness that he had turned their intimate talk into awkward conversation, and that Nina de Cazelet winced every time she looked at him. How that knowledge would have tortured him once, and how splendid it was that nothing could torture him any more! He talked to her, amused at her troubled answers and averted eyes, and he watched Bohun, sitting a little apart, with his powerful brown throat and hands showing the more virile for the white linen of his evening-dress.

Bohun was unusually strong, unusually efficient, and it was clear that he had taught Nina de Cazelet the worth of these things. During this year which had stepped his victim's life down to half-speed for ever, Bohun had not lost touch in any one way. He had amused himself. Fiennes had heard of him fishing in Norway, shooting in Scotland, hunting in the Cotswolds. He had done all the good and manly things which Fiennes would not do any more, and now he was on his way back to his legitimate work in Malay, vital and assured as ever. He had regretted the accident, and then he had resolutely throttled its memory, just as he had throttled the memory of other things. Of other things? Fiennes, easing his maimed hip among the cushions, suddenly began to laugh. Bohun glanced at him, and then he stood up with an impatient fling of his big, heavy body. It had been that very impatience which— Well, never mind. Fiennes was going to have his money's worth for that now-or very nearly.

"They'll be dancing directly," said Bohun.
"I'll get my gloves. The first with you,
Miss de Cazelet?"

She nodded, not looking up, and for a moment, after Bohun had gone, there was silence. Fiennes, with that new intuition which isolation had given, had comprehended that there was real love here—that very soon Bohun would speak, and that the girl knew it. This matter of love and passion seemed strange enough to him now. Had he ever thought of these things? Would he ever think of them as Bohun was thinking? And would it mean to him the hell it was shortly going to mean to Bohun, if he did?

"You've seen a good deal of Bohun since we three were last here together, I suppose?"

he suggested presently.

"No," said the girl, and colour caught her fair skin to the roots of her fair banded hair. "No, I have been travelling in Egypt with my father. We only met here about a fortnight ago."

She could have told the day and the hour, and Fiennes guessed it. He watched her closely, all the frank boyhood, all the natural impulses of his years burned out of him by the acid of his bitterness. flutter of her breast showed beneath the pale green swathings of her slim shape, and in the white young throat a pulse was She was a girl just on the threshold of life, just on the eve of surrender, and she was recognising it in a half-exulting terror and awe. Under his hand Fiennes watched her. This, too, was for Bohunthis the last crown for the man who had flung him out of the fight, and who had forward, conquering, uncaring. trodden Some brutal, tortured instinct made him suddenly want to cry out, to strike those white, girlish shoulders with his clenched fist, to do something—anything—to harm this innocent sweetness which Bohun so prized, and which he did not prize any more.

And then he caught himself up. He could be more effective than that. By merely doing what he came to do, he could be more effective than that. Bohun himself would harm her, because, before the moment of consummation to which both were looking, Fiennes would have the sword between. The story was old—nearly twelve years old—and Bohun had buried it with a terrible and patient care. But a hint had come to Fiennes from somewhere, and the primeval passion of retaliation had set him seeking along the windings whereby Bohun had hid himself. This had taken him a year, and

yet it had been worth the work. In Fiennes' hands that story had kick enough still to wreck the man—a dozen men. Major de Cazelet's daughter and—Bohun! While the music beat and swung in the alcove by the palms, and the dancers passed in a whirl by the door beyond, Fiennes sat quietly, finding exquisite pleasure in the thought-Major de Cazelet's daughter and Bohun! The Major himself paused on his way to the card-room to speak for a few strained minutes on such safe subjects as the weather and the unhealthy state of European affairs. "And the dickens knows what's happened now," he said. "No papers for a week, you know. That last fall of snow smashed the funicular. How on earth did you get here,

"I've been taking it by slow stages," said Fiennes. "You forget that I can't do things as you young fellows can any more."

This and his laugh routed the Major; and then Fiennes sat still and saw the dancers

go by, and waited for Bohun.

The man came at last, with a chattering woman who tried to flirt with him. Fiennes watched with his eyes screwed up, and at the first opportunity he beckoned across the room. Bohun came with an air of relief, and Fiennes heard the cane chair creak as he flung his weight into it and lit a cigarette.

"Thanks for the deliverance, Fiennes," he said. "She's the biggest nuisance in the place. Fine view you've got from this

corner."

He smoked unconcernedly, with head flung back and foot over his knee. According to his creed, the tragedy of Fiennes was not to be allowed to trouble him. understood that. After the accident Bohun had offered all the compensation in his power, but the anguished devil in Fiennes would have none of him. He had said that there was no compensation, and said rightly, until now. Fiennes drew a long breath, studying the man before him—the deep, alert eyes under the heavy brows, the jutting, rather sensual nose, and the mouth suggesting those inner graces which alone could have won for him the love of Nina de Cazelet. But there was enough of the brute in Bohun to ensure fight when the time came, and Fiennes wondered, with a chill of the flesh, what he was going to look like five minutes from now.

Fiennes had chosen the position with care. In the full blaze of publicity he was about to drive this man into his Gethsemane, and, from the very nature of the affair, there

would be no escape. For a space he, too, smoked in silence, tasting the coming words on his tongue. Then—

"Let's see, is it eleven or twelve years since you were in Rhodesia, Bohun-Fawcett?" he asked

Bohun's sudden movement proved the hit. But he recovered with a rapidity which made Fiennes smile. Learnt to be ready with his guard, had he?

"My name's Bohun," he said.

"Since twelve years ago. They only called you Fawcett on the Fronck Mine, didn't they? Of course, a double-barrelled name's clumsy. Don't suppose many knew

you had it."

There was just a moment when Fiennes doubted if the man was going to stand up to this. The warm ruddiness had dropped from the harsh features, leaving them lined and ghastly, and the big body seemed to shrink together in the chair. Bohun knew. He was quick enough. He knew what had brought Fiennes all the way from England. Then the will took hold of the flesh again, and Bohun stretched a steady hand to brush the ash from his cigarette.

"I thanked Heaven you weren't killed last year," he said meditatively. "I wonder

what I did that for?"

Fiennes gave a short croak of laughter, and Bohun looked up. His face was dazed, as though he were trying to puzzle out something.

"You're not going to deny it, then?" said

Fiennes.

"What do you want me to deny?" asked

Bohun, and Fiennes stooped forward.

"How much of that dirty story do you need repeated before I take it to Major de Cazelet?" he said.

Bohun leaned his elbow on the table, shading his face with his hand. The attitude was casual enough, and Fiennes alone guessed the sore need of the cover to this man who was already entering into his punishment.

"How much do you know?" he asked

juietly.

"All of it, I think." Fiennes stooped nearer, dropping his voice. And, to his surprise, eagerly though he had waited for this, he did not want to look at Bohun. The matter went into five sentences, for Fiennes did not waste time on verbiage. There had been roguery on the Fronck Mine. Bohun had been bought, and when the scandal came out, Bohun went to gaol for six months. Then he disappeared among the little yellow

miners of Central Malay, where white men are badly needed, because the malaria makes them die like flies unless the knife interferes with Providence. Bohun had come through years of that with honour and a clean reputation, believing that he had laid the ghost of his sin in those desolate jungles. But Fiennes had resurrected that ghost. He had spent time and money on the effort, and he did not grudge either.

"It was the only thing which kept me alive, I think," he said, and stopped to light

another cigarette.

Bohun had not moved, but presently he said—

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I suppose you know what this means to you?"

"I suppose I do," said Bohun: "I'm

dealing with a gentleman."

Figure 7 Figure 2 Figure 3 Fig

"I hope Miss de Cazelet will endorse that later," he said, "for I mean——"

Bohun moved, and Fiennes forgot the end of the sentence. And yet the movement had been slight. It must have been the eyes which gave the other pause.

"Are you answerable for me—to her?"

asked Bohun, very low.

"She let me have half her dances last

year," answered Fiennes.

In some inexplicable way this wiped the livid fury from Bohun's face. "For Heaven's sake, Fiennes—— But even that doesn't give you any right over me."

"Never mind right. Let's say power,"

suggested Fiennes.

A passing woman brushed Bohun's shoulder, and his quick apology and smile aroused Fiennes' admiration and made him the more bitter because of it.

"You have no power which an honourable

man could use," said Bohun then.

"What do you know about honourable men?"

The chair-arm creaked at the grip of Bohun's hand; but manner and face were admirably under guard, although moisture prickled the forehead and lip. The blood was drumming in Fiennes' ears. He felt a wild, high joy in the baiting of this man. Then Bohun said—

"Will you come and finish this talk in my room?"

"No," said Fiennes.

"You meant to pillory me here, then? I thought it was an accident, perhaps."

"No," said Fiennes again, "it was not accident."

"I see." He considered a moment. "It is because I supplied the accident and, incidentally, the pillory for you? Well, have it how you like. Now, will you tell me what you want of me?"

Figure Fi

Bohun's were steady as rock.

"I'll give you till to-morrow to get out of this house, on condition that you don't speak again to Miss de Cazelet."

Bohun turned in a flash. His shoulder was to the room, and only Fiennes saw his eyes. There was nothing dazed in them now.

"Perhaps it was better even for you to say that in a public place," he said, and then the blaze of Fiennes' hate leapt out.

"Even for me—for me, now you've made this of me! Ah! Curse you! D'you think I don't mean to take it out of that cursed soul and body of yours for having made this of me?"

"Steady! As I just said, this is a public place. Fiennes, you're talking like a coward and you're acting like a coward! Let's get out of this."

"Give me your word first about Miss de Cazelet."

"What have you to do with her? Do you

want to marry her?"
"Marry her!" Fiennes flung himself forward, and the torrent of his words poured out close to Bohun's ear. "Are you brute enough to ask that? Can't you see that there'll never be any marrying for me? This—this business is only beginning. I'm going to get worse all the time. The doctors told me that. My life is done! It's done, and I'm not yet twenty-six! You can give me a good ten years—probably more. How'd you have liked to be put out of it all at twenty-six? I can't marry. I suppose I'll love—most men go through that some time or other—but I can't know what it means to have a girl waiting for me as that girl is waiting for you now. I can't ever know-

Before Bohun's stony silence he gasped himself into self-control, relit his cigarette, and fell back in his chair. People, glancing uneasily at the corner, opined that Fiennes had come back vindictively intent, and that

And do you think——" His words rushed into incoherence. "You expect to have

everything . . . shan't have her . . . the

Major will see to that . . . even if she would

touch you when she knows!"



"'Fiennes has gone to tell your father something about me,' he said lightly," $^{-\frac{1}{2}}$

Bohun was evidently indifferent to his But Fiennes, huddled in his upbraidings. chair, saw that, under the shadow of the broad hand, the sweat was dripping down Bohun's face, and his eyes followed the direction of Bohun's eyes towards the distant There, outlined in light, flower-slim and buoyant, stood Nina de Cazelet, with the yellow of her hair and the green of her pale gown—spring-tints borne by a maid in the spring of her time. There was the very essence of that simplicity which is so sound and sweet at core about the girl; but Fiennes knew well her English upbringing and her intense pride in her birth. And he knew the Major. No man with a smirch on him would be good enough for Major de Cazelet's daughter, nor, when it came to the question of the girl herself, would be be good enough for Nina de Cazelet.

An old story, time-buried, of temptation and shame; an old story, grimly and courageously outlived; an old story, dug up in its naked, yellowed bones, to stand for ever between these two! Fiennes shot another glance at the man beside him, and a shiver ran through him. He could never have endured what Bohun was enduring in such iron movelessness. He could never have known this intolerable battle of the spirit—love, passion, savage strife against the inevitable, brutal desire for retaliation, grief for the girl, and again—love!

Fiennes looked on. He had set out to get something of his own back, and already he knew dimly that he had not yet suffered as Bohun was suffering, that he never could suffer so, for he had neither Bohun's virility nor Bohun's powers of repression. He had eased himself by wild railing against Fate. Bohun would find no such ease. He had not even attempted excuses, although there had surely been some. There was a kind of splendour about this which maddened Fiennes the more. He knew how he himself would have behaved.

"You understand that I'm going to make this story public, both here and in England, Bohun?" he said.

"Yes," said Bohun.

"But I'll give you till to-morrow to get away, if you'll promise not to speak again to Miss de Cazelet."

Bohun looked at him.

"You fool!" he said quietly, and then Fiennes understood. He could do his worst. He could blacken Bohun before all this little gay company if he so chose, but he could not quench in the man that instinctive

determination to fight until no last inch of ground was left him. Bohun would have his kisses from Nina de Cazelet if man could get them. They would be the first and the last, for the girl knew well what was due to her blood and her class, and she would know what was due to her insulted pride after Bohun had taken her kisses and her vows.

Fiennes felt a queer contraction of the heart as Bohun stood up. There was something pitiless, brutal, and yet so entirely natural about this. It was like Bohun to snatch on the very brink of the glacier for the one white spray of edelweiss, even though it went down into the canon with him.

"You're—going to her now?" he said, with a catch in his breath. "Bohun, you'll only make it worse for you both!"

Bohun did not answer. Fiennes guessed that he did not hear. He went straight out through the open doors like a man drawn by a thread, and in the vivid splash of light across the terrace Fiennes saw him sharp-cut for a moment. He had lost that slight shoulder-stoop common to most men who have walked much through earth's waste places. He went swiftly, with head up, and a glow on his face and a light in his eyes. Fiennes half raised himself, trembling. Conventionalities, results, ethics, seemed suddenly sloughed away from Bohun. Through great agonies he had been wrenched back into the primitive essence of life. She was there, and he went to her with as little doubt, as little heed of consequences as mate draws to mate in those great jungle fastnesses which had not been great enough to absolve him from his sin.

Fiennes crutched himself into shelter of the window-curtains and peered out. She was there, but how in the world had Bohun known it? She was there, part-way down the slope where the little shrine with its battered wooden Madonna faced to the Starlight was tender on the meadows and on the half-veiled peaks, where one gash of white among the pine forests told of a In the moveless air the rush of waterfall. the water sounded faintly, seeming to bring a hurrying, potent life into the quiet night. And there was need for haste. Bohun had just so long as it would take Fiennes to drag himself into the card-room and show Major de Cazelet the little bundle of papers in his breast-pocket.

In his dancing slippers Bohun's feet made no sound on the grass, and she was bent over the shrine, relinking the dried buttercup chains which someone had laid there. Then she straightened, with slender bare arms hanging and her face upraised to the stars. Bohun halted suddenly. Nothing but her stillness could have stayed him, nothing but the utter girlishness of her could have held the devil which Fiennes had let loose. He had gone as a man goes into a hopeless fight, with the savage certainty in him that he will wrest something from life before it leaves him. Now he stood still, and slowly the ruddy flush died out along his veins and left his face white as her own.

Last year he had resisted the unconscious pull of her. That hole torn out of the best years of his life could only be filled by marriage with money and position, he had Then a mightier power than his will had spoken, and the natural tenacity of him called up all his forces to obey. Values had changed, focuses shifted, plans had slipped away like water. Bohun was back. like the first great father of us all, on the first great quest—the wooing of the maid And the hand against his heart now, checking the spirit which had brought him out, was the understanding, at the sight of her, that to him she was still the maid divine.

Moving suddenly, she saw him. faintly smiling, she made a little gesture of acquiescence. It seemed to her natural that out of this warm, dusky silence he should come to her. It seemed to her that she had waited all her life just for this. She was Bohun's to take when he would, and both knew it with that simplicity which is begotten of supreme moments. And because to Bohun the moment was supreme, he understood, even as he came to her, that it would pass void into the void. Through disrepute, danger, unsuccess, he had beaten out his way, bluffing, taking chances, bruising and being bruised, better than some men, worse than a good many, not given to the graces of renunciation and self-denial, impatient of mercy and tenderness as of weaknesses which crippled a man. But now, with the brooding threat of Fiennes climbing the sky behind him, and the one bright point of that girl in the starlight before, it seemed to him suddenly that values had changed again. To spare her—this was the only vital thing. And to end the matter quickly—here his natural impatience spoke. But that was vital, too.

"Fiennes has gone to tell your father something about me," he said lightly. "It isn't a nice story, Miss de Cazelet, and I

always knew that, if it came out, I'd have to go. I'm going in the morning, but I wanted to thank you for the good time you've helped me to have here. I won't forget it out in Malay."

He felt her stiffen up where she stood by the shrine, and he felt grimly that he had hit the right note. Then she said

deliberately—

"The stories which Mr. Fiennes chooses to tell my father don't affect my friendships in any way."

"This will, when you hear it."
"I don't intend to hear it!"

There was a sudden pulse in her voice which quickened Bohun. But he kept still, with his eyes down. He saw what she would be at, fighting for her woman's right, her natural heritage, and he saw, as a man worn by knowledge of the world sees, how consummation of that right with him would break her.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Of course you'll hear it. And it's all true. Give Fiennes the credit for that. I'm no better than I should be, Miss de Cazelet, and perhaps a good deal worse. I just came to tell you that, and to say good-bye. I'll be away before you're up."

He turned; and then, with caught breath,

she said—

"Is that all you came to say?"

"Yes," said Bohun.

"I thought—I—I thought, perhaps, there was something more," she said.

"No, I don't think so—not so far as I

can remember," said Bohun.

He walked a few steps, and found that he was blundering over the shrine. A sharp corner somewhere caught his knee-cap, and he swore at it. Then he stopped stupidly and looked back at her. She did not speak again. The tragedy of her sex was guarding her now. Intensely woman, she was helpless in the power of her womanhood. She could not speak again. Bohun understood that, looking at her. And he understood, too, that he had not spared her so very much, after all. Her head was turned from him, and she stood straightly. The shadow of a tall pine tree was flung across her by the rising moon, but Bohun knew that it was in reality the shadow of himself. She was too slender and young to bear the weight of that shadow, too dear—— His feet jarred noisily on stones somewhere as he moved to her swiftly. And then, just when the scent of her hair, the curve of her short, drooping lip seemed the only living things in all the

world, he swung on his heel and went over the lawn and in through the open windows with the half-drunken determination in him to get his crucifixion over before she should know.

But within the lounge he was flung suddenly into a something which seemed to draw the earth away beneath his feet. A surge of faces was about him, a roar of voices, a seething of life on the wave of some great agitation. The Major was gripping his elbow, shouting into his ear. Winged words were about him, beating on him.

"War! The Great War of all the . . ."
". . . and, of course, everybody knew that if Germany . . ." "Oh, for goodness' sake, get out of my way! I've got to get back to my regiment, don't you know." "Austria . . ." "Belgium . . ." "Us!" "But if only Serbia hadn't . . ." "What's that, Bohun? Been in bed, eh? Yes, the whole world's going to war. We chipped in yesterday, thank Heaven!"

The deep voice passed, and Bohun leaned against the wall and began to laugh. He had been prepared to face, before every person of his acquaintance, the most intimate torture a man may know, and here was the world gone to war to save him! Close by, a big man with a grey moustache was shaking the Major by both hands and sobbing.

"Our little Army!" he was saying.
"Bless it! Our little Army! It'll show'em
the way, de Cazelet—it'll show'em the way!"

The Major looked at Bohun. His eyes were lit, and new youth seemed to run like

quicksilver through his lean limbs.
"Find Nina and bring her along, if you

can, Bohun," he said. "Tell her we'll have to get our traps together. No saying how long the way will be open, you know."

Bohun, just on that thin edge of understanding when everything is bizarre and yet absolutely natural, turned to obey. But there was no crossing that room. The air in it seemed throbbing as though itself it were alive. The words seemed to hit and hop about like little bullets. Someone, wild-eyed and exulting, was demanding of the world what price the Little Navy Party now? A long-haired Frenchman was trying to sing the Marseillaise, and Madame, with splendid gestures, stood at the dining-room door to urge him on. A cold-eyed business man from Liverpool was patting Bohun on the shoulder.

"All right, old chap. Yes, old chap," he cried, "we'll give it to 'em in the neck! We'll give it to 'em the——"

Men were thrusting here and there, picking up the papers, reading a word or two, and flinging them down. Women stood apart, wide-eyed, with long-drawn breaths. Now all the men were in the centre, as though culled out from the women by the call. Fiennes was among them, hanging on his sticks, with patches of red on his thin face and a queer kind of desperate devil in his eyes. Bohun went over to him, and Fiennes' lips drew back a little from his teeth. He put a hot, shaking hand on Bohun's wrist.

"Just help me out—can't stand the crowd," he said, and Bohun got a strong arm about the shrunken body and bore him out into the corridor. That hot hand clung to

his wrist still.

"Do you hear what they're saying?" whispered Fiennes. "We'll need every fit man—every fit man. Are you going to fight, Bohun? Are you?"

One thrust of reality came to Bohun out

of all this welter of emotions.

"Me? Yes!" he said. "I'll join anything

I can get into."

"The Major said that." Fiennes was stammering now, and he did not let go of Bohun's arm. "I told him, you know. I told him part—about you. And then this came. And they all said it's going to be the most hellish thing . . . The Major was looking for you right away. He said you'd keep your head in any devil's mess at all. I told him, but, don't you see, it's England. Bohun, they say we'll want every fit man!"

Bohun looked back into the room. Just under the centre lights a cavalryman with black hair was laughing. His head was thrown back, and his open mouth showed gilt in his teeth. A girl on her honeymoon trip held her young husband's hand against her breast, and still that old, grey-haired chap was pumping the Major's hands up and down.

"Our little Army!" he was saying. "A handful, but they'll do the work of ten conscript forces! Ten, I give you my word!"

A man and a tall girl passed by to the stairs. Bohun caught the end of a sentence: "God bless you, darling! I knew you'd take it like this," and the words brought a wince of pain out of him. He tried to shake free, but, like one left stranded on a beach while the full tide of life sets out to sea, Fiennes clutched him still.

"I'll have to stay here," he said. "Couldn't manage the journey. They won't violate Swiss neutrality, will they? All that about

Belgium makes me sick. Bohun, it'll be all

right here, don't you think?"

It seemed incredible that he was appealing to this man, resting on his strength of mind and body, absolutely certain that with neither would Bohun betray him. Bohun stooped, with a quick, searching look, then he set Fiennes down in a chair.

"My dear chap, don't you worry," he said.
"You're right as rain. So are we all. Why,
man, you don't imagine this fuss means
scare, do you? Wait a bit. I'll get you

something."

He disappeared, and was back in a minute with whisky. But that minute was the longest in Fiennes' life. The trumpet-call which had been blown through all the world, to split up the crust of selfishness and superficiality and lay bare the deeps below, had given him a brief and horrible glance at himself. He was glad that he, not Bohun, must answer to that call. He was glad that no man would doubt his courage because, let come what would come, he stayed hid in safety here. The grain would be winnowed out from the chaff now—someone had just said so. He would escape that blast, and Bohun was not afraid of it. Not afraid as he—Fiennes—was afraid. Bohun was laughing when he came back, and Fiennes loved him for it—loved him for the big muscles and the brutish black moustache and the deep chest-laughter and the eyes warm with a kind of terrible content. It would be good to remember, if bad times came, that such as Bohun were fighting for England — and for him. He caught at Bohun's sleeve, spilling the drink.

"I wish I hadn't told de Cazelet," he

gasped. "I won't tell—anyone else."

"What?" Bohun laughed again. "Ross has promised to get me into his troop. He says this business is going to be hot enough to please the most exacting of us. Good luck for me, isn't it, eh? I can ride and shoot quite a bit."

He spoke quietly, but his hands shook now, and Fiennes felt a reeling sense of horror. The lust of killing was on this man, so lately wrenched away from all which his soul desired. That sharp call into the maelstrom of death meant good luck to him

-good luck!

"Want anything more?" asked Bohun.
"Not faint now? All right. See you later."

There was almost solicitude in the friendly voice. He turned and faced the Major, and the lean, grey man spoke with the eager ring of boyhood.

"I was looking for you, Bohun. What

are you going to do?"

"Leaving for England in an hour with Ross. He says he'll squeeze me into his little lot somehow. Cavalry are sure to get a look in early."

"Wait and come with us in the morning," said the Major. "I'll see you fixed up all right if Ross doesn't. There'll be rather too many women along, and that's the truth, Bohun. We don't know yet what's waiting for us in France."

Bohun's eyes held the Major's for a questioning moment, and under the rough

tanned skin his blood showed hotly.

"I had already thought of that," he said slowly. "But——" And then the two men

looked away towards the lounge.

A little brown leaf of a lonely woman was shivering at the door, and stooping to her, cheering her with eager kindliness, was the girl those two men loved. Fair head, slender limbs, dark, deep-lashed eyes, and white and rosy flesh—they stood for womanhood even as that little brown wisp did. Again Bohun's eyes sought the Major's.

"I thought of that," he repeated. "But——" Again he hesitated, and the

Major flared out at him.

"Gracious, man! You know what's already been done in Belgium! What are you thinking of?"

"Have you forgotten what Fiennes told you about me?" said Bohun directly.

"What Fiennes told me? I—let's see."

"I've been in prison, and deserved it," said Bohun. "I love your daughter, and if I go back with you, I believe I'll tell her so, Major de Cazelet!"

"Sh-sh-sh!" said the Major between his teeth. "Oh, hang it all, Bohun!" His glance crossed Bohun's for a second and flashed away again. "Um! Yes, Fiennes

did tell me," he said.

There was a little silence. Both men had forgotten Fiennes. Then Bohunsaid heavily—

"I'll wait till morning, and if there's need later, I'll be on hand. Don't ask me to travel with you, that's all."

He swung on his heel, and the Major caught his elbow. The old, keen face was working.

"Bohun—" he said, and stopped. Then

again: "Bohun-"

A dull light was smouldering in Bohun's eyes. He held himself stiff as iron, and his jaw was thrust out a little. Fiennes wondered how long he was going to suffer that detaining hand.

"Look here," said the Major, and his voice was unsteady, "we're into a bigger thing than private sins and sorrows now. Pity help us all! Come along and help me look after my girl, Bohun. Men and countries are both going into the melting-pot. It's only the way they'll come out that matters now, man."

"If I——" began Bohun, and then his voice sank to a kind of groan. The Major rubbed up his thin hair in a nervous, bothered way. First and last he was English, and an Englishman's word is very seldom his interpreter.

"Oh, don't be a fool! Go and get packed up," he said, with a hearty shake of Bohun's elbow. And then he went hurriedly away without a second look.

Fiennes saw the two women and the two men go up the stair together. And quite suddenly the hot tears stung his eyes. War the avenger, War the healer, War which breaks down the needless and builds up the imperishable—the storm of its great wings seemed all about him in the dim corridor, pitiless, glorious, winnowing out —what had they said?—winnowing out the chaff from the good grain of the soul.

A SOLDIER'S FACE IN A STARTING TRAIN.

CLAMOUR and shout,
And the long, packed train quite slowly moving out.
Some cried farewell,
Some with their tears told all they had to tell.
A muff, a swinging cap, a body's grace,
A waving hand,
And, like some weeping heart, the gaiety of the band;
Then, through the crowd, the loneliness of your face,
Glimpsed for a moment only: lost and gone
As the train went moving on.

Almost it seemed You looked out from the train as one who dreamed And watched some phantom show's queer pageant flit, And were lonely, outside, watching it.

Just what you left—maybe had not to leave—
Of hearts to hope and grieve,
Just what you lost, won, dreaded, hoped to win,
These made your secret which your face locked in;
Your only testament
To me—you heard the call, and went.

With the turbulence and din
Of battle hammering near you, clipping you in;
A man's life as lightly going
As a wind's blowing;
Your life as like to be cut off as not
In the sore stress;
For all, be it much or little, that you gave,
God give you comfort in your inmost thought,
Vision and knowledge of what you fight to save,
And in that vision break your loneliness.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." BY SEPTIMUS E. SCOTT.

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THE REVENGE

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Charles Pears



F anybody has done a crime, Doctor Dunston generally speaks to them before the school, so that all may hear what the crime is. And according to the way he speaks to them, we know the sort of fate in store.

If he says he remembers what it was to be a boy himself, there is great hope, for, as Mitchell pointed out, that means the Doctor has himself committed the crime in far-off times when he was young; but if he doesn't say he remembers what it was to be a boy himself, then the crime is probably a crime he never committed; and these are the sort he punishes worst.

Well, in the case of Tudor, he had never committed Tudor's crime, and he himself said, when ragging Tudor before punishment, that he had never even heard of such a crime. Therefore the consequences were bad for Tudor, and he was flogged and his greatest treasure taken away from him for ever.

It was, no doubt, a very peculiar crime, and Mitchell told Tudor that it was not so much the crime itself as the destructive consequences, that had put the Doctor into such a bate. But we found out next term that the destructive consequences had been sent home in a bill for Tudor's father to pay, and they amounted to two pounds, so Tudor caught it at home also.

Well, it was like this: Tudor came back for the spring term with a remarkably interesting tool called a glazier's diamond. He had saved up and bought it with his own money, and it was valuable, having in it a real diamond, the beauty of which was that it could cut glass. It could also mark glass for ever; and, after a good deal of practice, on out-of-the-way panes of glass in secluded places, Tudor had thoroughly

learned the difficult art of writing on glass. We were allowed to walk round the kitchen garden sometimes upon Sunday afternoons, and, occasionally, if a boy was seedy and separated from the rest for a day or two, for fear he had got something catching, such a boy was allowed in the kitchen garden under the eye of Harris, the kitchen gardener.

And Tudor often got queer and threatened to develop catching things, though he never really did; but on the days when he threatened, he generally escaped lessons and was allowed in the kitchen garden. Needless to say that this place was full of opportunities for practising the art of writing on glass, and, as nothing was easier than to escape from the eye of Harris, he used these opportunities, and wrote his name and mine and many others on cucumber frames, and on the side of a hot-house used for growing grapes, and also on the window of a potting-shed.

I am Pratt, and Tudor and me were in the Lower Fourth. It was a class that Doctor Dunston, unfortunately, took for history, and on those occasions we went to his study for the lesson, and stood in a row which extended from the window to the front of Doctor Dunston's desk. He sat behind the desk, and took the class from there. But there was a great difference in Tudor and me, because I was at the top of the Lower Fourth and he was at the bottom. In the case of the Doctor's history class, however, this was a great advantage for Tudor, because the bottom of the class was by the window, and the top was in front of the Doctor.

Well, Tudor actually got the great idea of writing with his glazier's diamond on the Doctor's window! I advised him not, but he disdained my advice, and wrote in the left-hand top corner of the bottom sheet of glass. He wrote very small, but with great clearness, and it took him seven history

lessons to finish, because it was only at rare moments he could do it. But the Doctor was now and then called out of his study by Mrs. Dunston, or somebody; and once he had to go and see the mother of a new boy who had written home to say he was being starved. It took ten minutes to calm this mother down, and during that interval Tudor finished his work. He had written the amusing words—

"Beynon is a Louse,"

and we were all rather pleased, except Beynon. But he well deserved the insult, being a fearful outsider and generally hated; and, in any case, he couldn't hit back, for though he had been known to sneak many a time and oft, yet it wasn't likely he would sneak about a thing that showed him in his true colours, like the writing on the Doctor's study window.

Well, it was a triumph in a way, and everybody heard of it, and it was a regular adventure to go into the Doctor's study and see the insult to Beynon, which, of course, would last for ever, unless somebody broke the window; and, in fact, Beynon once told me, in a fit of rage, that he meant to break the window and take the consequences. But he hadn't the pluck even when he got an excellent chance to do so; and when, in despair, he tried to bribe other chaps to break the window, he hadn't enough money, so he failed in every way, and the insult stood.

I must tell you the writing was very small, and could only be seen by careful scrutiny. It was absolutely safe from the Doctor, or, in fact, anybody who didn't know it was there, and, naturally, Tudor never felt the slightest fear that it would ever be seen by the eyes of an enemy.

When, therefore, it was discovered, and shown to the Doctor, and all was lost, Tudor felt bitterly surprised. It came out that a housemaid, who disliked Beynon, found it when she was cleaning the window, and she showed it to Milly Dunston, and the hateful Milly, who loathed Tudor, because he had once given her a cough lozenge of a deadly kind, and made her suck it before she had found out the truth, promptly told her mother about the inscription, and her mother sneaked to the Doctor.

Discovery might still have been avoided, but, unfortunately, Tudor's glazier's diamond was well known, because he had been reported by Brown for scratching Brown's lookingglass over the mantelpiece in Brown's study, when he thought Brown was miles away, and Brown came in at the critical moment. So Dunston knew only too well that Tudor had a glazier's diamond, and, owing to the laws of cause and effect, felt quite sure that Tudor had done the fatal deed.

Therefore Tudor suffered the full penalty, and Doctor Dunston told the school that Tudor's coarseness was only exceeded by his lawless insolence and contempt for private property. That it should have been done in his own study, during intervals of respite in the history lesson, naturally had its effect on the Doctor, and made it worse for Tudor. The glazier's diamond had to be given up, and Tudor was flogged; but being very apt to crock and often bursting out coughing without any reason, the Doctor did not flog Tudor to any great extent; and it was not the flogging, but the loss of his glazier's diamond that made Tudor so mad and resolved him on his revenge.

Well, he had a very revengeful nature, as a matter of fact, and if anybody scored off him, he was never, as you may say, contented with life in general until he had scored back. And he always did so, and sometimes, though he might have to wait for a term or even two, he was like the elephant that a man stuck a pin into, who remembered it and instantly killed the man when he met him again twenty years later.

To be revenged in an ordinary way is, of course, easy; but to be revenged against the Doctor is far from easy, and I reminded Tudor how hard it had been even to revenge himself on Brown, when Brown scored heavily off him; and if it was hard to be revenged on a master like Brown, what would it be to strike a blow at the Doctor?

He said it might or might not come off; but he should be poor company for me, or anybody, until he had had a try, and he developed his scheme of a revenge, and thought of nothing else until the idea was ready to be put into execution.

He said—

"It's not so much a revenge, really, as simple justice. He took my glazier's diamond, which was the thing I valued most in the world, naturally; and what I ought to do, if I could, Pratt, would be to take from him the thing he values most in the world."

I said—

"That's hidden from you."

And he said—

"No, it isn't: the thing that he values most in the world is Mrs. Dunston."

I said-

"Well, you can't take her away from him."

And he said—

"I might. Some people would remove her by death. Of course, I wouldn't do anything like that. She's all right, though how she can live with a grey and brutal beast like the Doctor, I don't know—or anybody. But, of course, I can't strike him there. I've merely decided to take something he can't do without. He'll be able to make it good in time, but not all in a minute; and in the meanwhile he'll look a fool, besides being useless to the world at large."

It was dangerous, but interesting.

I said—

"What could you take so important as all that, without being spotted?"

And he said—

"Swear not to tell anybody living."

And I swore.

Then he said—

"His glasses!"

It was a great thought, worthy of Tudor, and, of course, without his glasses the Doctor would be hopelessly done. He cannot read a line without them, and when he takes a Greek class, strange to say, he wears two pairs—his ordinary double-glasses, against the naked eye, and a pair of common spectacles, of very large size, on his nose outside. In this elaborate way he reads Greek.

Well, I praised Tudor, but reminded him it was stealing.

And he said—

"I know: that's where the justice comes in. He stole my glazier's diamond. Now I'm going to steal his glasses."

"Shall you ever give them back?" I asked.

And he said-

"I may, or I may not. The first thing is to get them."

"He takes them off to stretch his eyes

sometimes," I reminded Tudor.

"Yes, and for tea," said Tudor. "If he goes in to Mrs. Dunston's room for a hasty cup of tea, he generally leaves the glasses in the study on his desk till he comes back to work."

Well, Tudor got them. In a week from the day he decided to take them, he had an opportunity. Every day that week he had contrived to be around when tea-time came on, and once Doctor Dunston found him hanging about the passage, and told him to be gone. But he was crowned with success, and that same night in the playground, by the light of my electric torch, Tudor showed me the solemn sight of the double-eyeglasses of the Doctor actually in his hand!

Well, he was fearfully excited about it, and concealed the glasses for a few hours in his playbox. Then, fearing there might be a hue and cry, and everything stirred to its foundations, he took the glasses out just before supper, and concealed them in å crevice on the top of the playground wall, only known to me and him.

That night he did not sleep for hours, and more did I. I pictured the Doctor's terrible anger at having to stop reading the news of the War, and Tudor told me next morning that he had put the Doctor out of action for all school purposes, as well as private reading, and we might hope for at least three days without him, as it would take fully that time to manufacture such glasses as he wore.

But a bitter disappointment was in store for Tudor, and when the usual moment came for prayers in the chapel before breakfast, lo and behold, Doctor Dunston sailed in with a pair of glasses perched on his nose in the customary place! We could hardly believe our eyes; then we quickly perceived that Dunston evidently kept a reserve pair of glasses for fear of accidents. And the accident had happened, and he had fallen back upon the reserve pair, no doubt in

triumph.

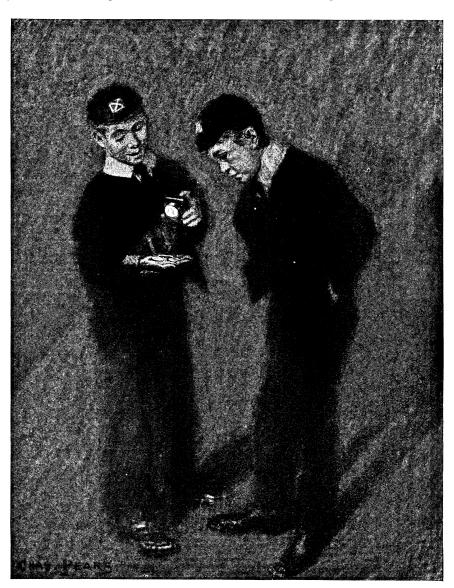
Well, Tudor said it was gall and wormwood to be done like that, and even thought of stealing the second pair of glasses. But then a strange and sudden thing overtook Tudor, and the very next Sunday a man came to preach at the chapel service for a good cause; and the good cause was a Medical Drug Fund for natives in the wilds of Africa. These natives become Christians, under steady pressure, and after that always seem to be in need of drugs, especially quinine; and Tudor, who, owing to his lungs and one thing and another, had a good experience of drugs, was deeply interested, and gave sixpence to the Medical Drug Fund, and showed a strong inclination to become a collector for the Medical Drug Missionary. I had often read of sermons altering a person's ideas, and making him or her inclined to be different from that moment onwards, but I never saw it actually happen in real life before. Yet, in the case of Tudor, that Medical Drug sermon, and the stirring anecdotes of the savage tribes tamed into well-behaved invalids by the Missionary, had a wonderful effect upon him, and it took the strange form of making him rather

down - hearted about Doctor Dunston's glasses. Nothing had been said when they disappeared, and no fuss was made at all; and I advised him just to take them back quietly, when a chance presented itself, and

off, and then you won't want to give them back."

He said—

"To show you how I did feel before hearing the Drug Missionary, Pratt, I may



"That same night in the playground, by the light of my electric torch, Tudor showed me the solemn sight of the double-eyeglasses of the Doctor."

slip them under some papers on the Doctor's desk, and leave the rest to time.

I said-

"You'd better do it now, while this feeling about being a collector for the Missionary is on you. It will soon pass

tell you I had an idea of taking the grasses home next holidays, and buying a new glazier's diamond and writing on the glasses the bitter words 'Thou shalt not steal' in capitals, and then returning them to his desk next term. But there are two very good

reasons why I shall not do that. One is this strong pro-missionary feeling in me, and the other is that, if I did, Dunston would guess to a dead certainty who had done it, knowing only too well what I can do in the matter of writing on glass."

"He would," I told Tudor. "So the sooner you put them back unharmed, the

better."

"I shall," said Tudor, "and I'm going to return them in a very peculiar way. I am going to hide them in a certain place, and then I am going to write an anonymous letter to Dunston, telling him they are in that place."

Well, I thought nothing of this idea.

I said--

"Why make it so beastly complicated? Besides, anonymous letters are often traced by skilled detectives, and if it was found you wrote it, where are you then?"

And he said—

"I have no fear about that, because the letter will all be carefully printed; and my reason for writing a letter at all is to explain to him that The Unknown, who took his glasses away, is sorry."

"What on earth does that matter to

him?" I said.

"It matters to me," explained Tudor. "As you know, that Drug Missionary made a great impression upon me, and I have come to be very sick with myself that I did this thing. Of course, I am not nearly sick enough to give the show away and tell Dunston I did it, but I am sick enough to say I am sorry, and I want him to know it—anonymously."

Well, this was beyond me, and I told

Tudor so. He then said—

"Sometimes, Pratt, people don't pay enough income tax; but presently there comes a feeling over them that they have defrauded the innocent and trustful Government, and their hearts are softened—I dare say often by a missionary, like mine wasand then they send five-pound notes by great stealth to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and feel better. And their consciences are quickly cleared. But they take jolly good care not to send their names, because they know that, if they did, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would go much further, and, far from rewarding them for their conduct, would very likely want more still, and never trust them again about their incomes, and persecute them to their dying day. And it's like that with me."

Then I saw what he meant; and I also saw that there may be a great danger in listening to missionaries, and was exceedingly sorry that Tudor had done so. I still advised him not to write to the Doctor, and felt sure his conscience would be just as comfortable if he didn't; but when Tudor decides to carry out a project, he carries it out, and he is generally very unpleasant till he has. Accordingly, he dropped the Doctor's glasses into a deep Indian jar which stood on the mantelpiece in the study, and then, in great secret with me, he wrote his letter. It happened he had just got a new Latin Delectus, and at the end of this book was a sheet of clean paper without a mark upon it. We cut it out with a penknife, and took a school envelope and two halfpenny stamps, and wrote the letter and posted it to the Doctor on the following day.

Well, the letter ran in these words, all printed, so that there was no handwriting in it; and the envelope, needless to say, was also printed in a very dexterous and utterly

misleading manner.

"DEAR SIR,-

"I regret to have to confess that I stole your eyeglasses in a bad moment. There was a very good reason, but, all the same, I am sorry, and also clearly know now that it was a very wrong thing to do. It was a revenge, but it came to nothing, because you had a pair in reserve. I am glad you had. I prefer to be Unknown.

"Your glasses are in the beautiful and rare Indian jar at the left-hand corner of your mantelpiece, and I hope you will forgive, because my eyes have been opened by the visit of the Drug Missionary to

Merivale, and I am sorry.

"I am, dear Sir, your well-wisher,

"THE UNKNOWN."

Well, this good and mysterious letter Tudor posted, and the very next morning, curiously enough, he entirely ceased to want to collect for the Drug Missionary. In fact, from that moment he fell back quite into his usual way of looking at things, and, by the next evening, actually said he was sorry he had given Doctor Dunston back his glasses. But he was sorrier still three days later, for then a very shattering event indeed happened to Tudor. The Doctor sent for him, and he went without the least fear, to find his anonymous letter lying on the Doctor's desk.

I heard the whole amazing story afterwards. The Doctor asked him first if he had written the letter, and, being taken utterly unawares and frightfully fluttered at the shock, almost before he knew what he was doing, you may say, Tudor confessed that he had.

Then the Doctor told him how vain it was for any boy to seek to deceive him. He said: "You see how swiftly your sin has found you out, Tudor."

And Tudor admitted it had. He was now, of course, prepared for the worst, yet, as he told me, his chief feeling at that moment was not so much terror as a frightful longing to know how the Doctor had spotted him. Of course, he couldn't dare to ask, so he merely admitted that his sin certainly had found him out quicker than he expected; and then, rather craftily, he said he was glad it had.

Well, the Doctor didn't believe this; but he was not in a particularly severe mood that evening, strange to say, and he told Tudor exactly what had happened. He said—

"It may interest you to know, misguided boy, that mentioning your anonymous letter to Mr. Brown, and informing him that I had found my lost glasses in the spot indicated, he evinced a kindly concern, and even assured me that he would probably have no great difficulty in discovering the culprit. In the brief space of four-and-twenty hours he did Perceiving that the paper on which you wrote was obviously from a book of a certain folio, his first care was to ascertain, by comparisons of size, from what work it had Perceiving also that the paper was extraordinarily clean, he had no difficulty in concluding it was extracted from a new He then discovered that the page came from a Latin Delectus, and, on further inquiry, was able to learn that three copies of the work had recently been issued to members of the Lower Fourth. Pursuing his investigations, when the boys had retired to rest, he speedily marked down the mutilated volume in your desk, Tudor; and while I have already thanked him for his zeal and penetration, I feel little doubt that a time will come when, looking back on this dark page in your history, you will thank him also."

Well, Tudor didn't give his views about Brown, but he said the glasses had been very much on his mind, only he had not liked to return them without saying he was bitterly sorry. He told me afterwards that he was very nearly saying to Doctor Dunston that some boys would have returned the glasses without even an anonymous letter of regret; but fortunately he did not.

The Doctor then took him through the letter, and invited him to throw light upon He was chiefly interested in the part about revenge, and he forced Tudor to explain that the revenge was because Doctor Dunston had taken away his glazier's Doctor Dunston then said that diamond. incident was long ago closed, and that, in fact, after the pane of glass in his study had been taken out and a new one put in, he had dismissed the matter from his mind. seemed much surprised that Tudor had not dismissed the matter from his mind also, and he told him that the revengeful spirit always came to grief in the long run. He then wound up by saying-

"You sign yourself 'The Unknown,' wretched boy, but let this be a lesson to you that henceforth you are neither unknown to your headmaster or your God. For the rest, since you have the grace, in this penitential though patronising communication, to express sincere regret at your conduct, and also to record the fact that you are my 'Well-wisher,' though that is not at all the sort of expression suitable from a Fourth Form scholar to his headmaster since, I say, I find these signs of grace, I shall not inflict the extreme penalty on this For the moment I have not occasion. determined on my next step, and will thank you to wait upon me this time to-morrow. Now you may go."

And Tudor said—

"Thank you very much, sir," and went.

He was a great deal cast down, and admitted, for once, I was right. But though his feeling for the Doctor was now, on the whole, one of patience and thankfulness, his feeling for Brown was very different, and when the wretched Brown grinned at Tudor, and rotted him in class, and told the whole story of how he had played the beastly sleuth-hound on Tudor, and started calling him "The Unknown," Tudor took it with dignified silence, and from that instant started to plan the greatest revenge of his He told me that it might not be at Merivale he would be revenged, but in the world at large, and if it was not until Brown had grown old and bald-headed, the end was bound to be just the same, and the rest of Brown's life, however long it might last, would undoubtedly be ruined by Tudor. And he also said that he was jolly glad the missionary feeling had left him, so that not a shadow of remorse might come between him and Brown when "The Day" arrived.

Well, there was only one thing more rather interesting about Tudor's revenge on the Doctor, and that was Doctor Dunston's revenge on Tudor. Tudor went to him again at the appointed time, and, after a lot of jaw, the Doctor told Tudor that he must now write out the complete article on "Optics," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," including all the algebra and everything. There were exactly ten huge pages of this deadly stuff, and Tudor was fairly frantic at first; but curious to relate, after he had done one page, he found it quite interesting in its way. Then it got more and more interesting, as it went on, and Tudor finally decided that there was no doubt, with his strong feeling for the science of optics, that he ought to take it up as a profession.

I asked him if he should take up microscopes or telescopes, and he said telescopes

certainly, because that meant astronomy, and in time you might rise to be Astronomer Royal of Greenwich, which was something.

I said--

"It is a great thing to know the stars and comets by their names."

And he said—

"Yes, Pratt, and another great advantage of astronomy is that you may be out all night whenever you choose, and nobody can

say a word against you."

So the extraordinary event came about that what Doctor Dunston intended as a stiff imposition and sharp punishment on Tudor, really worked in a very different manner, and instead of crushing Tudor and grinding him under the heel of Doctor Dunston, so to speak, only put into Tudor the splendid idea of mastering the heavens, and then, some day, getting the perfect freedom by night of an Astronomer Royal of Greenwich.



THE GARDEN OF THE YEARS.

DESPAIR breeds ever new and greater fears, While Doubt sits barren in a cave of gloom—But Truth eternal weaves in mystic loom A hymn of hope and threnody of tears And psalm of peace. Welcome the rimming years! For time is not the pathway to a tomb, But harvest field and garden filled with bloom, Where deeds are fruits, and sorrows pruning-shears.

Why, then, despair, if frost and storm and blight Threaten our harvest, our intentions foil? The peaceful day subdues the tempest night; The frost yields to the sun; in eager soil The seed stirs, touched by God's hand. In His sight Effort's the gain. Who, then, would shirk the toil?

WAR SEEN FROM THE AIR

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE AND HARRY HARPER

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo

In some details of this impression we have—so as to convey a picture that is comprehensive—taken certain small liberties, which we think permissible, with the facts that would govern actually a flight such as we describe. As an instance, the conversations between pilot and passenger are less spasmodic and infrequent than would be the case in reality; and this greater smoothness and fulness we have adopted merely in order to impart more information than otherwise would be possible. Each reader must imagine herself or himself as the passenger whom the aviator takes up with him over the German lines. The article is written entirely with this intention—to make clear to those who have never flown what air work in warfare means, with all its strangeness and its perils, and particularly with that wonderful bird's-eye view, thousands of feet above a widespread battle-front, which has given the military aeroplane—to use the words of our own Commander-in-Chief—an "incalculable value" in this great campaign.—C. G.-W., H. H.



OU motor from a small inn, where you have been billeted for the night, out to the temporary flying ground which is one of the advanced bases of the Royal Flying Corps, and is situated—well,

somewhere behind the fighting-line in France. It is a bright morning, but there is a keen breeze, and the sun has not yet gained its power; so you are glad of your warm clothes, and will be more glad of them still when you are aloft.

The aviator with whom you are to fly, who has been your companion in the car, now consults a superior officer and obtains his instructions for the flight, while the mechanics wheel your aircraft from its shed. The machine you are to use is a two-seated biplane, and you look at the span of its white curved wings and are impressed by the delicate taper of its fusilage, or hull. At the bow, highly polished and gleaming in the sunshine, is the two-bladed propeller, while fitted immediately behind, its nine steel cylinders arranged in the form of a star, is a Gnome motor developing 100 horse-power.

But now your pilot returns, preoccupied and terse of speech.

"A reconnaissance for us," he says, behind the enemy's left. They've been

moving up troops all night into their fightingline, and there's another army corps supposed to be on the road this morning. It is our job to find it. Get aboard."

You mount a pair of wooden steps that are placed beside the body of the machine, just behind the main-planes, and from these you scramble into a circular aperture with a padded rim—close behind the engine and propeller—that forms a break in the smooth taper of the hull. A few feet behind this aperture there is another; this is the pilot's seat. Your seat, being that of the observer, is arranged so that its occupant can obtain a wide field of vision without interference from the planes.

Sinking into a comfortably padded seat, you discover that little more than your head projects above the level of the hull. Then you observe that the pilot has taken his seat behind you, and that a mechanic, seizing the propeller, has begun to swing it vigorously. Once, twice he spins it, and then, after several preliminary barks that sound like the rattling of a machine-gun, the Gnome settles down to its full-throated roar. A gale of wind sweeps rearward along the hull, and you cringe for a moment in your seat, glad of the protection afforded by an upturning of the surface of the hull immediately before your face, which serves as a wind-screen.

The propeller flickers round until it becomes a faintly-defined disc, and then it seems to vanish altogether. Now your pilot thrusts up an arm, and the men who have

been restraining the aeroplane release their hold. You feel a movement, like the smooth starting of a car, that tells you the machine is rolling forward across the ground on its pneumatic-tyred wheels. This movement continues for a moment or so, and you can tell you are gathering speed. Then, before you are prepared for it, or can quite appreciate what it means—seeing that the din of the motor confuses you, to say nothing of the rush of the wind—there comes an obvious tilt upward of the hull.

The movement of the machine appears smoother, even more effortless, the tilt upward seems to grow a little more pronounced, and then you glance downward over the side of the hull. The ground is leaving you, sliding away swiftly rearward. Each instant, your eye tells you, the gap is widening between you and the earth, and yet, save for the wind that whistles past the hull, you feel you might be suspended motionless. Your dominant impression is, indeed, that you are poised without movement, and that it is the earth which recedes and falls away below.

The machine is mounting swiftly, and your next sensation is of the power that seems imprisoned within its hull. It sweeps up purposefully, irresistibly; and the roar of the motor, which beat so insistently upon your ears at first, now seems lulled to a steady, unbroken drone. And with the pure morning air, that rushes past now you are clear of the earth, you fill your lungs gratefully, and it sends a tingling exhilaration through your whole body. But you are glad, all the same, that you are warmly clad, and not exposed fully to its searching penetration.

Still the machine climbs, its bow pointed upward; and, having collected your thoughts to some extent, you try to analyse the sensations of flight. But it appears hopeless: your feelings seem indefinable. Nor is this surprising. Very many men have flown, but none, as yet, have been able to describe precisely what their sensations are. feel you are supported in the air, that much is certain; it is amazing, indeed, how secure you seem to be. There is no sense of danger, no feeling that your grip of the air is unstable, or that you might fall—nothing, say, of the feelings of an equilibrist on his wire. You are as comfortable as though you were seated in a motor-car, travelling smoothly along a road. And yet below, when you look over the hull, is an empty void that grows greater as the minutes pass.

You should, by all rights, have a feeling of insecurity—such, indeed, is what you expected—but the aircraft ascends without a tremor, you sit easily in your seat, and, if you shut your eyes, it seems impossible to realise you are being carried through such an intangible medium as the air. "Gliding on a sheet of ice that is invisible, and on skates you cannot feel, and which make no noise!" So, in one instance, has this sensation of flying been described, but actually it seems almost indescribable,

II.

You pass over the British lines, with the aeroplane at a high altitude, and the earth receding until it appears remote. For a vast distance, it seems, you can view the land on either hand; but off on the horizon-line, far away, your view is shrouded by a delicate mist.

Immediately below, though it is thousands of feet distant, the land lies revealed with an extraordinary detail. You see a road, which looks like a tiny white ribbon, winding away across the surface of the ground. A railway lies to your left, and its metals, glistening in the sun, appear like the finest of silver threads. Some distance in front, and to the right, is a river, and the water shines like the surface of a mirror. Farm-houses, with their outbuildings, dot the landscape here and there. These habitations, more than anything else, seem to convey to you a sense of your height and of your loneliness. That such seemingly tiny structures—looking like the toy houses in some child's box of games —should actually be the dwelling-places of human beings, seems to you impossible.

But now you are reminded that war is being waged on the earth below. Your pilot, pointing downward, calls your attention to a belt of wood, the tree-tops of which show darker than the surface of the land near At one corner of this wood, well screened from the enemy, a British battery You can see the guns from is posted. your viewpoint, neatly placed, and away behind them, in a depression of the land, the ammunition wagons are waiting. Little shapes, which it is hard to realise are full-grown, active men, are bustling round the guns, and, as you look, one of them is You see very distinctly the quick, vicious spit of flame from its muzzle; and then your pilot, attracting your attention with a call, points away to a long ridge that must lie several miles ahead. You look, but for a moment or so there is nothing to be seen; and then suddenly, appearing in the air almost like a conjuring trick, is a whity-grey cloud of smoke. It hangs just over the ridge, spreading and widening, then it trails away on the wind.

"That's the shell bursting," calls your pilot, "the shell you have just seen fired.

They're getting busy below."

They are, certainly. All along the fringe of the wood, and from points also behind it, come vivid stabs of flame, while over the ridge, where the German trenches are placed, there is a constant line of smoke-puffs which tells of bursting shells.

And now the German guns, somewhere behind the ridge on which their infantry is posted, respond to the British fire. Only an occasional point of light, several miles away, tells you where they are in action; but nearer at hand, in the woods that lie below, German shells are bursting with strange effect. It seems to you as though some hurricane might be sweeping through the trees; yet, as a matter of fact, there is little wind. It is the destruction caused by the shells which suggests the effect of some furious gale. Trees, while you look downward, fall as though they had been struck by a wind-gust of abnormal strength. appear suddenly here and there, several trees that have stood together being snapped and torn asunder, while some of the shells, falling short of the wood, strike and throw up a great column of earth.

Away to your right, somewhere behind the woods, heavy clouds of smoke are rising into the clear air. You turn with a shouted

inquiry to the pilot.

"Shells have set on fire some farmbuildings, I expect," he calls back. It is difficult, above the drone of the motor and the noise of the wind, to distinguish individual words; you have to catch the general sense of what your pilot says.

And now, watching this scene below, one remarkable fact is borne upon your mind there is so little to be seen. Human agency appears to play so small a part in all this work of destruction. Beyond the few tiny shapes you saw just now, round one of the British guns, there is no figure that moves on this shell-swept countryside. Some long dark scars, cut across the earth near the fringe of the wood below, indicate the position of the advanced trenches of the British, while near the crown of the ridge opposite lie the positions the Germans are holding. But though you know there are many thousands of men within this comparatively small area, no sign of them is to be seen. The infantry shelter in their trenches; the guns fire from cunningly hidden positions. All you can see is an occasional flash from the muzzle of a gun, the constant bursting of the smoke-clouds as the shells explode, and the ripping up of trees in the woods.

III.

You have flown on, rising steadily, and now you are looking down almost directly on the ridge where the German trenches lie. Suddenly your pilot, a trace of excitement in his face, points earthward. The trenches, which a moment before showed nothing to the eye, have now sprung to life. You are reminded, on the instant, of the sudden disturbance of an ant-heap. Tiny figures swarm into view, the whole ridge seems alive with them, and behind the trenches, under the shelter of the slope of the ridge, you can see them moving in columns.

"An attack coming off! Look!"

You hear your pilot's voice, but your eyes are riveted on the scene below. ant-heap has been disturbed to some purpose. There is method, evidently, in the movement of these tiny shapes. Out from the trenches they swarm, forming neatly-defined columns; and as these columns pass down the slope of the ridge towards the trenches of the enemy, they spread out at the head and extend some distance right and left. The effect, when seen from your altitude, is decidedly curious. These columns do not appear like assemblages of men, each living unit distinct. They seem rather like some huge, creeping things that have awakened suddenly to life and are moving snake-like down the ridge; and, when the head of the monster appears to spread out as it advances, you are reminded irresistibly of some gigantic tadpole.

Down the slope the columns move. are steady at first, and their progress seems irresistible, like that of some stream of water that is running downhill. But soon you note a hesitancy at the extended head The smooth lines are of the columns. broken, and they seem to change shape. Gaps appear here and there that are quickly filled, but the movement forward becomes fitful. And this you know is the effect of the British gunfire. A hail of lead, pitiless and never-ceasing, is sweeping across the open space that lies between the ridge and the British trenches near the wood.

Perceptibly slower now is the advance of the columns. The whole of the advanced



"Out from the trenches they swarm, forming neatly-defined columns. . The effect, when seen from your altitude, is decidedly curious."

line comes momentarily to a halt; then it is reinforced and thrust forward by the weight of the column behind. But the progress is slower, more irresolute, and soon there comes a halt that is longer than any of those before. The line wavers, but it surges forward again. Then it stops. Again comes the forward surge, but this

time it spends itself almost immediately; and the next moment, with a rearward movement nothing can stay, the columns are pouring back towards their trenches.

"The fire they've been under was simply deadly; flesh and blood couldn't stand it," calls your pilot.

You look down again. The retreating lines

are pouring back into their trenches and flowing behind the shelter of the ridge. But marking the lines of their advance down the slope—like flotsam left on the beach when some big wave breaks and ebbs—are rows and clusters of tiny motionless shapes. Some seem stretched in long lines, marking the farthermost sweep of the human tide; others form little patches, here and there, against the green of the slope. But the horrors of war, when viewed from your altitude, seem strangely blurred and softened; and it is hard to realise that these insignificant dots, scattered haphazard down the side of the slope, are the bodies of men who will not move again.

The German trenches are now behind, and your pilot, you observe, is descending nearer earth, and is steering occasionally from side to side. He is on the look-out for the enemy's troops, for bodies of men marching to reinforce those who are already in the trenches. There are roads below. One or two of them show white and very clearly marked — main roads, evidently; others appear less distinct, and their course seems lost in places, and these are the lanes and branch roads. Away to your left is a cluster of roofs that denotes the presence of a village, while, rising above it, quick to catch the eye, is a church tower which, in the brokenness of its outline, you can see has suffered from artillery fire.

You pass high above a road, leaving the fighting-line farther behind. Ahead, this road turns sharply to the right and passes through a wood, its white track lost for a time to view. Your pilot is following the windings of this road; he thinks, evidently, that he may see troops upon it. And so you come above the wood.

Your ears have grown so accustomed now to the drone of the motor that you are scarcely conscious of it; the sound seems to mingle with the hum of the wind. And it is for this reason—the reason that your ears are able to select and register other noises above this constant, steady drone—that you detect suddenly, coming apparently from the earth below, a series of faint but quite clearly-heard sounds. It is a "pop-pop-pop" -very remote, but distinct, like the sound made by the cracking of wood when a fire is lighted. And hardly have you become aware of this sound, when you see that your pilot is attracting your attention. He points quickly earthward; then you can feel by the motion of the aircraft that he is forcing it to rise.

Glancing down, you find you are looking directly upon the white strip of road as it enters the wood between a dense avenue of trees. A moment before, when you looked earthward, this road seemed completely But now, running out from deserted. beneath the trees on either hand, you observe a number of tiny figures, which show up black and distinct against the white of the They stand an instant motionless, then each little shape makes a movement that is unmistakable. The body is bent back, the arms rise, something is pointed skyward. Obviously they have raised rifles, so as to fire a volley. You comprehend these movements without emotion. little figures seem too distant, too tiny and insignificant, to concern you in anything more than a casual way.

There comes again that "pop-pop-pop" like the crackling of wood. You look down. Clearly these little men are discharging their rifles, and it is equally obvious that they are firing at you. The aircraft, meanwhile, is

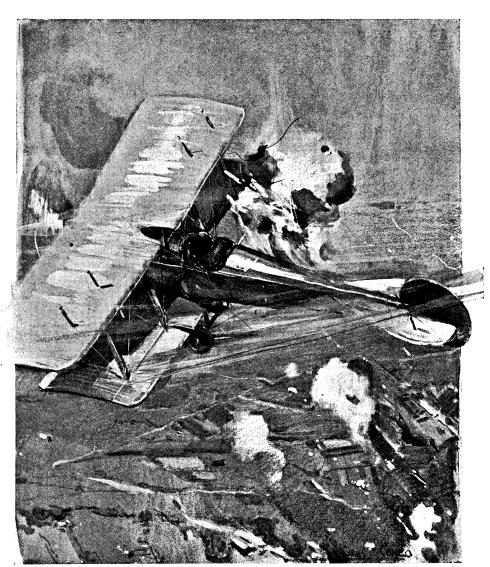
climbing at high speed.

And then, quite perceptibly, you feel a jar. It is slight, in itself not at all alarming. For some reason—you can hardly tell why—you look out along one of the main-planes. And, when you do so, the reason becomes apparent for that sudden jar. Half-way along the lower plane, which presented a moment before a smooth, unbroken, tightly-stretched expanse of fabric, there are a number of jagged, untidy little holes—quite small, but very clearly seen. It is as though some mischievous person had come along with a pencil and driven deliberately a number of punctures in the wing. You look at these holes for a moment, uncomprehending. Aloft here, high above the earth, your mind seems somehow to work slowly and with labour; everything appears strange. Your thoughts are out of focus in some way, and need a constant adjustment. So you stare at these little holes, and, even as you stare, there is again that faint jar, several times repeated, that you felt before. Accompanying it, clearly apparent to your eyesoccurring, in fact, under your very gazethere appear along the plane, only this time nearer the hull, several more of these tiny perforations. They come as though by Nothing apparently causes them. One instant the fabric is clean, smooth, drum-tight, and the next you are looking at a ragged little hole not more than a couple of yards from you, with a tiny strip of fabric, at the rear edge of it, flapping back furiously in the rush of wind,

Then, as though some spring had been released, your mind works quickly. These are bullet-holes, of course—bullets fired by

turn towards your pilot. He shrugs his shoulders when he sees that you are looking, and points towards the dashboard just in front of him, on which his instruments are fixed.

"Bullet-hole," calls the pilot. "Too close



"The machine in which you sit . . . has reeled, suddenly and convulsively."

those insignificant little shapes in the road below; bullets that are rushing skyward, each a messenger of death, and stabbing the widespread planes of your machine. And they are drawing nearer to you, these punctures of the fabric—drawing nearer the hull.

Suddenly you hear an exclamation, and

to be pleasant. Went clean through one corner of the board and passed just in front of my face."

Again there comes that "pop-pop-pop" from the earth, but this time it is distinctly fainter, and there are no further jars or vibrations of your craft. Again it sounds,

fainter still—scarcely audible, in fact. And

now you hear your pilot's voice—

"They won't hit us again; we're climbing too fast. I never saw the beggars till they popped out of that wood."

V.

STILL you fly on, following the white road. You have begun to feel a strange drowsiness; your eyes are heavy, and you blink them constantly. Always drumming in your ears there is the steady, monotonous beat of the engine, and the equally monotonous song of the wind as it rushes past the wings, struts, and hull.

Suddenly, however, you are awakened to a new interest. The aircraft has swung to the right, its planes heeling perceptibly to the turn. This brings to your left the road Along its ribbon-like surface, and below. some distance ahead, your pilot is now pointing, and you guess, by the urgency of his gesture, that the discovery he has made must be one of importance. But when you locate the exact spot he is indicating, and look intently down, the spectacle that meets your eye conveys little to your mind. Above the surface of the road, extending away farther almost than you can see, hangs what appears to be a heavy white cloud of smoke. It does not seem to rise very high, lying thickly just above the surface of the road, and there does not seem to be enough wind -at any rate, near the ground-to cause it to drift. You look again, a thought coming into your mind, and you lean so that the pilot may hear your voice—

"A fire, isn't it? Grass or a hedge alight,

perhaps, just by the side of the road."

By way of answer your pilot laughs; you can hear this laugh distinctly, and you feel a little hurt. Why should the fellow laugh? It must be a fire; there is the smoke. But now the aviator deigns to speak. Leaning so that you can see he is smiling—looking, in fact, very pleased with himself—he says—

"That's not smoke, though I'm not surprised at your making the mistake. It's a cloud of dust—thick, white, powdery dust, driven up off the surface of the dry road."

"But by what?" you ask. The pilot's smile broadens.

"Troops," he answers. "By the feet of thousands of marching men, who're stifling down there in that dust-cloud, which they beat up themselves from the road and can't escape, while we're flying up above here in the pure air."

Again you look towards the long white

cloud which shows so distinctly against the face of the land below. It has a new interest now, and you see something you had not observed before. The cloud is moving forward, creeping almost imperceptibly along the highway. When you peered down a little time before, the head of it was some distance from a red-roofed farm-house near the side of the road; but now it is level with this, and still creeping forward. Again you hear the airman's voice.

"We're in luck," he calls, "great luck! Below us, their eyes smarting in all that dust, is part of a German army corps. And away there to our right, along that other road"—he extends an arm—"is another portion of the corps. They're advancing along parallel roads. And to their rear, almost out of sight, I can distinguish other dust-clouds, made by baggage trains and ammunition columns."

"Is this," you ask, "what we came to

see?"

"It is," replies the airman cheerfully. "We've found enemy reinforcements; not all of them, perhaps, but a sufficiently large number for it to be worth while for us to fly straight back to headquarters and give them this information, and show the exact position of these troops, while the news is still fresh."

The biplane wheels, her planes banked steeply, and you grip instinctively at the side of the hull. For a moment or so you are tilted at what appears—to you, at any rate—to be a very dangerous angle. The hull of the machine is all on one side, and you have the apprehension that, if you do not hold on tight, you may slip out and fall sheer towards a green field which, looking like a small coloured pocket-handkerchief, happens to be immediately below. But then, with a smooth, swift movement, the aircraft straightens herself, and you are flying towards the British lines.

VI

It is obvious, as you retrace your flight, recognising landmarks here and there, that the wind has risen considerably. The biplane has begun to roll, like a ship in a swell. The machine seems occasionally to rise several feet in the air, sheer under you—a rapid, quivering spring, as though it was leaping some invisible obstacle—and the next instant you see it take a dip forward, plunging in a dive that the pilot checks quickly. You have no sense of fear; the



"Will the wing bear you, without collapsing, as far as the ground?"

experience is, in fact, exhilarating. But the pilot's good humour seems to have gone; he calls to you with disgust in his voice.

"Confound this wind!" he says. "It's blowing dead against us, and rising fast; and that means our speed is reduced, and we shall be so much the longer in getting back to headquarters; and every minute is precious with such a report as we've to bring. Besides, we're just passing near the enemy's trenches now, and it's not pleasant to be flying anywhere near gunfire when you're moving against a high wind. Why? Well, the speed of your machine, owing to the influence of the wind, and relative to the earth, is very perceptibly reduced; and this means that an artilleryman, when he aims at you, is given a slower-moving and

therefore a more easy target. And then, you see—— Hallo!"

Your ear tells you, without any words having been spoken, why it is the pilot has broken off so abruptly in his speech. From below, breaking upon that steady drone of your flight, to which your ears have become accustomed, there is the sound—clear and sudden, though not very loud—of three quick reports. "Bang-bang-bang!" The sounds, following close upon each other, come like faint yet angry beats upon a distant drum; and then, before you can look over the side of the machine, in an endeavour to locate the point from which the gun is being fired, the reports ring out again—three times more, just as quickly as before, and with the same mechanical

precision, the same brief yet perceptible pause, between each sound as it rises to your ear.

"Anti-aircraft gun—semi-automatic—six shrapnel shells, one after another—trying to get our range. Look out for the smoke of the shells."

The words drift to you in jerks. The pilot shouts while he bends forward. The biplane is, you can tell, beginning to rise steeply. Obviously your pilot is seeking to escape, as quickly as he may, out of range of this gun, which has been designed specially, and placed behind some concealment, so that it may bring to destruction he and all his kind.

Your sensations are chaotic, but you do not feel afraid. It is true that men, somewhere down on the earth with their gun, are seeking industriously to rob you of your life—to send you reeling earthward through several thousand feet of empty air; but, though you realise this, your feeling is impersonal. You seem to have no more than what might be called a sporting interest in the affair. Will a shell strike you? Has the gunner, so far below, really any chance? You feel speculative—rather as you might were you watching some unknown marksman shooting, under difficult conditions, at driven game. And with this feeling there mingles, rather confusingly, another and a purely physical one. You are getting cramped in your seat, your legs ache, and the high wind has become chilly. You find yourself wishing the flight was over.

And while your mind has been racing, like a motor-car engine with the clutch withdrawn, you have turned instinctively in your seat and are looking down towards the Woods lie below, and here and there a building and a winding road. But what catches your eye and holds you fascinated is a series of greyish-white clouds, rather dirty-looking and small, and dotted more or less in a regular line, which appear in the air at a distance — to your inexperienced eye — of less than a hundred below your craft. They are just beginning to blow away on the wind when you hear again, more plainly it seems than before, the harsh "bang-bang-bang" of the anti-aircraft gun. But it does not need this to tell you that what you have seen, staining suddenly the sunlit air, are smoke-clouds from bursting shrapnel. If one of those shells had only risen a little higher, if-

Your reflections are cut short; the pilot has begun to tell you something. You hear such words as "wind" and "range"; evidently, in view of the increased altitude

of your craft, the aviator feels a greater security. Something more he is about to add, and you lean to catch his words. But then—well, how can you describe what takes place? What impression can words convey? It is chaos, a paralysing chaos—the feeling a man on earth might have during an earthquake; the feeling that everything is falling away around you, that all security has gone, that you are being hurled ruthlessly into some perilous unknown.

You have been conscious, even while leaning to hear what the pilot was saying, of a brilliant flash of intensely white light, set here and there with a jet of flame-like red, that has leapt into existence out of the empty air, just to the left of your machine and—as it seems to your startled eyes—within a few feet only of your wingtips. And after this, before your mind can grasp the significance of the threatening splash of light, two things have happened, following so closely on each other that they have mingled in your consciousness. The machine in which you sit—and in the stability of which, a moment before, you have felt perfect confidence—has reeled suddenly and convulsively, as though seized and arrested in its flight by some giant hand. Its wing-tips, on the side of the machine from which the flash has come, rise jerkily, up and up, till they are nearly vertical above your head, and you are clinging sideways in the hull, with the sensation growing upon you—and rendered more definite by a rush of wind which seems to strike up at you from below—that the aircraft has ceased to move forward through the air and is falling swiftly towards the earth. And then, while your fingers grip tenaciously the sides of the hull, and you brace your feet so as to hold your body steady, your ears are deafened by a violent explosion, which seems to jar and vibrate in the atmosphere all around. A tremor passes through the aircraft, and there is a sound, following quickly the clap of the explosion, like the tearing of fabric and the splintering of wood.

But now you see nothing, appreciate nothing, save the fact that you are falling—falling at a helpless, sickening speed. The planes of the machine have canted up until they are vertical. You are hanging sideways in your seat, and the pilot—giving you the impression that, were it not for his restraining straps, he would fall bodily from the craft—is bending forward, his head in its leather helmet lowered between his shoulders, striving evidently to regain control over



A BRITISH BIPLANE BRINGING DOWN A GERMAN TAUBE. BY CYRUS CUNEO.

the machine. You find yourself trying to shout him a question, but the words die in your throat. You are breathless from the rush of wind, which sweeps sideways past your face as the machine plunges earthward. Awkwardly you turn your head—the pressure of the air appears to stiffen the muscles of your neck—and gaze for a moment downward. Below you, dimly seen, is a brown expanse of tilled land, contrasting with the deep, rich green of a belt of woods. Remote the earth seems as yet; your eyes do not tell you how rapidly you are descending. Not until you are much closer to the ground will you be able to detect the quickness of your fall. But by that time-

Again your thoughts, jumbled though they are, receive a new and a definite impression. The aircraft, though it continues to fall, is assuming a different position, and the wind that blows round you, and is evidence still of the speed of your movement, begins to come now from the front as well as from the side. Slow and semi-paralysed as your perceptions are, you realise the import of this change. The biplane has begun to dive forward, as well as slip sideways; and even while you appreciate this fact, you see, from the slant of the planes, that the sideslip is being converted into a dive. The hull in which you sit comes round to a less perilous angle, and at the same time you note it is inclining steeply, forward and downward, in the position it would occupy during a normal glide.

The biplane is coming under control; you realise this with a thrill of intense relief. The planes are now almost horizontal, instead of being reared up dizzily above you, and, while you watch, you note that the forward dive has ceased to be headlong, and that the pilot is easing up the bow of his craft, and lessening the speed of its movement through the air.

But even while you experience this relief, this renewal of confidence in the knowledge that your craft is responding again to its controls, you find your joy is tinged by the shadow of a new peril. You have just become aware, turning back to watch the actions of the pilot, that he is looking constantly, and in a way that reveals very clearly his anxiety, along the main-planes to the left of the hull. You follow his glance, naturally, and what you see, even though your eye is inexperienced, sends through you a thrill of apprehension.

The shell, bursting so near, has told its

tale of destruction. Marring the smooth surface of the lower plane, not far from the hull, is a large, gaping rent, nearly a yard across, it seems, and with the tattered fabric streaming to the rear. The wooden cross-ribs you can see are gone, torn away as the missile ripped its way through the wing. Nor is this all. The fragment of shell, which must have been a large one, encountered, evidently, after it had torn its path through ribs and fabric, one of the rear interplane struts that stand upright between the wings and hold them in position. strut has collapsed, shattered near its centre. and you expect every moment, even while you watch, that the whole of the wing, bending suddenly on either side of this gaping wound, will crumple upward and send you to destruction.

You gaze, and gaze again. That ugly, rough-edged hole, seeming almost to split the wing asunder, holds you for the time completely fascinated; and the pilot's voice, when he speaks, seems to come to you faint and dim, as from some great distance. Yet, as a matter of fact, he is speaking loudly, both his tone and his smile being intended, doubtless, seeing that he must have observed your fixed and horrified gaze, to restore your shaken confidence and give you what comfort

may be possible.

"We've a chance," he is calling—"a sporting chance. That plane may hold up till we reach our landing ground. It's nothing of a distance now. And we must thank Providence this shell splinter didn't break the front spar. I'm going to shut off the engine and let her glide at a fine angle, so as to throw as little strain as possible on the wing."

The next minute or so, when you go over them in retrospect, seem a nightmare and nothing less—minutes of a horrified, long-

drawn-out suspense.

The motor has been switched off and is now silent; and the effect upon you, after the long period of its steady drone, is Your ears refuse to decidedly curious. accustom themselves at first to the absence of this familiar sound. There is a tightness in their drums, a sensation of strain and of discomfort. But it is not this that concerns you really; you are, indeed, no more than vaguely conscious of it. What fills your consciousness completely, what engrosses your attention to the exclusion of all else, is the damaged wing.

You sit partly sideways, watching it. Dread is mingled with a tense expectancy. Will the wing bear you, without collapsing, as far as the ground? Or are you destined at any moment to see it break suddenly, with a tangle of spars and loosened fabric, and your machine lurch sideways to destruction? You watch the wing, breathing unevenly, your hands cripping tightly at the sides of the hull. You cannot take your eyes away. And yet your ceaseless vigilance tells you nothing. The wing gives no tremor—none, at any rate, that can be detected by the eye.

You are aware, as the minutes pass, though you still sit immovable, your head towards the damaged wing, that the aircraft is descending smoothly and steadily. Every second that goes by, some inward consciousness reminds you, is bringing you nearer safety, nearer to the earth. If only the wing—

wing

A voice breaks in upon the almost intolerable strain; it is that of your pilot, who calls

quite cheerily—

"We're practically there. D'you see?"
You turn your head almost reluctantly—
the hole in the wing seems literally to compel
your gaze. And when you do look forward
and down, you observe, with a gasp of
surprise and of relief, that the aerodrome
from which you started your flight now lies
almost below you, with the roofs of its
temporary sheds directly beneath your
machine, and at a distance which is not

apparently more than a few hundred feet.

The roofs of the sheds sweep away behind as you look downward longingly, and you see the grass of the field that forms the starting ground. Another second or so passes; the earth is coming nearer. And now you feel a new movement in the hull of the machine. Its angle of descent is lessening; the bow in front of you begins to rise. The pilot is checking your descent, and steadying very

gently the biplane in its glide.

And now, on the very eve, as it appears, of security, comes swift disaster. Exactly what happens your eyes cannot tell, because you are looking ahead and no longer to the side. But it is borne in on you—instantly, in fact, that the seat in which you sit gives a violent, reeling lurch—just what has happened. The message is telegraphed in a flash to your brain: "The wing has broken!"

Then, while all is still a blur, you hear just as it were on the verge of oblivion—an exclamation from the pilot, and a sharp sound as of breaking wood. The aircraft. plunging sideways as though it had been struck suddenly by a hurricane, gives you a visual impression for a second of reared-up planes, stretching high over your head, and, on its lower side, nothing but a jumbled mass of wreckage. And then for another fraction of a second, which might be the briefest moment or the longest hour, there is silence, and everything seems to stand perfectly still. You are falling, yet you do not appear to be falling; just for this moment you seem poised there in the air, your machine helpless and beyond control, your pilot tense and motionless within the

And then suddenly and remorselessly—it might, so far as you are concerned, be the end of the world—there is a crash, an impact, a blotting out of everything.

* * * *

A face looks down at you. It is rather misty, yet you recognise it as that of one of the officers who was present when you started your flight. You are lying on the ground, and you feel grass beneath your hands as they rest palm downwards. Evidently you are on the aerodrome — your brain is sufficiently clear to tell you that—and then you turn your head, looking round in an endeavour to see the wrecked aircraft, and wondering vaguely what has become of your pilot.

The officer who is bending above you, knowing that you are conscious, smiles and says cheerfully, in a loud and very distinct

voice-

"You're both all right—knocked out for the moment, that's all. You didn't fall far enough to hurt yourselves, though the machine was crumpled up. We saw the wing wobble, and then it doubled up. But luckily for you"—here he smiles again—"you were close down, quite near the ground, before the main spars broke. No, not another word!"

And you close your eyes again, not at all sorry to do so.



THE SOUL OF JEANNIE DUNCAN

By MARJORIE BOWEN

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton



AMES HEPBURN
returned to Scotland
with the sad feelings of an exile who
comes back to find
everything strange.
It was not long, as
years went, since he
had fled from his
country after the
Argyll Rising, yet

it was long enough to have changed him.

He was largely ruined in fortune, and there seemed little chance that the changed order which had restored him his country would also restore him his estates. He possessed a pittance, stored in Holland before the evil days came, but it was not sufficient to allow of large leisure or ample freedom of action. He had petitioned the new Government for reinstatement in his land; he knew that he could not soon expect this redress from the present chaos of affairs. Meanwhile he was in Edinburgh, idle, strangely dull at heart.

The cause for which he had sacrificed everything had been largely achieved, yet this achievement had not brought him the

peace of satisfaction.

The present Prince was, no doubt, a wise choice, but not James Hepburn's man. He had surrendered to death on Tower Hill, and in the present clash of events his name had become obscure and his career of little meaning.

The Protestant religion was secure, and the old tyranny for ever overthrown, yet this consummation did not seem like the triumph imagined in '85. Somehow Mr. Hepburn had dreamed it all very differently.

Perhaps his sense of disillusion, of disappointment, was due to his own inaction,

his own uselessness. He had taken no part in the "glorious revolution" which had freed England, but had floated in the wake of other men's achievement and other men's fortune. The old splendid days of plot and counter-plot, intrigue, daring—all the fascinating expeditions of a desperate cause, all the romance of a gallant minority—were over

Strangely, all his friends had been lost—had drifted from him on the current of tempestuous events—there was no one left of the old band which had left the Netherlands to follow Argyll in the days of the persecutions. And he had had magnificent friends.

His heart ached with longing for those lost days and for one friend in particular, whom he had neither seen nor heard from during the whole time of his exile; and for another, a woman this, dear Jeannie Duncan.

He found that he disliked Edinburgh as much as he had disliked the Hague and Rotterdam; the familiar buildings, the well-known streets, gave him no welcome. They seemed full of an alien atmosphere, full of a bustle and a turmoil that belonged to business not his. He was no longer part of great causes nor connected with high politics; he had served his turn; he was as forgotten as Monmouth and Argyll themselves.

He would leave Edinburgh. In Craigiemuir, his native place, he would find someone who knew him, some shepherd or hind who would remember the fine days, and who would shelter him a little in the chimney corner till he had had time to arrange his derelict fortunes and plan his vague future.

First he would see Jeannie Duncan, if

she yet lived in Edinburgh, sweetest of women, kindest of friends, most loyal

of partisans.

Twice she had refused to be his wife in the days when he had been able to match her in position. He would not be able to ask her again now, nor did he think she would ever, under any circumstances, have changed her mind. She was a woman of a firm decision—she would never have married save for love.

Mr. Hepburn reflected, with something of a start, that she might very well be

married now, however.

Sitting over his dinner in the tavern in Rosamund's Wynd, he pictured Jeannie Duncan. Other faces had pleased an idle fancy, other smiles had eased a lonely heart, other companionship had lightened the empty hours of exile, but he had never asked, never wished, another woman to be his wife.

After five years he could picture her as accurately as if he had seen her yesterday. Most frequently he visioned her as in one terrible scene he had beheld her. The place was a barn at night; she, in a blue lutestring, with a lace scarf over her head, was holding high a candle to light two duellists—himself and an Englishman who had slandered their dear comrade, Francis Mowbray. The Englishman had been slain.

Jeannie Duncan had shown neither grief nor remorse. "He is dead, and his lie with

him," she had said.

Francis had kissed her hand as she rose from beside the dead man. Francis had afterwards kissed him; he remembered how clearly he could recall the touch of the cold

lips.

Francis Mowbray had reason to be grateful to his champion. Could the odious charge against him have been proved, Argyll himself, who loved him, would have been the first to have called for his hanging. For the young man so swiftly silenced by Mr. Hepburn had declared the beautiful and beloved Francis to be in the pay of the King's men, and to have betrayed to them that Whigs were in hiding in Colonel Duncan's house.

Someone had played the traitor, for the house had been surrounded, and in the ensuing fray Jeannie's brother had been killed. Several other gentlemen had been captured and afterwards duly executed in Edinburgh.

It was during the flight of the survivors that the accusation had been flung. It was in their first shelter, the barn on the moor, full of heather and dried peat, that Mr. Hepburn had silenced the accuser.

He recalled it all so perfectly—the dark, the hasty lights, the comely body of the young Englishman, the gratitude of Francis Mowbray, above all, Jeannie Duncan in her wrath at the slander, in her triumphant protestation of her friend's innocence.

There had been another woman there, Margaret Sinclair, Jeannie's cousin, and betrothed to Francis. He had not taken much notice of her, nor could he now recall her very clearly, except he remembered her sobbing and always in the background.

Soon after they had scattered.

The news he had received of his friends had been sparse. Colonel Duncan had gone to France with his daughter, and had died soon after, whereupon she had returned to Scotland. Francis Mowbray, who had relatives at the English Court, had been pardoned on payment of a fine.

Mr. Hepburn supposed that he was married to Margaret—that would be an old story now. Well, well, it was strange how clear it was still, all that mad, sweet

time.

It seemed such an eternity ago, yet was only five years. She would be thirty now, and he was but a few years older. Yet to him, rusty with inaction, life seemed to hold nothing more.

He finished his meal and went his way, drifting up and down the streets like a man with no purpose in his soul. He could not bring himself to go and find Jeannie Duncan—he so dreaded to find her gone, or changed,

or married.

She might even be dead. He was astonished at the horror this thought gave him, for, in truth, she had been long dead to him.

Now he blamed her for never having written to him; they should have kept in touch. Yet she might have written, and he never have received the letters. Communication had been difficult between the exiles.

He was brooding himself into folly. He would go and find her, and ask her if she knew the whereabouts of Francis Mowbray, for whose sake he had killed a man. Perhaps these five years had a little dulled that ardent friendship, yet he would have liked to know good news of the charming young soldier who had been the darling of the short-lived enterprise of '85.

By the middle of the afternoon he stood before what had been Colonel Duncan's Edinburgh house. His old dread seized him; he feared to ring lest he should hear the name of a stranger as that of the owner of the house.

Yet, while he hesitated, the cloud of his doubts was most gloriously dispelled. lady passed him and mounted the steps. He sprang forward, to see the face of Jeannie Duncan between the folds of the silk hood. The same instant she knew him, and was in his arms in their mutual gladness. Laughing, clasping hands, asking questions, they went into the dark old house and up the dark old staircase.

But when they reached the little room he knew so well, a certain restraint fell upon them; they loosened from each other's clasp and stood apart, looking each on each. The great joy that he had had in finding her in her father's house sank. He realised that they were strangers now, and that the old days were far off. A foolish embarrassment prevented him from speaking. He looked at her and at the room with an inquiry that was almost wistful.

Little or nothing was changed. the comfortable, heavy furnishing he saw but two new objects. Above the shining black bureau, where stood the silver-mounted hourglass and the parcel-gilt candlesticks, hung a small portrait of Francis Mowbray. beautiful face, strong and rather sadly smiling, looked out from between the long brown curls with the expression that James Hepburn knew so well. It was a fine painting, smooth and detailed as a miniature, and so perfect a likeness that it was a painful thing to Mr. Hepburn to look upon it.

The other object that he noticed as new was a smooth, polished, round porridge bowl with a silver rim, that stood on a little table by the window. He did not know why he should have observed so small a thing, but his eye had rested there the moment he had

entered the room.

Then he looked back at Jeannie. stood gazing at him with a half tender, half humorous smile. So little had she changed that he wondered that he should feel strange before her.

A hood and cloak of dark blue and green tartan, clasped by a glistening clear yellow stone, was thrown back from her full black gown, which flowed pleasingly round the womanly lines of her figure. The pale curls of her brown locks hung on to her white collar and shaded her open throat; her large eyes, the colour of tarn water, her firm features, very delicately coloured, her mouth, very soft, yet firmly set at the corners—all were unchanged, at least, to his exile's eyes.

It was she who spoke, throwing off the silence that had fallen like a cloud between them. "So it is James Hepburn back again at last!" she smiled.

"At last."

He glanced above her head, where hung a small diminishing mirror surrounded by a frame of shining black balls. In this he could see himself—a rather lean, shabby figure, with dark hair, none too well dressed, and a dark face a little haggard, a little weary, and disillusioned in expression.

"Not back as I would wish to be, Jeannie," he answered, voicing his inner

discontent.

She responded with her quick sympathy. "Ah, you have lost much-everything?"

"Nearly all; but it is not that."

She understood him; he remembered how quick she had always been at understanding.

"Ah, you sigh for the old days of lost

causes, James?"

"I sigh for what has not been achieved," he replied.

"For what we have not achieved," she said eagerly. "But the thing has been done."
"What has been done?"
"Everything." She spoke with energy.

"All is as we wished it to be-a Protestant King."

"Not the King of our choosing."

She ignored him.

"Peace, freedom—all we ever wanted, James."

"You are content, then?" he asked grudgingly.

Unaccountably she flushed.

"Your heart has gone out of politics," he accused her.

The blood lingered in her fair cheeks. "Perhaps," she admitted. She took the great tapestry chair by the window, and made him sit on the little needlework stool by her side.

Presently he was going to ask her about herself. The dim hope of one day winning her, after all, was at the back of his thoughts; now they would talk of indifferent things, just to prolong the pleasure of sitting together.

"How did you come to keep the house just the same while you were away?" he asked.

" My father's sister lived here."

"She was not touched?"

"Nor I; they left the women alone."

"Why did you never write to me?" He expected—hoped—that she would say she had written.

Instead, Jeannie shook her head. "There was nothing to write of."

"Jeannie, there was all the news! And I wanted to hear of you."

"I had nothing to say."

"You know I came to Paris to find you?" he asked.

" No."

"And you had just left."

"I came home after my father died."

His glance wandered to the portrait of Francis Mowbray—indeed, it could not long keep away. He did not wish to speak of the picture, yet could not forbear.

"A new painting of Frank," he said.

" Yes."

"How we all loved him!" exclaimed Mr. Hepburn.

"Yes," said Jeannie again.

"The picture?" he questioned her half fiercely, against his own will.

"The picture? It was painted in France.

We met him there."

"Why do you keep it here, Jeannie?"

"Why? Did not we all love him, as you have said?"

"Yes."

"Do not look like that," she said, with an uneasy smile. "You seem as if you thought-

He caught up her hesitation.

" What?"

"—he was dead," she concluded.

"I feel as if the Frank we loved was dead, as my old self is dead."

"He is alive," answered Jeannie.

"And prosperous?" "And prosperous."

"I knew it," said Mr. Hepburn, with a strange bitterness.

"I think he will have a post under the

new Government."

"You see him often?"

"Often, James."

The reply surprised and irritated him.

"Will not you be glad to see him again?" she asked gently.

"I cannot tell, Jeannie."

"Why should you be doubtful?"

"It is so long ago."

"A few years."

"In matter of emotion, Jeannie, very long ago," he said.

"He loves you, you know."

"Ah!"

"And speaks of you so frequently."

"Does he speak of the duel?" asked

Mr. Hepburn sharply.

"Sometimes." Her voice sank in her "But I think it is better to forget these things," she added.

"They cannot be forgotten, Jeannie."

"They need not be spoken of. But you killed a man for him, and you have a right to remember," she said reluctantly.

Mr. Hepburn was silent. Jeannie drew herself erect in her chair and looked at him.

"You have never regretted it?" she asked, with an effort.

"That I was his champion?"

" Yes."

"No. Why should I?" he demanded keenly.

"Indeed, indeed, why? It was such a foul, false accusation. Frank! They might as well have accused the Duke himself!"

He was cool before her vehemence.

wonder who the spy was?" he said.

She shuddered with distaste of the subject. "What is the use of thinking of that now?"

"I have had so little else to think of for these five years."

"I hope it was one of those slain."

"Yes. I wonder who? We all seemed equally honourable, did we not? It was a strange piece of treachery."

"Why strange? Our betrayal was the

price of someone's pardon."

"I cannot understand it—treachery!"

Jeannie was silent.

"Whoever it was," he added, "was your brother's murderer."

She stared at him. "It is all over," she whispered.

"Yes, but one thinks of it."

"I have not-for years."

"Not when you see Francis Mowbray?"

"Then least of all." She rose. "You believe in him, then?"

"Believe in him?" She was amazed, incredulous. "What do you mean? you not establish his innocence?"

" I was his champion, certainly."

"But now you are so cold." Her voice was reproachful. "You loved him," she added.

"Loved him, yes. But it is so long ago," he replied, "and I have had so much idleness in which to think."

"If it is so long ago, why cannot you

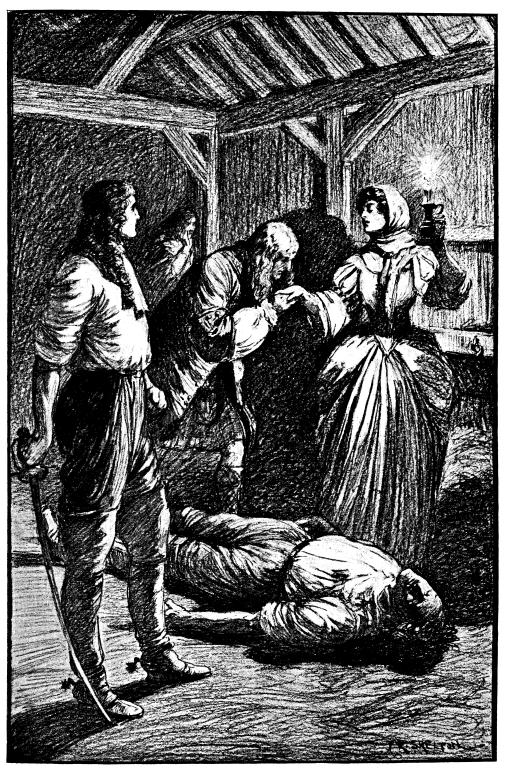
forget about it?"

"One does not forget."

"You must," said Jeannie impatiently.

He rose and moved restlessly about the room. The sun had gone behind the housetops, and the long spring twilight began to fill the room.

Mr. Hepburn picked up the porridge bowl. "Why do you keep this here, Jeannie?" He looked at her and saw that her eyes were full of tears, although she smiled.



"'He is dead, and his lie with him."

"Do you not remember it?"

"Remember?"

"Yes, when you were in hiding, soon after you landed on Craigiemuir, and I used to run out into the heather with the bowl of porridge for you and Francis Mowbray."

Always Francis Mowbray! It seemed as if their talk could have no other subject.

"Was this his or mine?"

"His-Frank's-yours was cracked in the

He put it down. "Why do you keep it, Jeannie, when you say you want to forget?"

"Some things I like to remember; that is one of them—how I used to come out to you in the kind heather."

"Is that all you care to remember,

Jeannie?" he asked sadly.

Her placid brows were troubled. do you dwell on those sad old times?"

"Were they sad?" "Oh, yes, surely."

"Glorious, rather, Jeannie."

"I do not know."

"You prefer this dull peace?"

"Dull? Is it dull? I am happy."

He was vexed beyond concealment. "Were you not happy then?" he asked impetuously and angrily.

She faced him frankly. "Not so happy."

"How mistaken I was!"

She threw out her hands in a gesture of pleading and defence. "How could one be happy, living so—in constant peril to all one loved?"

"You are a woman, after all, Jeannie,

an ordinary woman."

"I made no pretence to be anything else," she said sadly.

"I used to think you a heroine."

Jeannie laughed mournfully. "I always wanted peace," she said wistfully, "and safety for those I loved."

"Ah, well, we have all changed!" took up his hat. The cry of his delusion broke from him: "Somehow I dreamed it

differently."

With an affectionate gesture she took his arm. "You are not leaving me like James, why do you dwell on the past? Let us forget it, please; it was so—

unhappy."

"This reminded me." He nodded towards the portrait of Francis Mowbray, which to him was the most insistent thing in the room. "How can you keep that there if you wish to forget?"

"Oh, James, you loved him!"

Her eyes were shining; he thought her expression was curious. Something hot within him made him ask a strange question: "He is married to Margaret?"

The little word chilled him. "Why?"

"She—I do not know," said Jeannie, in a distressed voice.

"You do know," he persisted almost ughly. "What was it?"

roughly.

Her hand dropped from his sleeve. "They quarrelled. She—would not believe in him."

"She thought-"

Their eyes met.

"Yes," said Jeannie desperately, "she thought he had betrayed us."

"And said so?"

"I believe she did."

"She had a courage," cried Mr. Hepburn,

"that little thing!"

"That little thing—she is married to a man in Ayrshire."

"And Francis?"

Jeannie looked at him very earnestly. "James, you and I ought to agree in this matter. You championed Francis, and

"You, Jeannie, you?"

"I married him!"

She drew away with a little heartless

"You married him?"

"I am his wife these two years. I did not tell you at first." She paused to arrange her words. "I thought it would be so pleasant when he came in, but you—some-how you have changed all. Why "---she was rather desperate—"do you look at me like that?"

He shook his head.

In these few seconds she had changed the old Jeannie had left him. This was a strange woman, another man's wife, the wife of Francis Mowbray.

"What is the matter, James?" spoke very piteously, and he was sorry for

her, yet could say nothing.

"You will stay and meet him?"

"Not now, Jeannie."

" Why?"

"Oh, Jeannie!"

"You used to love him." She came back to that.

He had no answer to her words, which were an accusation. "I never thought of this, Jeannie, never dreamt of it."

"Yet is it so strange?" she asked bravely.

"And you live here, in the old house?"

"We live at his place in Fife—his father

is dead now-but came here a while ago, when there seemed this chance of his doing something for the Government. Frank is like you, James—he hates to be idle."

She spoke quickly, with a pitiful desire to please, but Mr. Hepburn could not respond.

"Finding you in the old house, I thought

that you were unwed," he said.

"I know—it was foolish of me." sank into the great tapestry chair. "Oh, James, what has happened?"

"Happened, dear?"

"It seems to be spoilt—our meeting."

"There was nothing to spoil—that was my mistake, Jeannie."

"Your mistake?"

"Perhaps my coming back at all was a mistake," he said.

She tried to smile. "Because I am married to Frank?"

"Because of my own foolishness, I suppose." He looked again at the brilliant portrait, and then at the little porridge bowl.

She made no attempt to detain him now when he prepared to leave. "You will come back?" she asked.

"Certainly I will come back; I am but a short time in Edinburgh."

"Yet come again and see him—Francis."

He read a challenge in her clear, dark "Certainly I must see Francis," he replied smoothly, "your husband, Jeannie."
"My husband!" she said gently.

He turned from her look of love. he was out in the street, he shook himself as a man would do who is recovering from a physical blow, and very slowly he went down the chill, darkening street towards his cheerless lodging. Why had he never thought, he asked himself, of a thing so simple, so obvious? Of course, Margaret Sinclair, small-souled, practical, would have disbelieved the man, and, of course, Jeannie, lofty, devoted, loyal, and romantic, would champion him, even to the gift of herself, pitying him until her compassion blossomed into love. For he had no doubt at all that now she loved Francis.

From his knowledge of human nature and of these two women, he might have known which of them would marry Francis But he had never guessed—he Mowbray. had let the thing happen. He cursed himself for a bitter fool.

Jeannie had done a dreadful thing— Jeannie had made a hideous mistake—and he had been the primary cause.

Her cry, "Did not you establish his innocence?" rang horribly in his heart.

From the seed of his acted lie had sprung this dreadful fruit of her marriage. She had believed, in her impetuous goodness, the honour he had so madly championedchampioned, knowing the truth, knowing that Francis Mowbray was guilty-guilty as hell—a traitor, and the cause of the death of young Ensign Duncan, Jeannie's brother. cause of the death of those others executed in Edinburgh.

It all seemed to him unreal, as anything of unexpected horror will seem. And through all the horror he felt very clearly the amazement at his own change of attitude towards Francis. For he certainly had loved Francis. Knowing his guilt, he had championed him, and had felt no remorse or regret in so doing, no remorse in killing the Englishman who had spoken the truth. strong had been his love and loyalty for Francis, so strong the charm and fascination of the young man, that he had rushed forward blindly to silence his accuser, and given no thought to the right or wrong of the thing.

Now these stood out with horrid clearness. Coarse, crude, unsympathetic as the Englishman had been, he had been right, and Francis, the lovable, the gallant, had been

wrong.

Mr. Hepburn had always tried to forget the scene in which Francis had been proved guilty; now he recalled it with cruel clearness It had been early in that fatal night, while the party of fugitives, wet from a passing storm, had stopped at a deserted farm. Francis had been with Mr. Hepburn in the cow byre, when Morton, the Englishman, had rushed in with his accusation.

"You betrayed us, Mowbray! this?" And he had held out a paper. "You left this in Colonel Duncan's house—'tis written to the King's men!"

And, before James Hepburn could speak, Francis had snatched the paper and thrust

it into his shirt bosom.

"Yes, I wrote it. What else?"

And James, acting on a violent impulse, had struck young Morton over the face. "You always wanted to ruin Mowbray," he said, "but this shall ruin you!"

The other, gasping with fury, tugged at his sword; but there came a quick alarm that the soldiers were after them, and they mounted on the instant and rode through the heather.

During that wild, dark ride Francis had kept close to his friend. "I did it," he

"You can denounce had whispered once. me if you like!"

James had affected not to hear.

Again had come the beloved voice: "Will

you still fight for me?"

And still Mr. Hepburn had not answered. When all had gathered again in the shelter of the barn, he had acted instantly. "Mr. Morton called Frank the traitor. You know he always hated Frank. I'll silence him And his sword was out, and the two were at it in red earnest.

In such a little while Morton was silenced indeed, and the thing seemed over. Now he knew that it had only just begun—at least, for him, for Jeannie, and for Francis.

He thought of Francis more than he thought of Jeannie. His enthusiasm being quite dead, the behaviour of his friend seemed of an incredible baseness; he had deliberately taken advantage of his falsely established innocence to win a woman who would have scorned him with bitter loathing had she known the truth.

And then there was the brother. might well be called the murderer of young Duncan and of Morton, too—an ugly thing to be between husband and wife. What kind of man was the fellow to live with that on his conscience?

Prosperous! So she had said. No doubt he was prosperous—probably he had taken the price of his treachery—and now he was in with this Government, a man who would always be on the safe side. And Jeannie adored him, or, rather, she adored the false Francis that he, James, had helped to create.

James wandered towards the Castle. heart was as chill as the night air that blew on his cheeks and struggled with his cloak. He wondered why he cared so fiercely. He had ceased to love Francis, he had ceased to hope for Jeannie. He had always known that Frank was base, and yet the knowledge of this marriage seemed to have revealed this baseness for the first time, as it had revealed the goodness, the almost foolish nobility of Jeannie.

His thoughts turned to the other woman. He was surprised at her intuition; she had always seemed insignificent, even stupid. But the little people were always sharp to discern the low side of others. Jeannie had been blinded by her own loftiness. She had stepped into the trap the common wits of Margaret Sinclair had avoided.

He remembered how magnificently she had borne herself during the duel, holding aloft the candle to light the swords, while

Margaret had cowered in a corner weeping. Well, Margaret was out of it, and Jeannie was chained for life to a hideous lie.

"And I," thought Mr. Hepburn, "had

better return as I came."

There was no excuse for him to interfere. He believed they were happy, yet he had an obstinate desire to destroy that happiness by telling the truth. He had a desire to make Francis pay at last—a desire that he should lose Jeannie, that he should know the scorn with which she would receive the real man he had masked so long.

Yet he felt that the gratification of such a desire would bring him to the level of Francis, and certainly it would break Jeannie's heart. Between them they would kill her, as between them they had already involved her in the tragedy she now

unconsciously acted.

No, he could not tell Jeannie. He would go away again and try to forget-let the years pass over and dim the thing.

But he felt a wish to see and speak with Francis first—a wish to try if the old charm still existed, if, looking upon the man, he would find it easier to forgive him.

With this resolve he turned back to his lodging, and sent a boy with a note to Francis, asking him to see him on the morrow. It was strange to address to Francis at Colonel Duncan's house. hand shook as he wrote, and he could not wholly control the jealous bitterness that surged up in his heart.

He slept but little that night, and every hour found him in an increasing agitation. There had been no answer to his note, and he took this to mean that Francis would be

awaiting him.

He was shown into the room where he had seen Jeannie yesterday. As before, the brilliant portrait held and challenged his gaze. He stared at it, hoping by this means to prepare himself for the vivid personality of the real man, whose fascination he wished most ardently to withstand.

But it was Jeannie who entered.

thought to see Frank?"

He looked at her with great reverence and great tenderness.

"He did not get your letter, James. opened it. I wanted to see you again before you saw him."

" Yes?" He was a little troubled by her words and by the seriousness of her manner.

She seated herself in the full light of the window, very upright.

"I have not slept all night," said Jeannie deliberately. "I lay awake thinking of your visit and what you said. You were strange, James, but I think I understand—nay, I am

sure I understand what you meant to say."
"Nothing—nothing," he stammered.
"Oh, I read you!" she cried. "You think Frank guilty!"

He was too utterly amazed to speak amazed more at her calm than her words.

"Perhaps you always thought so," she continued—"anyhow, you do now. believe he was a traitor!"

He sat silent, with a downcast face, startled

by the strange weakness of his limbs.

"I thought that might be your belief," said Jeannie. Her glance travelled to the portrait. "During these years I have sometimes wondered if you were really loyal to him."

Now he was stung into speech. "Loyal! I have been dumb—I have been more than loyal!"

"No," said she, "for in your heart you

did not believe."

"You reproach me with that?" lashed by her injustice.

"Yes, you should have known that he— Frank—was incapable of any baseness. How was it you did not know him better?"

"You never doubted, then?"

"Never. Can you tell me the same?"

"No, Jeannie."

"Then I will prove you are wrong." There was an extraordinary look in her eyes.

" Prove?"

" Yes."

He was helpless in his bewilderment. "You cannot prove the truth to be false," he said amazedly.

"You do not know the truth."

"Poor Jeannie!" he cried desperately.

"Nay, listen. Will you hear the truth? I was the traitor!"

He rose and peered at her quite blankly. "You never thought of that, did you?" she continued desperately. "Not one of you guessed. I told him when I saw the enterprise had failed, and that I had lost the letter to the King's officer. No one but a woman would have been so stupid, would theystupid to lose the thing even in that confusion? I was frightened. I asked him to save me. Morton found the paper and chose to fix it on the one he had always hated. You know what happened."

His lips moved several seconds before he found two words. "Your brother?"

"I know-I know!" Again two words—

"Your price?"

"Pardon for myself, my father, and I did it for them. I saw the enterprise was doomed—a stupid woman sees those things. I cared for nothing but saving Francis—I care for nothing but Francis now.

"Yet you put this on him?"

"I was a coward."

"You let Margaret think him guilty?" "Yes, so he was free to come to me!"

If the sun had sunk into darkness at mid-day, he could not have been more shocked and amazed with horror than he was now by this discovery of the soul of Jeannie.

He stared at her as at a beautiful thing suddenly broken, lying in useless shreds at his feet. She was too low for contempt, even for pity.

"Yet Francis loves you?"

drearily.

"He loves me!" Her trembling voice was yet triumphant.

"But I," said James, "could not even hate you now."

"I had to tell you."

"I wonder why?"

"I could not bear you should think that Frank was base."

"You do not care what I think of you?"

"Oh, I am only a woman!"

He turned away without saying farewell, nor did she ask this word, though she knew that she would never see him again.

As he left the room, his glance fell on the little porridge bowl. He recalled how she had come to them in the heather, and the tears rushed up to his eyes. A backward look at Jeannie showed her sitting with folded hands, her face averted.

He found himself wandering in the street, amazed at his own grief, astonished at the foolishness of life. As he reached the corner, he saw Frank Mowbray going towards his home. The winning face was unchanged—

he looked a happy man.

James stared after him and watched him enter the house. As he did so, he was pierced by a thought that reinstated Jeannie in glory, a thousand times triumphantly in glory. Supposing she had lied to cover He dared not think Frank's dishonour? this true—it was but a sign of his own weakness that he must still try to exalt her even now. And yet --- In any case he could do nothing but leave them to their

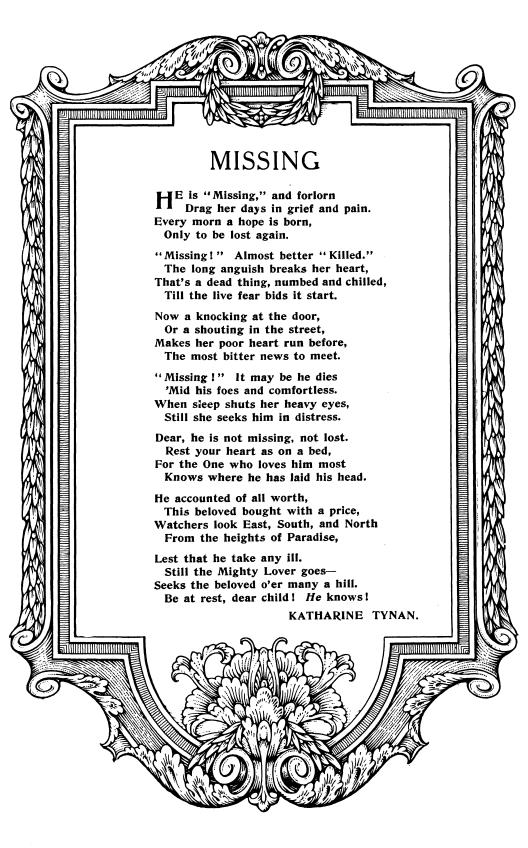




Photo by

BRITISH SOLDIERS AND THEIR HORSES "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

[Central News.

THE HORSE IN WARFARE

By HUGH HENRY

ROBABLY comparatively few of us who employ horses as useful servants, or share with them, as indispensable partners, the joys and dangers of sport, often give a thought to the great rôle the noble animal has played in war. From almost the very earliest times the horse has had considerable influence in determining the issue of battle. And long before he came into his own, and before cavalry, in the proper use of the word, was dreamt of, we find him taking a place in the ranks of war.

To the lover of the horse, to the sportsman or cavalry soldier, as well as to the student of history, the horse in war must ever be a subject of interest. And, as a matter of fact, he figured in the fight ages before he was thought of as our friend in any form of sport. For it may be considered as practically certain that before 1000 B.C. no people rode on horseback except the Libyans; and we also learn that chariots were used some two thousand years before this date. So that, as anyone may know, it is as harness horses that our cavalry first appear in history. The horse was driven long previous to any thought of his riding possibilities, which seems passing strange to us to-day, who break in our horses by riding them, and, if we desire it, pass them on to harness. If we had only some record, even a legend, of that brilliant inspiration which urged a pedestrian to mount—to ride! Was it due to an accident, to something akin to the fire which, according to Charles Lamb, gave us the luxury of roast pig? Be that as it may, the first man who essayed the great adventure of getting astride a steed was the pioneer of cavalry. From this simple movement were slowly evolved epoch-making changes.

But centuries before the horse appears as a charger many important victories had been won by his aid. Rameses and other monarchs in the eighteenth and nineteenth Dynasties owed much to the horse and chariot. Each chariot carried several soldiers, armed with javelins, while from the sides great scythelike fixtures projected with which to mow down the enemy. It is probable that the Egyptians of the eighteenth Dynasty must have been about the first people to turn their attention to employment of the horse for useful purposes, for it is the monuments of this period that show so clearly the importance attached to horses and chariots. And we learn that the Egyptian King who reigned about the time of Jacob-that is to say, 1800 and 1700 B.C.—was the owner of many horses and chariots. But apparently the Egyptian did not mount his horse until a very late period in his country's history; while the chariot was not used as we use a carriage, but simply as an aid in warfare. But the properties of the ass as a beast of burden, a homely drudge and easy mount, were discovered centuries before the horse was heard of.

At the time of the great Persian Wars the chariot had almost disappeared from the battlefield, though it is not until later that a body of horse worthy of the name of cavalry is brought into action. For the horse, to be of any use in warfare, had first to be under proper control, and the Libyans controlled him only by nose-bands or halters of straw. But Homer, in his "Iliad," 1000 B.C., tells us that horses were ridden with bits; and this was obviously a great step forward in the moulding of the animal to man's will. a mighty military adjunct the horse could not become until he was saddled and his rider had stirrups. For the warrior riding bareback, or on the horse-cloths introduced by the Assyrians in the eighth century B.C., was clearly not a very efficient cavalryman. But still the rider, in spite of the absence of proper bitting and saddle, must have been able to make his mount amenable to real discipline.

As time advances, horses gradually become of more and more importance. The ancient Greeks held them in high esteem, their conquests being in no small measure due to the effective use of cavalry. And fortunately, in the marvellous Parthenon Frieze, we have a picture of the Athenian cavalry. are the Immortals who "ride on for ever, for ever ride," "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," until both the soldier and the sportsman have become extinct. But, as we have already said, the horse could not be an efficient partner for the fightingman until he was saddled. And even towards the end of the second century B.C. bareback riding was still common. that other great aid to the efficiency of the horse, the shoe, was still longer in coming, so late a date as A.D. 481 being given by Berenger as the year in which the horse was first shod. Before that, when protection was desired, horse-masters had to be content with some form of boot. However, in the fourth century B.C. the saddle with the tree had been invented, although it was not until many centuries later that all the Romans were mounted on treed saddles.

It is scarcely too much to say that the treed saddle and the shoe made the war-horse.

But the use of chariots and cavalry was

not confined to the East and to the Greeks and Romans. For at Cæsar's invasion of Britain he found his foes equipped with the chariot and horse. And when Hannibal advanced into Italy, he was well aware of the great part that cavalry must play in a farreaching conquest, for with his 90,000 foot he had some 12,000 horse. But wherever we look we find the horse making history. And if the Franks, about the beginning of the sixth century, had not had exceptionally fine horses, the Saracens might have vanquished Western Europe.

Strange as it may seem, having regard to the employment of cavalry by other nations, authorities tell us that the Saxons did not fight on horseback. The well-known scene of the famous Bayeux Tapestry representing the battle of Hastings shows that Harold fought his last fight on foot, while the greater number of William's soldiers were mounted. This fact clearly indicates the Conqueror's knowledge of the supreme value of a strong cavalry force. With much trouble, and attended by considerable risk, he had transported his horses to England. If he had left even a large proportion of them in Normandy, it is almost certain that the Saxons would have beaten him, and our island story would have run in different channels.

These Norman horses were undoubtedly big, strong animals, armoured themselves and carrying heavily-armoured men. Conqueror, sportsman and lover of horses, and keenly alive to their value in war, imported stallions from Spain, in order to improve the breed in England. And we have a record of King John importing stock of the best Eastern blood, and laying the foundations of a famous stud, from which horses owned by Queen Elizabeth could trace their descent. The great horse of the Middle Ages was an immense national asset, and no present from abroad was more eagerly appreciated by an English monarch than the gift of a few fine horses, though, of course, at this period possibilities of light, mobile cavalry were quite unforeseen, and the smart cobby horse would have been scorned as an instrument in warfare. But so long as heavy armour was in use, the great horse held the field.

Towards the end of the twelfth century the Norman hauberk began to be displaced by the heavy chain-mail—of all armour the most picturesque. But as weapons became more deadly towards the beginning of the fourteenth century, plate armour was

introduced, and remained in use, or partially so, until the time of Charles I.

At certain periods in our history the horse supply was by no means equal to the demands of war. And in the Hundred Years' War the strain was great on the resources of the kingdom. At the battle of Crecy, fought in 1346, we know that only a small proportion of the army of Edward III. and the Black Prince had horses. The English cavalry were distinctly deficient in this battle; but the French mounted troops were not of good quality, and were badly trained. However, the quality of cavalry had little to do with the issue of Crecy. For here, as every school-boy knows, it was the

Richard II. took exceptional interest in everything connected with the horse industry. He himself was a particularly fine rider, and showed much discernment in his efforts further to improve his heavy cavalry. The Tudors, too, were lovers of the horse, Henry VIII. doing much, through the establishment of the famous Hampton Court stud, to energise the English breed. It was during his reign that riding matches first became popular. And thus racing, though suffering many and serious vicissitudes during the next two centuries, gradually became established as the recognised fountain-head of our Army horse supply.



Photo by]

MEN OF THE LANCERS IN FULL CAMPAIGNING KIT.

[Alfieri.

English bowman who won the day, standing his ground with the stubborn confidence in himself and his weapons which our English infantry regard as their heritage.

Between the years 1377 and 1399 there was a renewed development in the interest in horses, and great efforts were made to arrive at a standard type of war-horse. For it must be remembered that primarily men bred horses for the fight and not for sport. Of course, the warrior hunted at this period, and raced, or began to race, after a fashion; but the horse's fitness as an auxiliary in battle was the reason of the high esteem in which he was held in those far-off days.

These and other facts but briefly mentioned in this article are set forth with much detail in Mr. Basil Tozer's interesting book "The Horse in History," from which we have already quoted.

But in the reign of James I. there were many complaints of the decay of the great horse, owing, it was alleged, to the prevalence of racing. And the King was much blamed for his excessive indulgence in the chase, and for his patronage of the lighter horse, through which, it was alleged, the well-being of the heavy war-horse was suffering. But the truth is that the day of the great horse was passing. He had played an

almost supreme part in the history of war in the Middle Ages, and now, as his rider was slowly discarding armour, he became gradually superfluous. So when Cromwell arose, and grasped the real principles underlying the changed conditions, the great horse was relegated to the plough and the weighty, lumbering coach of those days, though what we should now call a distinctly heavy type still filled the ranks.

Cromwell's Ironsides wore no armour, and rode a much lighter type of animal than had hitherto been used. Their power was in their mobility, as opposed to the old theory of weight and steadfast resistance. Through the genius of their commander they were

with the advent of William III., in 1689, attention to the welfare of the horse for sport and for war was not slackened. For the Dutch King loved the chase as he is said to have loved the day of battle; while his successor, and more successful battle-winner, Marlborough, made good use of his horsemen in the famous campaigns of the Low Countries. Indeed, what would the great Duke have done without a strong cavalry arm?

Since the stirring times of good Queen Anne, cavalry have over and over again exhibited their supreme usefulness in war. In spite of many and changing theories, the horse has retained, if not his once

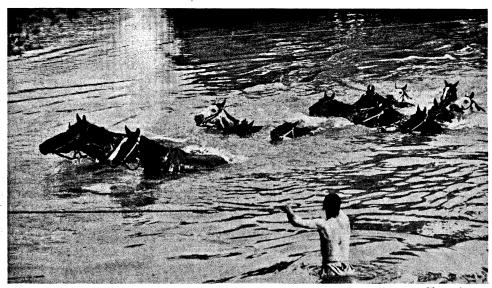


Photo by]

HORSES BEING TRAINED TO SWIM A RIVER.

[Newspaper Illustrations.

taught to charge home, to extricate themselves, and reform with rapidity. The Great Rebellion showed the people of England the best cavalry that had ever been seen in their island, though probably, when that gifted leader, the gallant and youthful Prince Rupert, nicknamed his opponent "Old Ironsides," he little imagined that the famous Roundhead was establishing the foundations on which the use of modern cavalry were to be built.

Through the reign of Charles II. the march of the horse's progress was carefully fostered. The King was another of our monarchs who were distinguished for their fine horsemanship, and he was taught the art by the Duke of Newcastle, the author of a celebrated book on equitation. Then

unchallenged pride of place in a great army, at least a position of unassailable importance. Time after time, during peace, it has been hinted that his day was over. And then, tried again in war, he has given the lie to the theorists. Always playing a difficult and dangerous part, the arme blanche has covered itself with imperishable glory. Through the efforts of that great cavalry commander, the incomparable Ney, the remnant of Napoleon's army struggled back from Russia. For to make the attack, full of dash, and "blooded" by previous successes, or, weary in long-drawn-out retreat, to fend off from the Army the attacks of the ever-pressing foe, are the To great duties of the cavalry soldier. carry out the reconnaissance

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"THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS AND THE BLACK WATCH AT ST. QUENTIN." BY J. R. SKELTON. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. T. C. and B. C. Jack, Edinburgh & London, owners of the copyright and publishers of the targe plate.

screening movement, to injure the enemy's communications and hinder the regular renewal of his supplies, and thus to cripple his mobility, are work in the almost daily routine of cavalry with a modern army.

And so the horse has continued, amid the ever-changing conditions of warfare, to take his place in all the great campaigns of the world. And so, doubtless, will he continue to do, until cavalry have vanished from the field, and the power in war created by the splendid union of horse and rider has surrendered its supremacy to something undreamt of to-day.

TRENCH WARFARE AND THE HORSE

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

The mightiest of wars has amazed the professional, and saddened the older school of soldiers. "Its history," says the veteran Count von Haeseler, "will be hard to write and boring enough to read." It is a mistake to say the Germans invented the stupendous "siege of positions" we have seen in progress from the Alps to the North Sea. It developed of itself in September of last year, when Von Kluck's above-ground tactics came to grief, and he swerved south-east for safety before the entrenched camp of Paris.

Thereafter all text-books were vain things, and most military theories untenable. Real experts looked for big sieges and pitched battles, culminating in more epic Jenas and Sedans. But war changed. Millions of men sank into the earth—in the Argonne the galleries went down many feet. Underground citadels were bored, steel-roofed, concreted, and linked with electric wires.

A maze of shelter trenches appeared; communication - trenches, bomb - proofs, machine-gun positions and mined areas, with cross-firing artillery behind, and in front vast plaited jungles of wire with ferocious barbs, to say nothing of man-traps and pitfalls; inundations and every conceivable and inconceivable device of chemical and physical science. The whole zone was watched from the skies by flocks of planes, each one of them armed and "wirelessed."

"Will war become impossible?" the citizen asks, aghast. The answer is "No," for man's passions remain, and his ingenuity is endless. The Dreadnought was a trump card that made all the nations recast their forces on the sea. Against Fisher's giant Von Tirpitz brought his submarine, and for a time there was serious menace. But British genius triumphed. Steel fish of the sea were trapped—just how we shall one day learn and marvel. So goes the clash of wits and nations on land as well as at sea.

"This is a war of machinery," Marshal

French told Mr. Herbert Samuel. In Champagne mitrailleuses rose in lifts from the German chasms. Blockhouse and redoubt were plated and cupolaed. Each trench and sap fairly bristled with automatic guns; villages and woods were veritable fortresses that called for sheer dynamite tactics, such as marked the hurricane-blast of our Great Advance.

Then what of the cavalry, now almost entirely relieved of scouting by the aerial arm and "listening-posts" of daring volunteers? For in places the advanced works of both belligerents are barely thirty yards apart. Alas, the dashing cavalry leader lost his spurs in this mole warfare! He is a siege specialist now, beating at his own game scientists like Von Beseler, who stormed Antwerp and Novo Georgiewsk.

To-day the Lifeguards charge with bayonets in a "curtain" of fire; the Hussar is filling hand-grenades in a cavern dug in the Flemish clay. No wonder there is a school at Headquarters, with tuition in all the new weapons, as well as the old ones revived. The toad-like trench-mortar and aerial torpedoes; cylinders of gas and flame-projectors, to say nothing of the siege train and howitzer battery, whose huge "H.E." shells plough and tear the country-side, demolish parapets, and bury the foe in his own elaborate pits.

Yet, for all this, the horse's day is far from over. True, just now the cavalry mounts are picketed in the rear, eating their heads off and biding their time till the sapper and miner's work is done, and battle is joined again in a fair field. Meanwhile the horse plays the "handyman," with hooks and traces at the back of the saddle. Not for nothing has he been bred and trained and cared for as no other horse is cared for in the armies of the world. His work on the awful roads of war I shall presently deal with. For when winter comes, with oceans

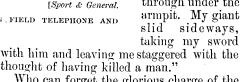
of mud and water making the pave like a tight-rope, the motor often gives place to the powerful, intelligent horse in the vast business of moving stores and supplies all the way from quayside to rail-head, and thence to headquarters of corps, division, and brigade; to say nothing of crossing impossible country and crashing through hedges and ditches to aid the wounded or fighting heroes who need food and ammunition.

In the eastern theatre winter at once reduces the marvellous German mechanical organisation, and sets the sturdy Cossack pony above the most powerful motor-tractor ever made in Westphalian shops. Here

upon tired troops—that is the hour of mounted men and horsed guns, if the dearly-bought victory is to be sustained. So our cavalry possess their horses in patience. When we break through those tremendous lines, "the immediate result"—says the German General von Blume—"will be a battle in the field." Surely that will be our Day? Once more our lads will measure lances with those Uhlans through whom at the outset they tore "like brown paper," in Sir Philip Chetwode's memorable phrase.

What grand and thrilling charges there have been! The 4th Dragoons near Mons spurred their horses at a Prussian trench, leaping the chasm and sabring the foe

below as they passed in all the ancient panoply. At Soissons a squad of our lads got news of a patrol, and mounted in shirtsleeves and wild *déshabille* to headlong attack. "I singled out a giant on a coal-black mount and made straight for him. He was ready, and the shock of onset nearly unseated There was pretty exchange of cut and thrust, till I got under his guard and ran him through under the armpit. My giant slid sideways,



Who can forget the glorious charge of the Scots Greys at St. Quentin, each trooper with a man of the Black Watch clinging to his stirrup-leathers—a deadly surprise for enemy gunners and infantry too. Think also of the 9th Lancers, who put out of action eleven German guns at Thulin. It was there the twin-brothers Grenfell did epic deeds in the withering scream of shrapnel, dashing through the wire, riding down the gunners, and then turning to save our own battery of five: "We must save 'em," cried Captain F. O. Grenfell, "or the 9th Lancers will be wiped out!"



Photo by [Sport & General.

A HORSE WITH PACK-SADDLE AND REEL FOR LAYING FIELD TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH WIRES.

again is a matter of roadless mud. But let none suppose that even the cavalry arm has passed away in this weird war of "positions," where no living thing is seen above ground, although Death roars and whines and hisses without ceasing.

Hindenburg used a cloud of cavalry in his giant thrusts. The French in Champagne loosed their squadrons in the grand manner, and horsed batteries of 75's galloped into action near Beauséjour with limbers jolting and shells bursting all round—a stirring picture worthy of the canvas of Meissonier or Détaille.

When consolidating a position won, and when fresh enemy reserves are advancing "As it was," says Trooper W. Charman, "when we pulled rein, there were only seventy-two live horses out of the four hundred odd that faced the guns as the bugle blew the charge. And of the survivors many had to be killed, so fearfully were they mauled with shell." "Our cavalry," says Sir John French, "do as they like with the enemy. . . . The German patrols simply fly before our horsemen." How they long for another chance with all the War's experience behind them!

But how soon this stage passed, and the warring millions went under for the "high-explosive" sequel which upset every theory and put the text-books out of date! The Boer War taught our mounted men many a lesson of adaptability. I know a famous regiment which did an arme blanche charge in the morning, fought as dismounted riflemen in the afternoon, and before dark formed themselves into a gun-team to haul off a disabled battery!

Cavalry became infantry and learned their



BRITISH ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE.

Let it be said here that it was the mounted arm which saved our Army on the retreat from Mons to Le Cateau, when the supreme crisis arose with dramatic swiftness. The Field-Marshal himself told the story to his American interviewer. "We were in open country in a very dangerous position. And the Germans' aim for the annihilation of our little Army might have been realised, if our cavalry had not been equal to the task of covering the flanks of our steady, disciplined Regulars."

lessons in the field. Now, these men receive no instruction in bayonet work, yet their record with this arm is truly amazing, as the Commander-in-Chief himself has testified. They were ditched with the rest; they took off their spurs and handled pick and spade, even sapping and mining with the Engineers. Our ever-growing Army was one vast band of smiling brothers, bent upon the sole end of overwhelming victory.

"If it requires one kind of courage to mount a horse and charge at the foe," Sir

John French told them, "it requires pluck of an even higher order to hang on to a trench position for days under a galling fire." "I assure you," said our Marshal to the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, "that I am anxious to see you mounted again, but the time has not yet come for your proper rôle."

War-horses are recruited even as men are. They are trained, too, in great schools of equitation like those of Aldershot and Rome, Saumur and Ypres—alas, no horses leap now in the once-famous Belgian arena! In bygone wars the wastage of horseflesh was enormous. Thus Napoleon crossed the Niemen with 60,000 horses, and of these but

Photo[ly]

A NEW BANDOLIER USED BY MEN OF THE WELSH HORSE, WHICH ENABLES A MAN TO CARRY 150 ROUNDS INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 100.

It is hung round the horse's neck, being attached to the saddle by a small strap.

16,000 returned. Of all the horses we sent out to the Crimea, not half came back, though barely 500 fell in battle.

All this is changed by an Army Veterinary Department which, in its way, compares well with our Royal Army Medical Corps—that miracle of humanity and the healing art. Then there is the Blue Cross Fund, whose equine hospitals and pharmacies are the wonder of our Allies.

Whence come the hundreds of thousands of horses that we need? From all the world over. From the home shires and Magyar plains; from American farm, Canadian prairie, and still farther pampas of the Argentine, and the Australian

bush. All told, the South African War called for 669,575 animals, of which 16,000 were "lost on voyage," and 400,000 "expended" in the war. A tremendous and costly lesson, this, long laid to heart by the Director of Remounts and his staff at the War Office.

It would take too long to tell how horses are bought or registered for future use at a yearly subsidy, which for artillery drafts amounts to £4 a year. But within twelve days of mobilisation, General Birkbeck produced 36,000 superb horses for the Expeditionary Force and 80,000 for the Territorials, holding 18,000 more in Reserve

formations. And that was but a beginning.

Only the best animals are bought -£40 is the price of a three-year-old —for upon its horses an army's fate may depend. De Wet and his nimble commando o w e d much immunity on the veldt to inferiority in horseflesh. Argentines especially failed us. Colonel Birkbeck —as he then was described them as "soft-hearted, with no manners, incapable of effort and generally condemned." time sick one

horses were being destroyed at the rate of 1000 a week! But that belongs to the "muddle-through" past which is now no more.

[Alfieri.

Sir Frederick Benson's Remount Commission sent us 20,000 fine horses from Canada. In Australia another 30,000 were bought for £560,000; and the best studs in the Empire, from Ireland to New Zealand, are tapped for continuous supply. In addition, there are other tens of thousands bespoke—the property of farmers and private corporations.

The training of horse and man as a cavalry unit is a long, elaborate process, well seen in the school at Saumur, where work



Photo by]

A SHOEING FORGE FOR TRANSPORT HORSES AT A FARM IN THE WAR ZONE.

taught. And the bareback rider has a lively time, so has the breaker of vicious horses in the "reformatory." War-horses vary in temperament as men do. They take wounds in different ways, and often save their rider's life by sheer "horse-sense" of

a surprising kind.

"I was on outpost duty at a lonely spot," says Trooper S. Stanley, of the Scots Greys, "and suspected nothing till my mare began

begins before dawn with a whole hierarchy of riding instructors, captain-professors, jockeys, breakers and trainers. The ground is like a vast circus, with timid animals broken of "gun-shyness" between padded columns; leaping hurdles, swimming and climbing, and descending banks like a mountain goat.

Shoeing, saddlery, harness-making and the elements of veterinary science are also



Photo \overline{by}] [Alfier

to fidget and neigh. I got down and searched, and sure enough came on a German crouching in the long grass. Not a word passed, but in a flash I gave him a ticket for the Better Land. His yells brought up his mates, but the row alarmed our guard and spoiled the planned surprise. You bet the nag had a grand feed that night!"

So the trained horse is a valuable munition of war, whether for transport, for cavalry, or the guns. "If he's fit for further service," insists an officer of the Army Veterinary Corps, "we doctor him up. If he's too far gone, we shoot

Service is unapproached in swift, efficient dealing with the horse.

Unofficial bodies are also helping, notably the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who work under the ægis of the Army Council, and have already provided wards for thousands of equine heroes broken in the War. The Society has already sent out twenty-seven motor and other ambulances for sick and wounded horses; sixteen corncrushers and chaff-cutters with petrol engines, as well as motor-lorries for fodder, waterproof and other rugs, halters, bandages, poultice and brushing boots, and other veterinary needs.

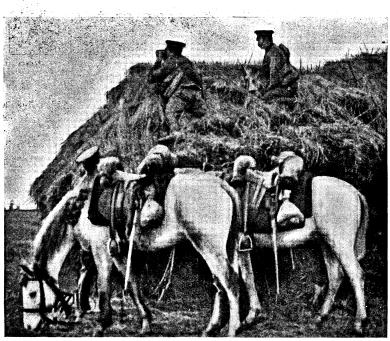
No private, auxiliary, or volunteer body is,

for obvious reasons. allowed to enter the war zone for the purpose of destroying wounded horses. The Army Veterinary Corps alone is charged with this work. It may also be done by all soldiers of and above the rank. of sergeant. It is safe to say that in none of the world's armies is the horse, sick or well, so petted and tended as in our Some of the belligerents have no veterinary department at all, being hard put to it to tend the men who fall in battle.

Yet even on the lowest plane it pays to care

for the war-horse—especially the British type, so huge and hard, so enduring, wise, and brave. A farrier-sergeant was shoeing an officer's horse one day on the Menin road, east of Ypres, and had driven in two nails, when a big shrapnel came screeching through the air and burst six yards away.

Dust and splinters rained about the group, but when the smoke cleared off, there stood the big charger with his foot still in the man's apron, and his ears cocked for "another"! Grand animals like these will yet thunder upon the foe in open field, with their friends astride them, lance in rest, for Freedom's last magnificent charge.



1 Note og j

[Universal.

BRITISH CAVALRY SCOUTS MAKING OBSERVATIONS "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

him." There are horse hospitals—one of a thousand "beds" was provided by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on our lines of communication. The patient, whether saddle-sore or shelled, receives quite human treatment in a spotless operating theatre, with anæsthetics, a special diet, and gentle exercise in convalescence.

Troopers and drivers are taught to look on the horse as a friend, and to give firstaid in slight sores, and ills and lameness. I could fill pages with anecdotes of Tommy's devotion to his four-legged pal. It is no vain boast, but the fact that our Veterinary



Photo by]

HOSPITAL AT THE MONASTERY AT ROYAUMONT, FRANCE, FOR SOME TIME DIRECTED BY SIR JOHN FRENCH'S SISTER, MRS. HARLEY.

WOMEN DOCTORS IN THE WAR

By BEATRICE HARRADEN

N the record of women's activities in the War, no chapter is more interesting and significant than the work achieved and the part played by the women doctors. To all those who have for long years laboured for free fields for woman's endeavour, and have had to wrestle with difficulties and tread down traditions, it must be a special source of pride and reassurance to witness the triumph of the women doctors all along the line—not only the triumph of fulfilment, but also the triumph of acceptance and recognition, and, more than that, the triumph of being wanted imperatively and of being ready for the call and opportunity. To the pioneers of the woman movement, therefore, the successful issue of the medical women's struggle would seem to be symbolic of the woman's cause as a whole, and all the more so because it entirely justifies the claim

always put forward, but not always understood, that the co-operation of women is needed, not only for the good of their own sex, but for the good of the community.

It is a compelling instance of the eventual working out of the scheme of justice that medical women, who bore the heat and burden of the uprising of women in those distant days of forty years ago, should now have the satisfaction of heading the onward march through open country, with barriers broken down. And it must surely enhance their pleasure to know that all women, no matter what their own achievements in other directions, share in this pride, and add to it a deep admiration for the way in which these women have used all available opportunities for service, and created others by their splendid initiative, resourcefulness, and selfsacrifice. Forty years ago the first little band of women in Edinburgh who went up for a medical examination were surrounded by a crowd which hooted, velled, menaced, threw mud, and would probably have resorted to violence, but that some of their more chivalrous class-mates formed themselves into a regular bodyguard for their protection.

"And encompassed by them," writes Dr. Sophia Jex Blake, who was one of the women, "we passed through the still howling crowds at the gate and reached home with no other injuries than those inflicted on our dresses by the mud hurled at us." was forty years ago. And about four months ago the Prime Minister, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Balfour made an appeal in the Press for funds for the London School of Medicine

first contribution received by the Scottish Federation of the National Union of Suffrage Societies towards the first Scottish unit was sent by an anti-suffragist, who said she was glad that they were at last doing something .useful!

There are at this moment at least five military hospitals equipped, organised, and staffed entirely by women. In addition, there are two hospitals where more than half the doctors are women, and three others which have been equipped and organised by women.

The first unit of all the hospital units to be actually organised was that of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who was lay administrator, with Dr. Florence Stoney as head of the medical



MEMBERS OF THE FIRST-AID NURSING YEOMANRY CORPS AT WORK BEHIND THE TRENCHES.

for Women, thus emphasising the urgency of the country's need for more women doctors. No instance could be more illustrative than this of the complete change in conditions, outlook, and valuation.

To a suffragist, of course, the work done by the suffrage organisations is of special interest; but although the initiative has in most instances been theirs, and the administration in their hands, the support has by no means been confined to suffragist circles, and contributions have flowed in from the general public, from all sorts of people holding all sorts of political opinions, and from supporters not only throughout the British Empire, but in many other countries, Indeed, the story goes round that the too.

staff and in charge of the X-ray department; but they got to the Front a few days later than Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray, whose unit, with complete equipment, including X-ray apparatus, left for France on September 15, its offer of service having been accepted by the French Government.

Of these two units I would like to speak later, and will confine myself for the moment to the work of the National Union of Suffrage Societies, which has been responsible for no less than five units in France and Serbia, the Scottish Federation of the Union having initiated them and administered them under the splendid leadership of Dr. Elsie Inglis, who travelled up and down the

country appealing for funds, and who has now gone to Serbia to help there.

The first hospital was started at Calais, with Dr. Alice Hutchinson and Dr. Phillips in charge, and with a staff of ten fully trained nurses. This work was undertaken at the request of Dr. Depage, the famous Belgian surgeon. In the typhoid annexe, of which they were given charge, they had the lowest death-rate of any typhoid hospital in Calais.

The next contingent to go abroad was a complete unit in charge of Dr. Frances Ivens, under the auspices of the French Red Cross, and it took up its quarters at the beautiful old Abbaye de Royaumont, seven miles from Chantilly and twelve from Creil, which is the principal distributing station for the wounded. The Abbaye, which dates from the twelfth century, and is said to have been founded by Blanche de Castile, had been disused for ten years or more—since the time when the French Government ejected

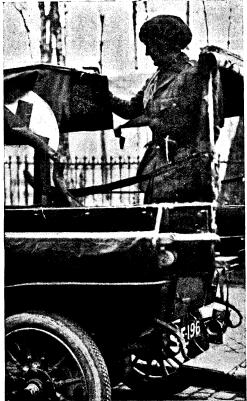


Photo by

[Alfieri.

A RED CROSS CAR DRIVEN BY THE WOMEN'S NURSING YEOMANRY CORPS, AFTER A NARROW ESCAPE, A SHELL HAVING GONE RIGHT THROUGH 1T, BUT WITHOUT EXPLODING.

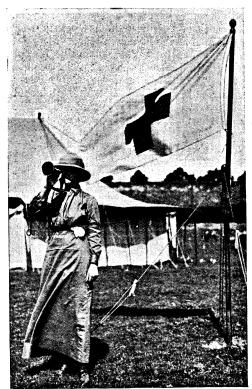


Photo by]

[Central News.

SOUNDING THE REVEILLE IN THE CAMP OF THE WOMEN'S NURSING YEOMANRY CORPS IN FLANDERS.

the nuns—so it was found to be in a state of great disrepair. But, nothing daunted, the staff set to work, and in an amazingly short time grappled successfully with a whole host of difficulties. It was almost impossible to get outside help, and there were no stoves and no coals, and there was no hot water. The story of their experiences in getting the premises ready sounds something like what one might expect to happen in a disused ranch house in the wilds of Finally the hospital was ready to the West. be inspected by the French military hospital authorities, who gave their cordial approval, and recognised it as Hôpital Auxiliaire 301. It was equipped with an X-ray apparatus, and had attached to it a fleet of motor ambulances driven by women chauffeurs. It is the only hospital in the district fitted with an X-ray apparatus, and patients have been brought from all adjoining neighbourhoods to have their bullets extracted. staff, over fifty in number, consists entirely of women, with the exception of the electrician. There were originally one hundred beds, but these have been increased to two hundred, and now a laboratory has been added. The work of this hospital has been greatly appreciated by the French military authorities, and a practical proof of the value of the unit lies in the fact that a special request has been sent down from the military authorities that Hôpital Auxiliaire 301 should take the most serious cases, and discharge them immediately they are convalescent.

The five wards are called after Blanche of Castile, Millicent Fawcett, Joan of Arc, Margaret of Scotland, and Queen Mary—in very truth representative women of all time. Mrs. Harley, sister of Sir John French, was for some months lay administrator at Royaumont, but she has now gone to Troyes to fill the same office in the second French unit. Miss Cicely Hamilton has been acting as clerk there since the beginning. Most interesting and delightful letters come from her, harbingers, let us hope, of a connected record and history of this fine undertaking, of which all women are so proud.

General Joffre has taken a personal interest in this hospital, and sent through his aidede-camp a gift of three hundred francs

for the men, out of a donation of one thousand francs entrusted to him for distribution in the neighbourhood.

The second French unit has been established at the Château Chanteloupe, Troyes, ninety miles south-east of Paris. It lies within forty miles of the firing-line, and its situation thus forms one of the principal stations for the reception wounded from the seat of war. hospital is a twohundred-bed one, and is, with the exception of the operating theatre, entirely under canvas. The

students of Girton and Newnham subscribed £1800, and it is known as the Girton and Newnham Unit. Dr. Louise McIlroy, of Glasgow, and Dr. Laura Sandeman, of

Aberdeen, are in charge, and Mrs. Harley is lay administrator. It is directly under the French military authorities, at whose request it came into existence. It has an X-ray apparatus and a fleet of motor ambulances. A bacteriological laboratory, under the management of Dr. Ellen Porter, of Edinburgh, is an important feature of the hospital. It differs from the Royaumont and all other French hospitals in that it is the first hospital in which the French wounded have been nursed under canvas, and consequently it has aroused a great deal of attention everywhere. The Ministère de la Guerre has arranged with the Scottish Committee that this hospital should continue work for the duration of the War, and General Joffre's personal approval has been received that it should be a military hospital and under military control.

It is now proposed to open a clearing hospital, or *ambulance flottante*, near to the firing-line. The very bad cases would be first tended there, and afterwards sent on to Royaumont. The London Society of the National Union of Suffrage Societies has

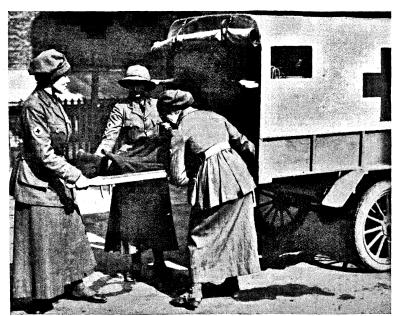


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[Alfieri.

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST-AID NURSING YEOMANRY CORPS TAKING WOUNDED FROM BEHIND THE TRENCHES. MISS MURIEL THOMPSON (ON THE LEFT) HAS BEEN DECORATED BY KING ALBERT FOR BRAVERY IN THE FIELD.

presented a travelling X-ray motor ambulance costing over £1000, to be attached to this ambulance flottante, under the charge of Dr. Agnes Savile, of Harley Street, and has

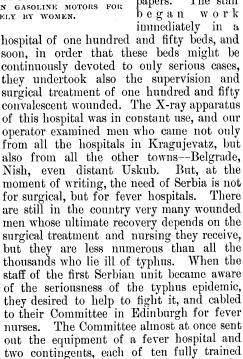
undertaken to maintain it for at least three months. I had the advantage of seeing this generous gift when it was shown recently in the grounds of that other pride of the their lives and enhancing their chances of entire recovery.

In addition to these French units, the Scottish women's hospitals have sent two

units to Serbia, and a third is in process of formation.

The first Serbian unit, in charge of Dr. Eleanor Soltau, and consisting of five women doctors, with nurses, dressers, orderlies, arrived at Kragujevatz on January 6. Miss Douglas Irvine, the authoress, who accompanied the unit as clerk, writes :—

"It was welcomed by the authorities with eagerness, and found a need for its labours such as exceeded all that had been described in Western newspapers. The staff



nurses, and also five doctors, asked for by



Photo by]

INTERIOR OF THE X-RAY MOTOR AMBULANCE PRESENTED BY THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS TO THE RED CROSS. IT CARRIES ITS OWN GASOLINE MOTORS FOR RADIOGRAPHY, WHICH IS UNDERTAKEN ENTIRELY BY WOMEN.

woman movement, Bedford College, Regent's Park. The car carries a tent which can be packed into the rear, under which the table for taking photographs can be raised. There is a dark room in the car where photographs can be developed even while it is in motion. The car will be driven by a woman. It is very interesting to note the importance of radiography in this War, and the enthusiasm and natural aptitude of women for this department of service. Several women doctors have greatly distinguished themselves in it since the War began, and, in addition to others working in France and Serbia, Dr. Florence Stoney is in charge of this department at the military hospital, Fulham.

The sight of this wonderful car, and the realisation of the merciful purposes for which it was destined, held me for a long time. It was thrilling to think that it could just be telephoned for, and that it could speed from one field hospital to another, and thus be the means not only of sparing the wounded the suffering and physical strain of a long drive, but probably also of saving the Serbian Government. The authorities in Serbia gave a building in Kragujevatz, which was disposed as a typhus hospital, and contains two hundred beds. This has now been transferred to Mlavadovatz, and is working under canvas."

Dr. Elsie Inglis, who has lately left for Serbia, reports that this unit has been responsible altogether for five hundred and seventy beds, and that General Soubititch, the Chief Medical Officer of the Serbian Army, said that "it was the best in Serbia, and that we did not expect impossibilities of the country, but made the best of what we could get."

Serbia's need, however, was so great that the Government asked for more help, and to express my gratitude for this help given me by the Serbian unit. They leave here blessed by myself, surgeons, nurses, and patients alike, for they have proved themselves most capable and untiring workers. They never made the smallest difficulty, and would not have been sorry had I ordered them to remain another week."

This unit is now at Valjevo, on the north-west frontier of Serbia.

The third Serbian unit is shortly being dispatched. This is called the Wales and London Unit, the funds for its equipment having been subscribed by London and Wales, which has also sent a large motor ambulance to Serbia. It is staffed and equipped to nurse two hundred beds, and is

entirely arranged with the idea of splitting up into a fever and a surgical staff, and its destination has been fixed for Ujitza.

All these units are working in touch with Colonel Hunter, of the R.A.M.C., who has been sent out by the War Office to take charge of the sanitary arrange-ments, and are sanctioned by Sir Ralph Paget, British Commissioner. They have posts of honour, being situated in the north-western



Photo by]

AN OPERATION IN THE ENGLISHWOMEN'S HOSPITAL IN PARIS.

the second Serbian unit, in charge of Dr. Alice Hutchinson, was sent in April. was staffed and equipped to nurse two hundred beds, to form a mobile base hospital, tents being the improved hygienic method of dealing with typhus and other epidemics and fevers. Dr. Alice Hutchinson's experience of military hospitals, in her work with the Women's Convoy Corps in the Balkan War, rendered her specially fitted for this work, and it is good to think that her valuable services were secured. This unit, on its arrival at Malta, was commandeered by the Governor to nurse our own wounded men from the Dardanelles, and when the unit left, Lord Methuen, the Governor, wrote: "It is not in my power district of Serbia, the area in which there has been the greatest amount of distress, and which, in the event of further hostilities, will again be seriously affected.

I have not dwelt on this distress, for it is well known by all of us that the sufferings of Serbia from one of the most disastrous epidemics of modern times have been appalling and heartrending. But here at least is one description of the conditions which the Scottish units found existing there at the beginning:—

"The most terrible sight I have seen here is the big fever hospital, a huge barracks, where there are said to be one thousand five hundred cases of fever, mostly enteric, typhus, and recurrent. Among their

patients the acknowledged death-rate is ten a day, the fill of our hospital in a fortnight! With a fellow-member of the unit I went over the typhus wards one day. You really cannot imagine what it was like. There were only a few doctors for their hundreds of cases, and otherwise only orderlies, who are terrified for their own safety, poor wretches, and just crowd in corners, doing nothing unless driven to it. All along the corridors patients were packed together, and one of the corridors was so dark one could not see the patients' faces at first."

It was to relieve conditions of this terrible nature that these heroic women, at great.

up a gymkhana for the patients in the hospital yard—a very simple affair, but it gave them the keenest enjoyment. In the middle of the sports I went into the wards to give tobacco to the men who were not able to come out and enjoy the fun, and whilst there I heard such laughter and cheers that I could not help thinking—there we all were, Turks and British and Serbs and Austrians, all playing together as happily as possible—perhaps if we played more together and knew one another better, such awful things as this War would not happen. At the end we gave some simple prizes—tobacco and cigarettes and knives."



THE ENGLISH WOMEN DOCTORS' HOSPITAL, HEADED BY DR. GARRETT ANDERSON, IN PARIS.

All the men in this ward are Scotch, belonging to various regiments. The visitor is a slightly wounded French "Tommy," who is a patient in another ward.

personal sacrifice and risk, undertook the work which they have so bravely and effectively carried out. Some have been very ill and have mercifully recovered. Some have died at their posts. Amongst the nurses and orderlies the death-roll has been excessive also, and the list of those who have given their lives includes the well-known name of that clever writer and most gifted woman Mrs. Percy Dearmer, and of Miss Neil Fraser, the famous golfer.

I cannot resist quoting, as a cheering instance of the improvement of conditions in Serbia, the following extract from one of Dr. Elsie Inglis's latest letters. She writes: "The other day, Dr. Lilian Chesney got

A question frequently asked is why the Scottish women's hospitals are not working for their own country. The answer is, of course, that they wished to do so, but were given to understand that the needs of the British Army were fully met by established organisations. So they offered themselves to Belgium, France, and Serbia.

Since then, however, our own War Office has taken a different attitude towards the women doctors, and Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray now rank as majors in the British Army, and are in charge of the military hospital in Endell Street, for five hundred and fifty British soldiers.

These doctors organised a unit which they called the Women's Hospital Corps, and went to Paris on September 15, 1914, at the request of the Union des Femmes de France, one of the three constituent Societies of the Croix Rouge Française. The Corps consisted of seven doctors, three women orderlies, and an adequate staff of fully trained nurses.

Dr. Anderson kindly allows me to insert the following extract from one of her letters:—

"We were soon established in the Champs Elysées, in Claridge's Hotel, a magnificent new building with marble halls and painted



Photo bul

[Newspaper Illustrations.

WOMAN DOCTOR TREATING A CASE OF SHELL DEAFNESS WITH AN ELECTRIC KEYBOARD.

ceilings. 'Never thought as I'd sleep in a marble 'all, I didn't, and so I laid awake and looked around me all night, I did,' as one of the patients said. It was to have opened in the autumn, and was built to attract millionaires, but the War came and brought stretcher-loads of wounded instead.

"Friends gave us a magnificent equipment, which included an X-ray apparatus, instruments, and operating table and surgical dressings measured by the ton in weight.

"Claridge's Hotel provided the shell of a beautiful hospital. In less than a week, with the assistance of a carpenter and lathes and calico, the hotel was transformed into a hospital. The ladies' cloak-room, with tiled floor and walls, made the operating theatre, the hairdressing saloon was fitted as the X-ray room, and a large room with a beautiful ceiling light made the mortuary chapel.

"During the first weeks in Paris we were very busy. Most of the men were badly wounded. Transport arrangements were still defective, and the patients suffered

greatly before they reached us.

"We will not forget the beauty of Paris in the early autumn mornings, and the processions from the hospital. The Champs Elysées was bathed in soft lights; the Arc de Triomphe looked ethereal; the trees were golden, and the distances faded into misty blue. All the beauty and poetry of Paris did honour to the dead. The firing picket drew up before the gate, the coffin, covered by the flag, was saluted by men in the streets, while the women crossed themselves and ran to put flowers upon it. A wreath, with 'France Reconnaissante' upon it, was carried on the hearse, and members of the corps walked with it. Poor people in the streets used to stop us to give money pour les blessés."

Their hospital was a great success. The perfection of their equipment and organisation, and the quiet, methodical way in which both doctors went about their work, aroused warm admiration amongst the Parisians, and later amongst the many British military who came to inspect the hospital. They had British as well as French wounded, and it was to arrange about the British that one of the highly-placed officials of the Army originally came to the hospital.

Another visit from him followed on the He did not, however, seem to want to remove the British, but, on the contrary, asked if the work could be extended, so that more patients could be taken in necessary. After this our militant doctors appear to have run the gauntlet of innumerable British military officials Army and civilian medical men, and the upshot of the whole matter was that the British War Office got to know definitely that here was valuable work being done under the French Red Cross, and that there was no reason why it should not be done for the British Army. So when later the battle-line had moved further north, and fewer wounded were being brought to Paris, and the Women's Hospital Corps opened another hospital at Wimereux, near Boulogne,

in the Château Mauricien, this is what

happened:--

"On Monday afternoon," says the Journal, "we went into Boulogne and called at the headquarters. We walked into a bare room, where two officials were sitting at different ends of a table, presented our cards and our letter of introduction. Colonel —— looked up at us and said: 'Oh, yes, I know all about you. You are the Women's Hospital Corps. You are extremely welcome here. We are delighted to hear you are going to

at once: 'Yes, you must have rations, certainly. And have you a quartermaster?' We had never thought about a quartermaster, but we said: 'Oh, yes, we have a quartermaster'— simultaneously, in our minds, appointing Orderly Campbell!"

This hospital, then, has been the first of those organised and staffed by women to be given official recognition by the War Office. They lived on Army rations, and indented for stores, clothing, and coal. It is interesting also to learn that two of



NURSES OF MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART'S STAFF ATTENDING TO PATIENTS AT A WAYSIDE DISPENSARY
AT KRAGUJEVATZ, IN SERBIA.

establish yourselves'—and more of the same kind. The other Colonel said: 'How many beds will you have?' We told them we were established, that we would have up to a hundred beds, and asked them whether we should be used. He said: 'Yes, you shall be used to the fullest extent.' We asked whether we should be working under them, and he said: 'Certainly; you will be working directly under me.' He then began to give me instructions as to what books to wire for, what forms and statistics to keep, and how to classify cases, while Dr. Anderson broached the question of rations. He said

the younger doctors of the staff were at once borrowed by the R.A.M.C., and were employed at one of the stationary hospitals, where they rendered invaluable service.

But notwithstanding these new developments of the work, the Women's Hospital Corps continued to keep on the Paris hospital as well; but as both fewer French and British wounded were being sent to Paris, and as, in addition, there were increasing difficulties connected with the heating of it, they finally retired from the French Red Cross, and transferred all their staff and equipments to Wimereux. They

evidently left the scene of their early

successes regretting and regretted.

"You have set a standard," said one of the military officials to them, "which is quite unknown, even amongst the auxiliary hospitals. It is a fine thing to have you here. It would be a misfortune if you were to leave, because you are such a good example of what a hospital ought to be."

They appear to have finished up with a real Christmas party and two plays. Here is the delightful description from the

Journal :—

"Christmas preparations beginning. Got a lot of coloured paper and started the men eighty-six—had all the beds conveyed in, and we had a grand dinner. We had excellent turkey, plum puddings, port wine, and so on. They enjoyed themselves tremendously. Then, when the puddings came up, we had a procession of myself and six nurses, each bearing a lighted pudding round, and they cheered and cheered the puddings again and again.

"After that we got arranged in the front

ward, and the performance began.

"'The Deserter' was an excellent play. They gave us a recruiting station, a scene at the Front, a desertion, and a court-martial, with the sentence carried out, the whole



A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION BY SOME OF MRS. STOBART'S NURSING STAFF IN SERBIA.

People come from all parts of Serbia for treatment, and sometimes will wait for days outside, with their patients in wagons, until they can receive attention from the staff.

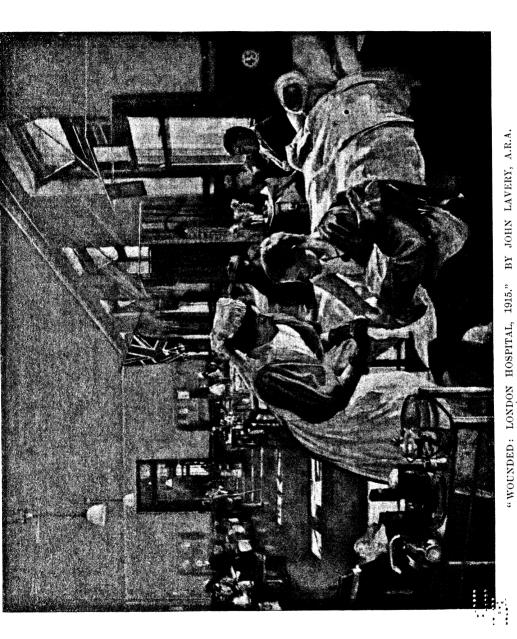
on their decorations. This occupation kept them happy for the whole week and very busy, all vying with each other as to which should have the prize. Elaborate skill in most wards!

"We had a real Christmas atmosphere on Christmas Eve, when, in the half-dark, by the light of the braseros, the men and the night-nurses were seen hanging stockings all round the beds. At five o'clock I was wakened by roars of laughter, shouts of joy, reminiscent of nursery life, which continued on for the rest of the day.

"Our programme was to get the dressings over early, and then we collected all the tables in twos—seating accommodation for

thing done with the greatest composure and steadiness, which made it very realistic. But what delighted us most of all was the way they took the officers off. The colonel, shuffling his papers and throwing a brief word at the unfortunate delinquent; the lieutenant, trying to bully the sergeant they had got them absolutely, gesture, voice, manner, and appearance. In the middle of the performance Colonel arrived and inquired what we were all doing One realised that his presence in the front would make the men feel extremely uncomfortable, so I did my best to get him out of the place as quickly as possible.

"The ward at the other end was quite



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jealous of the success of this ward, and announced that it would give an entertainment the following night. So we were given a story of a burglary and a scene in court. I missed most of it myself, but arrived on the scene in time to see a judge, in red flannel, with a cotton-wool wig, who every now and then himself roared: 'Silence in court!'"

The following interesting passage from the Journal throws a light on the French soldier, of whom we over here know so little:—

"We have been very much struck by the mental shock from which the French soldiers Our own men are of a less are suffering. They have a stronger spiritual fibre. physique, and though the older ones are most obviously affected by the horrors of what they have gone through, and come out of the trenches nauseated, disgusted, and overwhelmed by the sights which they have seen, and which they will never forget, the French have, in addition, to bear the fearful anxiety of an invasion. In their delirium, and under an anæsthetic, they talk about France, and their beautiful country, and their homes, and the horror of the Germans coming We ourselves in England have round Paris. no conception of what it means to have that additional anxiety when one is fighting. All this increases the nervous shock and distress, and lessens the vitality."

Equal success and appreciation awaited the Women's Hospital Corps at Wimereux, and so admirable was their work there that, at the beginning of March, the War Office offered them the organisation of a general hospital of five hundred and twenty beds in or near London, and they accepted the offer and home. Their hospital is returned hospital, Endell Street, military Their staff consists of fourteen doctors, amongst whom are a pathologist, ophthalmic surgeon, and a dental surgeon. There are thirty-six nursing sisters and eighty orderlies, and that same quartermaster appointed by telepathy on that auspicious occasion at Wimereux continues her work here on this enlarged scale.

For some mysterious reason it would seem to be a law of the Medes and Persians that military hospitals should not be written about, but it is well known that the men are looked after by the Women's Hospital Corps with the greatest skill and devotion, that everything is done by the whole staff to make them happy, and to maintain a homelike and cheery atmosphere, which greatly helps in their recuperation.

Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray have made, by the vision which prompted them to go to France, and by the success of their work, and the recognition they have won from the War Office, a contribution of unspeakable value to the woman movement all the world over, while there is no doubt that their initiative, alertness, and attainment have stimulated and encouraged further activities amongst the French medical women themselves.

It is singularly fitting that one of these new pioneer medical women should be the daughter of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, whose own pioneer work in the past helped to win for women their entry into the medical profession. And it is delightful to learn that when she heard that they intended to go to France to undertake this work, she said: "If you go, you will put forward your cause by a hundred years." And when she saw them off at the station, her parting words were: "If I had been twenty years younger, I should have taken them myself."

That is the spirit which won the battlefield

for women in the past.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who did admirable work for the wounded in the Balkans, was among the first to take the field on the outbreak of war. She began work in Brussels, but was arrested by the Germans as a spy. She and the others with her were, however, released, and escaped to England, and, nothing daunted, at once set about organising a hospital unit, staffed by women, to help in Belgium. She invited Dr. Florence Stoney to be head of the medical staff and to take charge of the X-ray department, the apparatus of which had been generously given by Lady Cowdray. The following is part of Dr. Stoney's account:—

"We started for Antwerp, at the invitation of the Belgian Croix Rouge, on September 20, There we had a hospital with one hundred beds, the number of which was increased later to one hundred and thirty-five. Our staff consisted of six women doctors, ten trained nurses, as well as several women orderlies. We were working there just over a fortnight, during which time we had more than two hundred cases, most of them They were straight from the trenches. Belgians and a few British. In the latter days surgery was rendered difficult because the water-supply was cut off, and for this reason, water for the whole hospital had to On October 8 be fetched from a well. the bombardment took place. We were eighteen hours under shell-fire before we could place our patients in comparative safety. During this time not a single one of our party was hit, though the ground was littered with shell, and houses round were

burning.

"We ourselves finally got away across the k idge of boats on London motor buses, sitting on British ammunition cases. road out of Antwerp was one sad procession of fleeing peasants, troops, cattle, guns, wagons, children, carts, all moving in the same direction as rapidly as possible. we left Antwerp, the city was blazing in over twenty places, the oil reservoirs by the river being a pillar of fire one hundred feet high; but nothing else seemed to matter once we got away from the whiz of the shells, and for two nights we were thankful to get a wooden floor to sleep on. The bridge of boats across the Scheldt was blown up by the Belgians twenty minutes after we

"Our hospital unit was next invited by the French Croix Rouge to go to Cherbourg, and there we established ourselves, on November 6, in Château Tourlaville, as the Anglo-French Hospital No. 2, under the sanction of the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance."

Here they worked, looking after very seriously wounded French, Belgians, and Africans, and gaining golden opinions from the authorities, and working under the Port doctor. Dr. Conteaud, Médecin Général de la Marine, wrote of the Women's Hospital at Cherbourg:—

"J'ai admiré le sangfroid, le calme, et l'habilité des doctoresses, qui ne laissent rien à envier aux qualités professionelles des

hommes médecins."

And General Gaffiot, Commandant of the Fifth and Eighth Sub-divisions, wrote:—

"J'ai emporté de la visite à Tourlaville un sentiment de grande admiration pour la superbe installation de cet hôpital, et pour les soins si dévoués donnés aux blessés français."

The good work done there makes one regret all the more that the hospital was so far from the Front that it had finally to be given up. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart organised another unit for Serbia, and Dr. Florence Stoney, as already stated, returned home, and is in charge of the X-ray department at the military hospital, Fulham, a hospital of over nine hundred beds. The history of the whole of this enterprise is particularly interesting, because it is an admirable illustration not only of the ability and initiative of women, but also of their courage, cool-headedness,

and endurance. The picture often rises before me of those doctors and nurses carrying down to the cellars their helpless patients when the bombardment of Antwerp began. Miss Macnaughtan, the authoress, accompanied Mrs. Stobart's unit to Antwerp, and stayed on afterwards, giving devoted service in many directions.

Special mention should be made of the Australian Women's Hospital, in one of the quietest parts in Auteuil, which was founded by Mrs. William Smith, of Melbourne, and her two daughters, Dr. Helen Sexton and Mrs. R. Blackwood. The latest news of this hospital is that it has now been

recognised as a military hospital.

The space at my disposal prevents me from dwelling at length on many of the other undertakings carried through, and still being carried through, by women doctors, in groups or singly. But I must not omit to mention Dr. Agnes Bennett, who was in Egypt when medical workers were badly needed, and was taken into the New Zealand Army Medical Corps with the rank and pay of captain. She at once went on duty at the Egyptian Army Hospital, which has been lent to the New Zealand Government. There she found Dr. Grace Russell, who is a medical officer in the employ of the Egyptian Government, engaged in all sorts of public health work, and who had been lent to New Zealand. Dr. Russell was called away owing to an outbreak of typhus among the Nor must I omit the name of Dr. Isabel Ormiston, who was decorated by the King of the Belgians for the splendid services to the Belgian wounded at Ostend, and later at the Queen of the Belgians' hospital at La Panne. She is now one of the staff of the hospital that was sent by the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee to Montenegro.

This account cannot in any way aim at being comprehensive, because of the difficulty of getting details, owing to the absence of the workers themselves, and the vastness of the area over which the activities are spread. There are several hospitals which have been equipped by English, Canadian, and American women, or both equipped and organised by women only, but not staffed by them, and of these, Lady Paget's in Serbia ranks as one of the very best. And a field ambulance, organised by Dr. Hector Munro, had on its staff four women, whose pluck in the firing-line has met with wide recognition. Miss May Sinclair accompanied this unit in the beginning, and gives a wonderful account of her experiences in her volume called "A Journal of Impressions in Belgium."

A British field hospital for Belgium, consisting of four women and three men doctors, also worked at Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and on a hospital ship. One member, Dr. Maude, was then asked by the War Office to go as anæsthetist to an R.A.M.C. unit in Calais. Later she took charge of a rest-house near Dunkirk, where convoys could call for medical assistance, and leave cases which could not stand the whole journey in one day. This was in the danger zone, and her wounded were very often the victims of bomb attacks. The

Women's First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry, some members of which are attached to the Fifth Division of the Belgian Army, is doing splendid service, often in the actual firing-line.

Imperfect though this record is, it will at least give some idea of the activities of the medical women in this War, and of the efficiency of their work. As Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh said recently: "The idea that the medical education of women is an experiment must pass away. It has proved its worth, and nobody can doubt that it has come to stay—and to stay for the public good."



POST OBITUM.

Soon love's glad hours for us will cease to be, And we no more shall walk this earthly vale, And see no more the sunlit lands and sea, Or watch the sunsets, see the daylight pale.

We shall not see Spring drest in wonted green, Or see pale Winter's robes of virgin white; But we shall lie unthought of and unseen, And know no more earth's flitting day or night.

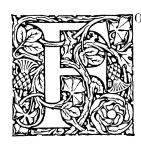
Yet death shall be a dream of that dear place
Where once we pledged our love an eve in June;
Through all time I shall see your happy face,
And feel you near beneath that summer moon.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

THE APPLE-GREEN PLATE

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy



OR scenic purposes
the grill-room of
Caro's Restaurant
consisted of an
exceedingly pretty
girl in a tailor-made
costume and a
nice-looking, cleanshaven man in a
blue serge suit.
There were tables,

of course, and red-shaded lamps on little flower-decked tables, a few ubiquitous waiters, and the usual flavour of bygone food. The crowd consisted of other diners, but the man in the blue suit was not in the least concerned with these—indeed, he was ungrateful enough to wonder why the pretty girl with the intelligent grey eyes had seated herself at his table when there were so many places to spare. It was not until the fish was finished that the girl looked up and addressed her companion demurely by name.

"I am afraid you are offended with me,

Mr. Roscoe," she said.

"Well, no," the man said. "On the whole, I think not. By the way, you are quite sure

my name is Roscoe?"

"Of course," the girl smiled. "Mr. Paul Roscoe. Don't you remember that adventure in Norway many years ago, when you saved our party after the fall of the avalanche. I think it was the bravest thing I ever saw. And you were so modest about it, too. You disappeared before any of us could thank you."

"It sounds very nice," Roscoe murmured.
"I mean, it's very flattering to one's vanity.
I hope you will give me the credit for no desire to pose, but I had quite forgotten all about it. In fact, to tell you the truth, I was not quite sure who I am till you addressed

me by name. I suppose there is no doubt whatever that I really am called Roscoe?"

The girl looked up swiftly. But no smile lurked in her companion's eyes—he was cool, but grave.

"Why do you speak so strangely?" she

"Well, I don't mind telling you," Roscoe said. "By the way—— Thank you very much. Miss Lucy Lake, of The Daily Telephone. I have never met a lady journalist before. But I like your face, and I think I can trust you. If I don't trust someone, I shall go Now, three days ago, late in the evening, I woke up from a sleep on the Thames Embankment, and since then I have lost my identity. I was dressed as you see me now, I had a few sovereigns and my watch and chain in my pocket, together with a card-case containing some pieces of pasteboard bearing the name 'Paul Roscoe.' For the first time in my life I regretted the fact that it is one of my silly habits not to have an address on my cards. I suppose it is because I change my lodgings so frequently. At any rate, there I was, absolutely alone in London, with no idea of where I lived and where I came from, except that my name was probably Paul Roscoe. But then I might have been anybody else—it might easily have been some other chap's card-case. I gathered I had met with an accident, because, if you look at me closely, you will see that I have a long strip of plaster under my hair, and uncommonly tender the place is. You can imagine what I felt at the

"How deeply interesting!" the girl cried.
"What did you do then? You did not go to the police, because——"

"Because the police are looking for me," Roscoe smiled, as the girl hesitated. "I am quite aware of that fact. But why they want me, and what I've done, goodness only I don't feel a bit like a criminal, I don't feel as if I had committed any Do I look like a thief?"

"No," Lucy Lake laughed, "you don't."
"Precisely my opinion," Roscoe said. "But don't you think we are getting on Let me go back to the rather too fast? beginning. As a matter of fact, I did not go to the police. I did not feel in the least nervous, because, you see, I had money on me, and I thought that, perhaps, in an hour or two my memory would come back to me. But it did not, and here I am now, feeling like a grown man who was born at the beginning of the week. I can recollect nothing that happened before Monday evening. I walked about till quite late, and then I decided to look for lodgings. But though a man may be well dressed and have money in his pocket, he can't walk into any place at eleven o'clock at night without a portmanteau, even if it happens to be filled So I decided to go to one with bricks. of the Rowton Houses and take a bed-sittingroom there. I knew I could get this for a shilling a night, and that I could obtain my food from the nearest cookshop. You see. the advantage of the Rowton Houses is this—you can go there in rags or in dressclothes, and nobody is in the least curious. When I woke in the morning, my mind was as blank as ever. But I felt perfectly fit and well, and inclined to let the adventure take its course. I read the papers to see if anybody was interested in the noble family of Roscoe; but no one seemed to be worrying about me till the third day, when I saw a notice issued by Scotland Yard to the effect that one Paul Roscoe had absconded from his lodgings, and that fifty pounds reward was offered to anybody who would give such information as would lead to his—or, rather, my—arrest. This was sufficiently alarming, and none the less so because I had not the remotest notion of what I'd done. you happen to know?"

"They called it robbery with violence,"

the girl said.

"Is that a fact?" Roscoe asked blankly. "Then I am mad-Broadmoor is my place. I ought to be locked up. I can only admire your courage in calmly talking to me like this."

"I am a journalist," the girl said. have only just joined The Telephone, and I am anxious to make good. To get hold of a really fine story means so much to me.

may tell you that the mysterious disappearance of Paul Roscoe has gripped the popular imagination. Some crimes do."

"Oh, come, I say!" Roscoe protested.

"Well, you see," the girl apologised, "I must for the moment regard you as a case. Robbery with violence has actually been committed, you have disappeared from your lodgings, and the police are looking for you everywhere. I had only a vague idea that you were the Mr. Roscoe I knew; but when I came by blind luck into this restaurant here, and saw you sitting at this table, I was sure of my ground, especially when I saw you had shaved off your moustache. was a foolish thing to do."

"Do you think so?" Roscoe asked forlornly. "Well, perhaps I was a bit nervous. You see, I had money, and it was easy enough to buy a few necessaries, such as shirts and collars and toothbrush, to say nothing of a safety But I have not made the slightest attempt to hide myself—my presence here proves that. I dare say that's why the police have not picked me up. And, you see, there was always the chance of running up against someone who knew me-yourself, for instance."

"It really is a most remarkable case," Lucy said, with professional enthusiasm. am speaking now, of course, as a journalist. As a woman, I sympathise with you deeply. and I feel quite sure there is a hideous mistake somewhere. But had not you anything about you to prove your identity beyond a card-case? I thought all men carried a lot of letters in their pockets."

"Oh, thanks for reminding me," Roscoe exclaimed. "There was a telegram. I dare say, when I got it, it was intelligible enough, but it's so much Greek to me now. personal favour, tell me what you make of it."

Roscoe flattened the telegram out on the The postmark was Birmingham; it was addressed to one Roscoe at the lodgings which he had, so to speak, evacuated, and

"Arrange for you to see vendor to-night. Whatever you do, bring the goods with you. Will meet your train. Walter."

"Now, what do you make of that?" Roscoe asked. "Who the Dickens is Walter, and what is he so anxious for me to take to Birmingham? Did he meet my train by which I did not arrive, and has he communicated with the police? Now, how I got that telegram I have not the remotest

idea. And there's another thing—in one of my side coat-pockets is a piece of a broken plate. Now, where on earth did I get a piece of broken plate? Why—oh, why did I put that platter in my pocket?"

Miss Lake's eyes lighted up swiftly. She bent forward eagerly and grasped Roscoe by

the arm.

"I hope you did not throw that away?"

she whispered.

"Well, I did not," Roscoe said. "Here it is. And, in some vague way, I seem to feel that I am, or was, a judge of old china. You see, this piece has been part of a plate which has been broken and most cleverly mended without the aid of rivets. You can see that by the brown edges of the paste. I should say that the plate had been dropped, and that the shock had detached this fragment without further damaging it. looks to me like a bit of the famous applegreen which is one of the characteristics of Chinese pottery belonging to the Ming You will see that there is a Dynasty. curious thread of gold running through itindeed, I should not be surprised to find that this plate at one time had formed part of the famous Middleton dinner service. There was one plate missing in that amazing collection, but I am so misty and confused that I can't work it out anyhow. Now, do you happen to know anything about Oriental china?'

"Absolutely nothing," Lucy Lake admitted.
"Now, in return, would you mind answering a question for me? Is the name of Sir Peter Mallison at all familiar to you?"

Roscoe rubbed his forehead vaguely.

"It is, and it is not," he whispered. "When you spoke of the man, a flash of lightning seemed to dart through my brain, but everything is dark again now. As I told you, I recollect nothing prior to the time when I woke up on the Thames Embankment on Monday night. Now, is there any sort of connection between that piece of apple-green platter and the source of my trouble? You seem to know everything, and, if you will tell me, I shall be exceedingly grateful. What have I done?"

"Perhaps I had better tell you," Lucy said. "About eight o'clock on Monday evening you went round to St. Peter's Court in Kensington, which is a large block of flats, and you went by appointment to see Sir Peter Mallison, who resides there."

"It's strange how illusively familiar the name is," Roscoe murmured. "Most irritating, I call it."

"It is, perhaps, not so strange as you think. I see I must treat you as one who hears all these details for the first time. But it is a fact that you went round to St. Peter's Court to see Sir Peter, who is one of the most famous collectors of coins and works of art in Europe. He is a very old man, who lives alone in his flat, where his wants are looked after for an hour or two a day by a charwoman, and his meals are sent in from an adjacent hotel. The old gentleman has been the mark of thieves more than once, and especially lately, because it has leaked out that he has recently bought a valuable collection of gold coins. Amongst his other treasures he happened to possess the missing plate from the Middleton dinner service. Sir Peter only found that out lately, and, when he did so, he made up his mind not to sell it to the owner of the Middleton china unless he could get a fancy price for it. I understand that two hundred guineas was what he was asking an exorbitant price for a plate—but, on the other hand, its possession would enhance the value of the great service by quite a thousand pounds. Now, I know—for I've had it from the police themselves—that you, or, at any rate, somebody calling himself Paul Roscoe, wrote and asked Sir Peter for an appointment last Monday evening, to go into the question of the purchase of the plate. That letter was found by the authorities when they were called into St. Peter's Court on Tuesday morning by the charwoman. Sir Peter lay on the carpet in his bedroom; he had evidently been severely ill-treated, and up to to-night had not regained consciousness."

"Oh, I'm mad!" Roscoe said. "I am suffering from delusions. You are an illusion—a beautiful one, of course, but a figment of the imagination, all the same. Of course, the police found my letter, and

that's why they are after me."

"You are suffering from no delusion," Lucy said sympathetically; "your deductions are too logical for that. As a matter of fact, your letter was found, and so were the fragments of the historic plate, with the exception of the piece on the table. Moreover, the gold coins are all missing, and so far have not been traced. No doubt by this time they have been melted down. Some reporter, a little wiser than the rest, found out the history of the apple-green plate, and wrote quite a nice little story around it. It was a neat and clever piece of work, and appealed strongly to the popular imagination. This is why everybody is talking about the

missing Paul Roscoe, who is walking round London quite ignorant of the fact that he is

a fugitive from justice."

"But the thing's incredible!" Roscoe cried. "I suppose the assumption is that I hit that poor old gentleman on the head and walked off with his collection of coins. If I were as clever as all that, why did I leave behind me the very thing I went to fetch? Besides, had I intended to rob the chap, I should have never been idiot enough to send him a letter. And what price that nasty wound in the side of my head—I mean the blow that has deprived me of my memory? I must have walked away from St. Peter's Court and gone straight to some doctor's surgery. He would never have sent me out in the street unless he had deemed me capable of finding my way home. Has this doctor turned up? Has he been to the police? You know so much about the case that you may be able to tell me. Of course, you may also think that I am trading on your credulity-

"One moment," Lucy interrupted. "You see the lamp on the table, don't you? Would you mind taking out the electric bulb? It seems to me to need cleaning. Thank you very much. Now, do you know what would happen if I took this knife and connected the positive and negative poles at

the point of contact?"

"Oh, that's easily answered," Roscoe said. "You would fuse the wires and plunge the

whole place in darkness."

"That is precisely what I am going to do," Lucy said coolly. "As a matter of fact, two detectives have just come into the room, and I have a strong suspicion they are after you. Call me selfish, if you like, but I cannot have my story spoilt by any clumsy interference. Now, then, quick!"

The lights went out—darkness fell like a Roscoe felt himself dragged by the arm along the floor, and a moment or two later he was being urged across the road through a mass of traffic. Then something seemed to strike him violently on the back of the head, and when he came to himself, he was seated in a taxi under a battery of curious eyes, and Miss Lake was quite coolly giving directions to the driver. All this Roscoe watched with an odd feeling of detachment. So far as he could understand, a policeman was saying that Dr. Frant's house was only just round the corner. the same apathetic way, Roscoe found himself presently lying on a couch in a consulting-room, with a little keen-eyed man diving a set of long fingers into various parts of his anatomy. Then for the first time one of the inquisitive digits touched the plastered spot on his head, and the rising surgeon looked grave.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he muttered. "Look here, Miss Lake, the smack our friend got on the head from a passing horse is nothing; but this other place is serious. Now, would you mind telling me, sir, where

you managed to get sand-bagged?"

"Don't ask me," Roscoe said indifferently. " $I ext{ don't know."}$

He lay there, taking no interest in the proceedings. He had a strange obsession that he was somebody else, that he was in a dream, and that the other people were talking behind curtain upon curtain of pink gauze, and the knowledge that someone had been plugging his ears with cotton-wool. Then presently it was borne in upon him that he was the subject of a discussion.

"Oh, dear, no, Miss Lake," Frant said. "He is not going back to his lodgings. He is going straight away to a nursing home on the other side of the road, and within an hour I am going to operate upon him. You see, I spent a year or two in San Francisco, and Mr. Roscoe will not be the first patient I have had who has been murderously assaulted with a sand-bag. No, it won't be a serious operation; there is a slight displacement of bone, where that sticking-plaster is, that presses on the brain. Roughly speaking, the bone will want forking up. Our friend will be as right as possible in a week. just telephone to the hospital for the anæsthetist and a colleague of mine, and meanwhile we'll get Mr. Roscoe ready for the fray."

Roscoe was quite resigned now. It seemed to him that he was the sport of fortunea helpless cork tossed on the waves of chance. He felt curiously indifferent to whatever happened. He was not nervous or excited—indeed, all the elaborate preparation interested him in a languid way. He was lying on a table presently, and someone was feeling his pulse. someone else placed a curious sort of inverted cup over his face, and told him to breathe easily. All the lights in the world and all the lamps of the universe went out, and everything was finished. . . .

When Roscoe came to himself, he was lying in a neat little bed in a cool, sweet room filled with brilliant sunshine. He could feel the morning breeze cool and refreshing upon his face, he could hear the leaping life of London from the outside. Everything was plain enough now — the cotton-wool had gone from his ears, and the pink gauze no longer veiled a keen and joyous world from his eyes. He lay there very still, very contented and happy, and gradually his mind began to reconstruct things. first it was all a curious medley of grey facts heaped together like the tangles of a jig-saw, and then outstanding parts began to marshal themselves into mathematical figures. were a telegram and a letter; here also were a set of chambers filled with all kinds of beautiful objects, a tall man with an air of settled melancholy, a man in evening-dress, wearing a heavy, drooping moustache. Came presently in the procession another man, diminutive and active, very dark and with sinister, almond - shaped Then an apple-green plate lying broken in fragments on a Persian carpet. . . .

From that point reconstruction became The real Paul Roscoe lay on his bed with a full knowledge that he was twenty-six years of age, that he was the Honourable Paul Roscoe, a Cambridge graduate and an old "Rugger" Blue, also that he was a man of considerable private means, and that people spoke of him as one of the finest experts in Oriental china. Also that telegram had come from Walter Helmore, a beastly rich young merchant, who was going to marry Roscoe's sister, and that the Middleton dinner service in its complete state was going to be one of the presents to the bride. Then into the picture came the pretty face and sweet intelligence of Miss Lucy Lake. Ripping girl that! Real good plucked 'un, too. Evidently had saved him from a nice mess. He went over the whole ground now, from the moment when he had arrived at Peter's flat till he had lain on the operating-table in an adjoining room. eye was clear and his smile pleasant as the white-capped nurse came in to see how he was getting on.

"Absolutely top-hole!" Roscoe said.
"Never felt better in my life. If you give me some breakfast—a whole lot of breakfast—I shall be awfully obliged. And then, if it's allowed, I should like to see *The Telephone* for last week."

It was all in *The Telephone*, of course. The erudite reporter with the gift of imagination had made the best of the applegreen plate. It was quite a little Oriental poem in its way, and a discriminating public had evidently appreciated the effort. There was a good deal about the missing coins, to

say nothing of the savage assault upon the unfortunate Sir Peter. So far as Roscoe could gather, the aged virtuoso was considerably better, but still was quite unable to give anything like a coherent account of the outrage. There was a good deal also concerning the past record of Paul himself, and many ingenious theories to account for his mysterious disappearance.

He was still turning the matter over in his mind when Dr. Frant appeared, followed a little later by Lucy Lake. A day or two at the outside, and Paul would be free again.

"But shall I?" he asked. "Perhaps I had better tell you all about it. I can recollect everything now. I went to Sir Peter's flat and found the front door open. The bell was out of working order, so I walked inwalked straight into the dining-room—and there, on a table, was the plate I had come to bargain for. I picked it up, to make sure it was the genuine article, and, as I had it in my hand, the door opened and a man walked in. He was a tall, melancholy chap in eveningdress. Behind him came a little man who looked like a Jap. Of course, I suspected nothing wrong. I had still got the cemented plate in my hand, when somebody gave me a tremendous whack on the head, and down I went. After that I seemed to dream a bit. I dreamt that I found myself in the road, with a piece of the apple-green plate in my hand. Really, I suppose those chaps must have flung me outside and left me for dead. Anyhow, in my dream I looked up a doctor, who asked no questions, but patched me up and sent me about my business. As far as I can recollect, he did not seem to be a very observing sort of chap. For the life of me, I could not recollect where I lived and who I was, so I walked as far as the Embankment, where I went to sleep. I dare say Miss Lake has told you all that happened after that. And, by the way, how is the story getting on ? "

"Oh, it's going to be great," Lucy Lake laughed. "You will see it all in *The Telephone* to-morrow. But it's dreadfully selfish of me to be talking like this. You don't know how delighted I am to see that you are so much better. Now, I wonder if you feel up to seeing some more visitors? You have seen them before—they are the two detectives who were looking for you in the restaurant where we were dining last night. If you don't feel up to the interview—""

"Oh, let'em all come!" Roscoe laughed.
"I don't mind. I suppose, sooner or later,
I'll have to see them."

The two officers listened gravely enough to Roscoe's story. When he had finished, they smiled at one another significantly.

"Now, that's all right," the leader of the two said. "We do get a bit of luck sometimes, and this is a case in point. We know the two men you speak of in fact, only yesterday we had a cable from the New York police, saying they had arrived here, and asking us to keep an eye on them. If necessary, we were to trump up some charge against them, pending the arrival of witnesses in connection with an extradition case. The big man is called 'The Colonel,' and was at one time in the Army, and the other is a Japanese servant known as 'Harry the Valet.' Been in a good many gentlemen's houses, he has, and his great game is robbing collections and museums. No doubt they were after Sir Peter's coins, and they had probably got hold of them when you interrupted them.

At that moment Sir Peter was lying unconscious in his bedroom, and your presence must have been distinctly awkward. Oh, yes, I can see that you have been sandbagged. Of course, we are very sorry to have given you all

this trouble, sir, but your mysterious disappearance made it very awkward. Besides, we had to do something to keep the real culprits quiet. But we are on the track of



"The two officers listened gravely enough to Roscoe's story."

our men now, and if you'll excuse us, sir, we'll just run round to a Bloomsbury boarding-house and make the arrest."

It was a week or so later before Roscoe saw Lucy Lake again. He met her quite casually in the Temple Gardens. That the story had been a great success was evident from her happy expression and the light that sparkled in her eyes.

"My fortune is made!" she said.

"I dare say," Paul said, without enthusiasm. "It all depends on the point of view. Oh, I'm quite well now. But what I want is someone to look after me

—I mean in the way you looked after me the other night. I don't feel half so conceited and cocksure as I did. Look here, Lucy, I am a rotten bad hand at beating about the bush, and, besides, the story is not finished. It isn't rounded off properly. You know what I mean. And if you could see a way to finish it——"

"I could not publish it!" the girl laughed.
"Oh, yes, you could," Roscoe insisted.
"What's the matter with the front page of

The Telephone?"

"Births, marriages——"

"Yes, that's just what I mean," said Roscoe.



A RECKONING.

THE face of all our world is altered,
Shorn of the careless old delight,
Wide-eyed and shudd'ring we stand, watching
The conflict stark 'twixt might and right.

Ah, how we laughed and loved and idled, Counting Peace but an easy gain! Now over land and sea is brooding The awful, clear-eyed angel—Pain.

Courage now is the only duty,
Words—empty words—can heal no scars:
Courage and kindness, old-time virtues,
Lowly as dust, high as the stars.

Still on the sea the fair sun glitters,
Fair days are given us to live;
Grant us, O God, 'mid hate and anguish,
Strength to endure, strength to forgive!

VERONICA CODRINGTON.



A GOOD ALTERNATIVE.

She: Do you like my scheme of decoration—holly leaves over laurel? He: If I may be allowed to say so, I'd rather see mistletoe over yew!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS.

About A.D. 300 a boy was born in Lycia. His parents called him Nicholas, but—so the chronicles tell us—though that was a man's name, he preserved the nature of a child, for he chose "to kepe vertues, meknes, and simpleness, and therefore the children doe him worship before all other saints."

The modern child's Santa Claus is a Dutch contraction of "Sankt Nikolaus," "Sank'ni K'laus," and the saint's custom of giving presents secretly and in the dead of night is the development of a deed of charity he performed when he assisted three young women out of grave misfortune by tossing three well-filled purses into their bedroom long after they had retired.

Thus Santa Claus comes about when the children are asleep, and gives them their hearts' desires. St. Nicholas Day was originally early in December, but later it became identified with Christmas.



ONE Christmas a certain citizen was invited to dinner at the house of one of the leading men in the town. At the dinner-table he was

placed opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the visitor's left. Seeing the goose, he remarked—

"Shall I sit so close to the goose?"

Finding the words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady and said, in a most apologetic tone—

"Excuse me, I meant the roasted one."



It was just after the Christmas banquet, and toasts were in order. The toastmaster arose to introduce a prominent elderly speaker, and said—

"Gentlemen, you have just been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. Now you will give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

"Brown, do you know the lady across the street?" asked Smith.

"Let me see," replied Brown. "She certainly looks familiar. That's my wife's dress, my daughter's hat, my mother-in-law's parasol. Why, yes, that's our cook!"

HOME FROM THE FRONT.

Out in the trenches where we lay,

By sleet and sullen winds chilled through,
Bombarded oft by night and day,
I dreamed of Christmas and of you.

For I've adored you all my life,
Though other boyish fancies died,
And 'mid privations, toil, and strife,
My love grew but intensified.

Small wonder that I longed for you,
Knowing how good you are, how sweet,
And feel my dreams have all come true
Now, Christmas Pudding, that we meet!

Leslie M. Oyler,

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

A LAWYER, who is also an enthusiastic poultry fancier, spends much money coddling hens that do not begin to pay for their keep. He had several hens guaranteed to be the best sort of layers, yet morning after morning he returned empty-handed from his search for eggs.

By December he had about given up hope. So on Christmas morning he was delightfully surprised to find four beautiful pearly eggs in a nest. He quickly gathered them up, planning just how triumphantly he would show them to his sceptical wife. Not until he reached the door of the house, and the bright morning light fell on the eggs, did he notice that each one



DINNER IS SERVED-

-and the head of the family, being a special constable, is called away for duty.

KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe was held in great reverence by the Druids. It was believed to be particularly and divinely healing; in fact, it was given this attribute for centuries. It had special significance as the cause of the death of Balder, the Norse Apollo, who was killed by an arrow made from its branches. Subsequently Balder was restored to life, the mistletoe tree was placed under the care of Friga, and from that time until it touched the earth was never again to be an instrument of evil.

The present custom of kissing under the mistletoe is the outcome of an old practice of the Druids. Persons of opposite sexes passed under the suspended bough and gave each other the kiss of love and peace in full assurance that, though it had caused Balder's death, it had lost all its power of doing harm since his restoration.

bore the neatly-pencilled greeting: "A Merry Christmas From the Old Hen."



"When you proposed to Miss Jenkins," asked Jack, "did you tell her you were unworthy of her?"

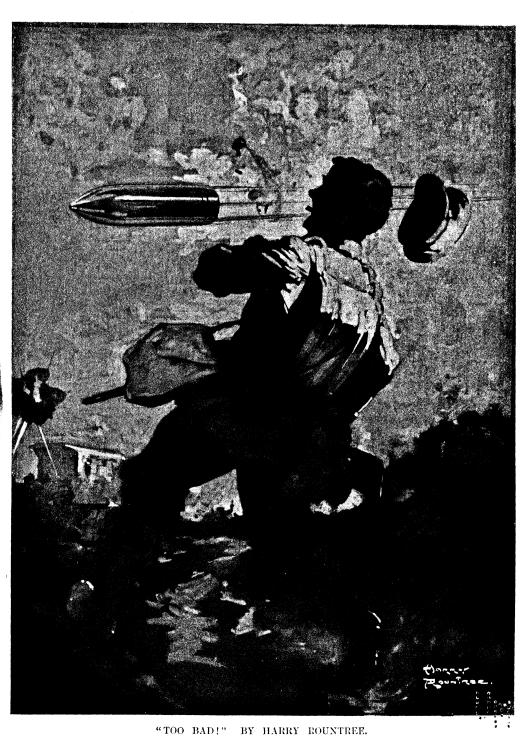
"No, I didn't," replied Tom. "I was going to do so, but she told me first."



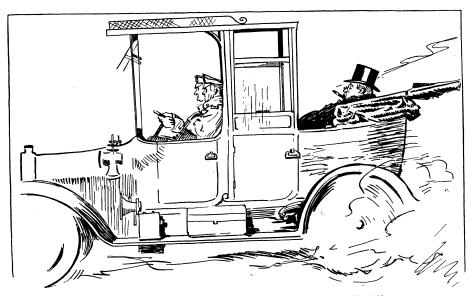
"DIDN'T you say there were accidentals in that music?" asked Mr. Jones.

"A great many," answered his daughter, who has musical ambitions.

"Well, it's a great comfort to know that you were not doing it all on purpose,"



EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM THE FRONT: "And please send me some different kind of pipe next time. These break so easily. I have lost seven of them already—they are so brittle."



IN THE OLDEN DAYS: JONES GOING TO THE OFFICE, 10.30 A.M.



NOWADAYS: JONES GOING TO THE AMMUNITION FACTORY, 5 A.M. (AND FEELING ALL THE BETTER FOR IT).

Two friends were travelling in Ireland, and one of them said to the other—

"An Irish cabman is never satisfied with his fare, however much you may give him."

"Well," said his companion, "I will bet you five pounds that, if we drive in a car, I will give the driver a sum that will satisfy him."

"Done!" said the other. "Shake hands on it."

They took a car and had a short drive. The driver was then given a sovereign for his fare.

There was silence for the space of two minutes, and then the Irishman spoke—

"It seems a pity to change this, your honour.

Have you such a thing as the price of a drink about you?"

Sadly the man who lost his bet paid his companion five pounds.



A NERVOUS old lady was once taking a cheap trip on a steamer, fare sixpence there and back. Said she to the steward: "I do hope there's no danger of the boat being blown up?" "Oh, no, ma'am, not in the least. We can't afford to blow people up at these low prices," was the reply she received.

A CLERGYMAN was travelling by train, and congratulated himself on having the compartment to himself. Presently five working-men came in, who, from their dress and general appearance, were evidently bricklayers. They all seemed bursting with suppressed mirth when they saw the parson, and nudged each other genially with their elbows. The clergyman thought "something was in the wind," and he was not far wrong.

"Excuse me, sir," said one of them, while

The clergyman waited a few minutes till they had recovered from their mirth, and then he had his revenge.

"Excuse me, do you mind my asking you a question?" he said to the man who had spoken

"Not at all, sir," was the reply.
"Excuse me, but would you mind telling me if you are a bricklayer?"

"Yes," said the man rather sulkily, "I am a bricklayer.'



WASTED GENERALS.

"THERE be several things as I wants to know since I was oop in Lunnon. I understand as we want more men at the Front. Well, then, there we be. Yet I seed wi' me own eyes swanking generals showing people into picture palaces!"

the others looked on approvingly, "would you mind my asking you a question?"
"Certainly not," said the parson.

"Excuse me, sir, but would you mind telling me if you are a parson?'

"Yes," was the reply, "I am a parson."

"Thought so—guessed it at once as soon as I saw you. Do you know how I knew it? Guessed it at once from your dress."

This remark was considered brilliantly witty, and was greeted with loud guffaws of mirth from his companions. Their spokesman was quite pleased with himself, and looked it.

"Thought so—guessed it at once as soon as I saw you. Do you know how I knew it? Guessed it at once from your dress."

There was great laughter at the parson's reply. The workmen were more pleased at the discomfiture of their spokesman than they had been before. It was some minutes before the angry bricklayer could make himself heard. Then he burst out-

"Hang it, I'm not ashamed of my profession!

"No more am I," was the parson's quiet reply.



A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

Wife: James, dear, I think you had better wear your hard felt hat, as it would afford you more protection than a soft one while the Zeppelins are about.



IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

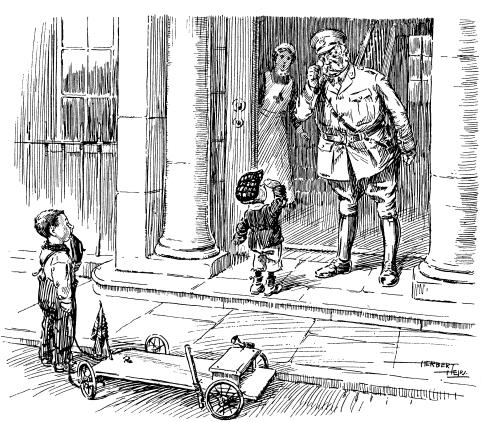
JONES: What the deuce are you doing here?
WILLIAM SYKES: Er—it's orl right, gov'nor. I've just come to tell yer five Zeppelins was reported passing over 'Olland this afternoon, and yer must be careful, and not show any light. [Exit quickly.]

Doris was rather backward in her studies, and one day, when her father was inquiring into her standing at school, the little girl admitted that she was the lowest in her class.

"Why, Doris, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed the mother. "Why don't you study harder, and try to get away from the foot of your class?"

"It isn't my fault," replied Doris, in tones of injured innocence. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left school.'

Mr. Smith had been invited to a Christmas dinner, and told that he would be expected to carve. He bought a cookery book and a turkey, and mapped out the bird. Then he paid for a couple of lessons from the server in a restaurant where he often ate, and felt that he was ready for the ordeal. On the festive day he awaited the incoming of the turkey with smiling selfconfidence. The door opened, and in came the maid, bearing a huge platter upon which was a little roast pig.



READY TO DO THEIR BIT.

The Spokesman (at entrance to military hospital): Please, sir, Jimmy and me thinks as 'ow we could give a wounded soger a bit of a airin' on our trolley—if 'e weren't a very 'eary one, sir!

"Did you see the pleased expression on Mrs. Brown's face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter?" asked Mr. Jones, after the reception.

"No," said Mrs. Jones; "I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face."



"FATHER, why do they call money you have in the bank a bank balance?"

"To show the great range of the English language, my boy. They call it a bank balance because it is the most uncertain thing there is."

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE.

Beneath the mistletoe I drew Eileen, Entranced to watch her lashes drooping low O'er laughing eyes that strove to look serene Beneath the mistletoe.

No charm I lost: the shoulder's ivory glow, The little scarlet shoe and robe of green; Her dainty cheek, her lips' carnation bow!

And then—a tender kiss, to crown the scene? Nay, she was posing in my studio:

I drew her-for a Christmas magazine-Beneath the mistletoe.

Corinne Rockwell Swain.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Do you know me?"

NEW ZEALANDER: "Do I know you! Why I know you as well as the Wanganui."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT.

Liddell and Scott: $\sum_{\kappa \iota d\pi o \delta es}$, "Shade-footed, or shady-feet, a fabulous people in the hottest part of Libya, with immense feet, which they used as sunshades as they reclined."

I am not very vain, but I say it with pain, My feet are excessively large:

And I've borne with the jeers of those jesters for years

Who liken the twain to a barge.

But vengeance is sweet, and the fact that my feet Are quite unnecessarily vast

Has led me to probe, with the patience of Job, For revenge, and I've found it at last.

I've been wont from my cot to read Liddell and Scott Whenever my mind is in doubt: And (oh, joy!) Scott and Liddell at once solved the

riddle,

And found me a ready way out.

This omniscient twain have informed me (again By employing their usual tact)

That a Libyan tribe, for the sake of a gibe, Turned their feet into parasols (fact!).

"Eureka!" I cried, when this item I spled:
"I can now smite my foes hip and thigh.
Just wait, my fine scoffers, till Jupiter offers An unclouded and shimmering sky!"

Such a day appeared soon: after doffing my shoon And unfurling my feet to the heavens—
While my heated friends quested for ices—I rested In the shade of my number elevens.

And, perching in rows, the birds chirped on my toes,
To crown this delightful spring idyll.
I shall never forget that I owe a great debt
To Scott and to Henry George Liddell.

Douglas Newbold.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

CUSTOMER: I want some powder. Assistant: Face or gun?



MORE MODESTY.

Brown: I hear you went out under fire and rescued young Jones?

WOUNDED TOMMY: Simply had to, old chap—he was the only fellow among us who had any cigarettes.

"George," said the teacher, "I am glad to see that you are polite enough to offer your sister the oranges first."

"Yes," said George, "'cause then she's got

to be polite an' take the little one.'



The motor-'bus stopped, and the conductor looked expectantly up the steps. But no one descended, and at last he stalked up impatiently.

"'Ere, you," he said to a man on top, "don't

you want Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for it. I can't bring it on top o' the 'bus for you."

MURPHY, the foreman, was sent to the railway office to report a slight accident in the gang repairing the track. He was handed a blank, and got along all right until he came to the space headed "Remarks." After staring at it a while, he beckoned to the clerk.

"What's the matter, Pat?" asked that

fficial.

"Well, sor," said Murphy, "ye see it was Bill's big toe he hit wid th' hammer, and it wudn't look well for me t' write down th' raymarks Bill made."



THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

THE arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying, and now, at the closing hour, Tommy stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results.

"Your last sum is wrong," was the verdict.
"You will have to stay after school and do

ıt agaın.

Tommy looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked.

"Your answer is twopence short."

Tommy's hand dived into the pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of strings, a penknife, some marbles and pieces of chalk.

"I'm in a hurry, sir," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll pay the difference."

"NATURALLY," said Jones, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll arrange for her to study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint, and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."



The bored youth turned to his dinner partner with a yawn. "Who is that strange-looking man over there who stares at me so much?" he drawled.

"Oh, that's Professor Jenkins," she replied, the famous expert on insanity."



THE LIKENESS.

"Why didn't you get rid of that pig of yours, Thomas, before you joined the Army? Your poor old mother can't look after it alone."

"She wouldn't let me, sir. She said she didn't want to part with anything that would remind her of me when I'm away."

"Who was it," inquired Mr. Brown, "that said that, if he could make the songs of a people, he wouldn't care who made the laws?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Muggins, who has an ear for music; "but if he's the fellow who's making the songs of the people now, I'd just like to have the making of the laws for a little while."

- 1888

"YES," said the manager, "we want a man for our information bureau, but he must be a man who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head."

"That's me exactly," said the applicant with enthusiasm. "I'm the father of eight children."

"Stop!" thundered the man in the barber's chair who was having his hair cut. "Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible, blood-curdling stories?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the barber, "but when I tell stories like that, the hair stands up on end, and makes it much easier to cut, sir."



"Mamma," said Elsie, "I wish I had a real baby to wheel in the go-cart."

"Why?" asked the mother. "You have

your dolls, haven't you?"
"Yes, but the dolls are always getting broke when it tips over."







The First Law of Nature.

AT the slightest suggestion of personal danger, or even when our attention is suddenly challenged in any way, we instinctively raise our eyebrows in order to give full play to the most informing and protective of all our senses.

It is a defensive act dictated by that first law of nature—self preservation, and so instinctive in us all that it occurs in individuals born blind to whom, alas, it can never have been of service.

To put children to bed in the dark is virtually to blindfold them, and it is usually this flouting of nature in one of her strongest moods that turns a mole-hill of fear into a mountain of terror.

Therefore, use Night Lights, and use the best.

Price's Night Lights

(93 Awards).

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'.

The Nursery favourites (Small Light): to burn in a saucer containing water.

SENTINEL.

(Giving a slightly Smaller Light still.) Very handy, requiring neither water nor special receptacle to burn in.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For Large Light and the Heating of Food Warmers, Vaporisers, &c.



Employed in conjunction with CLARKE'S NURSERY LAMP, "Pyramid" Night Lights diffuse a soft and agreeable light, and at the same time keep infants' and invalids' food warm and palatable for eight hours.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

An Englishman and an American were standing before the wonders of the Victoria Falls, in Rhodesia, when the Englishman said—

"Surely you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara Falls?"

"What!" replied the American. "Compare these to our Niagara Falls? Why, man alive, compared to ours these are a mere perspiration!"



"In this very place," said a mule-driver to a traveller, in the most dangerous part of the plant them a long way apart." On his return home he accosted his neighbour with a query about the potatoes and the amount of room allowed between them. "Oh, yes," said the friend, "I'm sure I planted them a long way apart, for I put half in your garden and half in mine."



"Now, Willie," said the mother, "you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to a little boy who tells falsehoods?"

"No, mamma," replied Willie sheepishly.

"Why," continued the mother, "a big black



VOLUNTEER OFFICER (in agonised whisper): Flat on your face, Podgers—they'll see us!

passage over Mont Cenis, "a great miracle was wrought last year. A gentleman fell with his carriage from the top to the bottom of this precipice." "And was he not killed?" said the traveller. "He was dashed to pieces," said the mule-driver, "but the mules were preserved unhurt."



A MAN who had become possessed of some very good seed potatoes asked a neighbour to be so kind as to plant them, as he was too busy to attend to the matter himself. He added this injunction: "Be sure you remember to

man, with only one eye in the centre of his forehead, comes along and flies with him up to the moon, and makes him pick sticks for the rest of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awfully wicked."



Some years ago a clergyman on one occasion had to reprove his congregation for sleeping in church. He said that many arguments to show the enormity of the offence were unnecessary—it was one of those sins that people commit with their eyes open!



WINDSOR MAGAZINE

THIS MAGAZINE CAN BE SENT



PRICE SIXPENCE

The Ever-Popular Household Remedy

Which has now borne the Stamp of Public Approval for

OVER FORTY



ENO'S 'FRUIT SA

PLEASANT TO TAKE, REFRESHING & INVIGORATING

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable aperient which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality. Gentle and safe in its action, it does not cause griping or weakness. Always keep it in the house or in your travelling bag in readiness for emergencies.



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Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

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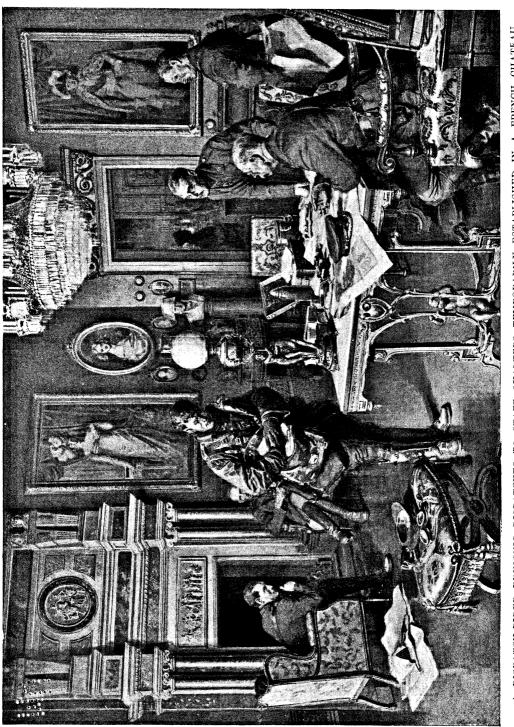
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A DISPATCH-RIDER BRINGING DISPATCHES TO STAFF QUARTERS TEMPORARILY ESTABLISHED IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

By F. Matania.

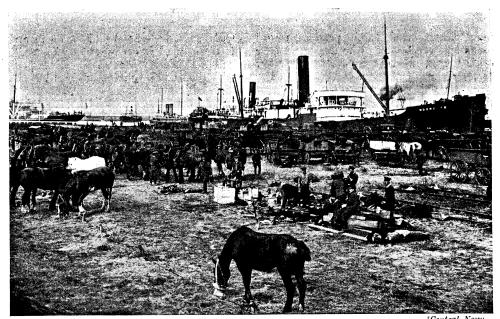


Photo by]

SCENE ON THE QUAYS OF OUR OVERSEAS BASE IN FRANCE, WHERE SHIPLOADS OF FOOD AND GENERAL STORES ARE LANDED.

THE FEEDING OF OUR ARMY

A SUCCESS OF SEA-POWER AND SYSTEM

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

HERE'S a whole Army Corps swinging back to billets after weeks of unbroken duty in the trenches. At their head marches the General Officer Commanding himself, swelling with pride as he ponders "the splendid spirit of gallantry and devotion" which our Field-Marshal praised without stint.

"Please, sir, may we cheer?" comes unaccountably from the ranks. The General is amazed.

"What do you want to cheer for?" Upon which the lads are a little nonplussed.

"We don't know why, sir," they own, after a pause. "We just want to cheer!" It was the prompting of mere exuberance—sheer bubbling condition and that physical fitness at which we marvel when we see soldiers here at home on leave.

The anæmic shopman has lost his pallor, the man of forty his "bow-window"; the lank and weedy youth is now a man, and sickly fellows show cures that defy the pharmacologist. And clearly the moral being has undergone salutary change, pari passu, with this surprising rise in stamina. What is the secret of all this? Good food, for which the world is ransacked, from the Spice Islands to the Canadian prairie, from Assam to Australia, from South Africa to the West Indies.

For the Army Commissariat at home and abroad no one has anything but praise. The extremest carper can only complain of "waste"; but while rations are uniform, appetites vary, and with such demands upon vitality it is well to be on the lavish side. "These men," said the company officer to the serg ant-cook in the home camp, "are here to be trained as soldiers, not to show you how to save on the stew."

In the matter of feeding, Tommy himself forgets to "grouse"—his ancient prerogative. "We live like fighting-cocks," is the joyous note in letters home. "Our rations are the envy of our Allies," is the testimony of an Army Service Corps officer. "And all are of the finest quality—meat, tea, sugar and

1916. No. 253. 211 N

jams, cheese, bread, bacon, potatoes, tinned stuffs and vegetables. Our inspectors have critical eyes, whether in Ireland or New South Wales. Only the best is taken. For Tommy nothing is too good."

The stomach of an army is indeed a vital organ, as Napoleon knew, and Wellington, who never began his Peninsular day till he satisfied himself that the feeding arrangements were in perfect order. In fact, from Moses to Kitchener, all military leaders have concerned themselves with this prime need. We have the world to draw

Quartermaster-General—"kept on recurring to this subject in conversation with me."

The Prime Minister was equally impressed with the smooth running of this tremendous task—this world-wide buying, this freedom of the seas, the massing of mountains of stores from whole fleets of ships at French quays, and the orderly conveyance of thousands of tons each day, to say nothing of local purchase and vast quantities of fodder for the horses, now swarming by the hundred thousand. Each of these receives daily twelve pounds of hay and twelve



Photo by]

THE FOOD TRAIN EXCHANGES GREETINGS WITH THE TROOPS.

[Sport & General.

upon, and at the War Office a Quartermaster-General's Department of ultra - German efficiency and pains.

Brigadier-General Sydney Selden Long is Director of Supplies; Colonel Fold, D.S.O., his deputy; and General Boyce, Director of Transport—a thrilling, adventurous business over the roads of war, as I shall presently show. It is no secret that, when the King came back from the Front, he was full of the Army Service Corps and their "wonderful work" in supply transport. "His Majesty"—Lord Kitchener told the delighted

pounds of oats; a mule gets two pounds less of each.

The War is costing us £100,000,000 a month, and much of this fabulous treasure goes in food and its accessories. Every day the British soldier is invited to consume the following rations—

1½ lb. fresh meat, or 1 lb. preserved meat.

11 lb. bread, or 1 lb. biscuits or flour.

4 oz. bacon.

3 oz, cheese.

lb. fresh vegetables, or

2 oz. peas, beans, dried onions or dried potatoes.

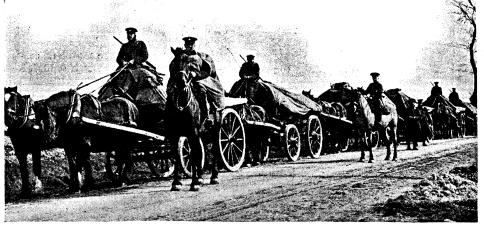


Photo by

AN ARMY SERVICE CORPS CONVOY ON ITS WAY

[Alfieri.

 $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. tea. 3 oz. sugar.

1 lb. jam.

2 oz. butter (twice a week).

½ oz. salt.

 $\frac{1}{20}$ oz. mustard.

 $\frac{1}{36}$ oz. pepper.

Each week are issued two ounces of tobacco or cigarettes. The time-honoured rum ration is at the commanding officer's discretion, and, in spite of temperance agitation, it has not been discontinued by the medical authorities. It is issued sparingly—say, as much as would fill an egg-cup for each man, as a protection against intense cold and

exposure. As to this, I have before me an indignant letter from a highly intelligent soldier in the Honourable Artillery Company, a young fellow of culture and strenuous life.

"Certain M.P.'s and cranks" (says he), "roll their eyes and hold up hands of horror over our winter rum ration. Well, we'd like to put such people in a front-line trench, thigh-deep in icy slush, and after twelve hours ask them if they'd like a lemonade."

Now, supplies are on so vast a scale for our national Army that much foresight is needed. Thus our Government has taken

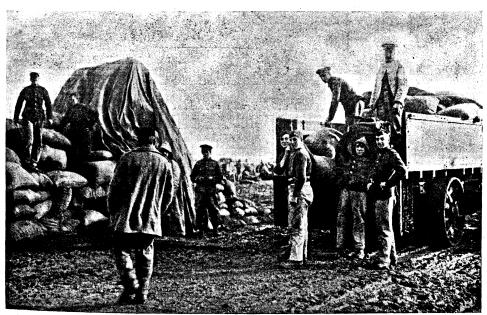


Photo by

Central News.

control of India's wheat, and regulated this season's shipments, totalling 524,000 tons. And as the monsoon was favourable, an increased area will be cultivated for next harvest.

It is naturally the Government's aim to favour Oversea Dominions when buying the Army's food. Oceans of Canadian and Australian wheat go down for this purpose. Lofty elevators pour their tides into the grain ships, and in Victoria sidings you will see mountains of sacks being loaded into waiting trucks. Stock-riders of the North-West, steam-plough men and pastoralists of the

of our Army bases, where food is assembled by the thousand tons.

Here let me point the moral of sea-power—the great silent force which ensures endless supplies and safe transport for British Armies of unprecedented size. The mere menace of our Fleet's being has sustained the most gigantic siege in history—a siege of three world-empires with scarce a sally-port left.

Our battleship force alone equals in power a perfectly-equipped army of 15,000,000 men! "The seas are clear," Mr. Asquith has reminded us. "We have our supplies of food and raw materials flowing in upon us



Photo by] [Photopress.

THE COURSE OF LESSONS APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE AT THE WESTBOURNE PARK SCHOOL:

SOLDIERS LEARNING HOW TO COOK.

During their holidays two hundred domestic economy instructors under the London County Council volunteered to teach three thousand soldiers how to cook.

back-blocks—these and kindred pioneers are at this moment "doing their bit" for Britain, as well as the khaki weaver and skilled turner of shells in the workshop here at home.

Out in lush spaces of New South Wales roam the grand herds which become the bully-beef of our soldiers. In huge pens, Australian and New Zealand sheep await their call to the shearing-shed to yield wool for Tommy's tunic. Soon they and the prime beeves hang in Government stores like those of Darling Harbour, New South Wales, awaiting shipment to one or other

in the same abundance, the same freedom as even in times of peace." Such is Britain's might; the "gondola-power" at which our enemy jeered as he began his submarine crusade.

"No soldier of ours," says Lord Fisher, "goes anywhere except a sailor carries him on his back." It is well to remember this when considering our Army's commissariat. Now, in peace-time food is stored at a Supply Reserve Depot; but on mobilisation all stores were sent to the Home Base Port, which steadily accumulated food and issued it in convoyed fleets of ships to oversea bases in

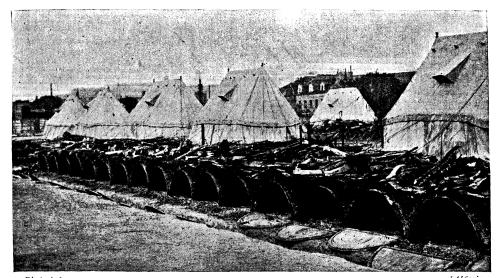


Photo by]

THE PRINCIPAL ARMY BAKERY IN THE FIELD, IN WHICH FIFTY-SIX THOUSAND LOAVES, EACH ONE AND A HALF POUNDS, ARE COOKED DAILY.

France, where local depots and field bakeries were established.

The system is one vast, co-ordinated whole, with the War Office as centre and the remotest corner of our Empire thrilling eagerly to the Quartermaster-General's demands. Under any and all conditions the soldier must be well fed, otherwise courage evaporates and morale falls to pieces. The historic battle of Lule Burgas was lost, not because the Turk lacked valour, but because he had no bread.

He fought on a four days' fast, and in retreat died of sheer starvation. Many a time have our gallant Belgian Allies gone hungry in the trench, especially after the fall of Antwerp, when their organisation was broken up. Hunger saps the highest spirit, so closely knit are body and soul.

I shall pass over the details of a great military food depot at home, for this subject will be dealt with separately. Let us now visit one of the gateways to the Front, a French seaport which is now a

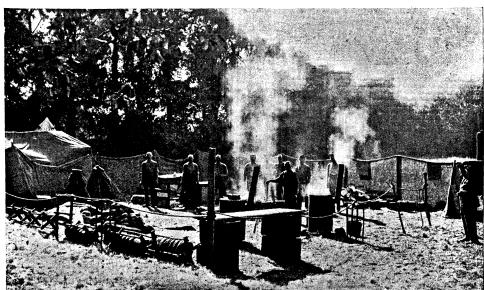


Photo by] [Central News.

roaring British hive, with miles of sheds or hangars, food-ships alongside, and giant cranes swinging supplies by the ton into waiting trains. Here are thousands of labourers and clerks, watchful officers of the Army Service Corps, inspectors and trusty agents of our Government. From prairie to trench, from artesian bore in the Australian back-blocks to Colonel Bate's sanatorium at Headquarters, the problems of bread and meat run with almost uncanny smoothness and precision. Contractors and middlemen are no more, nor any of those

without the vendor knowing their destination. He is thus prevented from loading inferior goods for shipment to the Continent, too far away for Somerset House analysis. The great sheds at the French docks are divided into sections for convenience in storing and accounting. So, as a new ship comes in, she takes up a berth opposite the section which it is desired to replenish.

The stacks of meat and flour at these docks—of tea, sugar, bacon, coffee, salt, vegetables, and jam, are positively aweinspiring. Here you begin to realise what



Photo by]

SERVING OUT THE MORNING'S BACON.

Alfieri.

corrupt agencies which of old preyed upon an army in the field.

Gone is the hand-to-mouth struggle for supplies, with contractors touting for orders from the separate commands. The old system is replaced by a perfect centralisation of stores ordered directly by the War Office, then decentralised in great food depots in the provinces. Then, acting with the Local Government Board, tens of thousands of health officers all over the kingdom inspect factories and analyse food, so as to prevent adulteration, impurity, or poor quality.

Another check is the method of delivery. All supplies are sent to our home railways an army means, and why it requires a Service Corps—an army to wait upon our Armies and supply 10,000 cooks, professionals and amateurs, with lavish food for the British fighting-lines. "Victory is more than half won," says an officer's letter before me, "for our fellows are gorgeously fed. Our sergeant cook uses over 5000 lb. of meat each day in his two kitchens. So here's to the Army Service Corps—the 'Army Saviours' Corps,' we call 'em here!"

That is the grateful toast of the trenches, as well it may be. The Army Service Corps—now swollen to many times its normal strength—are purveyors and caterers to the Army, a rôle fraught with serious risk, as will



Photo by]

[News Illustration

MEMBER OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH COOKING RATIONS IN IMPROMPTU OVENS.

appear. The motto of the Corps is "Nil sine Labore," and beyond doubt these men are the hardest worked of all. They are divided into companies according to the service—horse, mechanical transport, supply and remount. In the ranks also are butchers and bakers, cooks and clerks. The Army Service Corps quartermaster is a quite unique character in the Army: a first-class manager and business man, a skilled caterer,

a born organiser, and an accountant who will know the fate of every pound of tea, every sack of flour, and every case of jam unto the last tin, which, when empty, may figure as a hand-grenade, carrying destruction into an enemy trench!

The rank and file of the Army Service Corps proper transport and issue all food, fuel, and forage for man and beast, together with tents, baggage, and equipment. They

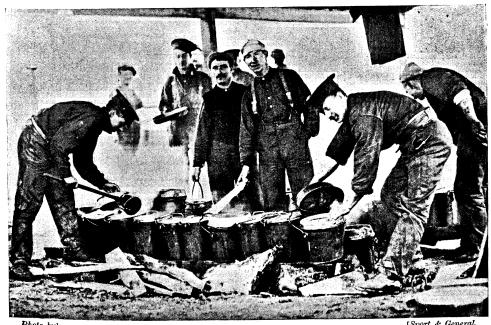


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CANADIAN COOKS PREPARING DINNER WITH CAMP-KETTLES.

draw upon the French for supplies and carts, but the main transport is our own Army lorry, carrying from two to five tons. The lines of communication, so jealously watched, are constantly traversed by the Service Corps in endless military "trains," often consisting of London 'buses driven by semi-civilians in khaki, who have weird tales to tell of sights and adventures on the shell-swept roads of war.

"We look after the Army," says one of these, "as a mother nurses her only bairn. When the tired brigade has done its day's work, we bring up steaming stew with a duck-and-green-pea flourish. It's 'Carry your bag, sir?' 'Shine your shoes, sir?' all brigade. Horsed wagons meet them and convey the stores of food to still smaller units—infantry battalions, artillery brigades, and the centres of flying, signalling, and other services of scientific war.

So the tree-shaded roads—the highly-cambered pavé of France—night and day resound with the never-ceasing stream of our food traffic. Many a lorry has come to grief in deep mud at the side, tearing "all out" through the shell-riven dark, with German search-lights groping and sweeping after suspected prey in the British lines of communication. Imagine the driver with lights out, lost on a foggy night, and fearing a section upon which great howitzers play,

driving craters in which you could hide a house!

He must push on, however. Horse, foot, and guns get a rest at times, but so long as the soldier eats four meals a day, the Army Service Corps must "carry the campaign" regardless of all risk. Let the busman lose his head, and one link in the great chain is broken. It may bring a general's plan to naught through the failure of his troops' endurance.

"I'm responsible for the rations of a whole

rations of a whole brigade," said an Army Service Corps officer to me-"say, the feeding of four thousand men. So I'm pretty wary as ride ahead of the convoy in faint starlight, down long poplar-shaded roads full of vengeful ruts and pits. A vague moon make the darkness darker. The still air is whip-lashed with shots, and often moaning with shell in luminous flight. And when I get through—when I out-race the dawn, regimental officers get me under fire. 'Look here, we were forty rations of tea short yesterday.' I tell him he was lucky. The West Kents were ninety short, yet nobly held their peace. I give my critic a little extra bacon, and then pass on to the next."

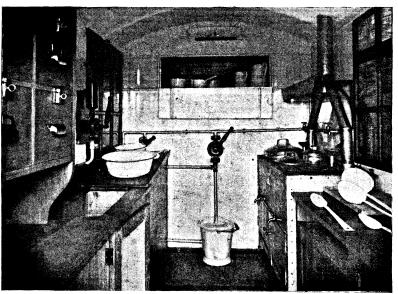


Photo by]

[Record Press.

A MOTOR FIELD KITCHEN PRESENTED, WITH SIXTY AMBULANCES, BY THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND TO THE WAR OFFICE.

day and all night too. And we're astir before dawn, to get breakfast for a hundred thousand men." In former wars the Army Service Corps was called the Cinderella Service, but to-day nicknames are unknown, being mute and merged in universal acclamation.

The chaos of docks and quays is soon reduced to order by an army of porters and clerks. Now comes dispatch to the rail-head of each Army Corps. The make-up of trains, with due proportion of each commodity, is a matter of military precision. At rail-head supplies are loaded on to the convoys of motor-lorries. These columns are skilfully divided so as to serve each division and

"Our lorry went in up to the axles last night," reports another driver. "We were digging her out, when a star-shell went up and gave us away to a battery that must have *smelt* us! I dived in the ditch till the fun was over." These men are armed with rifles, and often sleep "on board." Their adventures would fill volumes. On one occasion thirty lorries were pursued, and word was sent to destroy the whole convoy if capture were inevitable.

Twenty-eight of the cumbrous vehicles crashed recklessly over a bridge when that He'd been mixed up in the great retreat from Mons, peppered with rifle-fire, dazed with shells, often covering a thousand miles a week on convoy work, and taking the whole affair with true British phlegm.

"Great thing is to get through," he assured me. "To steer clear o' the holes an' hand over the grub . . . Easier said than done, though," he feared, "in Coalbox-Land. It's horrible when the bullets begin at daylight. That's when we duck our heads and stamp on the accelerator!"

You'll see motor-wagons that have been

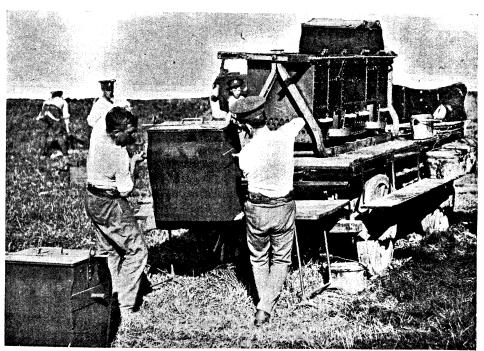


Photo by]

HOT RATIONS COOKED ON THE MARCH.

[Newspaper Illustrations.

The new field kitchen, fitted with removable ovens, by which one hundred meals of soup, joints, vegetables, tea, etc., can be served immediately a halt is called.

bridge was blown up. Two of our motors were left in German hands, ten of our officers and men added to the everlengthening list of "Missing."

"It's a lively job," says the Cockney driver, late of the Putney route. "I've 'ad three buses scrapped with shrapnel, an' I begin to dream of 'ome an' pull the conductor's bell with 'Yde Park mem'ries that make me eyes ooze loob'rication oil!" It is amazing how these civilian transport men accept the lurid conditions of war. I spoke with a fitter from one of the great garages of the London General Omnibus Company.

on fire; wayside wrecks awaiting the firstaid lorry—broken axles, spreadeagled wheels, crumpled radiators, and smashed bodies. The breakdown car is a travelling workshop. It has electric lights and lathes, as well as drilling, boring, and slotting machines; electric riveters, forges and anvils, crowbars, jacks and heavy tools for repairing the most mortal of "cases."

So the food-convoys are very much "in the wars." "People call us non-combatants," said an Army Service Corps captain to me, "but I tell you we get it hot on the road. I saw a wayside grave one day.

commemorating a single shell-burst. On the wooden cross was brushed in ink: 'Seven Army Service Corps officers'-with their names. Then think of the ration parties that go up the trenches with supplies after dark. I've seen four of our fellows killed by a high-explosive shrapnel for which the usual rocket lighted the way."

From Main Supply Depot to the trench is a constant subdivision of supplies. Rendezvous Point the long convoy is met by a special Staff officer; at Refilling Point oats and forage, as well as groceries, bread,

great files of cars and carts. Local supplies pour in also—cattle and hay, oats and straw, fruit and vegetables, with other produce of the season.

"In two hours," says a French admirer, "this magical Service instals telegraph, telephone, and electric light. It secures in advance supplies more lavish than any European army enjoys. So British troops four quarters of the globe the disembark, and find all food and munitions awaiting them, as well as trains. Service brought over thousands of railway

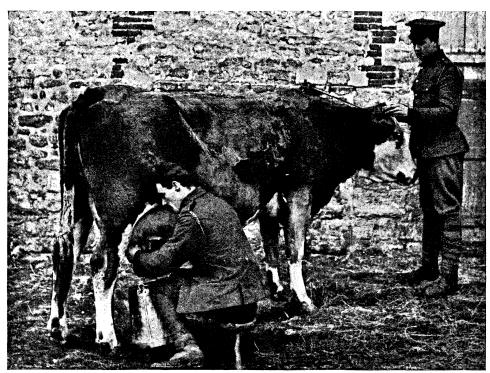


Photo by]

MILKING-TIME.

and meat, are transferred from the motorlorries to horse transport of the Divisional Train. This in turn splits into four companies, one for each brigade. Elaborate precautions are taken, from ship-side to battalion kitchen, to prevent pilfering, damage, and loss.

The difficulties are immensely increased by the sudden transference of troops from one part of the line to another. This may shift rail-head altogether, and throw upon a small wayside station a burden of labour and rolling-stock which taxes even the wizards of our Army to manage. Station entrances and exits must be widened for

hands, and they meet any emergency, besides dealing with the Army's mail. I really believe that in the open desert the Army Service Corps would produce good cheer and letters from home for a million men!"

These invaluable "servants" also prepare food in the field kitchens by methods taught in the Aldershot School of Cookery. This school has, of course, been overwhelmed by the demand for cooks, of whom thousands were trained by lady professors of domestic economy in London County Council centres. Aldershot turned out five hundred Army cooks each month-no amateurs, but men trained by such expert caterers as Captain

Wright, of the Coldstreams, Lieutenant Still, of the Durhams, and Major Sykes, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. It was Major Sykes who invented the first portable Army kitchen,

are carried on simultaneously. But be sure the war-inventor is not unknown in the cookhouse, where miracles are wrought, and that with a devoted zeal which rises to the



Photo by] [Photopres

COOKING DINNER ON A BRAZIER IN A TRENCH WHILE A SHARP LOOK-OUT IS BEING KEPT.

and his battalion cooks meals for a thousand men whilst the regiment is on the march.

Of the field oven for baking bread, I can say little, or of the Warren steam stove, in which roasting, baking, boiling, and frying

heroic. There are Army butchers, of course. An Army Service Corps squad of six men will kill and dress two locally-bought bullocks in forty-five minutes, or prepare three sheep for roasting in twelve minutes.

Thus, in a working day of eight hours, a squad will kill and dress twenty bullocks or one hundred and twenty sheep. One butcher is allotted to each thousand troops. The whole service goes like clockwork. It looks well ahead, leaves nothing to chance, and is, of course, assisted by all manner of mechanical

relating to equipment and food. He is inspector of supplies, an authority on military law and hygiene—in short, the "company" incarnate; a genial, tactful caterer, and as valuable a man as the Army can show, despite his humdrum duties.

Siege warfare in the trench has in some

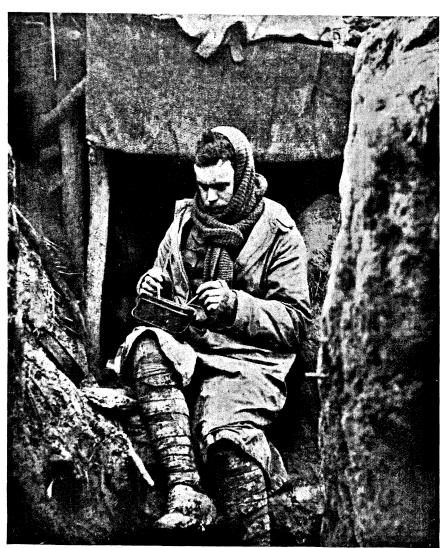


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DINNER IN THE TRENCHES.

[Photopress.

cookers, which turn out tempting food of all sorts—plain, invalid, or convalescent. An important link between the Army Service Corps and the combatant ranks is the company quartermaster, who may be styled the housekeeper of the Army. He "mothers" two hundred men, and keeps all accounts

respects modified the system of army feeding. Under cover of darkness food is brought up by wagons to a spot half a mile from the maze of "ditches," and carried thence by fatigue parties into the quartermaster's store. Then at seven in the morning six ration orderlies from each platoon go and get their allowance.

Thereafter the amateur cook has wide scope with his pans and pails. He may eke out official fare with a rabbit or a bird—haply a chicken from yon deserted farm, or a pigeon brought down by shell concussion in a near-by wood. "On my way back to billets," an officer writes, "I met a couple of our servants, who had, I gathered, been attacked in a barn by some savage fowls, of which they'd killed nine in sheer self-defence!

"Amazing how fierce these birds grow in ruined places, where formerly they dwelt in perfect harmony with man. Which reminds me that mine host in billets showed us a children and village refugees, who bless his name and return to the trench with pathetic offerings and souvenirs.

Rarely indeed is the soldier forced to fall back upon his "iron ration"—the Great Retreat discovered the staying power of this concentrate food, which is carried in the haversack, and must not be eaten save in grave emergency. It consists of cocoa, plasmon biscuit, and meat extract, and will keep the fighting-man in good trim for forty-eight hours. In conclusion, let me repeat that our Army Commissariat has proved literally above reproach—the one official institution which inspires nothing

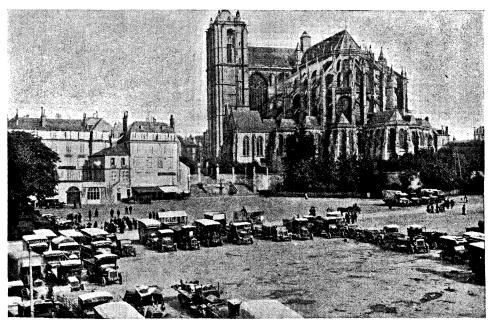


Photo by1

[Bouveret, Le Mans.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS TRAFFIC BESIDE ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST ANCIENT CATHEDRALS.

learned pig over the garden wall. The beast was heard to murmur: 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!' Of course, it may be his doom. That pig has a patriot's face, but, like other patriots I know, his physique is truly deplorable. Still, when one pictures a rasher frizzling in a mess-tin lid—"

Nor must I, in this matter of trench cooking, forget presents of food from home—the gift of relatives, business firms, regimental funds, and sympathetic strangers. They range from elaborate entrées in glass to tins of toffee. So that in billets or reserve, in the advanced works, or at the rest-house, the British soldier is always well fed—he can afford, indeed, to feed stray

but praise. No risk, no error of prevision ever deprives our men of their rations; and where the skilled cook is not available, a trench amateur steps into the breach, greatly daring and gay, with comrades alert and curious about his stew, or marking down his unmade pudding for a football!

"Suet I cut off the fresh meat," a toowilling volunteer wrote home to his mother. "I chopped it as I've seen you do; I mixed it with the flour, and made a glorious dough. I forgot the raisins in my anxiety, but shrapnelled them in anyhow, then tied the whole thing in a cloth and set it boiling in a bucket.

"'A terrible mess,' my mates predicted,

so I had business elsewhere until tea-time. Then we opened the cloth, and I nearly fell flat, for as nice a brown plum-duff fell out as you'd wish to see. 'It goes down good,' was now the verdict; but I bore my honours modestly, and milked an angry cow, besides, which had defied our whole subsection."

From this scene, and greater ones already

described, the huge task of feeding our Army may be realised, nor should it be lost sight of when more spectacular phases of the War loom in sight. For the Commissariat is indeed—as Sir John French testifies so eloquently—"a sustained effort which has never been relaxed since the beginning of the War, and which has been rewarded by the most conspicuous success."

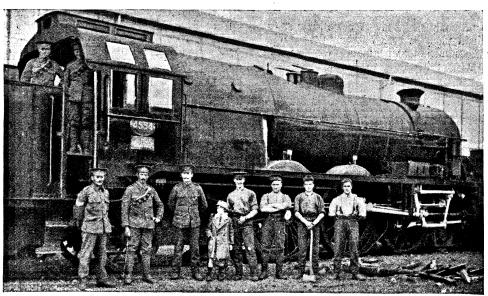


Photo by]

ONE OF OUR ENGINES NEAR A HANGAR.

[Bouveret Le Mans.

LIFE IN AN ADVANCED BASE SUPPLY DEPOT, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

By MAJOR NEWMAN CRAIG, A.S.C.

AFTER the strain of the retreat from Mons, the excitement of the subsequent advance, and the long-drawn-out struggle on the Aisne, the life at an advanced supply depot seemed peace itself. Nor was the contrast the less for that between "field" and "depot" there was a period to be spent in an extemporised hospital. In the field there were never two days' work exactly alike, because there were always new situations to be met, new difficulties to be overcome, new questions to be solved. At the depot, on the other hand, routine held all things in its peaceful and synchronising grip. In the field, again, one always had the

feeling of movement and of change seldom or never were two successive nights spent in the same place. Unhappily, changes also were only too frequent in our personnel and animals. The continual shellfire, the fatigue, the varied wastage of active operations, took toll without respect of persons. The spick-and-span column of August became the heterogeneous assemblage of September. Very quickly the irregular replaced the regular, the improvisation the standard type, in the scheme of things. It was necessary daily to assimilate new conditions and to improvise from local resources. That the troops were never for a day without



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THE O.C. DEPOT AND SOME OF HIS STAFF

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their full ration bears testimony to the success of such improvisations. No prehistoric animal ever adapted itself more rapidly to a new environment than did supply officers to the needs of the moment in those early days. To sleep, therefore, in the same railway carriage night after night—indeed, one might say to find that the night was dedicated to sleep, and not to availing oneself of the sheltering darkness in delivering supplies—to have one's meals at regular and recognised times, to see the same faces and places day after day, to be cool during the day and warm at night, and always, above all, to bath and change one's clothes daily—all these things seemed to be rather the phenomena of some Arcady than of the topsyturvydom in which one believed Europe to have fallen.

The contrast could be pursued into a thousand meticulous details, but enough has been written to indicate the sensation of rest, of tranquillity, experienced on entering on the widely different duties of a great supply depot.

The mise en scène of our activities was a



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gare de triage situated on a rolling sandy plain some three miles from an old-world city. Countless railway lines, threading every part of the expanse, made intercommunication between sections of the depot and outside simplicity itself.

And what a depot! Picture, if you can, a double row of huge hangars, each one a hundred and fifty yards long, fifty wide, and some fifty feet high, all alike crammed with stores; outside, for many hundreds of yards, stack upon stack, bale upon bale, of every conceivable form of commodity: at a discreet distance, a field entirely covered, in

lieu of its usual grass, with iron barrels of petrol—enough to drive a Brobdinagian motor-car. Here, too, bread, meat, biscuit, groceries, hospital supplies, and oats sufficient for a Brobdinagian army. Swarms of busy workers everywhere, loading, unloading, moving, and restacking, assisted by snorting engines, while clerks and checkers kept endless count. Here, too, lest one forget the War, were armed sentries, keeping guard at every point. A little to one side, field bakeries and butcheries in full blast, working under extra pressure day and night.

At one end a mass of motor vehicles of

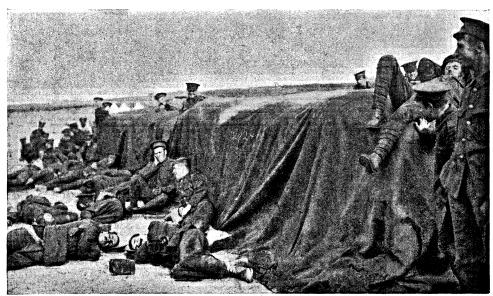


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every type or pattern known to man. Beyond, the white tents of the depot staff; beyond again, little French farmsteads stretching away to where, some three miles off, the sun's rays gilded the massive spire of one of France's most ancient cathedrals.

The monarch of our little State was the O.C. depot, in this case a charming and benevolent despot, who, provided the work was duly performed, believed in decentralisation as much as possible. Hence his kingdom was broken up into a number of self-contained sections, of which the boundaries were delineated by serried stacks of supplies.

It was the duty of our staff to load and dispatch daily the supplies of all kinds for man, horse, motor, and aeroplane of the bulk of the Expeditionary Force. Side issues in this mammoth task were the receipt of trainloads of stores from various bases in France, the consequent unloading stacking of these stores; ensuring protection from weather, from thieves, from decay; ensuring regular turnover of various stores; holding boards and courts of inquiry on, par exemple, oats which, despite our care, would sprout, on bacon or on cheese which, despising concealment, would waft their troubles afar; supervising the enormous clerical work in accounting for every item that reached or left the depot; the working of field bakeries and butcheries; finally, the internal economy and discipline of our selfcontained population of nearly twelve hundred souls.

To grapple with these and a hundred allied subordinate problems, we had a staff of some twenty officers, divided up among the various sections of the depot. At the head came the C.O., with his staff of clerks, the brain, as it were, of the depot, from which all activities originated. To him went all demands from the troops. Then came the Adjutant, who arranged all drills and parades, all guards, all discipline and punishments. The depot officers requiring fatigue parties attended his morning parades at 6 a.m., and received their men from him, returned them on evening parade. Next the various section commanders—the forage section under one, the petrol section under another, the hospital supplies under a third, the groceries and preserved supplies under a fourth, and so on. A fifth officer spent his well-filled days in command of six engines, marshalling the loaded trucks and placing empty ones in a position to reload. Under him worked

subordinates, including an interpreter and a host of French railway *personnel*. So that his days—like his language—were free from monotony and full of local colour.

When he had got his trucks in position near the various stacks, six or seven loading officers, each with parties of from sixty to a hundred loaders, set about the work of loading the trucks in conformity with the instructions received from the central office the previous evening.

A day's necessaries for a division went into seven or eight trucks, and as they were completed, and their contents, destination, and the formation for which they were intended clearly marked, they were drawn away to a siding, there to await inclusion in the train that steamed off to the regulating station each evening.

The section commanders supervised the removal of stores from their section by loading parties, and the replenishment of their section in due course from other bases. Every few days they took a census of their stocks down to the last ounce, and, marvellous as it sounds, the O.C. depot was able each evening, at the conclusion of issues and receipts, to telegraph to Headquarters the contents of his depot almost to the pound. Such a result was only obtainable by continual and conscientious checking and cross-checking.

The loading parties were a picturesque and motley assemblage. Enlisted at the beginning of the War, and drawn chiefly from the docks or from the flotsam and jetsam of large cities, they presented every conceivable type of civilised mankind. Public school or University men fallen on evil days, the artisan out of work, the clerk, the schoolmaster, the day labourer, even the ex-convict—one and all were represented in our seven hundred workers. They lived together, however, happily enough in the great French bell tents, and appeared to thrive on the liberal Government ration.

At 6 a.m. they paraded on Adjutant's parade, together with the day guards, transport and supply detachments, and regimental fatigue parties. After inspection they marched off under their respective officers, and commenced the daily task of loading, unloading, or transferring supplies.

Notwithstanding that the bulk of them had no previous military experience, in a very short time they presented a soldier-like appearance, and carried out satisfactorily all work allotted to them—and this, too, although many of them were undoubtedly

"slackers" at the beginning. A little discipline, a little organisation, and the gradual realisation that orders had to be obeyed at once and without question, worked a revolution in their outlook. They grasped the fact that their work in the depot, unexciting as it was, was no less necessary, no less essential, than that of the fighting-man in the trench.

While these loaders performed the manual labour, the clerical work and all the elaborate checking and accounting were performed by certain A.S.C. Depot units of supply. These are war units of the Corps, comprising clerks and tradesmen of various grades. We had five in our depot, giving a total of sixty-five men. In addition, we had some hundreds of A.S.C. transport drivers, both of horse and of mechanical vehicles. but certainly not least, must be mentioned our guard of some hundred stalwart members of the Honourable Artillery Company. They found our main guard and sentries for the innumerable posts round the supplies both by day and night.

In addition, we had continual patrols of camp police, to ensure the observance of depot rules, and what one might shortly describe as a "chorus" of French soldiers, mechanics, engineers, tradesmen, messengers, and others. Such were the component factors of our commonwealth, whence daily our Army in the field drew support and sustenance.

The day's routine was simple. Work, 6 a.m. to 12 noon; dinner and a breathing space, noon to 2 p.m.; work, 2 p.m. to dusk, save when special orders came, and the work proceeded, under flaring are lights, far into the night. Happily, this was not often. Sunday was as other days, save for the openair service held by the different chaplains. Our bedrooms were disused carriages or French tents, our dining-rooms a corner of the hangar or the blue vault of heaven. Yet no more contented community ever flourished in fair France.

Every evening, with the regularity of clockwork, our loaded train puffed off on its eastward journey. Every evening, hangars having been closed, stacks covered with tarpaulins, night guards mounted, the evening meal disposed of, the weary staff sought their Spartan couches. Well satisfied were we to have another strenuous day brought to a close. Then, save for the distant shriek of a restless engine, the hoarse challenge of a sentry, silence and dreamless sleep.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

O BRAVE and young, who perished in your spring-time,
The time of singing birds and sunny hours,
Sweet mystery and dreamings vague and tender
Of fruit to come from out the heart of flowers!
Your eager pulses leapt when called your country,
You counted not the cost, but gladly gave
The sunshine and the hope of Life's fulfilment
For darkness and the silence of the grave;
In love you broke the box of ointment rare:
What purpose in this waste of lives so fair?

In that far land, on either side the river
Of endless Life, in the bright heavenly groves,
Trees of God's planting, do you grow, I wonder,
To nobler ends and to serener loves?
Your leaves may be for healing of the nations,
Now sick with strife and worn with fierce desire,
Showing, though darkly in a glass, the vision
Of a new Earth made clean by Love's pure fire:
O seed that dies! For tears we cannot see
The golden harvest of Eternity.

J. M. KRAUSE.

PACK-HORSE BELLS

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HE Missus came out
of the rubber dairy,
wiping her hands.
Its proper name
was the coagulating
shed, but Margaret
liked to gather
unearned increment
of poetry as she
went along, and
so—with vaguely

pleasant memories of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in her head—she called it

the rubber dairy.

The likeness was not obscure. When you entered the cool, shadowy building, with its asphalt floor worn smooth and polished by countless bare brown feet, so that the light was dimly reflected here and there as in still pools of water, you saw before you—if it was coagulating time-two long, shallow troughs of white tiling, filled with milk that would not, so far as appearance went, have disgraced any Ayrshire or Alderney. You saw boys coming in with buckets of the same milk, white and creamy-looking and pleasantly fresh in smell. You saw rows of small white cloths hung out upon rails. You didn't see a churn, but you saw a machine of some kind, that looked as if it were meant for pressing pats of butter. Of course, if you were a visitor to Neverinumu Plantation, you know that the milk in the troughs was rubber latex, and that the white cloths hung out to dry were sheets of newly made rubber. You were allowed to watch the Missus, with her bottles of acid, coagulating the latex, much as one would make curds with a bottle of rennet; you stood by while the cheesy white masses were collected and run through the machine, you went to the smoke-house and had sheets of cured rubber, dark, translucent amber in colour, handed down to you to look at; and you were told that each little oblong was worth three shillings and sixpence to the plantation of

Neverinumu, and to its owners, Lloyd and Margaret Palmer.

There is a pleasant sound about the word "owner"—a music that never rings for the fat-salaried manager, with his free quarters and free horses and free servants, and stores company capital behind him. manager is not his own man; he is a servant, and the green acres he cultivates give up their fruit, their smooth brown spheres of nuts, their glaucous, fibrous leaves, or their white blood of rubber, for others, not for There is no sentiment about the manager; he does not love his trees; he never pats their trunks, as a man may feel the legs of a favourite horse, rejoicing in the strength and service that are his. He does not see the beauty of the avenues of feathered palm, or the smooth plain a-flutter with pale green young Para, set in the midst of black-walled forest. And, above all things, he does not call his coagulating shed a dairv.

But the Missus was an owner—she and the Master and little Elsie—and she looked down upon Neverinumu Plantation that white-gold afternoon, and saw that it was

good.

They had had a struggle. The Master and the Missus, in the first place, had no business to marry. Margaret was a governess, a rector's daughter without so much as a dress allowance of her own; Palmer was a barrister who had not "made good," and did not seem likely to. Palmer's important relations, of whom he had many, called him lazy, advised him to keep his nose hard to the grindstone, and then went back to their fishing and shooting. Lloyd Palmer sometimes thought they might be in the right. If it was laziness to hate with a deadly hatred all life spent under dark roofs and in dingy offices, and to long, hopelessly and ceaselessly, for the outdoor lives of his more fortunate cousins, then he was lazy.

At last, like a fairy in a tale, his godmother died and left a legacy. It was not much, and the cousins, when they heard about it, supposed, in hortatory tones, that Lloyd would invest it carefully, so as to add a hundred a year or so to his small and uncertain gains in the courts of law. Instead of which, Lloyd Palmer married the girl who had been waiting for him long enough to lose most of her girlhood, read up colonial literature, found that New Guinea was the only British colony left where you could get rich, accessible land for practically nothing, and went off thither with his wife and his legacy, amid a chorus of hooting and catcalling from cousins in the shires, aunts in Mayfair, and relatives-in-law all over the country.

And they worried through. They had fever, got over it, had it again, and learned to think nothing of it. They lived for a time on yams and parrots. They cleared with casual cannibal labour, paid at the rate of two sticks of tobacco a week, and worth about one. They planted themselves. sat up of nights in their stick and bark house, deadly tired, to read agricultural journals that made them sick with gaily liberal estimates of what things had to cost. Elsie came, and there was only a kind missionary lady for doctor. The "boys" got dysentery, wild pigs broke through the garden fences. Everything happened that could happen, as if to mark the displeasure of a Providence that frowned on imprudent marriages and plantations impiously started with a third the proper amount of capital. But they got through.

The absurd little place came to bearing in four years, at the height of the rubber boom. Things improved with a bound. There was a full pantry nowadays, with columns of high-piled tins. Margaret got basket furniture up from Port Moresby by the horse and mule teams; they squeezed out the price of an iron roof and a tank. and by there was a cow; there was an ancient horse for the Missus to ride when she went calling at the other plantations, ten and fifteen miles away. It was riches. And the good Para trees worked on and on, and the Master and the Missus milked out of them one thing after another—books, and an acetylene lamp for the long tropic evenings, and a sewing-machine, and real spring beds instead of home make-ups, and white Leghorn fowls, and herds of ducks and turkeys, and subscriptions to Punch. Meantime the garden patch pelted them with pineapples,

bananas, paw-paws, oranges, citrons, limes, passion fruit, granadilla, custard apples, that cost nothing but the begging of a few seeds or suckers from the next plantation; and the boxes of cartridges that came up from Port Moresby found them in wild pork and wallaby, pigeon, partridge, and a hundred unnamed bush birds. They had orchids twined over their verandah that would have cost thousands in the hothouses of an English ducal palace. The perfume of their lime and orange flowers, the exquisite, bridal scent of their paw-paw bloom, filled the bark-walled rooms of the little house; and in the white-hot hours of afternoon, when the boys were eating, and the chip of knives and hoes was still, the sound of their own river, stealing across the rich flats of their land, crept up the hill to the home of the Master and the Missus.

And they saw that it was good. And Margaret, in the door of the rubber dairy, told herself that day that she loved every bit of the place, and was happy.

"Touch wood!" she said, laying her hand on the door-post. "But there's no ill-luck about to-day. The air is full of happiness. I feel it. And, oh, we'll have the papers to read to-night!"

For the tank-tank of pack-horse bells, curiously sweet and sleepy, and very far away, was sounding through the stillness of the mountain afternoon.

"They will be here in three hours," said the Missus. It took three hours for loaded beasts to descend the great zig-zag that led down into the river gorge beyond Neverinumu Plantation, and crawl up the corresponding track on the other side. But when they were on the heights of the gorge, you could always hear the bells.

If you looked hard, you could even see the horses, as they came out on the brow of the precipice, small specks of brown and grey, just visible for a minute before they plunged down again into the smothering forest of the river valley below.

Lloyd Palmer came up the hill leading to the dairy, and waved gaily to the Missus. He had a neat whole suit of khaki on, and his boots were decent. It had not been always thus.

"Company!" he shouted.

"D'you mean the pack-horse team?" called Margaret in reply. "I heard it."

"No," said the Master, gaining the top of the hill. "Only the Holy Joes—well, the Josephs, then, if you don't like the name. I'll knock off for the afternoon, and

keep you company. I like a missionary who doesn't mish out of business hours, and no

one could say the Josephs did."

"Oh, I am glad!" said Margaret. "I must see about the dinner. Finish that last trough for me, like a dear; they're sure to kill the laying hens if I don't see. Is Elsie dirty?"

"She's a perfectly healthy, normal child," replied the Master, walking into the coagulating room and taking down a bottle.

"Do you need any other answer?"

"Yes, she's always a little pig," said Margaret fondly, as she hurried down the hill.

"Thank Heaven," she thought to herself, "that damask table-cloth came last team!"

* * * * *

The mission-house in far New Guinea is the standard of comfort and style for its district. Margaret and her husband had been royally entertained at the Josephs' fine timber and iron house across the range, and Margaret herself liked the missionary lady too much not to wish to give her a small friendly set-down, with the new tablecloth, and the acetylene lamp, and other gauds that had been acquired since the last visit of the friendly pair. So the dinner was equally a struggle and a success. It turned out well. No one could say that the mission fowls were finer than those served at Neverinumu, or the mission cream The pudding was a triumph, and the coffee-native-grown-a dream. Mrs. Josephs' company muslin had not as much embroidery on it as Margaret's. (Nobody was to know that the latter was a damaged remnant skilfully repaired.) Elsie was incredibly clean and alarmingly good, and her mother felt that the child's new birthday locket, nine-carat gold, price all of fourteen shillings, could not but plant the seeds of burning envy in the heart of the missionary lady, since the rival toddler whom she brought with her had only a necklace of beads round its small, white velvet throat.

The evening, in short, was full of social success, and Margaret felt so good-humoured that she made herself quite charming to Mr. Josephs, who looked at her shyly again and again, and felt himself delightfully wicked every time he plucked up courage to tell her that he loved the society of refined ladies. The day had gone by when his choice of an adjective would have offended Margaret.

"The Josephs," she used to say to the

Master, "have all the essentials of good breeding; I never knew people with finer feelings."

Bed came early—the visitors were tired. The Missus swelled with secret pride as she spread out the new, white, fine mosquito curtain in the spare room—it was really nice to be able to give up bush-canvas—and the pink china toilet-set looked positively gorgeous. She hoped no one had noticed the tin jug and basin in her own bedroom. It wouldn't be there much longer now.

The sound of pack-horse bells, near, loud, and jangling, came through the scented night as she went to her own room. The team was coming.

"Oh, letters — parcels — newspapers!" cried the Missus softly, rushing out on to the verandah. "Lloyd, where are you?

Lloyd, do go and get them!"

For there was a cut-off by which you could pass on foot and so intercept your team ten minutes before it could reach the house in its ordinary course. The Palmers, having waited three weeks for letters, usually found it impossible, on the arrival of the team, to wait that additional ten minutes, and one or other almost always was found waiting for the jangling, trampling horses and their guardian at the river bridge beside the track. The Master was already gone; Margaret saw his white coat—he wore one of evenings now—flitting down the avenue like a night-moth in the dusk.

"Bring them all up quick; don't crab them for yourself!" she called. The Master had a mean habit of staying at the bridge to skim the cream of the correspondence, and even the necessity of reading by a hurricane lamp did not always deter him from a practice that Margaret rightly felt to be

anti-social.

The Missus finished brushing and plaiting her hair, made ready for bed, and got into a wrapper. Lloyd, if he were playing fair, ought to have been back by this time. He was obviously not playing fair. Margaret clicked her nails together.

"I want my letters," she said.

It grew late, but the Master did not come back. Margaret listened and listened. She knew the team had not passed on, for every now and then a faint tank-tank of bells sounded across the flat and up the silent hill. She could hear the river running through the cottonwoods of the flat, and the night wind from Mount Albert Edward ruffling among the young Para Flying-foxes

hummed about like aeroplanes—a night sound this, a sound of silence, like the river and the wind. Margaret's nerves were giving way. Something had happened; she was sure of it. If he did not come in another five minutes—

Tank, tank, tank, loud and clear, jangling along the track towards the Company's plantation—the team was off again. Now he

would come.

A white moth flitting up the avenue again—that was the Master's coat. A step on the side of the hill—that was the Master himself, walking with strange quickness, as men do not walk in the lands of the Never-Never. A face in the doorway—

Margaret had her hands on his arms in

an instant, drawing him forward.

"Massa!" she said, giving him the nigger title that was her most intimate name for her husband. "Massa, what is it? Tell your own Missus."

She had drawn him to a chair. She had taken a bottle of brandy from the medicine-chest, and poured some of it into a

bedroom tumbler.

"Have that," she said, adding water.
"I can see something's happened. Don't be afraid to——"

Lloyd Palmer burst out laughing—a long, wild laugh that seemed to border on insanity. Margaret paled; she thought it must be very bad indeed, whatever it was. She remembered the Master's little heart weakness, that had saved him to her and Elsie at the outbreak of the Great War at home.

"Drink that," she insisted, trembling for fear of what might have happened, yet mindful of her man first of all.

Palmer drank, and then he laughed again

and looked about the room.

"What a hole!" he said. "What a dashed squalid hovel to live in!" His cheeks grew red. He got up, stood with his hands in his pockets, and stared at

Margaret.

"That wrapper's a rag," he said. "A housemaid wouldn't wear it at home." He looked at her cheeks, darkened by tropical suns, at her hands, spoiled by rubber-making, at the long, thin plaits that hung over her pink cotton robe—they had been thicker before she had had fever. Margaret felt, with a sudden cold horror, that he was criticising her as if she had been a stranger. Had he met the Devil down below with the packhorse team, and sold his soul to the Powers of Darkness for some imaginary good or glory?

The Missus felt it was not her husband who was speaking to her, looking at their room and their home.

"Lloyd," she said, with a choking fear of something she could not define beginning to creep up her throat, "don't talk so loud—

you'll wake the Josephs."

"I don't know that it would do them any harm. Rank outsiders! Did you see how she stuck out her little finger drinking tea, and hear him telling us the heat was 'something crool'? Mag, we're mad to have lived in this—this sty so long!"

No, he was not ill. He was himself,

only--only----

"Lloyd, you'll drive me mad if you don't say what's the matter," said the Missus, drawing away from him a little and speaking carefully, with remembrance of the thin bark walls.

"Well," said the Master, setting down his glass, "this is the matter. I opened the last newspapers down at the bridge, to see about the War. And there were a lot of exciting things—Antwerp and—I can't tell you now. The driver and I got talking. And, as I was going, he asked me if the Palmer who was killed was any relation. So I looked up the casualty lists, and—""

He stopped, looked round the room, and again called it an awful hole. The brandy was taking effect. Margaret clinched her hands together. Who was dead? Who, of all the misliked relations, could, by the mere fact of his leaving the world, have torn up the Master's character by the roots and left this stranger in his place?

"Brendan was killed," suddenly burst out Palmer, "Gilbert was killed—it was a terrible battle—and Rick died of pneumonia at Amiens a month ago, and we never

heard it."

"How awful!" said Margaret, in a low voice. She was sitting now, her head bent forward, her plaited hair falling on her knees. She hid her hands as she saw Lloyd look at them again. What could they have to do with the death of uncles and cousins away there in the hell of the Great European War? And yet she saw the two things were oddly connected in her husband's mind.

"Awful, do you call it?" said Lloyd loudly. "I'm no hypocrite. They were never kind to me. Awful! Do you under-

stand I'm Lord Brendan?"

"Oh!" almost screamed the Missus. Yes, she saw now. Those three young lives—narried lives every one—that had made a wall between Lloyd and the Brendan earldom,



"'. There's a bit of good news for you in it."

too high for even fancy to look over—the simoom of death that blew across the Continent had swept them all away. And Brendan's children were girls, and Rick's baby was a girl, and Gilbert had no children. Gilbert, that jolly, bright fellow, by far the best of the clan—she was sorry he was gone, at all events.

"I feel dead beat," said the Master.
"Let's to bed, Countess, and talk it over in

peace.'

Countess! Why, of course she was. Margaret felt giddy at the thought. For the first time she realised what Lloyd was feeling. She stood up in the middle of the room—the bark-walled room with its floor of rough split palm, the room with the chintz and packing-case furniture that the Master and she had contrived so gladly—and saw her home crumble to dust around her.

The Earl and the Countess talked long that night; through the thin walls good Mr. Josephs and his wife heard the dull murmur, and wondered what could be keeping the Palmers awake. Towards midnight the missionaries got to sleep, but an hour or so afterwards Mrs. Josephs woke up, thinking that she heard a curious sound. Her head was against the wall. . . . It was certainly like someone crying very quietly—one would almost say crying in her sleep.

The Palmers agreed to say nothing next morning. Their guests would be gone by noon; in the meantime they would keep the amazing news to themselves. But it was hard to do so. The magic had worked up everything. (A blighting wind had blown upon the splendid green Para; it was nothing now but a tiresome stretch of trees that wanted weeding. The orchids were just bush flowers that anyone could have. The rubber dairy, which the Master used to compare to the dairy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," had been changed overnight to a shabby shed. They talked about their prospects; they kept telling each other how splendid it all was—they spoke of the castle and the house in Piccadilly.

"What'll become of the cow?" said Margaret suddenly. And then she ran into the house—to look for Elsie, she said.

It was Sunday to-day, and the Josephs had gone down to hold a mission service in the boys' house. Margaret and Illoyd—no longer the Master and the Missus—sat upon the verandah and looked out over the plantation, and they saw that it was bad. What, after all, were a handful of trees in

the midst of a mountain range set at the back of Beyond? What were six feet of water running over a muddy river-bed?

"I always did wish it had had a gravel bottom," said Margaret, looking at the

Neveri with a hold-cheap expression.

"You can't have a gravel bottom with good rubber land," said Lloyd, and somehow she felt grateful to him.

Then it was Lloyd's turn. .

"The floor never was any good," he said.
"That black palm is a pure nuisance, catching the legs of all your chairs, and——"

"Why, we've — we'd ordered eighteen hundred feet superficial of sawn hardwood; it would have been here in a week or two," argued Margaret.

"It can burn, for all we want it now,"

said Lloyd.

"Yes, isn't that delightful?" commented Margaret. She blinked her eyes a little. "How long did it take us to save up for it?" she asked.

"Eight months since we began putting by. You wouldn't have new boots, do you remember, and I said I'd smoke trade tobacco, and we get the ninepenny meat, and—— How absurd it all seems!"

"Awfully," said Lady Brendan. "I shall love the clothes," she went on, "and

having several hats."

"Several! You'll have several dozen, and two maids to hoard 'em," declared Lloyd. "Wait till you see my horses. It's an awful pity I get sick at sea; the yacht——"

"Elsie can have proper governesses, at all

events," broke in Margaret.

"You were a good enough governess for the Duchess's kids before we married."

"Entirely," echoed Lloyd. "It's a magnificent thing. I feel most awfully

happy about it."

"So do I," said Margaret. "Anyone

who didn't would be a lunatic."

Sabbath peace lay upon the plantation; the chipping knives and hoes were quiet; the Neveri river could be heard running softly among the rubber trees of Neverinumu—Neverinumu on which they had spent their youth, Neverinumu that they had made out of a handful of mud. And, behold, the pack-horse bells had wrought a miracle, for Neverinumu was but a handful of mud once more!

"I must go and see about the dinner,"

said Margaret suddenly.

"Dinner at one o'clock—savage, isn't it?" asked Lloyd, looking out from under his tilted hat at the pea-green of the young rubber, and the blue-green forest beyond, and, over and above all, the far, thin, ice-blue summits of New Guinea's unexplored main ranges.

"Horribly," agreed the Countess, tucking up her sleeves. "I will get some—some stuff for my arms at once," she said hastily, seeing her husband's eyes fixed on the

blemished skin.

"And your neck," said Lord Brendan.

"Court dress, you know."

Margaret felt a sudden burning at her eyes as she went out to the little building of stick and bark where all her culinary triumphs had been won. Was not the world—the world at home—full of women who had not wasted their youth and looks toiling on a plantation—women years and years younger, with skins of velvet and cheeks like dawn behind the lights of Mount Albert Edward?

"Elsie! Mother's own duck!" she cried, catching at the child, who had followed her out. "Do you want lots and lots of new toys, and hundreds of pretty dresses, my baby-girl? Mother'll give you everything

you want."

Elsie seemed to recognise something not

quite natural about her mother.

"You playing games?" she demanded,

with a doubtful brow.

"No, chicken. Tell mother anything you want, and she'll get it for you," said Margaret feverishly. "Mother can get Elsie anything she likes now."

"Elsie want one nice 'itty cutty f'om the

bush," said the child.

"A cuscus?"

"Ess. A cutty wif itty paws and a long, long tail, to keep for ever 'n ever, amen."

"Mother can't let you have a cuscus now, darling. We're going away. You couldn't take it to port, and it would die like the last pet you had."

"Muvver said give Elsie anyfing," said

the child.

"Anything but that, chicken."

"No want anyfing," said the little girl, turning away.

Margaret went into the kitchen and began a great rattling among the pots and pans.

Just before dinner was ready, the Josephs came toiling up the hill, hot and red and

cheerful. They were always cheerful, and generally smiling. Margaret found herself thinking that this was rather middle-class of the Josephs. People who were—people—weren't always on the grin.

"I'm coming in," said Mrs. Josephs, at the door of the kitchen. She was a woman who had never in all her life asked anyone else, "Is there anything I can do for you?" —that coldest and most repellent of offers.

She always went and did it.

There were hot plates to take out of the oven; there were vegetables to dish; there was a house-boy to hurry up with things in general. Mrs. Josephs took everything in hand.

"Go you and tidy up," she said. "I'll

see the dinner in."

Margaret escaped, thankful for a chance

of washing and brushing.

She flung on her best blouse and powdered her sunburned face. The hands were hopeless; powder stood out on them like rouge on the face of the dead. Margaret let them fall, and stood looking critically at her figure. With new, expensive stays, surely—surely—

What was that?

Her fingers, relaxing, dropped the powder-box on the floor. It burst and made a floury mess among the mats, but she did not heed. She had caught a sound from below—pack-horse bells.

Like a statue she stood for a moment

listening, and then—

"How absurd!" she said. "It's only the team going back. And they've brought us our news—all the news they'll ever bring

up here again."

Tank-tank went the bells, tankle-tankle. They were stopping at the bridge. Aloysius, the Irish driver, knew where a good meal was to be had on his long journey down to port. Of course, he would come up to the house. They were always glad to see Aloysius. . . . A pack-horse driver and a Countess! Wasn't it absurd?

The Countess buttoned her last button and hurried out. Mrs. Josephs was just

laying the last dish.

"I put a place for Aloysius. I know he often calls in to see you," she said pleasantly. Margaret wondered how it was she had never noticed before that the Josephs pronounced the "t" in "often." They really were dreadfully middle-class.

Aloysius dined and tea'd so frequently at the tables of missionary and planter families that his manners were beyond reproach; and if he did take a spoon and fork to his pudding, it was no more than everyone in the district did, including the Palmers. To-day both of them attacked the rather crumbling cabinet with a fork alone. Being out of practice, they spilled a good deal. Mrs. Josephs looked at them and wondered if they were short of spoons.

Aloysius, a lean, square, bright-eyed man with a neck like brown cordage, ate steadily without remark for twenty minutes or so, and then adjourned to the verandah with

the rest of the party.

"I have to be off pretty sharp," he observed. "I'm behind me time-table. wouldn't have called in at all, in spite of the good dinner I'd 'a' been missing, only

I owed ye an apology, Mr. Palmer."
"What for?" asked Lloyd dreamily. Lounging in a long chair, he had been looking out through clouds of tobaccosmoke across the flat and the hill and the river, across the mountain ranges and the sea, to far, far England and all that was waiting

"For forgetting this," said Aloysius, drawing a folded paper out of his pocket. "It was separate from the mail, for it come from Thursday Island on the Governor's yacht, but I'd no right to be forgettin' it, seein' it's the latest news. And I must ask yer pardon, Mr. Palmer; but I know you wouldn't mind, for me and Mr. Wicks, at the Company's plantation last night, we was that auxious to know about the War that we opened the paper ourselves and read it."

"No matter, no matter at all," said Lloyd absently. Newspapers were indeed of little

matter to him now.

"And what is the news?" asked Mr.

Josephs.

"Oh, good news, Mr. Josephs, glory be! We're thrashing and driving them Germans out of it. Sure, it will not be long till we have them clean out of France, the dirty—— But, Mr. Palmer, there's a bit of good news for you in it."

"Is there?" asked Palmer politely.

"Indeed, yes. Do you mind you told me last night, down at the bridge, that that young lad who was killed holding the bridge against the Germans was a cousin of yours the one they called Gilbert. Well, now, he's in the other paper 'wounded, reported killed, slightly wounded, I think it was. I knew you would be glad to know, Mr. Palmer, and I'm sorry I kep' the paper.

An extraordinary silence fell upon the Aloysius, struggling with an verandah. overloaded pocket, extracted the newspaper

at last and flung it down.

"There it is, Mr. Palmer, and good-bye

to you, for I must be going," he said.

Palmer, staring at him as if hypnotised, said "Good-bye," and forgot to hold out his hand.

"Wait, Aloysius, we're going, too; the horses are ready. We'll all go together,"

said Josephs, getting up.

There were boys to be called, and horses to be brought round, and bridles to be held, and a chair to be fetched. When at last the three horses, with their riders, had thundered away down the hollow-sounding turf to the bridge, the spell seemed to break. The Missus and the Master turned and looked at one another. In the distance pack-horse bells were tank-tanking further and further away.

"Massa," said Margaret, "we'll have our

floor in a couple of weeks."

"And we must get the Josephs to come and stay when we have it," said Lloyd.

"We must get another pink basin and

jug first," cried Margaret.

"We'll have two," said Lloyd firmly. "Nothing less. And I'll start the new clearing to-morrow."

"And Elsie shall have her cuscus," said the Missus. Then, being a woman, and tired of playing brave, she burst into tears.

"Massa, are you sorry?" she sobbed.

"I suppose I'm a lunatic," said Lloyd, "but I think, somehow, I'm awfully glad!"



A QUESTION OF MONEY

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Septimus E. Scott



HE wits of the Knickerbocker Club said that Clifford O m manney's summer cigarettes were invariably taken off the ice, and that Sylvia Vandyk inevitably slept upon a couch filled with the down

from the wings of tropical butterflies. This, of course, was the Western way of spelling the last word in refined civilisation and luxury. As a matter of fact, in Sylvia, on the one side, and Clifford, on the other, were represented the apogee of their respective parents. Time out of mind Père Vandyk and Père Ommanney had set out together from a "hayseed" village in the Far West fortune seeking, and, like the Biblical character in pursuit of the traditional asses, lo, they had found it. the course of time they had both married and settled down, and, in the words of Mr. Weller, Senior, Sylvia and Clifford were the results of the manœuvre. They were plain, straightforward old men, who had never neglected an opportunity in the pursuit of the almighty dollar, and when they had anything to say in Wall Street, they were listened to with respectful attention. They were the financial grubs from which emanated those brilliant society butterflies respectively the hero and heroine of this veracious story. Sylvia and Clifford typified the apotheosis of commercial success.

In other words, they were two spoilt children of fortune—a young man after the heart of Charles Dana Gibson, and a young woman typical of America's best and most perfect type of beauty. And it is needless to say neither of them had ever done a day's

work in their lives; they flitted from New York to Newport, from Paris to London, and from Rome to the Gulf of Florida, just as they pleased. They were immensely rich, immensely popular, and from the first the Four Hundred had received them with open Apparently there was no fly in the amber and no crumpled roseleaf on the couch of down—that is, so far as the public knew. But on one point old Reuben Vandyk and his partner Amos Ommanney were perfectly firm. They had made their money together, and they knew the value of it, and not unnaturally they conceived the idea that, when they had done with it, those two vast estates should become one under the joint direction of the young people—in other words, they had made up their minds that the two must marry. By gradual stages this had become an obsession so great that Roman Fathers had issued their ultimatum. There was no immediate hurry, of course, but unless the young people came to a proper understanding, they were told quite firmly that they would have to look to themselves in the future, and that the vast accumulation of family dollars would pass elsewhere.

Now, had the young people been left to themselves, no doubt the trouble would have smoothed itself out strictly in accordance with the laws of Nature. Sylvia and Clifford had a genuine liking for one another—they had been friends and confidants from their childhood—and Dan Cupid, hiding round the corner, frowned to himself to see all the fine work he was putting in frustrated by two obstinate old men who thought they knew better than the astute son of Venus. As a matter of course, the two young people drifted apart—they were cold and distant to one another, and there were certain

flirtations in other quarters which did nothing to fill the breach.

What the parents thought they kept to themselves. But they were none the less obdurate. It was about this time that they retired finally from business, realised their capital, chartered a yacht, and went off on a six months' cruise. Report had it that they contemplated the purchase of several islands in the Pacific, though there were others who said that they intended making a bid for some of the minor Balkan States.

Be that as it may, those two plutocrats sailed away into the sunset and never came back again. Months passed, but nothing was heard of the yacht, and the owners were given up for dead. It became necessary for Clifford Ommanney to look into his affairs, for even the son of a millionaire needs money sometimes, but apparently there was none to be had. To all practical purposes the wealth of the partners had vanished. Before they had set out they appeared to have sold everything and invested the proceeds in negotiable securities. Visits to banks and strong-rooms only tended to confirm the catastrophe. Beyond all doubt many millions of dollars in the way of bank paper lay at the bottom of the Pacific. Then for the first time it began to dawn upon Clifford that he was ruined.

He would have to get his own living. He pondered for a week over the best thing to take up, and then came to the deliberate conclusion that he was about as capable of keeping himself as the ordinary office-boy. It was not a pleasant summer that followed, and early autumn found Clifford fagged and run down—found him living on ten dollars a week and occupying a bed-sitting-room in a Brooklyn boarding-house. Yet he was young and strong; he had passed more than one winter trapping fur game in Alaska, and enduring the hardships of that life with zest and enjoyment, so that it injured his pride to find himself bound by the slavery of commercial New York.

It was about this time that he met Sylvia. She was coming out of the famous Flat Iron Building, carrying a note-book in her hand. She was pale and drooping. Gone were the Paris costumes, gone were the dainty shoes with their bejewelled buckles, and only the charm and sweetness of the girl remained. And Clifford stood before her, blushing and stammering like a school-boy.

"I guess," he said—"I guess that I'm the most selfish brute in New York. I forgot all about you. You were away at the time the trouble began, and somehow or other it got into my head that you were being looked after by friends."

"I have no friends," Sylvia said bitterly.

"Well, you need not put on frills over that," Clifford replied. "Nor have I. Not that I went looking for them with a gun when the crash came. Still, they did not exactly run after me, either. And to think I could not find a spare thought for you! You may not believe me, but it never occurred to me till this moment that we are both in the same boat together. Do you mean to say you are in an office?"

"That's what they call it," Sylvia said.

"And I'm in a dry-goods store. Dear kid, it's beastly!"

"So's the office, for that matter," Sylvia said, with a catch in her voice. "I ought to have tried for an outdoor job. I can ride and row and play golf; I can skate, and know all about ski-ing. There are lots of girls in America who would be glad to have

me as a companion."

"Oh, hit me!" Clifford cried. "Now, why didn't I think of the same thing myself? I'm a perfect jay as far as business is concerned, but an outdoor life is a different matter. Now I've got an inspiration. You just come along with me and have some lunch, and we'll talk the matter over. We are up against it, Sylvia—this sort of life will kill us sooner or later—so I'm going to make a suggestion. You may think it a foolish one, but something's got to be done."

Sylvia made no objection. Clifford was not blind to the fact that Sylvia had not enjoyed a lunch like that for a long time. He saw the tinge of health come back into that exquisitely-cut face of hers; he saw the sparkle once more in the blue eyes, and the smile playing about the corners of her Of course, he had always known that Sylvia was a pretty girl, but for the first time he recognised that she was beautiful. The knowledge came to him with something of a shock. He wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her; he had an insane desire to kiss the drooping red lips and look into those downcast eyes. Strange that he never felt like that before. However-

"Now, listen to me," he said. "I've got about five hundred dollars—saved it out of the wreck—and I've got a little shanty up yonder in Alaska that I bought and fitted out three years ago, when I had a fancy for trapping. Heaven knows how much

money I wasted on that place! You see, I got keen on the game. You remember I spent a whole winter up there. And when I'd finished, old Sol Punnett, my guide, told me that I knew as much about the game as he did. Of course, I was going back next winter, but I never did. Sol keeps an eye on the place, and writes to me occasionally. But there it is—a jolly old shanty, furnished with all sorts of luxuries in the way of patent stoves and cooking utensils. Why, there's an oil engine to run the electric Goodness knows how much in the way of stores, either. If I had that place in the Adirondacks, or on the Gulf of Florida, I could sell it for my own price. But fashion has not yet reached to Alaska, and there it is. And I am going back very soon."

"How perfectly splendid!" Sylvia cried.
"If I were a man, how I should love to go

with you!"

"You are going with me," Clifford said coolly.

"My dear boy, don't be ridiculous!"

"It ain't ridiculous," Clifford said. "Now, listen to me, kid. If I stay here, I shall blow my brains out. If you stay here, you'll just fade away and die. Now, why should you do anything so foolish? Why not marry me? There need be no sentimental nonsense, or anything of that sort. We can regard it as a matter of business, just as you regard your office. You don't care for me in that way, and I don't care—"

Clifford paused just there. It was rather difficult to swallow a piece of bread and that

lie simultaneously.

"You want to get out of this, and so do I. By nature we were intended for the simple outdoor life, and as long as there are such things as social conventions, you can only come with me in the way I speak of. We always got on very well together—always good pals, and so forth. Now, what do you say?"

For a minute or two Sylvia said nothing. Then she stole a glance at her companion. How handsome he was, in spite of his drawn appearance and that shabby serge suit! And then Sylvia made a discovery that caused her to drop her eyes, and brought the blood flaming into her cheeks. But the tender mood lasted but a moment, and the joy of adventure gripped her.

"It's a bargain," she said. "I think that's the proper word to use—what the dramatist would love to call a marriage of convenience. I suppose you and I must

have watched a score of such comedies in the Madison Square theatre. Only they generally lead to the gilt cage of splendour, worked out in the best manner of Sir Arthur Pinero. All right, Clifford. I beg to accept your offer of partnership, and the sooner we start, the better. I dare say we shall be quite as comfortable and get on quite as well as the typical happy pair in a conventional novel. To be quite frank, I should love it. And now you'd better get back to your work, and I'll return to mine. If I think much more about the open air, I shall grow sentimental."

The papers got hold of it, of course; there is nothing that escapes the eagle eye of the American journalist. And, really, it made quite a good story. It was a typically human document, full of dramatic possibilities, quite a little novel in its way. The special writers briefly sketched the careers of the dead-and-gone millionaires, and ended up with the hope that the plucky young couple would be as happy as they deserved. Sylvia read all this with cynical amusement, and her sense of humour responded to the quite large number of wedding presents, inspired, no doubt, by the story, and for which she was not in the least grateful. All she wanted now was to get away from New York, to feel the crisp, dry air on her forehead, and work. She told herself that she was happy enough, but with it all there was a certain gnawing little pain at her heart that never left her night or day. was frank to admit to herself that she liked Clifford well enough—he was a husband to be proud of, with the trifling exception that he did not love her. And Clifford was in wild spirits. His eye dwelt with the pride of possession on that exquisite face and figure opposite him, but he had never kissed her, and the fact troubled him. He was aching to do so, but it did not seem to be like playing the game. Perhaps, later on-

The first snows of winter had already fallen before the hut was reached. There was a long journey across the wild and desolate track of country and through the gloomy pine forests before the itinerary was finished. And it was all new and delightful. Even the broad silence of it appealed to Sylvia. It was a pure joy to lie back in the sledge in a mist of furs, and watch those big dogs flying through the snow. And it was strangely fascinating to encampat night under the lee of a rock, and watch the firelight flickering as the dogs lay round waiting for something unseen—wolves, perhaps, or the

danger of the snows. And so by easy stages they made their way along until the hut was reached.

Here a big man with a face like leather—a man with a huge hooked nose and scarred face—awaited them. He was a taciturn, typical son of the woods, who never used two words when one would do, and yet a man who knew every inch of the country, and in whose ears every snowflake whispered a message. He had his own hut a mile or so away; he had merely come over to light the stove and give the new-comers a welcome.

From the first moment Sol Punnett was Sylvia's abject slave. He surrendered at discretion; he rejoiced in his servitude. There was practically nothing that Sylvia had to do except cook the food and wash up the plates and dishes. Sol would have even made the very beds if she had allowed him to do so. He was hewer of wood and drawer of water; he showed signs of rebellion when Sylvia objected to his coming along in the mornings, with the thermometer below zero, to light the big stove.

Outside it was grim and forbidding enough; outside lay danger stark and black as the throat of a wolf for any luckless trapper who failed to read the warnings of the skies, or who wandered too far from the trail. There was plenty of game to be had. It was exciting work doing the circuit of the traps on the snow-shoes, and dragging the furs of the mink and the skunk and the black fox and the ermine back to the camp. For it was a good winter, and, from a business point of view, a long way the best in Sol Punnett's recollection.

But never did he cease in his taciturn way to impress upon Sylvia the danger of the life. There were times at night when he sat by the stove, pulling at his pipe and telling stories of dire perils and imminent escapes. And they were always stories of one or two men up against the forces of Nature in her wildest and most cruel moods. He told of bright and sunny mornings suddenly changing to a whirling hell of white battalions raging down the valleys and carrying all before them. These things to hear, like Desdemona, did Sylvia seriously And she learnt the lesson, too. She revelled in the life; her cheeks held the glow of health, and her beauty glistened like a star. But, in spite of it all, that queer little pain was still at her heart, though she could trap a fox with the best of them, though she could manipulate a team of huskies, and once, when Clifford had had a nasty fall, she

had gone back alone to the hut, a distance of ten miles, for assistance.

And she had all that she wanted there—she had all the comforts and luxuries of life. The hut was lighted by electricity, they boasted a baby-grand piano and a huge gramophone with hundreds of records. And Sylvia turned up her nose in scorn as she thought of the women she knew, cooped up there in New York. But the pain was still at her heart, and there it stayed.

The winter was drawing nearly to an end; it seemed as if Nature was turning in her sleep, and before long there would be no further trapping to do. Then the adventurers could go further south and live on the proceeds of the season's work. There would be no more snow, probably, but old Sol shook his head.

"One more flurry, I guess," he said.
"Always wind up with a display of fireworks. Then we can round up them outlying traps and take it easy for a spell, maybe."

It was a true prophet who spoke, for morning brought a blizzard from the north, waited on by a piercing cold, and for two days it was only possible to sit over the stove and eat and sleep. Then the frost shut down again, and sunset brought the steel blue into the vault overhead, with the promise of more snow behind it.

"We'll clear up those outlying traps in the morning," Clifford said. "No, you are not coming along, Sylvia. Just a bit too risky this time. And if we don't come back again, then you can take the other team of dogs and meet us."

It seemed a long morning to Sylvia and a still longer afternoon. The sullen sun had vanished, a thin powder of snow began to fall, and there was an ominous moaning in the pines on the shoulder of the hill behind the house. Then, with the force of a thunderbolt, the blizzard broke, and it seemed to Sylvia as if she were alone in the universe.

She bustled about the hut, scarcely daring to think; she wanted occupation to distract her thoughts. It was beginning to get dusk when something seemed to strike against the door; a hollow voice spoke from outside. With her heart in her mouth, Sylvia threw back the heavy timbers and dragged the limp form of Sol Punnett to the stove. As the grateful heat struck him, he opened his eyes and looked stupidly round him. There was a cut on his face, his left hand dangled uselessly.



"Then she stooped and lifted Clifford in her arms as if he had been a child."

"Accident with a sledge," he gasped— "'bout four mile away, just off the track by Three Pines. Dogs got out of hand when they was cut loose, and there you are. I've got a nasty jar, but your old man, is left ankle give out, and there he is. Can't move a yard without another sledge, and here am I 'bout as useless as a log! If you

"Oh, I dare," Sylvia said quietly—"I dare!"

She fought her way in the teeth of the gale to the shed at the back of the hut. There she wrapped herself in her furs and whipped the dogs into the traces. It was touch and go for a minute, but she was reckless and full of courage, and the huskies seemed to know it. The pain was gone from her heart now, and she could see the truth. The thing that she had tried to hide from herself was like a hand pointing from the falling skies. And then for an hour or more she battled along the headlong track of her great adventure, fought fiercely till her eyes were blind with tears and the breath seemed to be frozen in her body. But somehow she knew that she was fighting to win. She knew that the light would hold good for a good hour or more, and that with the wind on the backs of the dogs, and their eager noses turned homewards, the victory would be hers.

And presently she found what she sought —an overturned sledge and a man sitting by the side of it, doggedly shaking the snow from his furs. He looked up in a dazed fashion and wiped the freezing snow from

his eyes.

"Good Heavens, is it you, Sylvia?" Clifford gasped. "My dearest girl, my ever dearest girl, do you mean to say---- It isn't even as if you cared for me-I mean,

not in the way that I care."

He was so dazed and numb that he seemed hardly to know what he was saying, and yet the words rang sweet and true, and the light that cannot be counterfeited was in Then Sylvia forgot the peril of the moment, forgot everything as stumbled out of the sledge and threw her arms about Clifford's neck and drew his head down on her shoulder.

"It was worth it," she whispered—" worth all the danger, because now I know! And do you mean to say that all the time you

have really, really cared?"

"Always, I think," Clifford said, "only I didn't know. You see, if we had not been brought up together, if we had met casually. as people who get to love one another do-

He broke off abruptly, and Sylvia laughed. Then she stooped and lifted Clifford in her arms as if he had been a child and placed him tenderly in the sledge. There was not another word spoken as they made their way back again, with the grey wolves of the gale howling for their lost prey-indeed, there was nothing more to say. They were back again presently, back in the warm shelter of the hut, safe and sound and happy.

About a fortnight later, when the snows were melting on the hillside, and Sol Punnett was away clearing out the traps, two elderly travellers might have been seen wending their way in the direction of the hut. Then one of them looked in through the window and signed to his companion to

approach cautiously.

"Looks as if it had come off all right. pard," he said. "Seems as if our little scheme had planned out all right. Now, if you take

my advice, you will just wait-

But the other man was taking no advice. Without ceremony he opened the door of the hut and walked in. There was a shout of surprise and welcome, and a moment later the trapper and his bride and the two long-lost mariners were all talking at once.

It was the strident voice of Reuben Vandyk that presently dominated the rest.

"It was all a put-up job," he said. "I got it out of a book. So we just put our money away quietly and hopped off on the yacht way down South. We changed its namebecause why? We wanted to give you young people a chance to learn a few things, and then find yourselves, and now you 'ave! You can't get over the old people; you see, they always know best,"

"No doubt," Sylvia laughed. "But if you knew everything, you'd realise there was

some danger in it, after all."



NEW ZEALAND AND THE WAR

By The Hon. THOMAS MACKENZIE, F.R.G.S.,

High Commissioner for New Zealand.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick, alarming drum,
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick,
alarming drum.

Autre's poem "The Reveille" at the outset of this article because they seem to me to express—or, at least, to indicate—in a measured and picturesque phrase the spirit which animated the people of New Zealand when they, through their Parliamentary representatives, approved the adoption of the principle of compulsory military training throughout the Dominion. This principle was embodied in a measure entitled the Defence Act, which was carried by Sir Joseph Ward's Ministry in 1909, and a beginning was made to put it into force in 1912, whilst I was Prime Minister.

Before entering into an explanation of the leading provisions of the Act, and instancing the remarkable effects its operation has had upon the physical and moral development of the youth and manhood of the country, I desire to indicate, as briefly as possible, the causes which induced the Dominion to adopt a policy so foreign to that which is traditional in the Motherland. And, in doing this, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am taking no sides in the controversy which is now raging in Great Britain as to the necessity or advisability of abandoning voluntaryism for conscription. But I may say at once that the New Zealand system is not conscription in the sense that it is understood in France and Germany. a plan—a well-devised, carefully-thought-out plan—for enabling the youth and manhood of the country to qualify themselves for the defence of their hearths and homes, their kith and kin, should emergency arise. The essential spirit of the Act is "defence, not defiance."

It may be said that the realisation of the

necessity of some such measure had its inception during the "Black Week of Colenso," in the Boer War, when the British Army seemed to be threatened, not only with defeat, but disgrace and disaster. New Zealand, it will be remembered, sent a rapidly organised contingent to South Africa, and the services these men rendered were warmly and handsomely acknowledged brilliant soldier the late Field-Marshal Earl When that war had been brought to a successful, if not glorious, conclusion, and our gallant lads had returned to their own hills and dales to resume peaceful avocations, our most far-seeing, thoughtful politicians and publicists began to consider what might or would happen to New Zealand if the Motherland should become involved in a great European War, and be no longer able to extend sufficiently the ægis of her protecting shield—her incomparable Navv—to the outposts of Empire. Gradually the conviction grew-and great ideas usually grow slowly, and take a long while to grip the intelligence and stir the imagination of the public—that the position of the country would be an exceedingly perilous one if the Motherland were compelled to withdrew the protection of the Australasian Squadron, and leave us to defend ourselves in case of attack. Gradually we realised that, in such an event, our fair country might or would be at the mercy of a victorious foreign foe, and that we might, if defenceless, be brought under the dominion of a Power alien to ourselves in all that we Britishers hold most priceless.

Great Britain's Navy has demonstrated its supremacy in a manner that has exceeded all expectations, but how could we foresee that there might not be a combination of European or other Powers that would tax its resources to the utmost? Slowly but surely the idea gained ground in the minds of New Zealanders that the time had arrived for them to be

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prepared and to prepare themselves for self-defence. It was incumbent on their manhood to do so, and not be dependent upon the Motherland. They realised, as vividly as did our brothers in Australia, that the British Empire is not compact, like that of Germany, but is far-flung over the seven They realised, too, the immensity of her frontiers, extending over thousands of miles, which, in the case of a great war, it would be absolutely impossible for her, with a comparatively small and almost insignificant standing Army—as compared with those of European and Asiatic countries -to defend successfully, no matter how efficient that Army might be for its numbers. Further, they realised the quiet, stealthy, unmistakable preparations which but Germany was making for a campaign on a The machinations and intrigues Continental diplomacy, with all its unscrupulousness, mendacity, and deceptions, were almost unknown to us, for we were not then, on such subjects, in the confidence of Downing Street. But, reading between the lines, it was not difficult to foresee and even predict that, sooner or later, an immense black war-cloud would burst over Europe, that no one could foretell how far the Motherland might be affected by the tempest of war.

Considering how radical was the departure from British traditions, there was singularly little opposition to the measure when introduced by the Ministry. More opposition was experienced when the Act was put into force a few years later. An insignificant minority worked against the Act on conscientious scruples and for other reasons some half dozen even left the country rather than submit to compulsory military training but to the everlasting credit and honour of our lads—and lasses, too—be it said, the overwhelming majority of them, not only cheerfully, but enthusiastically, entered upon their military duties, even at the expense of considerable personal sacrifice to themselves and families.

And, after all, in the majority of cases, the sacrifice of time for training is not great, while the physical and moral benefits are. All male inhabitants of the Dominion between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five, not exempted, are liable, under an old Act still in force, to serve in the Militia. But the period of training begins at an earlier age. From the age of twelve to the age of fourteen a boy at a primary school performs a certain amount of physical

elementary training, though this is not considered military training under the Defence Act. Still, it is a good, wholesome, beneficial

preparation.

On reaching the age of fourteen the lad is transferred to the senior cadets, and then becomes a member of the military forces. He remains a senior cadet till he is eighteen, when, if physically fit, he is drafted into the Territorial Force. As a Territorial soldier he is liable to be called out at any time for service within the Dominion. On reaching the age of twenty-five he is transferred to the Reserve, where he remains till he reaches the age of thirty, when he is discharged.

Now, it may be asked, what have been the practical effects of the Defence Act? Well, in the first place, in the short space of three years or so, it has been the means of greatly improving the physique of our New Zealand youth. The military training and discipline—never too rigid—have done much to improve their bearing and teach them the value of self-restraint and a proper recognition of authority. Again, it has taught them the value of self-reliance and manly independence. It has also given to them a truer conception of Empire, and brought home to their minds the important fact that New Zealand is part and parcel of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. And it has helped to arouse and stimulate that truly Imperial spirit of which some public men talk so glibly, but do so little to develop. Lastly, it has been the direct means of enabling this young Dominion of the Empire to place at the disposal of the Motherland, during the present War, a force of over 30,000 of the youth and flower of her manhood, well trained and fully equipped, to fight for human liberty and civilisation and all that mankind holds dearest against the most terrible menace of military despotism that the world has faced since the days of Napoleon. History is repeating itself, but there will be many additions—stirring, soulstirring additions—to add to the story which we shall tell to our children and grandchildren in the days to come.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Germany's flagrant and infamous violation of the neutrality of Belgium, and her wanton and wicked disregard of the rules and observances of civilised warfare, aroused the wrath and indignation of the world. In no country was this indignation more strongly felt and expressed than in New Zealand. When the news of the atrocities of the German Huns was flashed across the ocean,

New Zealanders were fired with anger. Their manhood was shocked, their hearts were aflame with fury. It was difficultindeed, almost impossible at first—to believe that a nation such as the Germans, credited, as they were, with all the essentials of the highest civilisation, could have been guilty

such atrocities to helpless women and innocent children: but when the bald, cold, ruthless truth came home, and the revolting barbarities of the Huns were proved t h e t o hilt, then every New Zealander, from the Three Kings to the Bluff, felt that "leap of heart whereby a people rise up to a noble anger's height."

I doubt if any event chronicled in history has so fired the imagination and kindled the anger of a people and. indeed, of the world, as Germany's infamous treatment of

Belgium. But this I do know—it fired the heart of New Zealand, and when it was decided to send an Expeditionary Force to the Front to aid Great Britain and her Allies, there was an almost turbulent desire on the part of our youth and manhood to enlist. Long accustomed though they were to the arts of production, and quite unaccustomed to those

destruction, they seemed to realise instinctively that something more than the safety, security, and restoration of Belgium was at stake. They felt it was a crisis-an unparalleled crisis—in the world's history. It was Armageddon, suddenly thrust upon us by one who styled himself the War Lord

of Europe, and who, even more am bitious than Napoleon, aimed at gaining the control of Europe, if not of the world, and certainly wresting from Great Britain the supremacy and freedom of the ocean. And they foresaw, too, that all those principles of constitutional liberty and government inherent in the British character would go by the board if the German Kaiser and hisemissaries were allowed to obtain the upper hand. And Bel-

gium'sheroic struggle for freedom against an overwhelm-

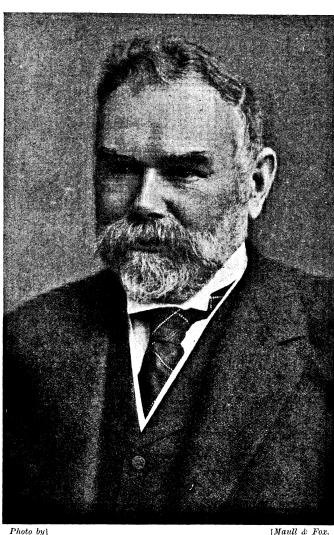


Photo by

THE HON. THOMAS MACKENZIE, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

ing foe thrilled the heart of New Zealand. Never, perhaps, was there a more striking illustration of the truth of those grand lines in James Russell Lowell's poem "The Present Crisis"—

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east

to west.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,

Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong; Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast

frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy

Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame—

In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.

Thanks to our system of compulsory military training, the Massey Government, with its Defence Minister, the Hon. James Allen, was enabled, in the course of a very few weeks, to mobilise and equip a thoroughly trained contingent—horse, foot, and artillery, with all the auxiliary forces—of eight thousand men, the pick of our young manhood. This force, under the command of Major-General Godley, joined the Australian Contingent, and was safely transported across the Indian Ocean to Egypt, where it was wisely decided that they should go into camp and complete their training, and, as the saying is, get hardened The men themselves were keen to go direct to the Front in the Western theatre of war, and fight shoulder to shoulder with their comrades who were doing such magnificent work in France and Flanders. But the War Office thought it injudicious to bring these men from the semi-tropics to face suddenly the terrible rigours of the ice-bound, snow-covered trenches. Besides, trouble was clearly brewing in the Near East. Turkey, forgetful of all she owed to Great Britain, was obviously under German influence, and preparing to throw in her lot with the Central Powers.

Anticipating events somewhat, I may here interpolate the remark that this first contingent of eight thousand men was followed by several others, until, as already mentioned, the total number that has sailed from New Zealand reached thirty thousand. Other contingents, whose strength it would be inadvisable to indicate, are getting ready to follow their gallant comrades, for in New Zealand there is a fixed resolve to see this world-war through to a successful issue.

The New Zealand Expeditionary Force is in camp near Cairo, under the shadow of the Pyramids, where a century or so ago the great Napoleon had measured swords with the Mamelukes. During my visit to Egypt it was gratifying to witness the splendid impression our men made on General Sir John Maxwell and General Sir William Birdwood. Sir John Maxwell admired their fine physique and martial bearing, and declared that no finer soldiers could

be found on the face of God's earth. Sir William Birdwood said how proud he was to command such men. Like the proverbial Irishman, they were all "spoiling for a fight." It was not long before their desire was gratified, for they played their part in repulsing the abortive attempt of the Turks to destroy the Suez Canal. It was their baptism of fire, and they emerged well from the ordeal, maintaining with credit the fighting traditions of the race from which they sprang.

But a greater, sterner ordeal awaited them. The Dardanelles Expeditionary Force was organised, and the Australian Contingent, as well as that of New Zealand, was placed under the command of that gallant and capable soldier, Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Birdwood, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., whom we admire and trust.

The story of that wonderful landing at Gaba Tepe and elsewhere on the Gallipoli Peninsula is so fresh in the public memory that it is unnecessary for me to do more than allude to it. But this I may add: When the full story of that exploit is told, it will be found to rank among the foremost of the most gallant, brilliant achievements of British arms. I have seen photographs of the cliffs our men had to scale in the face of a withering, devastating fire from a concealed enemy. These cliffs, between four and five hundred feet in height, are almost perpendicular, and it almost passes comprehension how human beings could have ascended them. A seaman who was on one of the warships that covered the landing of our troops said to me: "We sailors think we know a bit about climbing, but how those boys get up those cliffs is a marvel. They seemed to have the climbing powers of a cat and a monkey combined." Referring to the fighting powers of our men, he paid them this curious compliment: "They are a cross between a British bulldog and a Tasmanian devil."

Fighting side by side with them now are a number of Maoris—most chivalrous of all the native races—and I have heard some soul-stirring stories of the gallantry they have displayed on many occasions.

During the last few months it has been my somewhat painful duty—yet, in a sense, a proud privilege—to visit many hundreds of our wounded who have been invalided home to this country. I have heard their simple, unadorned narratives, told with manly modesty, of what they went through. While the sight of their maimed limbs and

the knowledge of their sufferings brought a sob to the throat, the story of their heroism raised a song in the heart. When that story is told by a more graphic pen than mine, the heart of the Empire will thrill with pride. It will become one of the most

brilliant pages in our history.

One fact has impressed me greatly. Despite all the exceptional nature of the difficulties and dangers they have had to face and surmount, I have found these men confident of our ability to "win through" with sufficient support. The casualty list is a heavy, an appalling one, but this does not dishearten them. Their great desire is to get their discharge from hospital and rejoin their comrades at the Front. They are sure of victory. As one man, the son of a prominent New Zealand public man, serving as a private, said to me, quoting Lewis Morris—

Be of good cheer, 'tis not for long; He conquers who awaits the end.

On Sunday, October 17, volunteers were called to return to Gallipoli, and every New Zealander present responded. As the officer who told me the story remarked: "There were no 'cold feet' among the New Zealanders."

This paper would be incomplete if mention was not made of the support given by New Zealanders in money and kind to those in the Old Country and on the Continent who require help. A sum of fully half a million sterling has been subscribed by the people of New Zealand, and large quantities of foodstuffs and clothing have been received from the Dominion.

A reference to the work of the New Zealand War Contingent Association should not be omitted. At the beginning of the War the Association was formed in order to prepare comforts for those about to take part in the campaigns, and to make provision for the Later, a military hospital was wounded. established at Walton-on-Thames, where presently three hundred of our soldiers will accommodated. The buildings and surroundings are all that could be desired, and the staff is excellent, so that our men will be well looked after. The organisation of the Association is perfect. Earnest men and women have formed themselves into sub-committees. and members visit the thousands of wounded New Zealanders in the Old Land, and see that the soldiers' wants are carefully and promptly supplied. In addition, amusements and entertainments are provided.

Mr. C. Knight, of Regent's Park, has very kindly lent his beautiful home at Brighton, and fitted it up as a convalescent home for our officers, and he is bearing the cost of maintaining it. Other convalescent homes have been provided by our friends in this country.

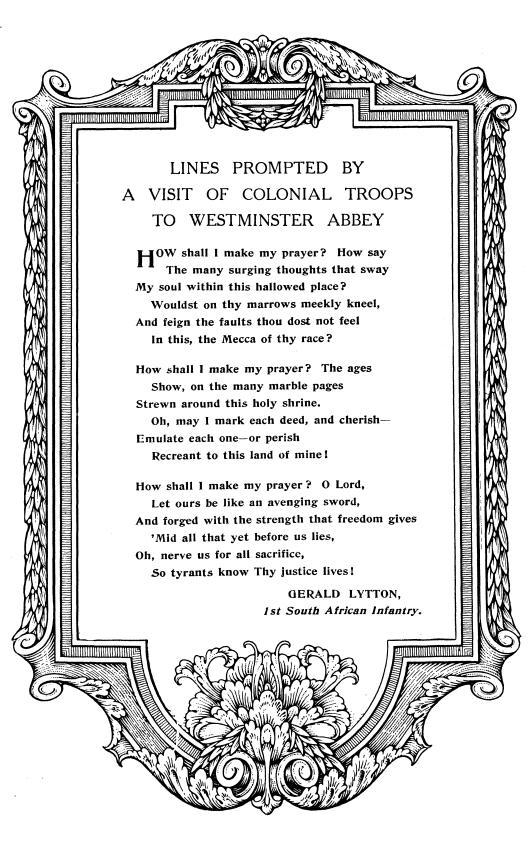
I cannot speak too appreciatively of the great kindness that the people of England are everywhere showing to our men, and, indeed, to all Overseas soldiers who are taking part in the defence of the Empire. Their kindness and consideration are beyond all

praise

It seems to me that this War had to come. The hearts and courage of the men and women of our Empire were never grander All that is required to give effect to that splendid spirit is capable leadership. With leadership and organisation there is nothing that our men cannot achieve. But never again must this nation allow itself to be lulled into that fatal condition of indifference which has so long been permitted to prevail. Constant vigilance is still the price that must be paid for liberty, and that price has not been paid by us. Events clearly indicate that we are at the close of one political era and near the dawn of another. Great results will follow if the problems of Empire are taken in hand and capably dealt Meantime the mingling this War with. has brought about of the hardy sons of the pioneers of civilisation and Empire in the South and West with those brave lads of the bulldog breed of the North will create a fellowship such as never could have been brought into existence by any other means.

To conclude. Out of evil good often comes. I believe this world-war has done more to consolidate the British Empire, and strengthen the bond of sympathy and the "crimson thread of kinship," than any power under heaven could have done. We are being purged with fire, but I believe-indeed, I am convinced—that we and our noble Allies will emerge from the ordeal better men and a stronger race. Only we must be of good courage and of steadfast resolution, sustained by the conviction that we and our Allies are fighting in a just and righteous cause, and for all that is best for the highest interests, not only of our day and generation, but of our posterity. We must fight to ensure a peace that shall be more enduring than bronze.

than bronze



THE GAY HAZARD

II. AN AFFAIR OF RAPIERS

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram



ISTER of Listerhall sat by his daughter in the roomy chaise, as it rattled up hill and down towards the Beamsley country; and presently he broke the silence.

"Janet," he said,
"I've met queer

folk in my time, but the oddest of them all is Dick Mortimer. He fought a duel yesterday."

"A duel? Why did he not tell me?"

"Well, a man does not explain these things to women; but you'll have to know about it, soon as we get home. He killed his man—or, at least, Underwood is dying fast—and, of course, it will mean a year or two abroad for Dick."

The girl was silent for a mile of the uneven, bumpy road. All her world of youth seemed ended. A year or two abroad for Dick! It meant an eternity of loneliness for her, and her father talked as if it were the passing of a summer's day. If they had not met just now in the tavern—if she had not caught his glance, seen how it fared with his wayward, eager heart—it would have been bearable, at least. She could have hidden her love for him with brave, outward show if she had not known that he, too, cared.

"What was his quarrel with Mr. Under-

wood?" she asked by and by.

"Oh, some affair of the bottle and the dice, from what he hinted. Young blood must have its way."

Janet winced, as she watched the fields and woodlands swirl past the windows of the chaise. Some affair of the bottle and the dice! How sordid it was! And she had hoped, with passionate eagerness, that he had fought on her behalf, all in the romantic fashion dear to olden days.

Lister did not heed her silence. "The times are namby-pamby, girl," he said, pursuing an ancient grievance. "When I was young, the world was full-blooded, and men needed to let a little of the good fluid out. Duels were our physicians. But nowadays we all grow soft and flabby. If Underwood dies, what concern has the law with it? The fight was a fair one, if I know Dick Mortimer."

"Dick is not less exiled, father," said

Janet sharply.

"Oh, a year abroad, and my influence working quietly for the lad, he'll come home again. We're not yet such a nation of old women, child, that a mischance of this kind cannot be arranged."

"A year-twelve empty months-is that

nothing?"

She flushed, meeting her father's good-humoured, easy smile. "So it's as I always hoped?" he said. "He was in love with you years ago, but you were this and that. Eh, how wayward women are! Will-o'-wispies, all of you."

Her petulance was gone. There was a quick, eager light in the eyes that many men had praised. "He was in love with me years ago? What were the tokens, sir?

I saw none."

Lister settled his big, comfortable body more easily into the corner of the chaise. Life, and the people who shared it with him, diverted him amazingly. "Suppose you watched a woman in process of this ailment they call love—what would the tokens be?"

"Simple enough, of course. She would blow east and west to him at the same moment-would praise him with her eyes, and whip him with her tongue, would make heroes of all other men, when he was there to listen, and afterwards would cry her heart out in loneliness because he was so dull, and blind, and foolish."

"Faith, child, you'll be a poet if Dick stays too long overseas! We've never had a poet in the family yet, Heaven be thanked. This affair must be arranged more quickly

than I fancied."

"How does a man know when another man is in love?" she asked, meeting his banter with a quick counter-thrust. are so wise, sir, that they, too, must know the signs."

"They know them, if freemasonry would

let them tell."

"Always the same. Women babble all their secrets — as village - folk hang their washing out for the world to see—but men You would not tell me," she went on, nestling to his side with the appeal that had never failed since her mother died, and left the two of them to make comradeship out of utter loneliness—"you would not tell me why you know that Dick cares?"
"Oh, I'll tell you that, baby. There are

so many ways of caring, most of 'em rather muddy, but the lad's heart is clean for you. I loved your mother in just that way. First, she was a thing too good for this world, as I met her in the lane. She wore a blue gown, and I don't know what there was about her, but I worshipped her. I hid it gamely, so I thought; but, of course, the world guessed it."

"And then?" asked Janet.

"Then a lout—one like Underwood, who never had a thought beyond beefsteaks and beer—quipped me. And I struck him."

"You, father—you are so easy-going, so even-tempered?"

"Yes, my baby girl. One learns as the years go on. But I was young in those days, and on fire with worship of your mother. We had our duel at dawn of the next day-he and I-and I killed him, for your mother's sake. But there was no exile for me, child. All the decent world came round me and applauded."

Janet turned to the window again. felt utterly forlorn, somehow. fought for their women when the world was younger; but Dick Mortimer, it seemed, was content to be exiled for some quarrel bred of the wine-cup and the dice. It was so paltry, so unlike him; and it was so short a while since she had seen the light in his eyes as he gripped her hand—so fiercely that it hurt her—and said farewell.

Lister of Listerhall began to laugh, with quiet, persuasive merriment. "The odd thing about Mortimer is that he doesn't know himself. At his age he should begin to grow up; but he doesn't. He fights a duel, Janet, and is warned to get abroad. He rides a few miles and finds an ancient hag who says that her grand-daughter is dying; and Dick, with his uncanny gift for helping people, guesses that this little lass is dying of love, and finds out that her man is in gaol for debt. So what does Sir Galahad do?"

"Goes out and drowns it all in drink and dice," said Janet wearily. "There are no

Galahads to-day."

"Goes out and finds a highwayman robbing a money-lender, and takes toll of the highwayman. Fifty guineas, child—and Dick asks me, all in his daft way, to stop at the Beamsley Hospital and deliver these two bags of money. If there were less of Galahad about the lad, he'd prosper better. I always told you, child, that he was a survival from the Middle Ages."

"I am only a woman, but to me he

seems a fool—a fool complete."

"Oh, yes—folly of the sort that I'd give half a lifetime to achieve. I tell you, child, it makes me laugh to think of Galahad riding for two whole leagues with a care for his own safety, and then forgetting it because an ancient hag mistakes him for the

"She was quite, quite old — and — and

hideous?"

"Quite," chuckled Lister. "Dick should be sure of you, if he could hear the cold in Oh, I know it! your voice. Jealousy never begins till love arrives, as the proverb has it. But a word in your ear, baby girl kill jealousy at sight, as you'd kill a snake in the grass. It's not healthy."

Janet answered nothing, as they drove up hill and down, and came at last to the

orderly, grey front of the Hospital.

A woman, old and wrinkled beyond belief, was sitting on the bench beside the gateway, sunning herself in the warmth of the October afternoon. She had two huge, grey cats on her lap, and a third was sitting on her shoulders.

Lister, as he stepped from the chaise, knew her at sight. Dick, after all, had described her faithfully as the most unfavoured thing one was likely to meet with in a long day's journey.



"Lister gave up the battle, and sank cosily into his corner of the chaise."

"You have a grand-daughter named Lucy?" he asked, all in his debonair and friendly way.

The grey cats mewed forlornly as she rose to curtsey and displaced them from her lap. "I have, sir. But what should the quality know of it?"

"D'ye remember a good physician who came yesterday and promised a remedy for the girl's ailment?"

"Ay, I recall. He was mad, I fancy, or in wine, and has forgotten by this time."

Lister took a spacious pinch of snuff.

"They say that of so many good physicians—that they are either mad or drunk. Your grand-daughter is in need of fifty guineas—"

"No, sir, twenty only."

"Ah, to be sure. That was the message he gave for you—twenty guineas to free some rascal from gaol, and the rest as a dowry for your girl."

The woman's eyes grew big with astonishment. It was not her experience of the world that promises of this kind were not only kept, but fulfilled beyond the letter. She was so profuse with thanks that Lister

grew embarrassed; but, when he proposed to give the money off-hand into her charge and get into the chaise again, she would not let him. She explained that so few of the gentry-sort ever thought it worth while to tarry at the Hospital—told him how out of heart her grand-daughter was, and how pleasant it would be if he would bring the gift in person.

Lister was always hard with bullies or intrusive men, but for women who were old, and for children, he had a heart as soft as putty. Janet watched him follow his ill-favoured beguiler under the wide porchway, and laughed a little, as a good daughter does who knows her father's weaknesses.

She grew restless presently. It was easy for Dick to drink too much, and pick a quarrel, and go into exile. But for her? She forgot entirely that until to-day she had given him no sign that she cared whether he drank, or quarrelled, or was exiled. To a woman, somehow, life begins when she knows that the man of her choice cares once for all, and she forgets the yesterdays. Already the year's separation grew endless in the looking forward.

She stepped from the chaise at last and stood in front of the wide archway, flanked by three little houses on one side, three little houses on the other. She read the inscription, graven deep in stone above the arch, and wearied of this Lady Anne Clifford who had been so busy in the long ago with building and rebuilding. All things wearied her, somehow, since she had said good-bye to Dick Mortimer.

Her interest was stirred a little as she crossed the open space, half courtyard and half garden, filled with Michaelmas daisies and other brave, upstanding flowers of autumn, and saw the round, lichened building that was like no other in the land. She had seen it years ago, in the days before Dick or any man came to trouble her unclouded girlhood; and she remembered how the seven houses clustered round the beehive of a chapelry—the smallest house of worship in the country, surely—and how the only doorways of those seven houses opened into the place of worship. It had affronted even her heedless youth that household slops and the way of prayer should be compelled to share the self-same doors. And now, as she neared the doorway, some old, deep-rooted detestation of the Cliffords took her unawares. The Nortons, she told herself, would have shown a more sensitive regard for the decencies of worship. She was tired no longer, and did not guess that a breath from the long-ago had come to her. The Listers of Listerhall—Dick Mortimer—the unyielding few who had taught her that it was better to die with the staunch bravery that had crowned the Rylstone Nortons in their loss of this world's goods—she was bone of their bone, and the spirit of an ancient feud glowed quick and vivid on the sudden.

The spirit of a feud more ancient still—old almost as the world's beginning—was reawakened presently. She went into the chapel, following some restless whim to see her father playing this rôle of fairy godfather. As a godfather, he was of the right and heavy build, but it would be diverting to see how he sustained the fairy's half of the adventure.

It was not diverting at all when Janet came to the one open door of the seven, and stood there, watching the red-gold sunlight stream through the window on the red-gold, wonderful hair of a girl who seemed part of October's magic. Her eyes were blue as an autumn sky, her body straight and lissom as a sapling that proposed soon to be a fruitful tree. She was beautiful, and Lister of Listerhall was telling her that, so far as he knew, her lover had broken gaol and was It would be as well, perhaps, safe away. to keep the twenty guineas needed for his release until she was sure that the law must have them. The lawyers—his laugh was so bright, so like Dick Mortimer's—the lawyers could always be trusted to send in their claims when the hour arrived.

Janet turned away with sudden heart-sickness. It was easy now to understand why Dick had taken so much trouble to send this money to the girl. But she could not understand one thing. He drank and diced and picked quarrels, but always he had kept gentility alive till now. If this child with the starry eyes and the cornripe hair was dear to him, surely he could have chosen other messengers for his bounty—it was a clownish insult to her father and herself that he should ask them to bring money to her.

She turned away, and found the courtyard full of women who had arrived from nowhere, so it seemed. Life was so orderly here, so entirely without history, save of local quarrels touching the borrowing of a frying-pan or what-not, that this arrival of the quality was an adventure and a holiday. They would have plied her with questions, if she had smiled in answer to their greeting; but

they were awed by the cold, patrician beauty of her face, by the glance that looked ahead

at some far, unhappy vision.

When her father came to the chaise at last, with his jolly, lumbering step that suggested a ship labouring under heavy seas. he was not aware that she had left its shelter. But he was entirely aware, as the miles jogged on, that her temper was vile as a north-easter when it whips the frosted snow-crests.

"What ails you, child?" he asked at last. "Dick goes over to France, undoubtedly;

but a year is nothing to the young."

"Nothing at all, sir. But, when Dick returns, will he still ask friends to take money to a girl who—who cannot be trusted with her beauty?"

Lister of Listerhall grew serious. had dipped, here and there, into the pages of the book concerned with women's jealousy, and to an honest, forthright man it was a tale muddled and dismaying.

"Child, she is pretty enough, I grant you."

"Too pretty for her station. That is my complaint."

"Beauty should belong to our own class, Baby, you've a deal to learn of the eh? world."

"I begin to learn, sir," she said, with the dignity of a child in spectacles. "As for Mr. Mortimer, he seems entirely content

with his liberty to roam abroad."

Lister gave up the battle, and sank cosily into his corner of the chaise, and wondered what they would give him for dinner when they arrived at Listerhall. When they arrived, the butler waited until Janet had gone upstairs, and turned to the master whom he loved just a little more than he loved Dick Mortimer. His air was deferential, but almost tender.

"Of course, sir, you will drink the best wine in the house?"

"Oh, yes, because my health demands it. My bailiff absconds, Ferriby. No doubt one needs fortifying for the morrow's work."

"There is another reason, sir, if I might

speak of it."

"Well, man, what is it? Surely your tongue is privileged, by this time. the worst of a butler who has served one's father; his privileges grow big by what they feed on."

"I think, sir, you will be glad to drink Mr. Mortimer's health. Everybody who is anybody, sir, agrees that he fought a very creditable duel."

"I met Mr. Mortimer a few hours ago,"

said Lister, with lazy irony, "and he didn't mention any credit attaching to himself."

"He wouldn't, sir-it is not his way. Was he in good health, and safely on the

way to France?"

"Oh, on the road; but he's never safe, so long as there are vagabonds along it to claim his pity. Still, he has the luck, and luck's everything." He took a few uneasy paces up and down the room. Underwood—is he dead?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir, but past all curing. Dr. Lascelles is constantly at the house, doing what he can, but the end is certain, so they say."

"Ah!" said Lister, as if he shook himself free of some hope that had proved delusive. "Get the ripest wine out, Ferriby, and serve dinner quickly. My body is just a hunger

and a thirst, and needs pampering."

Dick Mortimer himself spent the next two days at the wayside tavern, tending the red-headed rogue whom he had rescued from rough handling, before it occurred to him that he had only a handful of loose silver in his pocket, and must needs find money to pay the reckoning when Peter was sufficiently recovered to let them take the road together. The need of money had always seemed to him a little absurd in a world that held so many other things worth while.

"Have you a lad who can ride as far as the Beamsley country—to Mr. Lister of Listerhall?" he asked the host, on the third

morning.

"I have always a rider at Mr. Lister's

service, sir—or at his friends'."

"Then send him with this letter. If he lets himself be robbed on the return journey, you'll not find your tavern reckoning squared."

"You are pleased to jest."

"They all say that, host. When I'm as solemn as an owl—only a crown piece in my pocket, and the world slipping from under me—they say I jest."

"But, sir, you smile so constantly."

"So would you, my friend, if you had so much to hide. As for the letter, send it quickly, and bring in a bottle from your cellar—a bottle with the cool, filmy cobwebs on it, host. This red-headed rogue has tired me."

"He is an old servant, sir?" asked the

other, curious and deferential.

"Old as three days ago, when I saved him from a village completely filled with savages and louts. It's odd how one loves the man But we get no nearer to that one saves. pleasant bottle of your port."

Mortimer, left alone, sat with his ridingboots stretched out to the warmth of the peat fire. He would have seemed, to any casual stranger entering the room, the embodiment of carelessness and ease. But at his heart there was coldness and fire, and the utter misery that comes when cold and heat combine. It was so simple a matter when he rode alone; but he had seen Janet, had learned all that was meant by outlawry. To get abroad for a year, until the affair blew over—it was out of all question now. He had seen the light in Janet's eyes as they said farewell to each other, and understood And with understanding came the need to guard her—the need to be near, and the quick, unselfish jealousy lest the wordlings tried to hurt her by a breath of malice. It had ever been the way of his love for her, and he could not change it now because it happened that he was exiled for killing a man in fair and open duel.

"I've sent a trusty lad to Listerhall, sir, with your letter," said the host, bustling in.

Mortimer turned, as if wakened too roughly out of sleep. He yawned spaciously, then laughed. "But the wine is long in coming, host."

"I have it here, sir; and it's worth waiting for, if I may make bold to praise my own wares. A kiss at the stile and good wine — they are always worth the waiting."

"Good wine is, at any rate. As for kisses,

they come and go."

"Like thistledown, in a manner of speaking. To be sure, I was young myself, a good few years ago, and a body remembers. As Jim the Woodman said last night, when he stepped in for his evening draught of ale, it's good to be old and past one's follies, but it's better to be young and in the thick of them."

"Maybe, host. I'm young and in the thick of them, and I've no complaints. Will that red-headed rogue of mine be fit to take the road again to-morrow, think ye?"

"By the look of him, I'd give him another

day, sir."

Mortimer shrugged his shoulders. "Is there enough of this pleasant wine to see me

through the waiting?"

"Enough to drown the parish, sir. And, by that token, there's one of the gentry drinking some of it on the seat in front of the inn. He rode up five minutes since, and asked if I knew Mr. Mortimer at sight. I said 'No'; and then he asked if I had any guests in the house. And I told him there

was a trampish sort of man, who was not altogether to my liking, but inkeepers had to entertain queer cattle. 'Oh, you'd never mistake Dick Mortimer for a tramp,' said he, with a snarl round his little, red ferret mouth. 'A king in disguise, host—all to be at his command on the instant, whatever clothes he happened to be wearing—that's the Mr. Mortimer I'm seeking.'"

"Ah!" said Mortimer lazily. "He has a ferret mouth, and sandy hair, and eyes set so close together that they seem always to be

trying to meet each other?"

"The picture of him, sir, as if his own mother drew it."

"And he asks for Mr. Mortimer—Dick Mortimer?"

"To be sure, sir, I knew it was you he sought. Asking your pardon, Mr. Lister of Listerhall himself never ruffles it just so pleasantly as you do. It's a gift. But I wondered if it was convenient to you to meet this half-gentleman with the shifty eyes? You can drink your wine, and nurse your servant, and I've a sort of fondness for you."

"Go tell him that Mr. Mortimer is here, and will see him as soon as he has finished a

bottle of good port."

Mortimer did not hurry. As he sipped his wine, he remembered the dinner-party that had sent him into outlawry—Phil Underwood's light jest, the sudden challenge. But clearest of all he recalled the grin on the ferret mouth of Underwood's abettor and worst friend.

As he was buckling on his sword, the host came bustling in. "I gave your message, sir, and the half-gentleman said nothing, save to curse me; but he whistled, and two Sheriff's men came up. It is not good for your health, sir, to leave the inn except by the back way. There's a lot of roomy country opening on to the back door."

"It's good for my honour, anyway, and

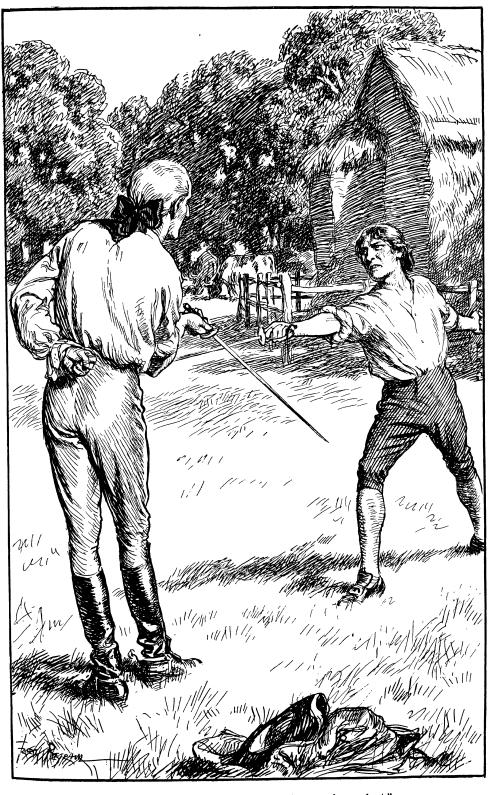
health can wait."

"Oh, room for His Majesty!" growled the host, as he watched this likeable, big man go out into the open. "What he's done, I neither know nor care; it's what a man is that matters."

He followed Mortimer as far as the inn door, and watched the affair go forward. And there was pity at his heart, for the way of the world he knew was apt to put the kingly men in prison.

Dick Mortimer, dusting his nostrils with a pinch of snuff, seemed aware, by slow degrees, that a little man with the eyes and the mouth of a former was freeting him.

mouth of a ferret was fronting him.



"Mortimer had forgotten by now what the quarrel was about."

"Ah, good day, Mr. Linthwaite!" he said carelessly. "You have business with me?"

"Urgent business, Mr. Mortimer. hue and cry is up, and we've found you.

The charge is one of murder."

Mortimer's heart was the weak place in the armour that protected him from a world whose littleness he derided and disdained. A great sickness came to him. It was not murder. But to have killed a man—to have killed a man—what peace could there be again for him?

He recovered gamely. "You are new to our code, sir," he said, with a suavity that in itself was insult. "Your grandson, perhaps, may learn that, among gentlefolk, the duel is still a clean and pleasant way of settling

differences."

Linthwaite reddened, turned to the Sheriff's men, and found bleak laughter in their faces. And the roughness in his breed took fire.

"You're eager for a second duel?"

"Precisely. Your friends here may be willing to see the affair through, and arrest me afterwards."

The men laughed from the heart now. This was the Dick Mortimer who was known to gentle and simple of the Dale as a hard rider, reckless of his own skin, but oddly tender for the skins of other folk. They had not relished the business that had brought them here, and it was a relief to find him so entirely like himself.

"You are quick to see a jest, friends," said Mortimer. "It would be the most diverting comedy, but hard to explain to the Sheriff when you returned. Now one comes to think of it, we must fight without seconds,

Mr. Linthwaite and I."

"There'll be no comedy about the duel, sir," said Linthwaite, with a savage oath.

"No. There'll be remembrance of a vastly ugly smile — the smile I saw when a lady's honour was in question. If my luck holds, you'll go to join Mr. Underwood in in the place where your sort of gossip lives."

The Sheriff's men no longer thought of law and order. They saw two men, their bodies straight and vibrant, their eyes full of a cold sort of fire, who proposed to battle for a woman. They let them go to the field behind the tavern, and, because they loved Dick Mortimer and his record as they loved the daylight, they hoped that he would win.

The field lay bathed in sunlight when they reached it, and sheep and cattle browsed in

the warm October peace.

"A marvellous fine day for a fight, sir," said Mortimer, as he stripped his coat.

"Marvellous," snarled the other.

to the death, you understand?"

"I understood as much when I caught that smile of yours—the smile I spoke of. We shall be swift and merry."

They saluted and engaged, and Mortimer grew aware of a vivid, sharp relief from nursing Peter Redhead and from too much thinking of the exile that sundered him from Janet. As the fight went forward, he found a new, queer regard for this man with the sandy hair and the ferret mouth; his swordcraft was finer than poor Phil Underwood's, his courage and cold, settled fury beyond dispute.

The sweat came out on them, and broke, and fell in rivulets. Mortimer had forgotten by now what the quarrel was about. sheer delight of it was tingling in his veins. It was not a man who fronted him, but a rapier that had every feint and trick and devilment known to fore-elders of its steely

breed.

The joy of it could not last. While men are mortal, they cannot hope to ride on the wind's back for long. Linthwaite began to lurch a little, began to know that he had a body, after all; and Dick Mortimer, for his part, felt the blood singing in his ears.

Mortimer remembered at last what this duel was about. Remembrance of Janet came like a gift of strength to him. parried, feinted, and the other's sword went up into the sunlight, and its blade caught ripples of gold and amber as it fell.

There was a moment's pause while the

two men fronted each other.

"To the death, I said," snapped Linthwaite.

"Choose your sword's road, sir."

And something went from Mortimer. The bitterness of his duel with Phil Underwood—this second heavy fight—they had cleared Janet's honour somehow, and he was bloodthirsty no longer, but friends with all the world. Moreover, he had no wish to taste again the bitterness of sending a man to death.

"It is a red road," he said carelessly, "and the blade needs so much cleansing

afterwards. I was always lazy, sir."

Do as he would, Linthwaite could not escape the inconsequence of the man's humour, the charm that was of the windy, open spaces; but he would not yield just yet.

"The terms of our duel were exact. this and that, Dick Mortimer, but not

specially afraid of death."

"I never heard man or woman say it of you. And your sword-play, sir, is beyond praise. In all my life I never had such pleasure in the game."

Linthwaite smiled ruefully. "This brings us no nearer to the clinching of the

bargain, and I'm obstinate."

"The moment passed long ago; I had in mind to kill you, and refrained. The affair is obviously cold and done with, sir."

He stooped to pick up Linthwaite's sword, handed it to him with extreme punctilio, and proposed that they should make another

bargain, man to man.

"Those of my world, sir, would make the bargain first, and hand the sword back

afterwards."

"Oh, undoubtedly; but I'm of the world of fools, Linthwaite—the fools who are suffered gladly. It happens that I trust

your honour."

The other glanced at him, but found no sneer or hint of it. "You must be a bit of a fool, Mortimer," he laughed. "My honour went down the hills about the time the world was born—at least, it seems as

long."

"Honour has a trick of returning. A man can no more do without it than he can do without his shadow." Mortimer paused to take a pinch of snuff. "So much for philosophy. Now for the bargain. You will give me a day's freedom from pursuit, and you will tell your intimates, if ever a certain name is bandied over the wine, that they lie."

Linthwaite's rat-trap of a mouth grew genial. It was astonishing how the mere suggestion of honour, in connection with himself, brought comeliness into his face. "I propose to do no less, sir. After all, one

is not quite as muddy as they say."

They saluted each other gravely, and Linthwaite went round to the tavern front, and met the inquiry, cold and unfriendly, in the faces of the Sheriff's men and the landlord, who was bringing them a stoup of ale.

"Gone away," said Linthwaite. "I've lost the game fox—and, host, I'm thirsty. I'll trouble you for a long gulp at that ale

of yours."

Out in the Beamsley country Lister of Listerhall was sitting at a table strewn with papers. Only the bottle of port at his right hand consoled him through this amazing adventure of wrestling with the arithmetic of life. His bailiff had chosen to abscond—the bailiff he had trusted as one trusts the sun to rise to-morrow—and Lister was here,

with a heap of figures, debts owed and owing, that dismayed him.

There was a knock at the door and a hasty entry. "You, Janet?" he said, glad of the intrusion. "Why is your face so white?"

"Because Dick was ever a fool!" There was tiredness and ill-humour in her voice.
"He drinks and dices and fights duels, and

pretends he cares for me."

"Dick never made pretence in his life. He drinks and what-not. He's a man of his world. This unlucky duel—he told me frankly that it was born of wine-cups and a quarrel."

Lister was ignorant altogether of the true history of that duel. His friends were not aware as yet that he was home from York; and Ferriby, the old butler, was diffident whenever he tried to tell the master that his daughter's honour was the cause for which a notable and lively duel had been fought.

"So he cares for me in the odd moments of his leisure from the wine and the rest of

his grave occupations?"

"Did he say he cared?" asked Lister, with good-humoured banter. "It is not like Mortimer to ask any woman to share

exile with him. He's too proud."

"His eyes did, sir—I mean, it is of no consequence at all. My own heart is free, and I am sorry for him—that is all. He will die of love for a day, and wake up on the morrow, and see bright eyes ready for him—at Beamsley, maybe, where you stayed to leave money for a chit of a girl."

"Janet," her father broke in, with his incontinent, loud merriment, "this is better than bailiff's figures. There's all the warm heart of life—and the cold east wind of it—in your confession. I always wanted you

to care for Dick."

"I hate him, sir, and I get no sympathy from you, and I'm very lonely and afraid."

"Come to my knee, child, and have your cry out. Your poor mother taught me something of women. As for Mortimer, if his eyes said he cared for you, he cares. Dick could not be a liar if he tried."

Ferriby knocked discreetly a half-hour later, and came into the room with a soft, apologetic air. He had some knowledge of the master at these rare times when he applied himself to ledgers and figures, and it surprised him to find Lister quite unruffled.

"A letter for you, sir, brought by a farm lad with his horse in a lather."

Lister glanced at the handwriting, decided that Dick Mortimer had got into another scrape, and opened the letter hurriedly. His gravity relaxed on the sudden. "See that they give man and horse a feed, Ferriby. The answer will be ready in an hour."

"What is it, father?" asked Janet peevishly, after the door had closed again.

"Oh, this diverting outlaw was so engrossed, it seems, with finding guineas for the lass at Beamsley that he forgot he had not enough to pay his own tavern reckoning. He asks if I can honour this draft for him and forward a parcel of guineas, as he is not able, by some inadvertence, to return to his own house in search of them. 'By some inadvertence!' Dick is always ready with a jest, even when the lad's heart is in his boots."

"He does not get to France, then?" she asked, with instant fear. "Why does he stay on, so close to the home country?"

"Because he must have money. What

else should keep him?"

"But, father, he always laughed at money—seemed to think it grew like blackberries along the hedgerows. And then, of course, if he could rob a money-lender on the highway for the chit of a girl at Beamsley, he could easily find money for himself."

"Dick could not," said the other tranquilly.
"You'll understand him one day, when you're older. He'd hold up the Lord-Lieutenant if a beggar needed alms; but for himself——"

"He is a fool," she broke in. "He stays on in a wayside tavern when he should be riding hard for freedom."

"Perhaps he needs to be near you, Janet. I often noticed that habit in Mortimer, even

when you used to flout him."

She rose with tearful dignity. "When I wept just now, sir, it was because I thought suddenly of what Dick is to-day—and what he might have been. When he returns from France, no doubt I shall flout him with better reason still. Their women have great

charm, they say."

After she had gone, Lister glanced at the ledgers in front of him, tried to capture a mood of fixed and stony resolution, and abandoned the attempt. To-morrow, he decided, was always a very good time for figures. To-morrow was so full of possibilities, if a man took proper care of himself the day before. So meanwhile he would go round to the stables and snatch a look at the horses, and have a canter, perhaps, on old Lucifer, whose pride nowadays was sounder than his wind.

Lucifer, a lean-headed, rakish grey, eyed him with remembrance of ancient battles and pride half tamed, and asked plainly for a scamper. And the younger horses looked on, while the groom was saddling him, with wistfulness and jealousy.

Lister was glad to be out and up the hills, with tang of the heather and the wind's sharpness in his nostrils. This trouble of Mortimer's lay restless at his heart. There was no danger at all, if Dick had any common-sense and would get abroad; but he distrusted the man's will to leave the borders of this pleasant county.

As he neared the clump of firs where the road twisted down toward Bolton Priory, another horseman came into view, rested his nag for a while on the hill-top, then trotted gently forward.

"You, Lister?" said the other, reining up.
"I was riding to Listerhall, though it's
only an hour since they told me you were

home again from York.'

"Yes, thanks to my bailiff, who'll feel the taste of a horse-whip when I find him. Why, Considine, what ails you? We're not too old at sixty, you or I, to laugh at the world and ourselves."

"It's this unlucky business of Mortimer's. Of course, he wanted to kill his man—there

was no other way."

"Why not have pinked him, and been content? A brawl over-night, and satisfaction in the raw of a deuced chilly dawn—Dick should have taken it more lightly."

Considine told him then what the quarrel was about, and the good-natured lines in

Lister's face grew hard as flint.

"Good for Dick Mortimer," he said

gently.

"If he would get away—yes. But we know Dick. He was bullied, cajoled, persuaded—everything we could do to teach him common-sense—but he went unwillingly. Better stay and face it out at home, he said."

"Well, he's a few leagues on the road, for I met him not long since, and have just sent

him money."

"It is a grave business, Lister. There's Linthwaite, with his rat-trap of a mouth, and Dantry, and all on the underside of our world. They are obstinate to take him, for what they are pleased to name a hanging matter."

"Oh, nonsense, Considine. The times are getting flabby, but they don't hang men yet

for showing sword skill."

"It is a ticklish affair, I tell you. We both know, Lister, that duelling is sadly near its

end. There's a strong party even at Court against it, and no one knows what view a judge and jury would take of Dick's

escapade."

Lister glanced about him as if asking whether it were worth while for the sun to shine any longer from the blue of this October sky—to shine on a land that ill-deserved it. "So we've been spared to see this state of things, have we? Any ragabout is to go free to say what he lists, without thought of a rapier on the morrow."

"There'll still be one's fists left free by

law," said the other drily.

"Fisticuffs to settle a dispute of that sort! Considine, you grow weak with the times—or is it with old age? I was talking to that girl of mine just now. She is so like her mother that sometimes my heart grows soft as a child's, and I remember nonsense of the long ago. A lady's honour, Considine—the most delicate and fragrant thing in Christendom—is not for red-raw fists to guard. Only the rapier suffices."

"Oh, I'm with you. We were of some account, eh, when the world was younger? D'ye recall how you met young Lord Tallis in a field outside the walls of York, while I crossed swords with his boon comrade not

far from you?"

Lister's bulk rippled with a subdued and happy merriment. "And there were bright eyes waiting for us when we danced that night in York. Remember it? One does not forget the galloping days. Bright eyes and all the blandishment—they were well enough—but I'd give all my memories of 'em for a patch of rimy grass at dawn, and the two of you, and the swords plying their good trade. It is wise to be old, Considine, but it's merry to be young."

They had the heather and the open spaces round them, and, though their horses fidgeted, they fell into gossip of adventurous

yesterdays.

"We're wasting time, old friend," said Considine at last. "If Dick won't get to France, he'll have need of those who care for him. This duel has set the old feud on fire again."

"But in this year of grace—the thing's

absurd!"

"There never was a year of grace that found the feud dead. Sometimes it sleeps, like a peat fire when the goodwife puts it to bed for the night, but it always keeps a ruddy eye half open for the morrow. Linthwaite and his cronies—their forebears were always for the Clifford, and politics, and prudence. For our part, we were strong for lusty Norton, who cared never a stiver for the gee-gaws of this world."

Lister seemed to lose half his years on the sudden. "We've bridged a few centuries, eh? We are getting away from the mawkish

times, Considine."

Their glances met. Smell of the heather and the wind, the russet sheen of brackens, the splendour of this moorland that was of the elder days and would endure—they were older than the feud they had cradled.

A swift yet steady light was in the eyes of these two men, who were vibrant and alive at sixty. They thought only of the feud. It was bone of their bone, a heritage dear as their own homesteads, a something that called from the ever-living past to this day of smaller matters.

"We grow younger, Considine," said Lister. "If the feud's up, I'm glad that Dick Mortimer is fool enough to keep to the home country. One fool of that breed is worth twenty such as we. Ride down

with me and crack a bottle."

They rode down the ferny lane together, and presently Lister turned to his friend. "Have you a head for figures?" he asked abruptly. "Ah, so you fail me, like my bailiff. Anyhow, accounts and ledgers must wait while we plan some way of saving Dick. The feud is up!"

A further episode in this series will appear in the next number.

WITCHERY.

You need no adventitious praise, No flame or sign to advertise The excellency of that face, The necromancy of those eyes.

You need no spells to bind this heart,
That only by your beauty lives.
There is no dark till you depart,
No day but that your presence gives.

INDIA AS A GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE IN WAR-TIME

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

HE War has served a useful purpose in drawing the attention of the British Empire to India's value as one of the principal suppliers of "the staff of life" to the United Kingdom, in addition to revealing her great military resources and possibilities, and her deep devotion to the King-Emperor.

spring and summer of the past year have brought the people of Great Britain nearer to realising the importance of India as one of its granaries. The pouring of some nine or ten millions of quarters of Indian wheat into the market at a time when Britain needed it most, to feed her troops at the



WHEAT GROWING IN THE PUNJAB CANAL COLONIES.

A few years ago this was a waterless wilderness, and the grain now grown there supplies the world's markets.

Without the compelling force of the crisis through which we are now passing, it would have been difficult to impress the British public with Hindostan's importance as a granary of the Empire. Of all the lands over which the Union Jack flies, India is the greatest wheat-producing country. Her wheat crop in normal times is almost as large as that of Canada and Australasia combined. Yet, ordinarily, most Britons are unconscious of the fact that streams of millions of quarters of grain of all kinds are yearly flowing from Hindostan to the United Kingdom.

The gigantic consignments of wheat that India shipped to these Isles during the

Front and her civilian population at home, has proved such a boon and blessing to men, women, and children that its far-reaching effect is hard to measure.

Before the arrival of the Indian wheat, the British were buying the four-pound loaf at ninepence, and there was fear that the price might rise. The reason for this was that the War had arrested the export of wheat through the Dardanelles. The wheat that was being imported into the United Kingdom was being sent from America. Shrewd American financiers saw their opportunity, and made all the use of it they possibly could to increase their fortunes.

Soon after the first consignments of Indian wheat arrived, the price of bread fell. As more shipments came into the British ports, the price fell further. In a few weeks the four pound loaf was being supplied at eightpence in the best metropolitan neighbourhoods, and was selling at seven pence in the poorer districts.

This substantial decrease in the price of the loaf was due largely to the manner in which the export of wheat from India was regulated by the Government of India. Had not special provision been made, and had the shipment of wheat from India been conducted along the lines on which it is A situation such as this called for special treatment. That is what India demanded. That shrewd administrator Lord Hardinge rose to the occasion, and, with the aid of the Home Government, perfected a plan which places to the credit of the Government of India the greatest wheat corner that has ever been manipulated in any quarter of the globe.

The scheme was as simple as it was effective. The Government forbade the export of wheat from India by non-official agency, and constituted itself the sole exporter. The maximum quantity of wheat for export was to be prescribed by it, and



ONE OF THE HUGE SIPHONS OF REINFORCED CONCRETE BUILT ON THE TRIPLE CANAL SYSTEM, TO PASS TORRENTS ON THE UPPER CHENAB CANAL.

usually managed, the result might have been very different. Speculators would have cornered the Indian wheat and sold it to the best advantage, making the British public pay as high a price for bread as they could possibly exact.

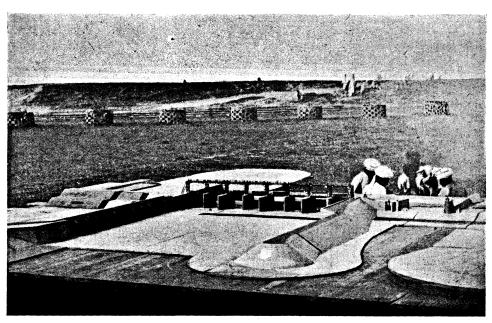
The effect upon India would also have been ruinous. By offering high prices to the peasants and to the corn merchants, the speculators would have drained Hindostan of her wheat to an extent unparalleled in history, and the millions of Indians who depend upon wheat, and not upon rice, for their staple food would have been unable to obtain flour to make their bread.

was to be bought by its agents at or below the price determined and proclaimed by it, and revised downward as the grain was threshed out and the visible supply increased. The wheat thus purchased was to be exported by the Government, mainly to London, in ships commandeered and chartered by it, and was to be handled in this country by the regular commercial agents. Those who acted on behalf of the Government in India and in the United Kingdom were to be remunerated on a commission basis.

This sounds as if the Government of India had turned Socialist, and had launched one of the greatest experiments in State ownership that the world had ever known. Utopian though the scheme may sound, it was based upon common-sense. The War had created a situation unique in the history of Indian wheat. Providence had provided India with a record crop of wheat. account of the stupendous military and naval operations that were going on, this harvest was likely to be drained away Unless the Government from Hindostan. intervened, Fate, with cruel irony, would have created for the Indian consumer of wheat a situation similar to that of the Ancient Mariner, who found-

> Water, water everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.

voiced the sentiments of the multi-millions of his countrymen when he introduced into the Council a resolution praying the Government "to prohibit all export of wheat from India until the price of that commodity comes down to "eighteen pounds per rupee (one shilling and fourpence). In a moving speech he pointed out that wheaten bread was the staple food of the people of Upper India—the North-West Frontier Province, the Punjab, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and the Central Provinces—and "that the people who have supplied the most important, the hardest fighting, elements to the Army are the people who live upon bread. The Indian



THE HEAD-WORKS OF THE UPPER CHENAB CANAL AT MARALA, IN THE PUNJAB.

It consists of a weir 4,000 feet long, provided throughout with steel drop shutters six feet high, for the purpose of holding up the water-level. This runs across the main stream of the river, which discharges over 700,000 cubic feet of water per second at this point. There are eight sets of undersluices, each 35 feet long, provided with steel gates.

In a season of bumper harvest he would have been unable to have wheat-bread—his thin, pancake-like *chapattie*. The price of wheat had risen so exorbitantly early last year that the intervention of the Government became imperative. The officials connected with the Supreme and Local Governments were urged to take special measures in order to safeguard the interests of the Indian The Pandit Madan consumers. Hon. Mohan Malaviva, a well-known pleader (barrister) of Allahabad, a famous orator, political and educational leader, and a member of the Supreme Legislative Council, soldiers who serve His Majesty the King-Emperor are largely drawn from the Punjab, the United Provinces, and other areas inhabited by the people with whom wheat is the staple food. This being so, the suffering caused by the dearness of wheat in Upper India is a matter of the gravest concern."

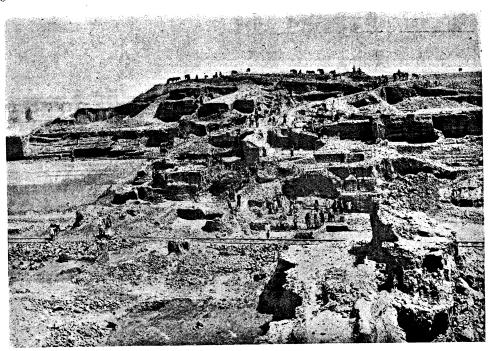
The Government admitted that it was expedient to fix the maximum price for the internal sale of wheat, but it pointed out that to take such action was likely to enrich wheat merchants and speculators at the expense of the Indian cultivator by forcing the latter to sell at a figure much lower than the

world-price, and permitting the former to pocket the great difference. To overcome this defect in the scheme, it was decided that the Government should be the sole exporter of wheat, and thereby gain that profit. This would enable the Government to regulate the price of wheat to be consumed in India so that it would be within the reach of the ordinary consumer, and yet would not give the chance to speculators to make money by exploiting a fortuitous circumstance.

The greatest objection that could be urged against this scheme was that it did not give

have a windfall or not from this source is as yet uncertain. Some enthusiastic persons predicted that the profits will amount to £10,000,000. Conservatives place it at about £3,000,000. I offer no opinion, because the fluctuations in the wheat market have been so great that it is unsafe to make a forecast.

I believe that the Government of India realised large profits on the early shipments to this country. Indian wheat then sold in the British market for about sixty-seven shillings a quarter. The Government of



THE DEEP CUTTING THROUGH STONE IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE FIRST SECTION (UPPER JHELLM CANAL) OF THE TRIPLE CANAL SYSTEM.

In some cases the channel had to be dug out of 100 feet of stone.

the Indian peasants the maximum opportunity of deriving benefit from their harvest. The Government admitted that this was true, but it pointed out that there was no help for it. To compensate the farmers as far as possible, the Government promised to look upon the profits that might accrue from the gigantic wheat deal as special revenue, and to earmark it for "special purposes"—a cryptic phrase which, I believe, is meant to be taken as implying some form of subsidy to promote the advancement of agriculture in India through irrigation canals, agricultural education, etc.

Whether the Government of India will

India had paid about thirty-one shillings a quarter for it. It had further incurred an expenditure of from twenty to twenty-five shillings a quarter for freight, insurance, commission charges, etc., according to figures given out by Lord Crewe. The profit was substantial.

Later, however, the price of wheat fell many points. This decrease has been offset, to an extent, by a fall in the price at which the wheat is bought in India. But, in spite of this, the ratio of profit has decreased—just how much it is impossible to say. The freight, for one thing, is a very heavy item of expense, being about four

times what it is normally. This goes a long way to eat up the difference between what the Government pays for the wheat in India

and what it gets for it in Britain.

The amount of profit that the Government of India will make is not the question that interests the Empire in particular or the rest of the world in general. The main point is that the Government control of Indian wheat has conserved the interests of the Indian consumer, and that it has saved many millions of quarters of surplus wheat from being used by speculators to gain their own ends, to inflate unduly the world-price

cause for which we are fighting is noble?—but the Government of India and the Indian farmers have done their best to make good use of the blessings of sunshine and monsoon that Providence has vouchsafed them. Millions of acres which in normal times would have been sown with cotton and other crops have been put under wheat. The Commerce and Industry Department of the Government of India estimated that the crop that has helped to lower the price of bread in the United Kingdom covered 32,000,000 acres, whereas in 1911–1912 only a little more than 25,000,000 acres were under wheat.

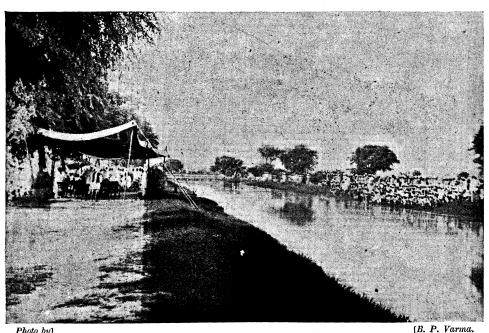


Photo by]

[B. P. V

CAMP OF AN IRRIGATION CANAL EXECUTIVE ENGINEER IN THE PUNJAB.

of wheat, and to keep bread in Britain at ninepence or more for the four-pound loaf.

The wheat deal is bound to redound to the credit of the Government of India and the Home authorities in any circumstance. They have undertaken a novel and a stupendous experiment, and have shown great shrewdness and resourcefulness in working it. The manner in which the authorities in India and in this country have co-operated displays a co-ordination of which any Empire may justly be proud.

The great surplus of wheat that India has been able to place at the service of the United Kingdom during this crisis is not altogether a matter of luck. Fortune has assisted, to be sure—and why should it not, when the

The cultivable area in India, especially that which is under wheat and cotton, has been steadily growing during recent years. Land that was formerly waste; and would not grow food for man or beast, is now yielding bumper crops. In one Province alone, namely, the Punjab, several millions of acres that, less than a generation ago, were barren, now constitute some of the finest wheat-fields in the world. When a child, I crossed on camel-back the edge of this desert, locally known as the Bar. sign of life was apparent anywhere. Only stunted bushes grew at long intervals. had to carry water for the journey. years ago I had a chance to recross the Bar. On both sides of the railway line stood



A MODERN REAPER AT WORK IN AN INDIAN FIELD.

wheat-fields covered with golden grain. Mile after mile I saw wheat ready to be harvested for consumption in India and in other parts of the Empire. Some time later I saw the wheat lying upon the station platforms, waiting to be loaded into the wagons. At one station gunny-sack bag lay upon gunny-sack bag, many deep, towering far above my head, to a height of fifteen feet, covering the goods platform, which I estimated was a mile and a half in length and about twenty-five feet wide. When I contrasted the two visits I had made to this district, I was struck speechless with the marvellous transition that had taken place there within my lifetime.

The construction of irrigation canals

wrought the transformation in the instance I have just cited. A network of canals has been spread over the Punjab during the last generation or so. One of the most important schemes, known as the triple canal project, is now approaching completion. It is larger in dimensions than the Nile irrigation system. One of the canals comprised in it, the Lower Chenab Canal, by itself irrigated almost 2,500,000 acres during the last year for which statistics are available. Great engineering ingenuity has been required to design and construct this work. When in full operation, the triple canal project will "pool" the waters of several rivers, and thereby enable the engineers to carry it to distant



AN AMERICAN REAPER AT WORK IN THE FIELDS ROUND ABOUT LYALLPUR, THE CHIEF CITY OF THE PUNJAB CANAL COLONIES, WHERE PROBABLY MORE MODERN METHODS AND MACHINERY ARE UTILISED THAN IN ANY OTHER PART OF INDIA.

points where otherwise it would have been impossible to provide irrigation facilities.

Irrigation canals have been built in other parts of India besides the Punjab. Some of these works are very large. Not wishing to burden this article with statistics, I will content myself with saying that irrigation facilities are available for over 25,000,000 acres of land, which are estimated to yield

erops worth £54,000,000.

Most of the canals that have been built in India make a good return on the money invested in constructing them, and are aptly called "productive works." Up to the end of the financial year 1913-1914, the capital expenditure upon such projects amounted to about £41,000,000. Many large and small projects requiring very considerable expenditure are now being constructed, or await the sanction of the Government, or are being prepared. The prosperity of India, which is an agricultural country, depends largely upon the completion of these schemes, as without the multiplication of irrigating facilities, millions upon millions of acres of land cannot be insured against the vagaries of the monsoon, which is proverbially fickle.

In addition to supplying irrigation facilities, the Government of India is taking many concerted measures to improve the quality of the crops produced in India. The Supreme Government and the Local Governments maintain agricultural departments, staffed with men who have made a scientific study of agriculture in its various branches, and have specialised in micology, entomology, bacteriology, ornithology, sericulture, stock-raising, dairying,

Institutions have been established at Pusa, in Bihar and Orissa, and in other centres, to impart instruction in agronomy to Indians. Model farms and experiment stations are attached to these colleges and schools. I may add, in passing, that the principal Rajas have made provision for such institutions in their States, in order to promote agriculture. The various agricultural colleges, model farms, and experiment stations in different parts of Hindostan are trying to diffuse knowledge of modern agriculture among the Indian cultivators, and to induce them to adopt better methods and implements, modified according to the peculiar requirements of India.

The Indian farmer is ultra-conservative. He believes that what was good enough for his forebears is good enough for him. He dislikes change of any sort. He is averse from examining the new-style tools and upto-date methods that are pressed upon his attention. His illiteracy also acts as a bar to his progress. But matters are mending. The sons of cultivators are joining agricultural schools and colleges. Middle-aged and old farmers are displaying curiosity as to the work that is being done by the model farms and experiment stations. Some are even experimenting on their own account with the better grade of seed, imported tools, and the modern methods of treating the soil and the crops recommended by the Agricultural Department. Slowly the agricultural outlook is growing brighter. The gains of India in this respect are, to a great extent, the gains of the Empire, for a large proportion of what Hindostan grows is available for export.

THE MESSAGE.

ABOVE the pipes and the crashing drum
Sounds a clear call that echoes, "Come!"
'Tis the voice of the dead across the sea,
The cry of the fallen, "Follow me!"

"Finish the work we but began; Fight in our places, man for man. Brothers and comrades, why do you wait? Follow us, follow, ere yet too late."

Above the pipes and the crashing drum Pierces this message from lips deemed dumb. With word unuttered, yet poignantly said, Flashes the unspoken cry of the dead.

EDITH DART.

THE CONFESSION OF DAVIE-DEAR

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

Illustrated by Charles Pears



HE small boy came into the room so quietly that I did not know he was there until a paper fluttered from the table and careered light-heartedly along the floor to the safe refuge of the few inches

between the carpet and a hideous and heavy bureau. I said something much too intimate and expressive to be given away, and got up from my chair. At the moment I caught sight of Davie-Dear, and sat down again, forgetting my intention. Just inside the door he stood. Something in connection with his shoes seemed to be engaging his attention, and in one drooping hand was a dilapidated box.

I don't waste my time in hoping that Davie-Dear hasn't heard any remark uttered in his presence. Hastily I said: "Hullo,

Davie-Dear!"

"Hullo!" said he. He stopped.

What luck! He had not noticed, or had forgotten. "I shouldn't bother trying to remember that word," I told him. wasn't a nice, pleasant word, and-

"I know the word," said Davie-Dear. "Once you said it, once Daddy said it, once

"That's quite enough," I said firmly. "I must say I'm surprised at your father You mustn't say it, you and—er—Joe.

young scamp."

"It's a word what you say when you're big, an' your head gets to the top of the bookcase by the window," said Davie-Dear, interest. "I asked but without much Daddy. He knew."

I must say I thought Basil had got out of it very well:

"It ain't for li'l boys, it ain't in the yellow book," said Davie-Dear, his eye wandering round the room. It struck me that the little chap was dispirited, not himself; but a familiar question was on the tip of my tongue and tripped off.

"Is 'ain't' in the yellow book, Davie-Dear?"

For the first time he broke into a gurgling laugh. "I wroted it in, Uncle Edward, just in that teeny-weeny bare bit where the kitten is—the kitten what's in a bastick."

(The yellow book is a much be-pictured children's "Annual" from which Davie-

Dear learns to read.)

"Oh, you did, did you?" said I. "Well, you'd better rub it out again, in case the other words shouldn't be nice to it."

He ought to have been sharp on the trail of that, but he wasn't. I remembered suddenly that Davie-Dear was still in a state of disgrace-rather badly so for him-and his newest box of soldiers, by his own decision, confiscated for three days. Yet the small boy had been cheerful enough yesterday, rather exuberantly cheerful, in fact, for a culprit.

"Let me seé," I said, "when do you get

those soldiers back? To-day's Wednes—"
"This is them," said Davie-Dear. He gave the box in his hand a half-hearted rattle.

"Oh, you've got them back, have you? Time up to-day?"
He nodded. "Three days."

"Then you've returned to a state of grace," I said reflectively. It was odd that he should be so subdued about it; the announcement of Davie-Dear's recovered goodness is usually accompanied by sound and song, the

beating of drums, the blowing of trumpets,

and other cheery noises.

"I've never been out, not yet," said the small boy literally. I noticed that he had not moved an inch from the position he had taken up near the door.

"I meant to say that you are now good," I explained. (I feel sure that, on some future day, Davie-Dear will ask me to explain the grammar of such sentences. When that

occurs, I shall be hopelessly done.)

He hesitated, for a moment seemed lost in painful thought. "I'm good," he said

at last.

Something was obviously bothering him, but I wasn't keen to pester the little beggar with questions. Besides, I really must tackle those bills. . . .

I said heartily: "Well, I'm glad you've got those soldiers back again. They were burning no end of a hole in your mother's

pocket."

"Not her pocket; they was on the shelf," he corrected patiently. "They didn't like it when they fell."

"Oh, they fell, did they? I didn't know that. They're not broken, I suppose?"

He shook his head. "They're not broken.

One was nearly broke."

"Careless of him; you ought to talk to him," said I. I turned over a sheaf of papers. Here was a receipt of a bill I had believed unpaid....

"Uncle Edward!"

"Hadn't you better give them a bit of a clean up, Davie-Dear?" I suggested. "They must need it—three days, you know."

He said listlessly: "I cleaned them yesterday night—Mummy let me, 'cause they might be a wee bit rusty."

Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, is this how you.

carry out a well-merited punishment?

"Well, give them a good drilling now," I said brilliantly. "You may sit at that end of the table, if you like—that's to say, if you can be quiet and leave me alone."

There was no response, and, looking up after an interval in which I had wrestled with, and finally decided to destroy, half a dozen extraordinary documents in my own handwriting which appeared to have nothing to do with the matter in hand, or, indeed, with any matter known to me, I found my nephew still at the door, same position.

"That was a short drilling!" said I.

"I never drilled them, not that time," said Davie-Dear. I thought his lip quivered. "Didn't you know, Uncle Edward?"

"H'm, yes, I suppose I did," I said.

"The fact is, I'm rather dazed with all those papers. By the way, why aren't you drilling?"

"You can't—not on a table," said he.

In sheer astonishment I gazed at him. Davie-Dear's cheeks were rather pink, and his eyes bright, but he gave no impression of illness, for all that. "It's a funny thing, old chap," I said at last—"I seem to remember several quite successful turn-outs, and all of 'em taking place on tables."

He left the subject, staring down at the box of soldiers in his hand. "I shown them——" He hesitated, then went on:

"I showed them to the blue duck."

"I should think she was glad to see them again; she must have missed them rather," said I.

"She wanted to be drilled, too, the blue

duck did."

"Then fetch her along and drill her," said I. "But, in that case, operations are conducted on the floor, my son, for I've no fancy to see the blue duck make tracks among those papers, and spoil the fruits of two long, bitter hours."

"She might knock over the ink-pot,"

said Davie-Dear carefully.

My attention was caught at that moment by a paper bearing Binneys' head-line, and I did not respond. Yes, just as I had supposed, here was a fresh presentment of an account the receipt of which I had held in my hand but a moment ago! careless of Binneys'! They ought to keep their books in better order—most culpable of them! I might have paid that account a second time, and probably—since I am most rottenly hard up—at the expense of some tradesman of lesser importance, but of a shining book-keeping ability. more I considered the matter, the more annoyed I became with Binneys'. Probably, but for the slight mental haze due to a subconscious recollection of this mistake on Binneys' part, I should have got through with this settling up business ages ago. . . .

"You wasn't in your room what you draw maps in, not when I looked for you,"

said Davie-Dear.

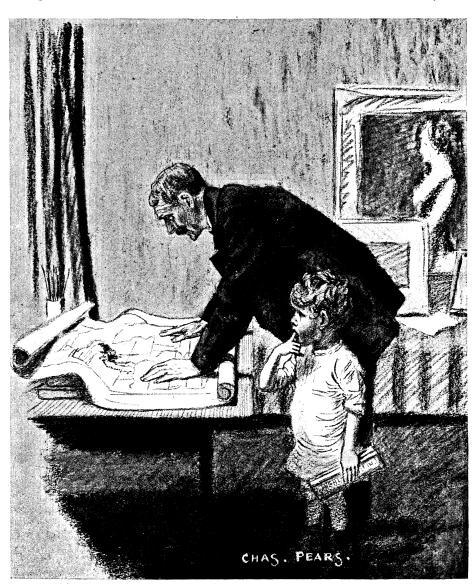
It was some time before the meaning of this remark, and the fact of my nephew's continued presence, filtered into my mind. I said hazily: "Now, look here, Davie-Dear, you're not to talk. Can't you see I'm busy? No, I'm not in my study. I came here for —er—peace, and because the study table could not support my load of debt."

The last remark was a present to myself,

and uttered in a tone suitably subdued. I should have thought it a trifle beyond Davie-Dear, in any case. But his next remark seemed to indicate that he had caught it and made it his own.

"I've gotter shilling, Uncle Edward."

coins in exchange for a shilling. Money had so far meant nothing more than a pleasant game of exchanging to Davie-Dear. You could, indeed, go to a shop and there exchange your shilling for a possession of a different nature, but in that case you could



"My examination of the map was become unexpectedly interesting."

I was rather surprised at the inference. The shilling was familiar to me. I had, in fact, supplied in exchange for it, on respective occasions, twelve pence, four threepenny bits, two sixpences. I had also, on other occasions, received similar

not exchange back again, which was a drawback, and rather got in the way of the game. Elizabeth had had a pretty time of it, trying to explain to her son why Elmes, of the toy-shop, could not be expected to return a sixpence and receive again unto

himself a ball which he had declared to be the best in his window.

But that Davie-Dear should connect shillings and bills was a new idea, and an unpleasant one at that. True, I was touched by the little chap's eagerness to help, but——

He had approached to the side of the table, and I knew that the hand which had gone into his pocket was clasped round the shilling. The other held sundry soldiers in a battered box, soldiers that had not yet received a drilling. His blue eyes were fixed on me with some intentness, and for a moment I felt a trifle uneasy. Really, I wasn't in the least inclined to explain bills and book-keeping to Davie-Dear; at the same time I wasn't inclined to leave matters precisely where they were.

"Would you have a shillin', Uncle Edward, or a—a map?" Davie-Dear asked earnestly.

That remark seemed to send the boat sailing still farther from port. I looked at my nephew blankly. "If you want to make me a present, old man, I think I'd prefer the map. Suppose you draw one yourself, one day; I'll give you a pencil——"

"I'll do one like what you make," said Davie-Dear, his face flushing. He pressed close to the table. "I'll make one with

blue, an' red, an' purpler, an'---"

"I dare say you will some day, when you're a bit bigger, old chap," said I. "You've got to be rather big to make that kind of map. In the meantime, suppose you find some way of amusing yourself? What about the blue duck, if you're not keen on soldiers? It seems a pity not to be having some fun when you're good, and all that. You never know when you'll be naughty again."

I dare say it wasn't exactly a tactful remark; but Davie-Dear has never shown any tendency to allow himself to be unduly depressed by a recollection of sins atoned for—on the contrary—and I'll own I was considerably surprised when the little fellow

burst into tears.

"Good Heavens," I cried, "what's the matter?" My despairing and distracted glance ran over the table. Obviously I must tear myself from, and bring myself afresh to, a contemplation of the documents upon it, already hated and distasteful. I drew my nephew toward me with a sigh. "You're not feeling ill again, Davie-Dear?"

He shook his head, and in one burst of anguish declared: "I'm naughty, Uncle

Edward!"

I was thunderstruck.

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "The thing's impossible. Haven't you got your soldiers there? You may be sure you wouldn't have them if you weren't good."

He looked at me tearfully. "The blue duck's naughty, too. The blue duck's gone

an'—an'——''

"She always was giddyish," I said. "I shouldn't worry myself about the naughtiness of the blue duck."

"She knocked the red ink," said Davie-Dear. "She never sawn it. She never sawn it, not a teeny-weeny bit, till she went an' fell. It went runnin' on the map. I sawn it runnin'. Jane said——"

He wept again, and I was not then made

acquainted with the comments of Jane.

"What red ink?" I asked. "What map? Where was it?" A horrid light broke upon me. "Davie-Dear, surely you haven't been at my study table?"

He gulped down a sob. "I'm naughty,

Uncle Edward, I'm naughty!"

It did seem like it, but, in the face of so hopeless a misery, I had not the heart to

I got up from my chair. "We'd better go and see what has happened," I said. "You should have told me at once, Davie-Dear."

"I was tellin' you." Davie-Dear ran along the corridor at my side. "Two—three—times I nearly told you. I said——"

I dare say he had nearly told me—I could remember several leading remarks. Davie-Dear's depression was adequately accounted for. He had not been able to bring himself

to play, poor little chap.

The study seemed to be pretty much as I had left it. The "country cottage" Elizabeth cajoled me into taking for Davie-Dear's convalescence does not boast of a desk in any of its apartments, and I have been obliged to use a heavy table by the study window. I had been rather proud of the state of that table when I left it—paints, brushes, ruler, neatly arranged, red ink placed carefully at one side. Near the ink was a rolled-up map. In the middle of the table now lay a blue duck, reclining in extreme dejection on one side.

"You came here to look for me, and then stayed to run the duck along the table, I

suppose?" said I.

My nephew nodded, then shook his head, feeling in his pockets. He was searching for a perennially absent handkerchief. I knew it, and gave him mine. "I was

drillin' them soldiers, Uncle Edward—I had to. The blue duck, she wanted to drill, too. I did wound her the right way, and she was a wee way from the ink-bottle, when—when—"

"When she fell over. She always does fall over in the end, you know," said I. I picked up the map. The ink had been mopped from the table, and the map had been blotted—no doubt carefully—but down the centre of it. . . .

"Jane cleaned him a lot. She said you would be angry," said Davie-Dear, gulping. He added: "I'm naughty, Uncle Edward!"

I did not reply at once. My examination of the map was become unexpectedly interesting. By some lucky accident, it was not my latest map, but an old copy slightly smudged—the copy, in fact, which had once enwrapped itself about the chaste form of Millicent.

Davie-Dear straightened himself. After a moment's pause he slid the battered box of soldiers on to the table by the blue duck. I don't remember ever seeing the little chap look so hopelessly sick. "I'm naughty!" he repeated.

For the life of me I could not have helped my next remark. "I'm not so sure that you are—this time, Davie-Dear," I

said.

He looked up at me with eyes that had smudges round them, showing, too, a nose swollen through deflecting the passage of many tears. Round his mouth crept a wavering smile.

I said slowly: "I think we may look upon this as an accident—an accident on the part

of the blue duck."

The smile found stability, and was a great success. "She never sawn the inkpot," said Davie-Dear. He glanced lovingly at the blue duck.

"No need to mention it to anybody—accidents aren't usually talked about," said I. "But you'd better caution that blue duck of yours to be careful in future—in fact, you had better give her a little extra care."

"She's gotter have some more drillin',"

said Davie-Dear severely.

"But not on my desk—er—table, I pray," said I. "On the whole, I think the safest place for these operations is the floor."

The small boy scarcely waited till I had finished, to snatch up blue duck and soldiers.

"I'm good, Uncle Edward!"
It seemed as well to agree.

As I returned to the morning-room, I heard a cheery sound on the stair—Davie-Dear proclaiming his state of goodness in a loud whisper to an astonished Jane.

I wonder what Jane thinks of it.

I wonder what Elizabeth would think of it. On the whole, I see no need to mention the matter to Elizabeth. Better not.

MY BOY.

MY boy, when first I felt your tiny hands
Cling to my own, and gazed into your eyes,
I envied not the grandeur of the rich,
Nor coveted the wisdom of the wise.
For God had sent me greater gifts than these—
A heart to love, a baby tongue to teach;
Oft from the lispings of a child we learn
A purer gospel than the pastors preach.

My boy, when first I saw you, young and strong, March to the drums, a haunting battle strain, My eyes grew dim, but through the tears I smiled—Maternal pride had triumphed o'er my pain. The greatest joy that human heart can know Shone in my heart as from my side you fled; And now I thank God for His perfect gift. Though, far away, the grass grows o'er my dead.

THE COURTING CHAIR

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



REAT-AUNT ANNA is dead," said Miss Margery.

The Vicar looked across the pretty grey and blue room and out of the diamond - paned windows, where the peacock-blue tussore curtains

fluttered in the breeze like impatient wings.

"I am very sorry," he said sympathetically, and his wife moved her seat and sat beside

Miss Margery.

"Oh, but I never knew her," volunteered Miss Margery, in a quick little voice. "She was rich and old, and we were poor." She put down the letter she had just excused herself for reading, and smiled at them faintly. "She's left me the courting chair," she announced.

"The courting chair!" The Vicar looked at his hostess as if she had been caught stealing apples.

"Courting?" echoed his wife.

"It has a history in our family," explained Miss Margery. "I—we—I think it's a sort

of charm or-or spell."

The Vicar was a good man on strictly limited lines. Miss Margery Morris had done the altar flowers and taken his Sunday-school classes and mothers' meetings for many years, but it is doubtful if he had realised that she was a woman, a charming, diffident, wild-rose young woman, not yet thirty-four, until this moment when, leaning forward in her high-backed chair, her soft cheeks flushed, her blue eyes shining and challenging, she smiled excitedly at them both.

He did not regard either the smile, or the charm, or the flush as quite seemly; it appeared almost improper in such an excellent parishioner, so much addicted to sewing and soup tickets, friendly societies and good works generally.

He voiced his disapproval, at the same time remembering that he was her guest.

"I maintain that a chair cannot have a charm or spell; such things do not exist outside fiction."

"Oh, don't you think so?" She laughed,

low, musical laughter.

Before the coming of the letter she held in her hand, he could have been sure of her agreement—her instant, passive, pleasant agreement—to whatever statement or assertion he chose to make.

"I am certain of it," he said baldly.

"Oh, but the chair has! It—it is supposed to exert a peculiar fascination for men when—when the Morris women sit in it. Valerie Morris—the Duc de Brabant proposed to her when she was sitting in it; Mary Morris—Corvington, the great painter, asked her to become his wife. There is the famous old picture, by Hulbert, of my great-great-grandmother sitting in it, and Earl Mavinglost kneeling beside it. My aunt—she accepted my uncle when she was sitting in it, and, curiously enough, father proposed to mother when she was staying with greataunt." She laughed softly, tenderly. "It's romantic, isn't it?"

"It is coincidence," pronounced the Vicar heavily. "If you view the whole thing in the light of common-sense and logic—"

"Oh, but I don't want to."

"In the light of common-sense and logic," he pursued relentlessly, "you will perceive how absurd the whole thing is. The very fact that the chair and the man and the woman were there explains it. The man having made up his mind previously, and the psychological moment having arrived, he would have proposed even had the lady been sitting on—on the coal-box!" He laughed his self-appreciation.

The door opened, and Miss Margery's niece Muriel came in. She lived with her when she was not visiting friends, or playing golf and hockey, or auction bridge, or someone's accompaniments, or driving someone's motor.

Muriel had thick, fair hair, a tanned face, brilliant, honest eyes, and a red, generous mouth, just a little too expressive.

"Dear," said her aunt, when the girl had greeted the guests and accepted a cup of tea, "dear, Great-Aunt Anna has left me the courting chair—the Morris courting chair."

"No!" The girl's eyes were awed. "Oh,

Aunt Margery!'

"A chair living under a false reputation," said the Vicar.

The girl swung round on him.

"Every Morris woman——" she began hotly, and then suddenly looked out of the window and grew quiet.

A tall boy in khaki was coming up the little path—a fine fellow in a new lieutenant's

uniform.

He looked in through the open window, holding the fluttering curtains in his hand, and against the blue skies his round, bullet head seemed very big and curly and boyish.

"Muriel," he said quickly, "will you do something for me? Pop over to Lingham in my car, and bring back a nurse from the nursing home there. Uncle Don is wounded. We've only just heard—we ought to have had the message days ago. I'm going up to town to meet the train and bring him down. don't know how bad he is. It's his leg. Anyhow, he can be moved, or they wouldn't be sending him over. Mater's getting a room ready. He was at Boulogne when we last heard; but they've had a fresh batch of wounded in, and haven't any room for him. You see, the trouble is that there may be night nursing, and mother isn't strong enough for that, and I'm at camp all day."

"Right-o!" Muriel was on her feet, struggling hastily into her blue silk jersey.

"Drive me to the station first, Mu. Excuse my carrying her off in this fashion, Miss Margery."

"Right you are," said the girl.

"Oh, dear, this terrible, terrible War!" mourned Miss Margery. She was once more her gentle little self, the soupçon of deliberate defiance, the powdering of almost childish gaiety vanished.

"I'll be back to supper, Auntie," said Muriel, slim and straight and supple in her short, full blue skirt. "Good-bye, people. I know you'll excuse my hopping off like this."

"We must go, too," said the Vicar's wife.
"Must you?" said Miss Margery. She seemed to be listening more to the throb of

the motor outside the gate than to anything else. "Oh, I do hope Muriel will be careful! She does take corners so fast!"

She went to the door, with her long, dove-

grey charmeuse train trailing after her.

"I suppose we shall be hearing something about those two young people one of these days," said the Vicar thoughtfully.

"Oh, no; I think they're just good friends
—'pals,' Muriel calls it. She's very modern."

"Perhaps, when the courting chair

comes——" said the Vicar slyly.

She looked at him a little vaguely, then she smiled; and after they had gone, she stood a long time at the little front door, staring down the dusty, golden lane. Dahlias rioted richly in the wide borders that fringed the garden path, gladioli pink and scarlet, great sheafs of tawny chrysanthemums—two bands of brilliant, almost Oriental colour leading up to that quiet, grave figure in grey, lending to it an air of faded unreality and evanescent charm.

By and by she went indoors.

Miss Margery Morris made the acquaintance of Jack's Uncle Don when he had ceased raving of thirst, of the Dardanelles, of currents that made a man drop his speed from eighteen to ten knots an hour, when he could lie in the garden in the early October sunshine, and forget it all.

He was a huge man—several sizes larger than his hefty nephew—and with her he was as gentle, as sweet as a big, good-tempered

Newfoundland with a tiny kitten.

With Muriel he joked and laughed as with an equal, but with her aunt his manner was totally different. It was as if he reverenced her—feared lest his masculine brusqueness should hurt or wound her.

Hers was the first house to which he came

in his bath-chair to tea.

She wore blue that day, and sat in her blue room to receive him, and near her was a tall grey vase full of late blue larkspurs that seemed the exact shade of her sweet, timid eyes. The courting chair was near him, and Jack and Muriel were in attendance; but somehow, even when he admired its beautiful carving, its faded blue satin brocade, she did not tell him its history, and she noticed that when Jack added his meed of admiration, Muriel offered no explanation of its sudden presence in the pretty room.

Miss Margery could not understand her own reticence. She had no reason for it that she could fathom, and she wondered in her gentle, tender heart why that curious look crept into her niece's eyes when Jack mentioned it.

Gradually, as the days passed, they began to feel the presence of that chair in the house. It had taken subtle root in their lives. It had altered something in their relationship to each other.

Sometimes it came—like the printed explanation in the middle of a muddled cinema film—a feeling of suddenly understanding and realising what it all meant their life together, the futility and stupidity of their days, leading nowhere except downhill.

Although they never spoke of it, or called attention to its existence by word or deed, the Morris courting chair had brought a poignant unrest into the little house where all had been lazy peace and comfort and

serenity.

The gentle soul of Miss Margery was sorely troubled. In the solitude of her pretty pink-and-white bedroom she cried She prayed for peace of heart and a contented mind as some women pray for love and riches.

The Colonel was often her guest. came with Jack in the little motor, and Jack took Muriel out in it, and left them to sit

by the log fire together and talk.

She could listen as few women can in these days. She sat and listened, and looked a very beautiful and feminine thing, with the firelight shining on her soft, gold hair and her close-folded, pink mouth.

Sometimes she spoke of herself, but she never told him the story of the courting chair, though he sat in it and watched her with absorbed eyes, and she never sat in it herself.

The influence of that chair grew intolerable. Both she and Muriel felt it like a cloud; they saw the shadow of it in each other's eyes. It made them discontented with themselves, with life, and with each other. made them hungry for something indefinable, unknown, vague as mist.

It was like the presence of a sympathiser in the house, one of those dangerous people who travel through the world under the guise of friend, stirring, by injudicious sympathy, gentle souls to hitherto unthought-of rebellion, often against unalterable conditions.

The Colonel was well now, and faced the knowledge that he must limp through life. They had not told him until they must, and it came as a shock. Always he believed that one day he would throw away his stick and do his fifteen miles again.

It seemed to drive him into himself more than ever, and he was never a communicative

or emotional person. He became a quiet, courteous, considerate shell of a man, and the soul of him looked out through unhappy blue eves.

"I have to alter my whole life to suit my leg," he said once. "I—I had planned it so differently."

Jack was going away with his men—a five days' march to the coast, and then somewhere in France for months.

Muriel grew white and pinched. snapped, and in her room she cried, and once or twice Miss Margery came upon her huddled in the courting chair in the firelight, and she would rouse herself on these occasions, and be bright in a hard, quick way, and Miss Margery blamed the chair.

At times it seemed as if the thing exercised a sinister influence upon them both—set free demons of discontent and unrest, fretted their nerves, and bit savagely at the placidity of their lives.

It was wonderful to sit in it and dream. It woke queer, little pulsing tendernesses. It was as if one's heart put forth fresh green shoots, one's soul expanded, and when one rose, it was flung back upon itself—it had nowhere to expand to.

Then one evening, coming in from a teaparty, Miss Margery saw Muriel huddled beside the courting chair, her arms across it. It was a new Muriel. Gone was the clear, bright hardness, the cheery, almost masculine Her eyes dreamed, her mouth brusqueness. was sweet.

She drew Miss Margery down beside her wordlessly; she lifted her eyes, with all their new-found depth and starriness, to the older woman's face.

"Jack has asked me to marry him," she "He asked me to-day, and we—oh, we want to be married on Thursday!"

Suddenly Miss Margery garages oulders. The gentleness was gone from shoulders. her voice. anger, envy, malice, all these things had her by the heart.

"Were—were you sitting in the chair?" she demanded tensely.

The girl smiled, nodded, her eyes dreaming.

"I did it purposely."

"You, too!" said Miss Margery. down in the chair abruptly; she felt the rising tide of love and tenderness engulfing her. "My dear, my dear," she breathed, "God make you very happy!"

They had gone off in the little car for their two days' honeymoon, gone with youth's

radiance upon them, youth's magnificent faith and love, gone flushed and laughing

and rejoicing.

It had been a simple War wedding—just a few friends, a coat-and-skirt, intimate, sunny, unadorned little ceremony, and after the few friends had separated, the Colonel and Miss Margery found themselves walking, almost subconsciously, up the hill to her little cottage.

She wore a new shade of blue. It seemed intense, almost aggressive, between the cool grey bareness of the hedges, but in her firelit drawing-room it became a subtile

harmony.

She took off her big, feathered hat, ran her fingers through her soft, shining hair, and sat down in the Morris courting chair. She did it gravely, deliberately, drawing it up to the fire, and it seemed almost as if she were defying something or somebody by the action, and the defiance caused her exquisite and subtile pleasure.

"It went off well," he commented jerkily. He did not look at her, yet he had never been more acutely aware of any woman. was as though that delicate, lovely personality, the fragrance of gentle, unassuming femininity that clung round her, haloing and sanctifying her in his sight, had suddenly changed. She had become insistent, challenging, subtle, alluring. His heart paid tribute to her in its quick, uneven beating.

"Yes," she agreed, and smiled a queer,

frightened, flashing little smile.

She was afraid of herself, the self round whom was slowly coiling and fastening the secret magic, the atmosphere of the courting chair She felt as if something invisible were slowly undressing her mind, lifting from it the petty conventions, the Early-Victorian primness, the blight of self-repression. Warm currents flowed unchecked over her, melting everything. Her whole mind felt beautified and enlarged in the mysterious process.

"I—I think they will be very happy," he

said hesitatingly.

"I am sure they will." Her voice was rich, confident. She had never known the feeling of personal confidence; it intoxicated, but it went to her heart instead of her head, and surged there for the man.

"They should be," he added; "it is the

right life—for youth."

He felt like a man who has fenced himself round with hurdles against an oncoming flood; they gave confidence until the flood came to prove their futility.

He loved her, and for the first time he was afraid of her—afraid lest this new power, the new, insistent, dear, acute femininity that emanated from her should cause him to forget the well-worn precepts of commonsense, warp and overrule his iron-clad conception of masculine honour.

He concentrated mentally on his limp his physical defect which nothing could ever alter or ameliorate—and once again it

became a whip in his hand.

No imperfect man had any right to marry a perfect woman. What right had a man who was tired out by half an hour's jog-trot to march through life beside this blue-clad, beautiful soul?

"Happiness is everyone's right," she was pleading, and her voice seemed golden.

"Not everyone's," he answered, and heard

himself stammer and fall flat.

"Yes, everyone's," she answered, and now her voice seemed like a laughing girl's. "Heaven meant it to be like that, otherwise we shouldn't need a vision of Heaven to help us. But some of us deliberately turn aside from the happiness which might be ours."

She was like a little drawing-room soprano suddenly gifted with the range and compass of Clara Butt; she was like a feeble watercolourist to whom has unexpectedly been granted the magic of Turner. She felt this new, powerful self-rising above the timid, amateur self, the incomplete, doubting, fearing, striving, muddling, shy, diffident self, leaving it lying there like the shell of a dead thing.

"Don," she said, "you're all wrong, my Don't turn aside. You'll break my heart and your own if you do. Oh, I know, I know, and I can't tell you how! But I can hear you calling me, and shut up from

me, telling me that you love me!"

He turned his white, drawn face to her.

"It couldn't be," he said, like a frightened "Not-not you and me, you-you lovely thing! One day someone-whole and sound—— Oh, my God!"
"You love me?" she said.

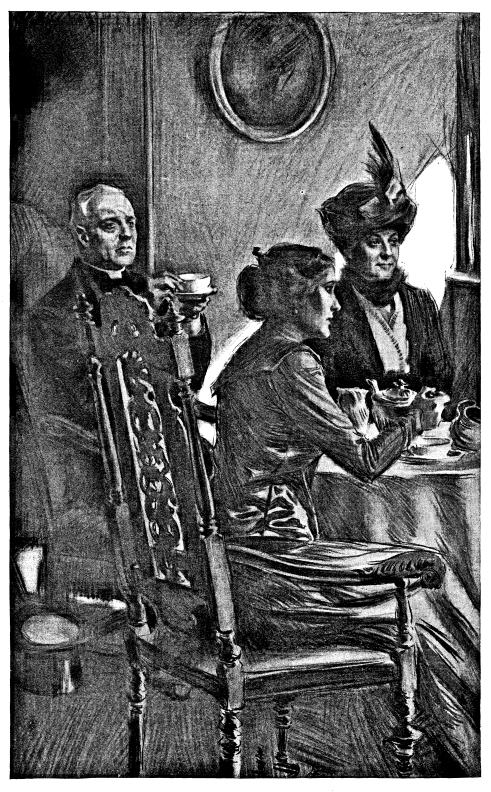
The flood had reached his hurdles, and he heard them snap. He clung to one.

"A man has no right—

She was mystic, wonderful—her mouth, her dim eyes. There was a radiance about Suddenly she seemed to flower before his very eyes.

"Don," she said, exquisite in her surrender, proud in her humility-"Don, I love you

şo!"



"'Oh, dear, this terrible, terrible War!' mourned Miss Margery."



"Muriel was on her feet, struggling hastily into her blue silk jersey."

The Morris courting chair had wrought

its miracle again.

He stumbled to his knees; he reached up and took her face between his great hands. He drew it slowly down, staring into the tear-filled, wonderful eyes—down to his own.

She was sitting in the Morris chair, waiting for him to bring his sister to tea the following day, when she received this letter:—

"DEAR MADAM" (it ran),—

"We regret that, owing to the carelessness of a junior, a chair of the late Miss Anna Morris's dining-room suite has been sent to you in mistake for the original Morris courting chair willed to you.

"We have ascertained that the actual chair is now in possession of Miss Helen

Morris, our late client's sole legatee, with the exception of yourself. We have therefore arranged with her that it shall be forwarded to you immediately.

"We would be grateful if you would send to her the chair received by you in mistake, this firm, of course, defraying carriage.

"We much regret to cause you this inconvenience, and tender you our sincere apologies for the unnecessary error.

"Yours faithfully,

"KEEL, MAIN AND BYZANTE (Solicitors)."

"But," muttered Miss Margery, "I felt the—the magic. Why, I could never have dared unless the chair had helped me!" The colour flamed in her face.

She heard the door-bell go. She laughed happily.

WASTEHILLS IN WINTER.

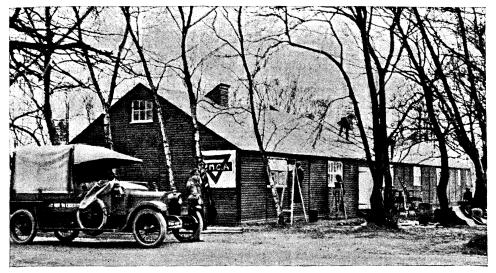
BENEATH the ocean of the wind—
The tides and tumult of the wind—
Rock-set, the little house,
From under its blue limpet roof,
So nearly shut upon the sand,
Watches us as we come and go.

Filled with a curious and an eager hope, Its wide eyes peer
Over the dips and drifts of sand.
From low
Behind the grey loom of the hill
It lifts
The red tuft of a chimney weed,
A signal to us from afar
Across the waste.

The billows break
Against the midnight shores of Heaven?
Out of the west
Charge the wild rievers of the storm;
But far below
The little house
Crouches white-winged above her brood.

Out of the world, Under the sea of winds, Rock-set are we, but with a mooring-rope That binds us to a star.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.



THE Y.M.C.A. QUARTERS, MARLBOROUGH LINES, ALDERSHOT.

THE Y.M.C.A. AND THE WAR A WORLD-WIDE VOLUNTARY EFFORT

By CHARLES T. BATEMAN

CAME upon the remount camp on a hill in France just as the short twilight of a winter's evening was passing rapidly into darkness. My companion and I had left the tramway at the boundary of the French town, and trudged through deep mud on our upward way. We passed French soldiers going on duty in the fort overlooking the sea, and, as we approached the drawbridge, saw those who had done their turn returning to their billets. Higher along the road we caught the full force of the wind. soughed through the trees, and when we got out into the open again, we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. Mud and still more mud. An advance guard of British Tommies stood round a red-hot brazier, and presently the electric lights of the camp discovered for us the right direction.

Scrambling across the grass—or what had once been turf—we came sharply into the British lines. We slithered over the morass, glad to find now and then a stone or bit of board for foothold. But for the glimmer of the electric light here and there, an inky darkness prevailed. The guard had passed us as friends, and we stumbled along to the Y.M.C.A. but

My companion thought he knew the way, and yet, in the windy darkness, he made one or two false moves. At length he found the wooden building, and, as we stepped inside, the door came to with a bang, as the full force of the south-west gale pressed behind us.

The change of scene was extremely pleasant. The hut was illuminated with the electric light, the stove threw out a genial warmth, and everything seemed snug and compact. After we had a cup of tea, my companion dressed up his dolls and prepared for his ventriloquial entertainment. He was a Yorkshire worsted merchant who had given his services to the Y.M.C.A., and, as I listened to him that night, he caused the Tommies to rock with delight over his witticisms. Through his dolls he told stories in the Yorkshire dialect, and many a man in the crowded building heard once again the familiar tongue of the hills and dales.

We all forgot for an hour or two the mud, the rain, and the wind. The soldiers had come from their sodden tents, and rested in comfort on forms and chairs and under a sound roof, whilst the entertainer pursued his programme. We could not imagine that we were in France—everything seemed so



MEN OF THE DOCKERS' BATTALION, LIVERPOOL, AFTER DINNER.

English. The camp might have been on Salisbury Plain, or even near the Metropolis, for that matter. Then, by one of those quick changes usual in the Y.M.C.A. huts, the dolls were placed on one side, and in quite natural manner the entertainer started his hearers on to the singing of a hymn. He led the whole company in family prayers,

no man wishing to go outside or to disturb this bit of religion.

Soldiers of several battalions were gathered in that Y.M.C.A. hut. Some Scottish ostlers or stablemen, who belonged to the Remount Department, revealed their upbringing by their Aberdonian speech. Men from the fighting forces were on their way to the

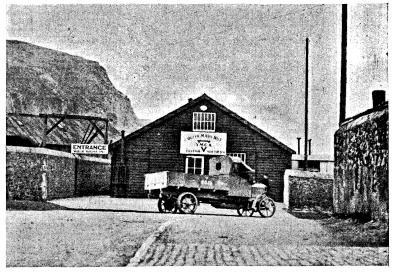


THE EUSTON HUT, EUSTON STATION, OPEN NIGHT AND DAY, WITH CUBICLES OPENING OUT OF IT.

Front, or had come across from hospital for a rest. They represented the type of British soldier in France—keen to do their bit, yet foreign country, and someone comes along with the identical thing, you cannot do less than accept it and express your thanks for

the kindness.

 The evening's program me seemed to run its course all too soon for these men. "Time, gentlemen!" shouted the leader. Still they lingered to finish their chat, their coffee, or their fags. warning had to be repeated again, but still without effect. At length the leader switched off the electric light, and the remaining groups of men went out reluctantly but silently into the darkness over



QUEEN MARY HUT, BOULOGNE.

never forgetting their homes; appreciative of the service rendered them by the Y.M.C.A., though few probably belonged to any religious organisation at home. Through this hut in Northern France they had a new conception of religion. They might have laughed at the idea of entering a Y.M.C.A. in the old days at home, but here they met with something human, practical, and Christian, which no one else seemed capable of organising. When you have an unexpressed want in a

the water-logged ground to their damp tents.

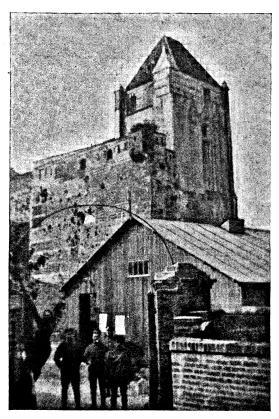
I have described only one of the many huts in France. Some are larger. Such, for instance, is Queen Mary's Hut at Boulogne, named, by special permission, after Her Majesty the Queen. Some are double huts—one being reserved for entertainments and services, and the other for the refreshment department. The Y.M.C.A. has also secured public buildings in the large towns near



THE JEFFCOCK, HAVRE.

the base camps, where more or less similar arrangements are made. In other places it has rented hotel buildings, for the use of the friends of the wounded soldier, at moderate charges, in order that they may remain near him during the time when his life hangs in the balance.

It is all very wonderful that a voluntary organisation should have conceived the plan of thus helping the British soldier in this effective manner. That it should have built



BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE CHATEAU: ENTRANCE TO THE DIEPPE CENTRAL HUT.

these huts at considerable cost, oftentimes by British labour and with wood taken from England, that it should send out tons of cake and other eatables each week, and that it should have discovered men and women willing to undertake this service for the British soldier in a foreign land, is real Christian philanthropy. By the generous gifts of those at home, the Y.M.C.A. has planted its agencies wherever the authorities gave their permission. Never has any war been fought under such conditions. Tommy has been treated as if he possessed body and

soul, and helped to fight better because of this treatment. "It has made all the difference," is the oft-repeated remark of the soldier, in appreciation of these services.

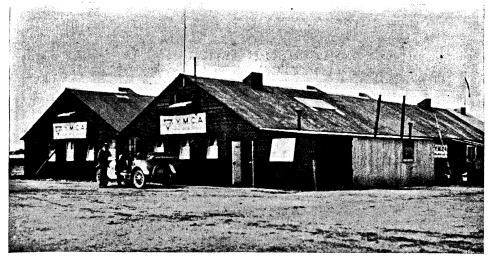
T.

One of the most joyful sights I witnessed in France was a great gathering of British Territorials, just arrived from the homeland, singing, to the accompaniment of the piano, the songs they loved. Tired and travel-

stained, they had only just appeased the pangs of hunger at the Y.M.C.A. counter after the journey across the Channel. Then they turned to their favourite ditties, and shouted their familiar choruses. Everything that was uncomfortable and disquieting seemed forgotten in the sing-song. It proved a happy experience for these Lancashire lads. They did not expect anything so pleasant as they landed on a foreign shore, and the Y.M.C.A. arrangements filled them with a great contentment.

The soldier's songs form an essential part of the campaign. Superior people may attempt to switch him off from his sentimental ballads on to something of a more literary character, but they have failed in the attempt. In the Y.M.C.A. huts he can sing "Tipperary," or "Keep the Home Fires Burning," or anything, in fact, with a rousing chorus, providing it is such that mother or sweetheart can hear without a blush. The Y.M.C.A. is very particular in this respect, but after a wide experience of the British camps at home and in France, I have never known of a single case where a soldier has attempted to sing something that was considered unsuitable. Experienced Y.M.C.A. workers have assured me that the audience is peculiarly susceptible on this point, and will quickly shout down any soloist who ventures to transgress this rule.

Fun and frolic characterise the soldiers' sing-song. At some of the camps quite a crowd of soloists can be found, and they keep the programme moving briskly throughout the evening. Sentiment plays an important part in every song. At one moment a tender passage will move the audience to tears, and, again, a humorous song will set them rocking with laughter. Mother or sweetheart claims their thoughts in the songs descriptive of home. Almost to every man home is the lodestar to which their thoughts revert on these off-duty occasions, and who shall say that they are

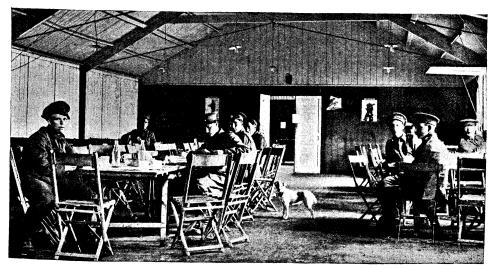


"CATS AND DOGS" HUT, ROUEN.

less efficient soldiers because of this soft place in their hearts?

A big camp may tire out its own vocalists, and when this happens, the visit of one of Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties always affords the keenest pleasure to the men. On several occasions these parties of professional singers have toured the camps in France, bringing new interest to the audiences, and providing them free of charge with a concert for which they would readily pay at home. Miss Lena Ashwell has, with fine public spirit, co-operated with the Y.M.C.A. in this matter, and, by the aid of contributions from the public, succeeded in affording employment to a number of musical people who have suffered seriously because of the War.

In addition, the Y.M.C.A. provides lectures and talks on a variety of subjects, both at home and abroad. Mr. Arthur K. Yapp, who accompanied General Sir Robert Baden-Powell on a tour of inspection to some of the Y.M.C.A. centres in France, told me of the interest aroused by the Scout Leader's addresses which he was prevailed upon to give the men. Lectures on literary and historical subjects have also been essayed from time to time. We do well to remember that the private to-day is not an ignorant yokel who has taken the shilling to escape some trouble. Oftentimes he has graduated at the University, or he has left bank, commercial house, or profession, in order to serve his country. He is in France because of his country's call. For him,



INTERIOR OF THE "CATS AND DOGS" HUT, ROUEN.

therefore, the Y.M.C.A. has felt in duty bound to provide something of an intellectual character. Man does not live by bread alone, and this class of soldier preserves

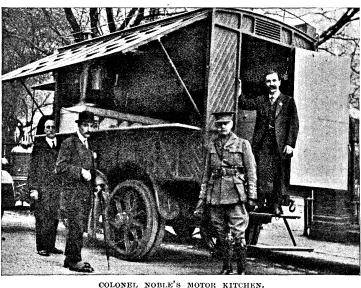
with greater buoyancy his place in the trench when his mental gifts are not allowed to rust.

III.

Soon after the War commenced I visited Frensham Common. where a battalion of Lancashire men were In $_{
m the}$ encamped. autumn sunshine the tents, pitched in regular rows in a natural basin amongst the Surrev hills, presented a most picturesque sight. The men were still busy with the training that was gradually transforming them from miners and mill hands

into respectable soldiers, though they still needed uniform and rifles. A few had been supplied with the old red tunics, but, for the most part, they were in civilian clothes. Presently the bugles gave the signal for tea, and the companies marched down the hillside to the great mess tent in the centre of the For the time being the Y.M.C.A. tents were nearly deserted, except for a score or so of men on sick leave or a few off duty.

Gradually, however, the large Y.M.C.A. marquee became crowded. Men flocked into



it by twos or threes, and occupied every seat at the long baize-covered tables, eager to write their letters. They were standing behind the chairs, urging those at the tables to "buck up." Others, tired of waiting or seeing the uselessness of trying for a chair, found a place on the grass both inside and outside the marquee. As the light began to fade, three or four gathered around our motor



EDINBURGH BAIRNS' HUT, ROUEN.

lamps, and, kneeling on the ground, wrote as best they could. I saw the first batch of Canadians, who had just arrived on Salisbury Plain, writing their letters in the Y.M.C.A. hut, and have watched the men in a rest camp in Northern France, an hour or two before they started again for the trenches, sending messages to those they loved in the Old Country, but I have never watched a more heartening sight than that on Frensham Common in those early days of the War. If the Y.M.C.A. had not provided free notepaper

of the troops, says that these letters mean everything to the soldier and his friends. In the first place, they help to keep him straight, and, in the second, they preserve the happy relationship between the sender and the receiver. Seldom anything goes amiss when the wife hears regularly from the husband, or the mother from her son. Wife and mother are encouraged to reply, and there is established that loving circle of communication that preserves sweet and wholesome the ties that bind those in the



THE Y.M.C.A. MAT HUT, AERODROME CAMP, HELIOPOLIS: WRITING LAST LETTERS HOME BEFORE LEAVING FOR GALLIPOLI.

and envelopes and a table and chair, I wondered how many of those North Country men would have taken the trouble to write home, and how many wives and friends must have sighed for the letter that did not arrive.

Later on, when the number of Y.M.C.A. centres had increased to one thousand, the cost of this free stationery meant an outlay of £1000 per week. Large as seems the expenditure, every penny is justified. Mr. A. K. Yapp, the able General Secretary, who has worked so wisely and well for the benefit

camps and those at home. The Y.M.C.A. notepaper represents a real bit of service, which was thought out with rare felicity by Mr. Yapp and his helpers. If the Y.M.C.A. had accomplished nothing else, its mission would not have proved in vain. As we all know, the notepaper and envelope represent only a fraction of the assistance rendered to the soldier by the Y.M.C.A.

I have seen shoals of letters received by the Y.M.C.A. in Russell Square, since the War commenced, in which hundreds of people in all ranks of life have thanked the Y.M.C.A. for its supply of notepaper. Clergymen and ministers have been overjoyed to find that their former parishioners or members were using the Y.M.C.A. Patriotic employers of labour, who had made it easy for their men to join the colours, have sent contributions to the Y.M.C.A., because, as they stated, every letter received from their employes was written on Y.M.C.A. stationery. Mothers anxious for their boys were reassured when they knew that these lads were writing home from the Y.M.C.A. marquee or hut. Catholics and Jews write gratefully because their friends had received a welcome at the writing tables without any distinctions of creed being raised. Literally into millions of hands in all parts of the world letters on

a new permanent institute erected by the Y.M.C.A., which has given great pleasure to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, as well as to the men on the quarter-deck.

In the Invergordon Institute sailor-lads can book a bed at moderate prices, and obtain a decent meal, as well as some of the amenities of life ashore. They can play a game of billiards on an excellent table, and forget for an hour or so the days and nights of watch and ward in the cold grey of the North Sea, on the look-out for an unscrupulous enemy. Before the institute was erected, they experienced great difficulty in securing accommodation ashore when, for instance, they returned late at night by train from the South, and could not reach their ship. The



SUNDAY AFTERNOON BESIDE ONE OF THE HUTS IN FRANCE.

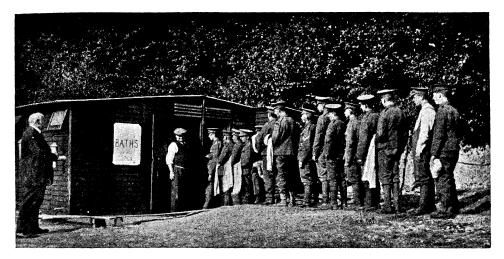
Y.M.C.A. writing paper have been delivered, carrying with them a fine advertisement of the Christian spirit that prompted this branch of Y.M.C.A. activity.

IV.

What has been accomplished by the Y.M.C.A. for soldiers and sailors in England has been organised on similar lines for the Forces in Scotland. Three or four months ago I visited Cromarty Firth, and at the sea end of the Firth saw an old warehouse which had been turned to excellent use for the benefit of the sailors. Then, in one of the harbourmaster's tugs, we steamed right across this deep inland bay—all but land-locked—to Invergordon, for the opening of

Provost at Invergordon told me that on stormy nights it was sometimes necessary to shelter the men in the police-station, who otherwise must have remained in the streets of the little Highland town.

If space had permitted, I might have referred to the range of agencies organised by the Y.M.C.A. for the Naval Division at the Crystal Palace. In this immense show place, with the full concurrence of the authorities, the Y.M.C.A. has shepherded these lads during their time of training in a manner that was as beneficent as it was interesting. Not only did the leaders supply bread and butter and coffee, but they banked the spare cash of these sailor boys, attended



BATHS NEAR A CAMP.

to their washing, supplied them with books from the lending library, and even gave them necessary hints with respect to their pay.

V.

The War has made for the solidarity of the Empire in directions never before anticipated. All our Overseas Dominions have rallied to the Mother Country with a spontaneity and loyalty gladdening every British heart. They sent their sons to our assistance, and we have in turn evidenced our hospitality. No other society has succeeded in doing this to a more successful extent than the Y.M.C.A. When the first contingent

of Canadians reached Salisbury Plain, after the remarkable voyage across the Atlantic, they appreciated the Y.M.C.A. provision arranged for their benefit on the great bare Wiltshire downs. I had the opportunity of conversing with officers and men of the Canadian Forces, and found that many had returned to the Old Country after a sojourn in the Far West. Others belonged by birth to Canada. Professional men from Canadian cities had relinquished excellent posts. the ranks were to be found wealthy Canadian manufacturers serving for one dollar a day. One and all frequented the Y.M.C.A. huts and marquees. When, later on in the autumn, I again visited the Plain, with its



SUPPLIES FOR Y.M.C.A. HUTS.

slush and mud, after almost incessant rains, their dependence on the Y.M.C.A. for all comforts they possessed during their rigorous experiences was a fitting reward to Mr. Yapp and his workers.

If I could reproduce some of the letters received by the Y.M.C.A. in Russell Square from Canadians, in returning thanks for services rendered to their sons and brothers, the fact would be even more fully demonstrated that the Y.M.C.A. did its best to

not a paradise, and all the ingenuity of the Y.M.C.A. was required to safeguard Australians and New Zealanders from the moral parasites who infest certain quarters of Cairo. "No moralising, but an antidote," is the policy of the Y.M.C.A., and the military and civil authorities have assisted in this wise determination. Egypt has supplied a fine experiment in Y.M.C.A. unity, and the Y.M.C.A. leaders from Australia and New Zealand, as well as from

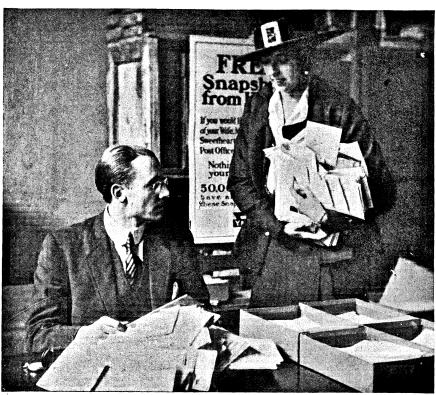


Photo byl

"SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME."

[Newspaper Illustrations.

A far-reaching organisation has been built up at the headquarters of the "Snapshots from Home" League. Tommy at the Front, by filling in a form, can obtain within three weeks a photograph of anyone or a view from home. Fifty thousand requests have already reached the League offices, where a large staff is employed in meeting this demand from the trenches. This photograph shows a portion of one day's applications received by post.

cement the ties of Empire brotherhood created by the War.

Mr. J. J. Virgo has told me of his visit to Egypt, in order to further the work of the Y.M.C.A. amongst the Australian, New Zealand, and other troops on the banks of the Suez Canal. Similar to the agencies on Salisbury Plain and in France, these in Egypt have proved quite as necessary and beneficial, even though the conditions were different. In all respects the land of the Pharaohs is

America and at home, have concentrated on a scheme of the greatest promise and usefulness.

We may as well continue on the road to India, and see what provision the Y.M.C.A. made for the thousands of Territorials who arrived there in the early stages of the War, to take the place of the seasoned men sent over to France. Before the Territorials landed in the Indian ports, the Y.M.C.A. workers steamed off in tugs and, by



AN AUDIENCE OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT A CONCERT.

megaphone, extended to them a generous welcome. On reaching their quarters they knew that, though thousands of miles from home, in our greatest Eastern Dependency, their coming had been expected by the Y.M.C.A., which made arrangements to make their stay as interesting and instructive as The Y.M.C.A. endeavoured to possible. show these civilian lads in khaki some evidences of the British rule, and of the value of Christian missions. They have learnt that, notwithstanding some mistakes and a few miscalculations, the white man in India has eased the burdens of the natives. Education, irrigation, and steady, enlightened policy of progress have assisted in the development of our Indian Empire.

At least, they will remember, by the help of the Y.M.C.A., to appreciate the loyalty of Indian princes and native regiments, who demanded a share of service in our great war of liberation.

VI.

I am not a member of the Y.M.C.A., and can therefore write from a detached position. The leaders, to their credit, have never hidden their religious principles under a bushel. Reared in the Evangelical faith, they stand for vital truths, and fearlessly testify to these on suitable occasions. In one thing they have learned the wisdom of the scrpent. They rarely speak of religion to Service men at an inopportune time. I



AN OUTDOOR DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

believe their best service to the faith they profess is the opportunity afforded the soldier to sing the favourite hymns of the Church Universal. Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and Wesley's "Jesu, Lover of my Soul" are better than a score of sermons. all kinds and creeds and Men of temperaments love these hymns, and will sing them over and over again with a wistfulness and sincerity that are moving even to the casual observer. This is one way in which the Y.M.C.A. gets in a close shot with almost unvarying success.

If anyone feared in past days that the Y.M.C.A. took a narrow outlook, since the War that fear must have passed away.

On Sundays the High Churchman has celebrated early Communion in the Y.M.C.A. hut. After breakfast the Roman Catholics and Nonconformists meet at different hours for their respective services. The Jewish Rabbi has probably met the men of his faith on the previous day. Open house is kept by the Y.M.C.A. for everyone who desires to join in his distinctive worship. well that such is the case, for in many camps at home and abroad the Y.M.C.A. possesses the only possible meeting-place. Roman cardinals and Anglican bishops, Jewish Rabbi and Free Church leaders have alike rendered the warmest thanks to the Y.M.C.A. for the expression of a catholicity that is of the very essence of Christianity.



LONDON AT SUNSET.

THE city shone a faery place Last eve, at sunset glow. The drearest thing was clothed with grace, All molten gold did flow Old Father Thames, the wharves became Like palaces a-gleam, Touched with a shining, ruddy flame, As buildings of a dream. The people's faces, too, seemed changed By that mysterious light-They shone transfigured, very strange And beautiful the sight. One sheet of glory stretched the sky Above, the valley mist In shimmering rosiness did lie Translucent, sunset kiss'd. And all was beauty there to see; Sky, river, city, throng Became awhile in harmony As parts of some great song,

WEESHIE MARY

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant



T'S a glorious view—
glorious!" said
Harewood, filling
his lungs gratefully
with the mild sea
air as he looked out
over Glenbaragh
Bay. "In any
other country but
lethargic, politicsridden Ireland such

a view would attract its thousands every year, with their tens of thousands to spend. But, as it is, it's so much the better for me. I got the place for a song—a song, hey?" He turned to Fitzgerald as he spoke.

"You got it cheaply enough, Heaven knows, and I'll be so frank as to say that I'm sorry to see the old place go into new hands. I did my best to save it, but when a young fool follows an old fool, and both think there's no bottom to a pocket with a hole in

it-why, the end's easy seen."

"So much the better for me," repeated the Englishman. The touch of sentiment in the agent's Irish nature was beyond his understanding, or, more correctly, perhaps, his sympathy. If neither old Desmond nor young Desmond knew the purchasing power of money, he did, and fools, naturally, must suffer for their folly. "But," he went on, "there'll have to be a lot of money spent on the rackety place, and a lot of changes—"

"I would not make many changes, if I

were you."

"Eh? Why not?"

"They don't like changes hereabouts."

"Oh, pshaw! They'll see the value of them once they are made. Your Irishman, for all his easy-going simplicity, always has a keen eye to the main chance. But as I want to live in peace, I'll buy their goodwill, if need be."

"That," said Fitzgerald decisively, "you'll never do. You may win an Irishman's

goodwill, but you will never buy it. Besides, what changes could you wish to make?"

Harewood's eyes lightened as he followed the sweep of Fitzgerald's arm. Nor was it all pride of possession. Round and across Glenbaragh's landlocked bay shone the triple crown of Nature—beauty of mountain, beauty of woodland, beauty of sea. On the west, sinister and dark, a buttress against the Atlantic gales, frowned Cubhduv; to the east rose Kimaderry, the hill of the oakwood, to the north the wind-clipped slope on which they stood, with Baragh Castle midway to the ridge, its ruined ancient towers and lichened gables half hidden by immemorial timber. Nursed between, without sound or foam, the tide swelled, lapping full against the naked crags.

"No," said Harewood, with another deeplunged breath. "No change there. couldn't if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. But the gardens—what there is of them—are a wilderness. You could hide yourself in the weeds on the walks, and the box-edging is three feet high. The house, of course, must be overhauled from cellar to Then there are trees to come down to open up the view. That is where the real changes come in. There's no use opening up a glorious view such as this to have it spoilt by pig-sties and mud hovels. For instance, I own these islands scattered

across the bay, don't I?"

"Yes," said Fitzgerald reluctantly.

"They are picturesque enough, though a few creepers would cover their nakedness and give a patch of colour in the autumn. One seems to be inhabited?"

"Yes, Holy Island."
"Why Holy Island?"

"It was a Refuge in the old days. That grey ruin is all there is left of the chapel. It's the bell tower. The Local Government Board closed the churchyard three years ago, but, of course, the people still use it."

"But if the Board closed it-" began

Harewood. Fitzgerald interrupted him with

a laugh.

"The Board is far off, and the Island is still Holy Island. I told you we don't take kindly to changes here. That cabin you see to this side of the potato field is Michael Roche's. Micky the Weasel they call him he's so small and thin. Half the people round here are Roches. Micky is a tenant of yours."

"Then he'll have to shift," said Hare-"That will be one of the changes."

"Shift?" Fitzgerald turned sharply. "But Micky is one of the best tenants on the estate. He never gives trouble, and there's nothing owing but the hanging gale."

"What is his rent?"

"Seven pounds; and enough, too, for his

fifteen acres of rock and bog.

"And do you suppose that for seven pounds I am going to spoil—utterly spoil the most lovely view in the whole country? Why, man, can't you see that when I take down a couple of those trees there, and open up the outlook from the castle windows, that confounded potato patch and the hovel in front of it would fairly hit you in the eye? It would be unendurable!

"But there have been Roches of Holy Island almost as long as there have been

Desmonds of Baragh.

"Well," said Harewood drily, "the one's gone and the other can go. But don't worry. I'll find him a better farm elsewhere."

"There's not a vacant acre in all Glenbaragh. And Holy Island isn't just a farm to Michael Roche.

"Then I'll pay him to go."
"Pay him? You can't pay him."

"Not pay out a seven-pound tenant?"

" No."

"Pshaw! Don't talk nonsense. I'll do what I like with my own."

"At least talk to Father Martin first."

"No," said Harewood angrily, "I'll not talk to Father Martin first. I'll have no parson or priest—no, nor agent—telling me what to do with my own."

"No agent is telling you," answered Fitz-"I give you gerald, still more angrily.

good day, Mr. Harewood."

Two days later Denny Donoghue, the boatman, rowed Harewood across the few hundred yards of clear, smooth water which lay between the rocky coast of Glenbaragh Bay and Holy Island. The felling of the trees-huge oaks with boles no two men

could have clasped—had confirmed his pur-The beauty of the enlarged outlook surpassed all expectations. Nothing marred its charm but Roche's holding, and if Roche's holding was a blot even in the green heart of summer, what would it not be when decay set in? The offence to the eye would be intolerable. Roche must go—of course, without friction.

And there would be no friction. wood was almost as convinced a believer in his own diplomacy as he was in the power of the cheque book. He had never known the combination of smooth words and stamped paper fail to demonstrate a material advan-He forgot that, to the Irishman, the spiritual or sentimental is often the one

material good.

As Harewood topped the rough ascent of rocks, Micky the Weasel dug his spadingfork deep into the soil with a strong thrust of his foot, and went to meet his landlord went neither leisurely nor hastily, but with the courtesy of a man who greets a stranger at his threshold. That he knew him for his landlord made no difference. Nor was it because this was his landlord that he took off his hat and stood bareheaded before him. There was no servility in the act, but Micky was too inherently a gentleman not to recognise that there are degrees of station calling for respect.

On his part, Harewood easily understood why his tenant was called Micky the Weasel. It was not the weasel nature that the Celtic imagination had hit upon. No, it was the small-boned frame, the lean, wiry body, and, above all, the quick, alert, nervous temperament. There was nothing furtive about The Weasel, yet his eyes were never still, just as his lips rarely ceased working the one upon the other, nor were his hands quiet for long. It was Thursday, and a four days' stubble covered the long upper lip, weak chin, and thin-jawed sallow cheeks. A strain of Armada blood in his ancestry showed in the straight black hair grizzling at the temples.

It was the peasant who spoke first.

"Y'r welcome to the Holy Island, y'r honour."

"You know me, of course?"

"We Michael Roche nodded gravely. heerd tell up at Glenbaragh. Poor Mr. Maurice! Y'll not think it hard if I say we do be sorry for the changes."

"No, no; very natural and proper."

glanced Harewood's observanteyes shrewdly round the holding as he spoke. It was the first time he had seen potatoes in

lazy-beds at close quarters, but the weeds were well kept down, and the little patch of "Sidey" oats showed careful farming. Beyond, in a small pasture, a cow, a few sheep, and two or three goats browsed together amicably. The little cabin was scrupulously whitewashed, the thatch, dark with age, carefully patched. On the doorstep a sturdy, tow-headed boy sat hunched, rocking in his arms a grey bundle almost as big as himself. Harewood saw his last difficulty disappear. Roche, as a good farmer, would understand the value of ready money, and there were children to provide for, one clearly a weakling. Whoever first called children "hostages to fortune" must have had the children of the poor in his mind.

"Changes?" went on Harewood, catching at the word for an opening. "Of course there must be changes; that is why I am here."

Roche glanced up the slope across the bay at the signs of change.

"They do say them oaks was growin' strong when Crum'ell was hereabouts."

"Cromwell?"

"Sure, yis, y'r honour. There's his bridge, or what's left of it, spannin' the little river behind the point."

"Well, never mind Cromwell just now." Harewood found the chance reference distasteful. Yet he had never approved of Cromwell's settlement of Ireland—in theory. "I have come to the conclusion, Roche, that it isn't healthy here for you and your family."

"Healt', is it? Sure, we do have fine healt'. Look at little Micky there."

"And the younger child?"

Roche's face clouded. "That's no fault of the Island—no fault at all. 'Twas the hand of God was heavy on her when she was born. But she's comin' on fine. Are ye there, Mary, darlin'?"

Between the folds of the grey shawl a shrunken arm was pushed, and a peaked face looked out—a face old with the daily burden of suffering, but lit now with the flicker of

a ready smile.

"Yis, Da."
"An' is Micky takin' great care of ye?"

"Yis, Da." The thin hand stroked Micky's cheek as she spoke, and at the touch the freckled face flushed red. With a little wriggle of his body he drew the bundle closer to him.

"How old is she?"
"She's nigh four, sor."

"And the boy?"

"Goin' for six. An' a good boy he is—the best in Glenbaragh."

"And the mother?"

Michael Roche winced as his upper teeth caught at the under lip, and his tired grey eyes grew pathetically wistful. Turning, he pointed with a shaking hand to where the ruined belfry of the old-time Refuge still stood, a dumb sentinel over the incomprehensible silence.

"She's there this year back; but, God be praised, the Holy Island still holds the four of us!"

"But when you go to the markets, fairs, and so forth?"

Harewood was genuinely concerned, but always on the material side. He still failed to understand that the spiritual may be the material.

"Sure, what harm could come to them? There's always Micky, an' there do be times when I think Micky's an ould, ould man, he's that wise."

"So you leave these children alone from daylight to dark? It's—it's an outrage!"

"Sure, y'r honour, what can be done? I couldn't have a strange woman trapesin' the house in Molly's place, an' Micky does grand. Isn't Micky the great boy, Mary darlin'?"

"Yis, Da." And again the freckled face

flushed red.

"But it can't go on," said Harewood decisively. "It's an outrage on the children—nothing but an outrage! You will have to leave this place——"

"Is it quit the Island, y'r honour? Sure, the rent's paid; I have the receipt in the

cabin."

"Rent? The rent has nothing to do with it. It's not safe for the children."

"There's not a soul in Glenbaragh would harm a hair of them."

"That may be. But I told you there must be changes, and this is one of them."

"D'you mane it, sor?"

" I do."

Roche passed a trembling hand back and forth across his forehead as he looked about on every side, seeing nothing of the brown earth at his feet, the whitewashed cabin, or the blue sky overhead. Always slow of comprehension, his mind and habit fixed in a narrow groove of life, the shock had dazed him. Then out of the chaos of his bewilderment the tenant's fixed idea took form

"Y'r honour," he said earnestly, "ye can't understand—ye can't. The rent's paid."

"I tell you that has nothing to do with it. The rent! Seven pounds! Pshaw!"

The contempt stung Micky to fury, driving out both stolidity and stupor. Labouring early and late, living poorly and hardly, he wrung the rent from the stony soil, and paid his honest way with pride. Now his struggle, his labour, his poverty, were flung in his face with a sneer at their insignificance.

"What more d'you want nor your bloodmoney? Summer or winter, it's daylight an' dark wid me, an' y'r not content! Would ye ate me up, soul an' body? The land can

do no more.

"If the land is so poor, the more reason for leaving."

At the curt repetition of the word, or, rather, of its meaning, Michael Roche's

passion died down.

"Is it quit?" he said weakly. "For two hundred years—aye, mebbe more, mebbe since Crum'ell built the bridge beyantthere's been a Roche on Holy Island. an' they're here yit, all av them, father an' son, father an' son, in the little churchyard lookin' out to the sky. Molly, too!"

"The law closed it three years ago."

"The law! Pfiff! Much we care for the

law—that law—hereabouts!"
"No, no," said Harewood hastily, "there's no talk of the law—none at all. You have your rights and I have mine, but we are not going to stand upon them, either of us. I am sure of that."

"If ye mane that I won't wait for eviction, that I won't see the cabin I was born in, an' that Molly died in—aye, an' me mother before her—pulled to bits by the bailiffs, y're right. If we're to go, if we're to be put out on the road, we'll go quiet. But, sor, will ye answer me wan thing, as man to man? Is it all because of the childer that we must go?"

Goaded by a double temptation, Harewood paused for the briefest of instants. answer "Yes," and hold to it, would be easiest, not only for himself, but for the father of the children; but the convenient

lie was impossible.

"No." The monosyllable was unsatisfying, but to Harewood its curtness seemed safest for the moment.

"Then, why, sor, if it wouldn't be troublin'

"Listen, Roche. I'll see to it that you are no worse off. I promise you I'll find you a larger farm and better land—

"Thank ye, sor. I don't doubt ye mane kind, but, sure, it wouldn't be the same at

After all that's come an' gone in the little cabin, how could it be the same? Why are we to quit, sor, if ye plaze?"

"You see, Roche"—Harewood astonished to find himself uneasily apologetic —"as you look down from the windows of the Castle-

But the Celtic imagination outran the spoken word. His eyes blazing, a spot of angry red on either sallow cheek, Michael Roche interrupted the halting explanation.

"It's the cabin an' the little farm. was good enough for the ould stock isn't good enough for you, an' you not a week in Glenbaragh! Y've felled the ould oaks, the poor mushroom man that ye are, an' now ye'd fling us out to rot after our two hundred mebbe three hundred—years livin' an' dead! Livin' an' dead!" he repeated, then added: "Heavens, I thought I'd always have Molly in me keepin'!"

"No, but, Roche-"

"Will ye lave us the land?"

"You don't understand me. Listen, Roche-

"Will ye lave us the land?"

"No! After what has passed, I can't and

won't do that; but I'll pay-

"Pay, is it?" The fury in Roche's eyes flamed to insanity. "Is it buy me dead off me? There isn't money in the four seas to do it! We'd tramp the roads till we drop, first!"

It was a week later that Father Martin intervened, but not openly. Fitzgerald had repeated Harewood's fling against priests and parsons, and Father Martin was too wise a man to risk Micky's tenure that he might assert his own dignity or even that of his office. Neither was endangered. One of the "old stock," like the Desmonds, priest, counsellor, and comforter, Pierce ffolliott Martin held his place in Glenbaragh by even a greater influence than the power of the Those who said that he ruled his parish soul and body were only partially Bryan Barry, M.D. of Trinity, shared the autocracy with him so far as all that was mortal of Glenbaragh was concerned, and to Bryan Barry was committed the cause of Micky the Weasel.

But he achieved nothing.

"Of all fools," said he, seating himself on the edge of Father Martin's study table with that lack of ceremony which becomes a brother potentate, "commend me to the honest fool for the bitterest folly. A weak fool you can drive, a cunning fool you can strip naked of his pretences, a proud fool

you can twist and wheedle, but an honest fool.— Confound all honest fools, saving

your reverence's presence!"

"Then you have botched it?" It is one of the priceless blessings of proved friendship that directness of language is no offence.

"Botched it? It was botched from the His ideas are fixed, and man's birth. nothing will shake or expand them. the worst of it is, he means well. While he frankly admits that the children had nothing to do with his original intention, he maintains —and I quite believe him—that, having seen their circumstances, he could never consent to leave things as they are. His remarks on 'the apathy of the man's priest' were That's you, your reverence." Bryan Barry's hand on Father Martin's shoulder robbed the unjust suggestion of its sting. "But how could he know that you had seen to it that Bridget Moylan had a prayer to say without fail on Holy Island the days Micky was at a fair, and they weren't many?"

Father Martin nodded. "How could be understand, when Micky doesn't? I don't

blame him.'

"Then he is quite persuaded that he is the best landlord the world has seen since Adam was evicted for being led by the nose by a woman—or by the mouth, was it? What has the man to complain of? he asks. Harewood is willing to pay him twenty years' purchase to quit, and find him a farm else-Where is the hardship in that? It's business, and there's no Sentiment? sentiment in business. That Roche's forefathers have lived there for ten generations isn't business; that Roche was born in the little cabin, and loves it, isn't business; that Roche's dead lie almost in its shadow isn't business. Money's business, and flesh and blood and spirit don't come into it at all! What's more, and absolutely final, he will do what he likes with his own. With his own, mind you "-and Barry thumped the table with his fist—" and he believes it, too. That's where the honest fool comes in. That Micky's very soul's in the land matters nothing. Let him take his soul out of the land—I don't want it, he'd say. There's no help for it—Micky must go, Pierce."

"What shall I do, Bryan? Shall I go to him? Perhaps he does not understand."

"Understand?" Bryan Barry laughed vexedly. "He understands well enough. My temper got the worse of me, as it always does when I come across crass, bull-headed folly. 'Do what you like with your own?'

I said. 'You'll do what you won't like with more than your own before you've done. I am the doctor here, and I tell you this flat—if you shift Weeshie Mary Roche from the cabin she's been used to all her poor little life, she'll die, and it will be your doing!"

"And what did he say?"

Barry banged the table with his fist the second time.

"Hang it! I'm sorry, Pierce—you know I'm not the sort of man to talk like that. What did he say? He began to prate of the Local Government Board. The Local Government Board! I give you my word he seemed to think more of opening a grave on Holy Island than he did of filling it! Go to see him? No, you would gain nothing, and if Glenbaragh thought he had flouted you, there would be no holding it. As it is, you'll have to talk the power of the Church to them from the Altar next Sunday, and talk it straight."

That was on a Friday. The day following Harewood took Donoghue across to the Island. Always taciturn, the boatman was sullenly silent until the keel grounded in the little cove below the ascent of the farm, then: "If it's Micky ye want, ye won't find him. He's at the fair at Mucklish."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Sure, ye never ast me."

"What is Roche doing at Mucklish?"

"His business, no less."

"Donoghue, you are impertinent."

"Faith, we're as we're made. Will ye be goin' ashore?"

"Yes. Wait for me."

Harewood's temper was on edge as he climbed the rocky track. A second boat was in the cove, a battered dinghy, drawn up above tide-mark, but in his anger he never gave it a thought. Donoghue's offended will to offend was as clear as his cause of offence, and Harewood rebelled against what he held to be the gross injustice of it all. He meant well to these people, and they would not understand, would not give him credit for his good intentions. They were all in a league to thwart him, that big-boned dispensary doctor with the illfitting clothes amongst the rest. Well, let them be in a league. He would do what he liked with his own.

The open door of the cabin drew him. Through it came the sound of the children's voices, Micky the younger's strong clear treble above the weaker, shriller note. But, to Harewood's surprise, it was a woman who

answered his call. She was above middle age, her worn, comely face still showing traces of that beauty which is so often the heritage of the women of the South in their youth. The curtsey she dropped him was as free from servility as Micky's baring of the head.

"Y're welcome, y'r honour."

"Roche is not—that is, I am afraid——"
"An' did Dinny not tell ye? My, my,
but he's the quare one! Sure, Micky
—Michael, that is, y'r honour—went to
Mucklish this mornin'."

"I'm glad to see that at last he has had the sense to make provision for his helpless

children.'

"Is it me, sir? Sure, Micky doesn't know I'm here at all. I'm Bridget Moylan, from Ardgashel—ye can see the cabin there, across the strait. An' when Molly Roche was took—God rest her this day!—Father Martin says to me: 'Bridget, when ye see Micky'—Michael, that is, y'r honour—'lavin' the Island, slip across and give an eye to the childer.' An', of course, I can do it aisy. Isn't me own Naneen goin' sixteen, an' only four to see to, an' little Terence risin' three?"

"And does Roche not know why you

"Why would he—a simple, kindly cratur like him? I tell him I'm here for a mouthful of prayers. An' it's true enough. Where else would I go but to the Holy Island?"

"I see. And you have been doing that for a year?" said Harewood slowly. There was a vision before his mind of a girl, not yet fifteen, mothering a brood of four, ending in a healthily energetic two-year-old baby.

"Why not, sor? Any woman would do more for them that needs it. Mebbe y've

childer y'rself, an' know how it is."

"No," answered Harewood, speaking, out of a sore heart, more roughly than he knew, "I have no children."

"My, my, think of that, now!" she said compassionately. "Isn't it the Lord that's

good to the poor?"

For a moment she stood hesitating, her shrewd grey eyes reading Harewood like an open book. Then she turned to the shadowed depths of the cabin, where two small figures sat side by side, one half crouched against the other.

"Show his honour the Refuge, Micky. Aw, what now would ye be afeared of? Yis, take Weeshie Mary wid ye. She's not that strong, y'r honour, but the doctor says she's doin' fine. My, but he's the grand man,

the doctor! Y'd think he was a woman, he's that gentle wid the sick, an' him so big. Now, Micky boy, run off wid ye."

Had Harewood been allowed the option of a decision, he would have refused the guidance. But none was permitted him. Of the three, he was the most embarrassed, partly because, knowing little of children, he was shy with them, but partly also through an effort to readjust his perspective. For a week he had supposed that, of all Glenbaragh, he alone had given a thought to the needs or the sorrows of Holy Island. Now he found that these needs had been cared for and the sorrows comforted, but without obtrusion or a galling of the open wound.

"What is your name, little man?"

"Micky, y'r honour."

"And your sister's?"

But the grey bundle pushed aside the folds of shawl which half hid head and shoulders, and made answer direct.

"I'm Weeshie Mary. But, sure, ye knew it afore. Y're the man—no, I won't whisht, Micky—y're the man as was here the day Da cried all night. Why would I whisht when it's the truth? Ye wor sleepin', but me back was bad, an' Da sat rockin' himself an' cryin' like the way he did when Mammy died. Micky, darlin', take me to Mammy's seat."

"But the Refuge——"

"Sure, the Refuge'll do after. Micky, be good an' take Weeshie Mary to Mammy's seat."

Truly the daughters of Ewe learn early how to win their way. The weak voice, always plaintive, grew pleadingly pathetic; the thin arms were pushed round Micky's sturdy neck, the small, moist red mouth pressed against his cheek. Embarrassed, reddened to the roots of his hair, but shyly proud, Micky glanced up at Harewood. Harewood, his mind preoccupied, nodded back absently. He was wondering how much Micky knew—the children of the poor grow old and sorrowfully wise before their Leaving the hard-beaten earthen path, they passed through a whitewashed wicket-gate set in a wooden fence, and were at once in an open space, rude yet decent.

To the left was the shattered belfry, to the right the seaward fringe of rocks; between rose those waves of Time whose breaking echoes through Eternity. Micky kept to the right, halting beside a rock the flattened top of which conveyed the rough suggestion of a bench. As if by custom, he settled himself cross-legged into a niche at



"'Pay, is it?' The fury in Roche's eyes flamed to insanity."

the side. At their feet lapped the quiet water; beyond lay the enclosing headlands; still further, and the outer bay reached forward to the embrace of the Atlantic.

"Tis Mammy's seat," said the piping voice, "an' we came here, the four of us, when the work was done."

"And do you come here still?" Harewood spoke for speaking's sake, giving little thought to his question.

"Sure, why would we?" The grey bundle wriggled itself more upright in Micky's arms, and pointed across the flat of the rock. "We sit yonder now, where Mammy is. Da says that out of the whole world we've just got

the Holy Island, the little farm, an' Mammy. What are ye cryin' for, Micky? Sure, isn't it grand to have them? Though it's not like sittin' here with Mammy, ye understan'"—and the weak treble broke in a sob.

Yes, Harewood understood—at least, in part. Again he wondered how much Micky knew. The tears were streaming down the freckled cheeks, and the under lip worked piteously in his effort at self-control. Where the shrunken arm pointed stretched the waves of Time, but Harewood did not turn; he guessed what he would see. To put away the thought of it, he harked back to what the child had said five or ten minutes before.

"So you do not always sleep well, Weeshie Mary?"

A pale smile struggled through the tears.

"No, but I will soon. I heerd the doctor say that, once the change came, me back wouldn't trouble me for long. I dunno what he meant, but—my, it'll be grand, won't it, Micky?"

But Micky, his mouth quivering afresh, only glanced silently up at Harewood. How

much did the boy know?

With an impatient shake of his shoulders, Harewood rose to his feet.

"The Refuge can wait for another day,"

he said roughly.

At the wicket-gate he paused, looking up the further slope. The sunlight blazoned the grey towers of Baragh Castle gloriously. Felling the oaks had changed beauty to splendour by broadening the outlook across the bay. There was only one flaw to mar the charm. That it should continue to mar it was intolerable, unthinkable. Impatiently Harewood strode on. Intolerable! Unthinkable! His path took him past the open door of the cabin. Faltering, he turned and looked backward. Weeshie Mary, reared up in Micky's arms, was again pointing across the flat of Mammy's seat. Within the cabin, a shadow amongst shadows, Bridget Moylan sat rocking herself as Micky the Weasel had rocked the night he cried all night.

"Mrs. Moylan"—Harewood's voice was hard and vexed—"tell Roche he can keep

his cabin."

The rocking ceased, there was an instant's silence, then "Oh, glory be to God!" said Bridget Moylan, and fell to sobbing as if her heart would break.



AVE ATOUE VALE!

E. G. R. R. Dardanelles, 1915.

Does Death divide us now in twain:
Our spirits are one again
And fare together, as you and I did,
But for your showing the road more plain.

You seem all about me and nearer
Than in old days could ever be;
Doubt and finality
Themselves have died in making dearer
By Death thy presence here with me.

Did Death think then that by losing
What all must lose we should give o'er?
Lo, he has given us more
Than ever we from our own choosing
Could count on in the days before.

Bravest and best beloved, defeated
With the shafts of thy keen aim,
The destroyers are put to shame,
And they, not we, are to be pitied
For one who so marvellously o'ercame.

NORMAN HUGH ROMANES.

STRANGERS IN BULLY BAY

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HE story is still told in Bully Bay, though the thing happened sixty years ago. I heard it from old Mother Finch—Mother Finch, who used to be Molly Nolan of the blue eyes and pink cheeks and

round, milk-white neck. She is nearing her eightieth birthday now, and has a great-grandson old enough and able enough to go out to the fishing-grounds in his father's skiff. Her eyes are not strikingly blue now. Tears have faded them, I suppose. Her neck is hidden now by a folded shawl in which she muffles her sharp chin, and I imagine that it is no longer round or white or in any way alluring. Her voice is cracked and thin as a nor'-west wind over a frosty roof. She uses strange words. She smokes a black pipe charged with rank tobacco.

This is the story that I heard from Mother Finch last winter in Bully Bay, retold in language more intelligible to the civilised

public than her own.

All the lads in Bully Bay, and most of them in Squid Harbour, ten miles down the coast, were in love with Molly Nolan; but Tim Finch was the boy who caught the fancy of her heart and eye in return. Tim loved her to distraction, but he was a lad of spirit, and had a thought in his mind to better his fortune before taking a wife. He was desperately weary of the shore-fishing and its scanty rewards, so he dreamed some brave dreams and interpreted them to Molly, then kissed her and set out for Harbour Grace. In that fine town he signed on for

a voyage to South America, and from the grey wharf of Munnson & Co. he sailed away one grey morning in the barquentine *Flora*.

Tim Finch was so little of a scholar that he could not write even his own name. Molly was as ignorant of such things as Tim. Needless to say, they did not correspond. Months passed without any word of Tim being received in Bully Bay. Molly missed him cruelly, and worried about him. She lost nights of sleep in wondering miserably why she had let him go. So February, March, and April wore heavily away, dragging every hour across the heart of Molly Nolan like a link in a heavy chain.

Early in May, Skipper Kelly sailed around to Harbour Grace for a freight of hard bread, twine, salt, and other staple articles of trade in and about Bully Bay. He won back to Bully Bay on the seventeenth day of the month, with bitter news and a passenger. Because of the news, but slight attention was paid to the fore-and-after's passenger during the hour of landing. In Harbour Grace, Skipper Kelly had heard that the barquentine Flora had been wrecked in the Caribbean Sea, somewhere to the north and west of St. Kitts, with a total loss of vessel, cargo, and crew.

Molly Nolan didn't show herself outside her father's cabin for a week after that.

The stranger whom Skipper Kelly had brought from Harbour Grace was a young man of unusual and distinguished appearance. He did not belong to Harbour Grace. He gave his name as John McGrath, and admitted that he was the son of an Irishman. It seems that he had come to Bully Bay for rest and opportunity for study. He wore broadcloth and clean white linen every day. Though gracious of manner and smooth of

tongue, he answered few questions. He had gold in his pocket, and his luggage consisted of several leather bags and two heavy boxes. His manner was detached but courteous.

He rented a two-roomed cabin which stood at the back of the harbour, above and behind the other cabins, from Skipper Kelly; but he never invited his neighbours in to warm his house for him. Outside his own door he was friendly enough, in his own superior and detached way. He frequently entered the huts of the needy with gifts of tea, tobacco, or snuff. He gave three bottles of brandy to old Tom Dodd, whose life was flickering, blankets to Widow Burke, and thirty silver half-dollars to another poor woman. Those thirty big silver coins started the story that he manufactured money in his cabin, and all the people hoped that he would continue to manufacture it. did not hold it against him. He was a grand customer for Skipper Kelly.

Skipper Kelly had heard more about Mr. McGrath than he cared to repeat. A goose that laid golden eggs, or even silver eggs, was sure to receive proper attention at the skipper's hands. In Harbour Grace he had been told that the stranger had arrived at that port in a schooner belonging to the southern coast of the island, and he had heard a rumour in Pat Hawkins's shebeen that the stranger had come to Newfoundland from the little French island of St. Pierre. All this the skipper kept to himself. He did not mention it even to Mr. McGrath.

May passed, but June did not awaken Molly Nolan's benumbed heart or solve the mystery of John McGrath; but it was in June that the stranger first spoke to Molly. He met her face to face one morning on the land-wash, halted, lifted his hat, and bowed and regarded her with kind but pensive eyes. They were beautiful eyes, of so dark a grey as to appear black in some lights; but far back in them, deep beneath the clear lights of sadness and kindness, lurked a strange cross-flicker of fire that daunted the girl. Her blue eyes lowered before his unblinking gaze.

"You are sad," he said, in a deep and musical voice. "Your heart is heavy with the misery about you—the misery to which

you were born."

She made no reply. She did not understand. He stepped aside and passed her with bowed head.

After that she listened to the nightly talks of her father and brothers about the stranger's affairs. Up to that time she had

paid no attention to them. The men were of the opinion that McGrath was not only a coiner, but that he possessed the secret of turning certain materials into the precious They had seen him wandering among the rocks and over the barrens, as if in search of something. Peter Walsh had rebuilt his chimney for him. Heavy blankets were fastened across his windows day and night, but not so securely but that fingers of violent red light had been discerned about the window casings as late as two o'clock in the morning. And the new chimney had been seen to throw out sparks and flames many times, always after midnight.

"But he be's free wid the stuff he makes," said one of the boys. "He give Peter Walsh three gold pieces for the work on the chimley, an' only yesterday he throwed a dollar to

little Bill Dodd."

"I wishes to Heaven there be'd more like 'im on this coast," said the father. "But we'll keep it mum, b'ys. If the marchants i' St. John's an' Harbour Grace heared talk of it, or the Governor, the police would be sent round to take 'im away to prison—aye, that they would! It be's dead agin the law for anyone, save the King an' the Governor, to make money, an' the rich marchants to git it an' have the spendin' of it."

Molly's flicker of interest in the mysterious stranger was not strong enough to lighten anything of her weight of grief. Shortly after the first meeting with McGrath, she awoke one morning before dawn, sick and restless with her misery. She slipped from her blankets, dressed, and left the stuffy cabin. The stars were veiled. She wandered aimlessly upward toward the top of the broken cliff and the wide barrens beyond.

She rounded a corner of rock, and halted at the sight of a pulsing red radiance and pulsing clouds of sparks at the crown of the stranger's chimney. She knew that he was burning coals under a forced draught, even as Con Kelly, the skipper's brother, burned them in his forge to bring iron to a crawling white heat. No doubt he was even now fusing some common earth or rock into gold. She was chilled with awe, and for a little while forgot her grief.

She took another path, and so gave the stranger's cabin a wide berth in ascending to the edge of the barren. From that commanding position she watched the pulsing fire of the chimney with fascinated eyes until it fell at last and failed to flare up again. Then she turned her gaze to the

east, and saw the dawn lighten like the opening of a grey eye along the sea's edge. The windows of the cabins winked to yellow in the gloom beneath her. The light in the east washed wide and high, and took on a rosy tinge. She scanned the empty sea with longing eyes, then started listlessly down the path. Near McGrath's hut she paused for a moment. The air was heavy with a bitter, stinging odour, which was unlike anything she had ever smelled before.

The men and boys went out to the fishing in their grey skiffs. It was still early in the morning when Molly Nolan went over to a neighbour's hut, where a child of seven years had been ill for two or three days. She heard the sobbing and moaning of women from within, and, before her foot had touched the threshold, the door opened and John McGrath came out. His thin, clean-shaven face was bloodless, and his wonderful eyes were glowing red at their depths. gripped one of the girl's wrists with fingers hard as iron.

"He is dead!" he cried passionately. "Dead! Dead of a little cold, because he had no strength to fight against it. He has been starved since he was born—and before he was born! Some of us live and grow strong on starvation, but most of us die. But the sun is rising—the world is awaking -the starved and the down-trodden are beginning to wonder, to question, to turn their hungry eyes toward the gilded sources of their misery! When I was a child, I saw my mother die for want of food! I saw the police, officers of the law, tools of the rich, lead my father away to prison because he had taken bread from the rich with which to feed his starving wife and children. the poor will arise and strike! monsters of greed and selfishness who grind us down, and starve our bodies and our souls, will be dragged down from their high places! Nay, rather will they be sent higher—scattered, dismembered, uncrowned!"

He laughed wildly, bitterly, and shook the girl in the violence of his agitation. His eyes were terrible to behold.

"And I am one of the chosen instruments of their undoing!" he exclaimed. "I have the brain and the heart for the task. Little do they guess the fate that is even now being shaped for them here in Bully

Molly was afraid. She pulled herself free of him and ran home. He did not follow her. He did not even look after her.

would almost seem that he was unaware of her agitated departure.

It was mid-afternoon of the tenth day of July when Molly Nolan saw the answer to her prayers. She was moping in the cabin. The men were away at the fishing, and her mother was down at the drying stages, turning over the split fish in the wind and sunshine. Molly had been excused from work that day, for the misery of her heart was affecting her bodily health.

She heard a step on the stone before the door, and turned in time to see the door open and Tim Finch enter the room-Tim Finch, her lover, who had gone down with the Flora, in April, in some surf-smoked corner of a distant sea. She did not see the other man at Tim's shoulder, for a black curtain fell before her eyes. She screamed and sank to the floor in a swoon.

When she regained consciousness and opened her eyes, she felt Tim's arms around her, and looked up into his face. She saw that his cheeks were thinner than she had known them, and that his whole face was aged and careworn. But it was Tim—Tim in the flesh—and not a ghost from some weltering sea cave. His eyes were brighter and hungrier than of old, but no less tender. The old light of love was in them. She put up a hand and touched his face.

"I feared ye were dead," she whispered. "They told me as how ye were drownded."

And then, for the first time, she saw Nicholas Barrow, the man who had entered the cabin at Tim's heels. She gazed up at him in wide-eyed dismay and inquiry past Tim's lean jaw. Tim twisted his neck to follow her glance. His face flushed

"Can't ye wait outside a minute?" he

exclaimed fretfully.

The other smiled, turned slowly, and left the room. He was a tall man, lean and wellbuilt, and maybe a few years older than Tim. His eyes were dark brown, his face was long and warmly tinted, his dark hair was worn long about his ears. He had little rings of gold in his ears.

"That be's Nick Barrow, a shipmate o' mine," said Tim. "We was wrecked together an' saved together, an' he come

home wid me—blast 'im!"

For a week Molly was happy, and the bloom returned to her cheeks and the colour to her eyes. Her lost lover was alive and at her side again. The hungry, cheating sea had been cheated of him. Tim's story of his escape from death was that he and Barrow only of the barquentine's company had won ashore from the breaking wreck.

They had fought gigantic walls of green water and hissing foam, been rolled and beaten upon reefs of coral, and at last had been tossed unconscious upon a thin strip of spray-veiled sand. They had snatched a little oaken breaker of water and several packages of food from the surf.

Slowly and painfully they had made their way from one seething reef to another, from one smothered cay to another, until they had reached at last an isle of sand and coral rock upon which grew half a dozen cocoanut trees, a few whitewood saplings, and a thicket of sea-grapes. There they had existed miserably for ten or twelve days, at the end of which time they had been sighted and taken off by a Spanish brig bound for Bahia.

Having no power of choosing their course, they, too, had gone to Bahia, and they had worked like dogs for their passage. After assisting in the unloading and loading of the Spanish brig, they had obtained berths aboard a big American schooner freighted with coffee and bound for New York. From New York they had worked their way northward, and here they were in Bully Bay. That was the story as told by Tim Finch and agreed to in silence by Nicholas Barrow.

Tim was an orphan. Nick Barrow lived with him. Tim owned a skiff, and in it went out to the fishing; but Barrow remained ashore and smoked his pipe in idleness, like an old woman or a gentleman. And yet Barrow was as able to work as Tim or any other man in the harbour; and the folk considered Tim a fool for supporting his shipmate in idleness. They wondered if the poor lad had suffered an injury to his head when the surf was knocking him about on the reefs of coral. They thought it likely.

Nicholas Barrow was never without a few coins to jangle in his pocket. He spent most of his idle hours close to Molly Nolan, entertaining her with stories of ships and cities and strange seas. Sometimes he even helped her at her work on the drying stages. Molly was interested in his stories, but she would have been better pleased had she heard them from Tim.

Molly was happy for a week, and then Tim's manner toward her and toward the world began to change. He avoided her. Of that there could be no mistake, for she was not the only one to notice it. His face became thinner and more haggard day by day. He looked as if he carried the black weight of all the world's care on his shoulders, and the tears of all its griefs in his breast. When she first saw this change, she clasped him in her arms, clung to him, and questioned him

"It bain't nothin'," he groaned. "Sure, I loves ye, Molly, an' may the divil throttle me else! I bain't feelin' jist right, girl."

She saw torment in his honest eyes—torment writhing under a film of tears. She kissed him. He crushed her to him, pressing hot lips on her mouth and eyes.

"I loves ye!" he whispered violently, despairingly. "I'll watch ye safe if they

kills me for it!"

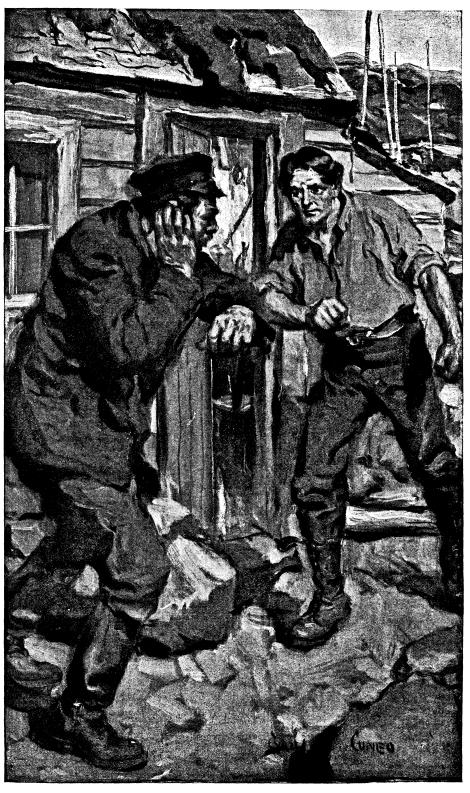
Then he freed himself from her embrace and fled.

Fear, anxiety, and bewilderment kept sleep from Molly's humble couch that night. Early in the morning she was down on the landwash, waiting for him; but he did not come to his skiff that day, or go out to the fishing. He wandered far about the barrens through the bright and empty hours, and did not return to his cabin until late at night. That was the commencement of his mad and mysterious behaviour, and that was the way he carried on day after day, week after week. Molly could only think that his mind had given way, and others were with her in that Nicholas Barrow expressed himself as being of the same opinion, and told Molly of a day on that sandy, sun-beaten patch of sand and rock when Tim had raved like a maniac for hours.

"It was the sun hit him," said Nick, "an' he ain't bin the same since. He gits queer every now an' agin. The sun got clean into his brain, I reckon. I've knowed other men who was sunstruck like that, an' they never got better of it. That's why I come to Bully Bay with him—to see him safe home. Some die an' some go ravin' mad. There was one lad I used to know, from my own town in Nova Scotia, who come home from a v'yage an' killed his own wife. He'd bin sunstruck, same as poor Tim."

Molly's brain accepted this, but her heart refused it. Her heart told her that something more terrible than sunstroke was ailing Tim Finch—something more terrible, but not incurable. Her heart distrusted Nicholas Barrow.

Nicholas divided his time and attention between Molly Nolan and John McGrath. He courted Molly openly and McGrath covertly. He listened keenly to all that was said in the little harbour about the strange



"Then he caught McGrath's fist on his ear."

young Irishman and his stranger works and ways. He believed all that he heard about the manufacture of gold and silver. He was only an able seaman, after all, and this happened sixty years ago. So he spied upon McGrath, usually devoting the small, black hours of the morning to his spying. He could see nothing through the blanketed windows.

One morning, as chance would have it, the Irishman opened his door suddenly and discovered Nicholas skulking against the side of the cabin. The sailor caught a brief glimpse of an interior as red as a furnace, and then he caught McGrath's fist on his ear. It was over in half a minute, and that was not a second too soon for Nicholas Barrow. The alchemist slipped back into the cabin and bolted the strong door, and the sailor slunk away to his bed, wiping blood from his face and vowing vengeance.

Nicholas remained in retirement throughout the day, and bathed his face and head frequently. He was still determined upon revenge, but he would not lift his hand against McGrath until he had discovered McGrath's secret. He sat alone in Tim's cabin, for Tim was wandering abroad on the barrens behind the harbour. The dusk of evening thickened at the window. Suddenly the door opened and John McGrath himself stepped into the room. Nicholas jumped to his feet.

"Sit down!" said the visitor coolly. "I've come to warn you that if I catch you spying around my cabin again, day or night, I'll kill you! I'd be sorry to have to do it, but the world can't afford to have my great work interrupted or endangered.

Remember!"

II.

By this time it was the belief of every man, woman, and child in Bully Bay that Tim Finch was insane, with the exception of Molly Nolan and of Nicholas perhaps. They believed the story of the sunstroke. Tim continued to keep away from Molly, but he made no effort to leave the harbour. He did not fish now, but wandered about the coast and abroad on the barrens, more idle than his shipmate. fine nights he lay out in the woods of spruce above the bay, or among the rocks down by the tide. On foul nights he took shelter in his cabin, but he never exchanged word or glance with Nick Barrow. His attitude seemed to amuse Nicholas.

One evening Molly lay in wait for her

mad lover in a little patch of spruce tuck on the barren, and caught him fairly. She clung to the front of his rough coat with both hands and held on desperately.

"Be ye mad, Tim?" she cried. "Be ye gone ravin' mad? Have ye forgot how to love me? Look me in the eye, lad, an' tell

me true!"

He looked her fairly in the eyes. A tortured soul looked out of his. She shuddered and hid her face against his breast.

"Mad!" he cried. "Holy saints, but I'll soon be ravin' mad! But if he don't go away—if he don't soon—mad or sane, I'll have his life!"

"Drive him out o' the harbour, an' come back yerself!" sobbed the girl. "He be's wantin' me to—to go away wid him! An' they all says as how ye be's mad, Tim."

"Not yet, for the love o' Heaven!" he replied harshly. "I bain't mad yet, an' maybe he'll weary of it, an' go away of his own free will. But he'll never take ye wid him, Molly! I'll kill him first—aye, murder him!"

He kissed the top of her bowed head, then suddenly gripped her clinging hands in his, and loosed their hold and fled from her into the dusk and vague shadows of the barrens. She flung herself on the moss, and lay there sobbing for several minutes. Her brain was numb with the mystery of it all, and her heart was torn with pity for Tim and for herself. At last she got to her feet and returned to the harbour and her father's cabin; and slowly a little spark of hope brightened and grew to a flame in her heart. Tim was not insane, and he still loved her!

Nicholas Barrow did not waver in his determination to discover the alchemist's secret, but he went about his spying even more cautiously than before. He felt that the grey-eyed one had promised no more than he meant to perform when he spoke of killing. On the second, third, and fourth days after his beating he followed Molly Nolan like a shadow, whispering to her what a rich man he was, and begging for her promise to go away with him to his fine home up along in Nova Scotia.

The girl pretended to listen, for she was afraid of him—afraid of him for Tim's sake. Her love and her woman's wit told her that it was this tall sailor, and not a stroke of the sun, that was playing the devil with poor Tim. She smiled and blushed at his talk, and avoided his kisses and embraces

by only fractions of inches, and all the while hate rankled in her, and her fingers twitched to be at his throat.

On the fifth day after the violent meeting between John McGrath and Nicholas Barrow, a schooner from the Labrador fishing-grounds went on the outer fangs of the Figgy Duff Rocks in a fog and a heavy run of sea. She had fishermen and their families and their fortune aboard—a dozen men and lads, five women, some children, and a season's take of fish.

They were strangers to the folk of Bully Bay, but at the first distressful cry from the breaking schooner, every able-bodied human in the harbour turned out to the rescue. John McGrath locked his door behind him and hastened to the scene of the disaster. Tim Finch heard the cry and answered it. The little harbour emptied itself of all its inhabitants save the old, the very young, the sick, and Nicholas Barrow. In the excitement no one gave a thought to Nicholas.

After three starts and three failures, a broken skiff and a broken arm, five men got a boat to the rocks, and from the rocks got a line to the schooner. It was John McGrath who pulled stroke in that boat, and it was Tim Finch who steered her safe through the churning and sloshing of the surf

Nicholas Barrow made his way through the fog to McGrath's cabin without loss of time. He carried an empty sack and an axe. With half a dozen well-placed and vigorous blows of the axe, he drove the frame of one of the windows inward. He crawled into the cabin, glanced quickly around him, then replaced the window. The air of the cabin was heavy with a strange, bitter smell. A forge, built of scraps of iron, stood in the chimney, and on it glowed a deep, still fire of coals. Near by stood a roughly-constructed bellows.

No gold was in sight, but in a corner, far from the fire, a stack of short, greyish-black sticks lay on a folded blanket. Those queer sticks caught Nick's eye and attention sharply. He did not doubt their significance for a moment, but stepped over to them, examined them closely, weighed them in his hands, sniffed at them.

He knew that this grey-black stuff was the gold—the wizard gold of John McGrath's manufacture—but he was not so sure whether it lay in his hand in a state of incompleteness or simply in a state of disguise. He would make it answer that question for itself. He put all of it in the sack except one stick, and

carried the sack over to the fire and laid it on a corner of the makeshift forge.

For half a minute he stood and examined the little grey-black bar which he held in his hands, turning it over and over, as if he would tear McGrath's secret from it with the pull of his eyes. At last he leaned forward to put it to the test of fire. His right elbow pushed the sack, and it toppled over on its side, and a corner of it fell on the still, deep fire. A little flame shot up.

John McGrath was on the deck of the straining schooner, busy with the work of rescue, when the sudden, smashing report shook the clinging fog, and for a second drowned the bellowing of the seas. Never before had such a terrific sound been heard on that coast. McGrath held a child in his arms—arms strong as seasoned ashwood, but white of skin and curiously scarred about the wrists as if by fire. His embrace tightened convulsively upon the child until it cried out in pain. His face went grey as the dripping canvas above him. He laughed bitterly, and that sound brought the others out of their trance. Some of the women went fearfully back to the harbour, but John McGrath and Tim Finch and the fishermen continued at their work aboard the stricken schooner until every soul was safe on the land-wash.

III.

THEY found nothing but wreckage where McGrath's cabin had stood—wreckage of timber, of iron and stone, and of the body of Nicholas Barrow. John McGrath refused to answer any questions.

"The great work is put off for a little while," he said, "but, even so, there is one knave the less in the world."

They had to make what they could of that. They pitied him, seeing his suffering in his eyes, but there was no pity felt in that harbour for Nicholas Barrow. And it was then that the madness and strangeness passed away from Tim Finch. He looked at the shattered timbers of the cabin and the thing that had been his shipmate. For a second wonder held him, and then he turned and went to Molly Nolan. The light of torment was gone from his honest eyes, and the shadow of fear from his face. He took her in his arms and held her close while he whispered to her the truth of his

Four men, not two, had saved themselves from the wreck of the *Flora*. Two had

gone temporarily insane on the little island, with fear and the unrelenting torture of the sun, and Nicholas Barrow had been poisoned by something he had eaten. Tim alone was left whole of mind and body. The insane men had hidden the water. They had refused it to Tim and the sick man. Then they had suggested the killing of the sick man, so as to save provisions. More than that, they had attempted the murder twice before Tim had killed them both in a fair fight.

Barrow had seen the killing of the two, and had always kept it bright in his mind. He had seen the bodies buried, and had noted a wound in the skull of one that would

last until the Day of Doom.

For his part, he had entertained no fear of the opening of those graves and the telling of the truth, for at the time of the rescue he had been found too weak to lift his hand, and worn to a skeleton by the wasting of the poison. So he had held tight to Tim, and Tim had worked for both of them. And so he had followed Tim to Bully Bay, pleased with the easy life and the sense of power.

He had desired Molly Nolan for himself before he had seen her many times, and had promptly told Tim to get out of the game, or be hanged by the neck for the murder of

the mate and cook of the *Flora*.

Tim had not wanted to hang for the killing of those two madmen in fair fight, and he had not wanted to hang for the murder of Nicholas Barrow, if it could be avoided. So he had waited, hoping and praying that Heaven, or maybe just sailorman's luck, would take the decision and the execution out of his hands. And his prayers had been answered.

"But why didn't ye tell it all to me, instid o' hidin' away from me an' tearin' me poor heart?" she asked.

"I knowed the grand spirit o' ye too well, Molly," he answered. "I feared as how ye wouldn't wait, but would up an' kill the false beast wid yer own two hands! So I hid from ye, girl, an' I waited, all because o' me love for ye!"

John McGrath went away, taking the blessings of Bully Bay with him, and was

never again seen on that coast.

To this day old Mother Finch, who used to be Molly Nolan, is firmly of the opinion that John McGrath made gold out of stones and earth, and that he lost the trick of it when the Devil, in the person of Nicholas Barrow, exploded his cabin and his gear with a blast of hell fire. But she is puzzled to know why Nicholas Barrow permitted his own destruction.

I told her what I know of John McGrath. I told her that it was not gold, but a terrible explosive that he had manufactured in Bully Bay; that something he had learned in Bully Bay had changed his views as to the best way of relieving the sufferings of the poor, and that, by kindness and the power of the tongue and pen, he had lightened many a rich man's pocket and many a poor man's heart. And I told her that he had died only a few years ago, beloved and respected by thousands.

But Mother Finch paid little attention to what I had to tell. Her mind was back sixty years in the past, and to her it seemed that the story had known its beginning and its end in Bully Bay.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

GAY and light-hearted, keen to have his fill
Of sport and other pleasures till they cloy,
Blasé at times, "fed up with things," but still
A boy.

Grim and determined, fighting stubbornly, Led through much suffering since the War began, The boy is gone, and in his place we see

A man.

LESLIE M. OYLER.

BY NAADI FORD

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



NDERSTAND," said Rags, in his best regimental manner, "it's a month hard, without the option of a fine, if you let those

blighters by before I get back.

The Heads of the Garrison looked at

one another, grinning. Dolly, as always, flew to the attack.

"I like that! Toby—Mr. Carruthers we claim the right of option, don't we? my husband, he'd have to pay my fine, you know."

The lieutenant of the R.E.'s, who was tinkering at an electric lamp in the corner, sucked the thumb which he had just pinched with the wire-nippers, and addressed such portions of Dolly's slim ankles and highheeled slippers as he could see beyond the end of the cosy-corner seat. It was part of Dolly's charm for these men that she had imported Bond Street and other London echoes to this Sahara of an East Africa without any seeming effort or incongruity at all.

"He has been husbanding our resources for so long that he most distinctly ought to pay for the lot of us," he said solemnly.

"Oh, Toby, you dear fool! Rags, Rags, take Bezo out of that hamper—quick!
It's full of ammunition——"

It's full of ammunition—

"Gracious Scot, Doll!" Captain the Hon. Reginald Lansing dislodged the inquiring fox-terrier with a hurried boot-tip. "What on earth-"

"—for the inner man—yes," ended Dolly placidly. "Cakes and things. I've been bribing Sergeant Harris. He has engaged to see that your morning egg is always boiled just so, Rags, and that you don't sleep in unaired sheets. He is going to be particularly careful about the last, for

I told him that they always gave you cold feet."

"Last anxiety removed, by Jove!" Rags stretched his long, angular limbs in their stained and faded khaki, looked at Dolly out of his kind brown eyes for a fleeting instant, and strolled off to the window. "Did you tell him how to manage if we get served shells without eggs, or air without sheets, or ammunition without hampers? Carruthers, that eternal Blake will have his mule-pack top-side below for the fiftieth time inside of two ticks. Just go and show him how, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said the subaltern, departing, and Toby gathered up his lamp and its

connecting wires with care.

"Harris is as clever as a woman. always find some excuse," he said.

"Substitute, you mean," retorted Dolly.

"Same thing, to a woman's mind."

"Rags, he's beginning to bully me already! The position of Governor of Naadi Fort has gone to his head and bloated it. Rags, do you give me plenary powers of punishment over him, if necessary?"

"My dear girl, I promise to execute him

the very moment I get back."

"Then I'll execute every one of your orders first, and you'll have none left to get me to the meat-block with," said Toby, and opened the door quickly in response to a knock. He turned, and, before he spoke, the brave jesting was dead.

"Sergeant reports all ready to move, sir,"

he said.

"Tell him I'll be there in two minutes,"

said Rags.

Then he heard the door shut softly behind Toby, and the room was still. The last cursing khaki figure and the last objecting mule disappeared round the corner of the house, and the tramped compound lay empty, except for two lean hens. Beyond the thorn zareba the track shouldered up into sight again to pierce the solid flank of jungle.

It was just there, between day and dark, that he and Toby had caught the first gleam of home last night, after a stolen hour with the springbok on the plateau. Dolly had been standing at the window with the light behind her. He swung round.

"Doll!" he said.

She came to him quickly, leaning her head against him and stroking his cheek.

"It's all right—all right, lad," she said softly.

"If I—if we don't get back—and they

"I know." She slid a hand into her dress and drew out a little Smith-Wesson revolver. "I'll keep it here all the time. And I won't let them take me, even if they take the ford and everything else. And—I'm not at all afraid, Rags, dear."

"Get Toby to show you, if there's anything

you're not sure about. Ah, Doll!"

His sudden grip about her, and his lips on hers, brought silence to the room again. In the compound someone was shouting an order. On the door-panel someone tapped.

"Rags, old chap," said Toby warningly.
"Coming!" Rags bent to her again.
"If this is the end, it's been a good year, hasn't it? Never can tell you—what you've been to me. Just the best ever. Good old girl! Good-bye—darling!"

His lips burnt hard on hers, and the strength of his arms left her breathless. Then he put her aside and ran out. It was no more than a minute before she followed; but already the uneasy stress of departure had merged into the rigid orderliness of a column under way, and the great mousegrey and flea-bitten mules, with their sagging bundles or neatly-strapped machine-guns, were filing through the zareba gate. Three companies—stray units dropped by the last flotilla from India—swung steadily round the corner of the verandah, and a native, running out with Dolly's hamper, raised his arms and his voice in shrill expostulation. Harris, waiting for the call, fell out and doubled to the verandah.

"Take that there to Jimbi," he ordered. Then, in one breath to Dolly: "I'll kip an eye on him, ma'am; an' if you was as safe as he's goin' to be, you'd think you was back with the old reg'mint at Jeypore this blessed day, fer sure!"

"Oh, but, sergeant, you must let him have one German, or he'll be so disappointed," pleaded Dolly. And the old iron-hard soldier doubled back again, chuckling.

"The sperrit o' the Cap'n hisself, bless 'er

eyes!" he told himself. And then, in loving retrospect of barrack days and a sick wife: "A rare couple they be, an' not too like to pull agin one swingle-tree again, worse luck!"

He proceeded to curse the War, the enemy, the heat, and the mules squealing at their unaccustomed garnishing, with a wellflavoured impartiality that brought ease, as the column trekked briskly up the steep track to meet the steaming shadows of the jungle. Rags twisted in the saddle to look down on the two white figures standing in the sprawling stone verandah, on the tall zareba walling them off from the world, on the slope behind that dropped to the ford and rose again into tumbled naked kopjes along the reeling sky-line. His smile was nailed resolutely to his mouth-corners, but his eyes were sad as a man's eyes may well It was such a bitterly small handful of brave hearts that he could leave down there to hold the ford until he should come back again.

Dolly watched unmoving while the last blur of dust laid itself back on the pale thread of road, and all the hollow, empty world grew still again. At the far end of the verandah Toby, superintending the division, under two Zulu boys, of a pile of gunny sacks to be utilised as sand-bags, was whistling a music-hall song which they had heard together in London two years ago. The absurd words galloped through her

hrain....

Hip, hip, hip—let her rip, uncle! We'll show them what we are worth. Let us make merry O! We'll challenge Bleriot When we get back to the earth!

How many would be making merry at Home now? War there, too. Was there a place under Heaven where one could get away from it—a place where a woman could lose this sick, shuddering knowledge that everywhere, every minute, women's sons, women's husbands, were going out with steel at their belts and in their eyes, and on their faces such queer, silly, little smiles as Rags had? "Let us make merry O!" Rags would have been quite happy over this, if it hadn't been for her. And Toby? Her slight figure straightened up, and Toby, over his sack - counting, looked at her surreptitiously. Red mouth, shut so firmly that faint puckers showed on the soft skin; clear, steady eyes under the fine brows; dusky hair that sprang thickly until it was swept back over the right temple to meet the great knot up-rolled from the slim nape. Toby had looked at that little head and

neck too often for his peace, long before Rags Lansing came and won her. after the first reeling shock, he had met the situation and weathered it as a man must do, clinging pluckily to his old friendship for them both.

Besides, soon after the marriage Rags had got his transfer to India. Then it was War and East Africa, and a half-company of R.E.'s sent up in all haste under himself to reinforce Rags's command. Now it was the very deuce and all-complications inland, where Rags had gone full pelt to stem a rising torrent as best he might; complications at some unspecified place coastward, which presently promised complications at the Naadi Ford. And all the time there was Dolly—a thrice-added complication. had no right in this hell's business. dear, gay-hearted perversity of hers had kicked over the traces once too often, and if ever a man had reason to go off with a very devil of misery on him, old Rags was that same. Toby dusted his hands together and came down the verandah. His lips whistled still, but his mind was concerned with Rags's last words to him. The house was a rotten apology for a fort. One decent shell would knock the stuffing out of it. The ford was drying, and a howitzer on the Old Man Kopje could make a good bid at controlling the whole outfit. If the Germans happened to want to trek this way, Toby did not know anything short of earthquakes which could stop them. But "To the last man and the last round of ammunition, Toby!" Rags had said. And he had answered: "To the last benighted one, old man! And then we'll go to glory with the butts." Not a word of Dolly there. Neither could trust themselves that far. "Hip, hip, hip—let her rip, uncle! We'll show them what we are worth." He pulled up beside Dolly and patted her shoulder. She did not move. "H-sh!" he said to the universe and the tailless parrot perched on the rail. "The mechanism will start ticking directly. 'A little patience, and putting her hair in papers, should work wonders.' Dolly, an' you love me-"

The shoulder removed itself from under his hand. Toby immediately applied the gentling process to the other.

"Dolly, an' you don't love me——"

She wheeled with a rueful smile and wet lashes.

"Imbecile!" she said, and Toby nodded at the parrot.

"When she's abusive, you can do almost anything with her-except wash clothes," he

told it. "Dolly, I have nothing to sew those gunny sacks up with but a buttonhook. If you have a needle about you—any kind of needle—it's needleless to say——"

"Stop it, or I'll give you bodkins!" she threatened, and whisked past him into the Toby's genial smile faded, and he

shook his head at the parrot.
"A bare bodkin," he said. "'When he himself can his quietus make '--- and that's the devil of it. We've got to make the other chap's quietus, my tailless friend, and we haven't enough little pop-guns to do it with."

During the scant nine days which elapsed before the enemy came, Toby worked like ten men and those possessed. And the little half-company of sweating sun-blistered Engineers were, as Dolly asserted, no better. A few more or less sick Regulars, some veldt-scrapings of Basutos, Zulus, and other natives of sorts, filled up the garrison total, and surroundings gave them no aid. earth was red powder and the grass tow, and rocks and stones burnt to the touch. Sapping was an impossibility valiantly overcome. Trench-making down the slope, among the fervid attentions of mosquitos, scorpions, and other small deer, almost banished speech when the puerility of it was admitted. Daily the river, elsewhere dangerous between tall banks, withered at the ford. Sand-spits, grim with driftwood and bleached bones, thrust up here and there among the swift vellow streams. The current shifted continuously; now sweeping out a carefully-laid mine from the ramp of the further shore; now jamming an uprooted tree-monster into a narrow gut, and shamelessly exposing below the dammed space an ingenious wire entanglement; now subsiding into a gleaming quicksand, which drowned a Basuto, and moved Toby to visible wrath. For it was a struggle of men against time these days, and every one counted.

After keen deliberation and two wakeful nights, Rags and Toby had decided on the only plan of action which had a chance. By machine-guns—two, sniping, and luck, the bald head of Old Man Kopje across the river must be kept inviolate as long as could Once the enemy succeeded in planting anything over a four-pounder there, the garrison must take to the casemates and dug-outs down the slope, which was sandbagged and tunnelled into comparative And after that the Deluge. "For the rest," said Toby, "a few fancy touches with barbed wire, one or two mines and some hand-made grenades, are about all we can do

to give *éclat* to the proceedings."

Young Carruthers wiped his dripping face with a bloody hand. They were disposing the last fathom of wire in the scrub along the flanks of Old Man Kopje, and the sun, repeating a Biblical event, had indubitably stood overhead for an hour.

"If you'd only let me start a machine-gun

stunt from the top," he said.

"Can't. They'd blow you straight to blazes. And guns are precious."

"A good spread of mines all down

here——"

"Can't again. Not much more nitroglycerine left than you could put in your eye, and I want that for grenades. There's a nigger coming like a loose windmill. Bet you he's spotted a buzzard's nest or a German."

It was a German, and Toby, climbing up with his glasses to reconnoitre, found more of them. On the yellow, uneven distance, reeling with heat, two small grey, scabby patches showed, one to north and one to the south.

"They'll join in that tall scrub behind Old Man," said Toby, sliding down again. "We may expect a call at daybreak. That's their sociable hour, I believe. I'm going home to put out the crochet tidies and the best teaspoons."

"I say"—Carruthers lingered a moment— "can't I bring Wells and Sothern up here to-night? Their sniping is a dream."

"Tell you later. Come on."

Into the next few hours the garrison put most of the work which it had calculated to get through in the next few days—with luck. Then a leisurely shot came over the hill, dropping half-way up the scarped slope, and told them that they were at war. were pickets out now. Bice was somewhere across the river on to the end of a fieldtelephone. A change had come into the faces and the very ring of the feet as they passed in the courtyard. Dolly noted it, and shivered with a thrill of pride. been a tower of strength these days, preparing with Rails, the R.A.M.C. surgeon, for the terrible work which was coming—portioning out stores and clothing, ruling her household of scared native servants and heavy-handed convalescents, and finding time always to put on her prettiest frock for dinner, and fill a vase with flowers to set among her dainty But now for a moment she stood in the pantry with her hands pressed over her eyes. They were exulting grimly, these

men, with latent fierceness stirring in them. It was their game—their game! And for her——

Toby was late for dinner on the night when the shot put an end to compliments, and he came in unchanged and cheerful.

"It's been a lovely day," he said, sitting down. "What's the immortal advice? 'Take a ham and see life.' Dolly, you are

going to see life at last."

"While you take the ham," said Dolly, rescuing it. "Not if I know it. Let me cut it. You always hack your meat, like your pleasures, in lumps from the reeking joint. Did you do the same before I knew you?"

"Never had any pleasures before I knew

you," said Toby elaborately.

Dolly turned to the subalterns.

"If one shot—and that not hitting him—can make him so brilliant, how he will corruscate under howitzer-fire!" she said admiringly.

"Skate—what? In a temperature of a hundred and twenty Fahr., and no ice, I object to references to skating. There was a time when tact was your strong suit, Dolly."

"There isn't a strong suit left in the place now," said Dolly. "I have mended them

all-more than once."

She looked round laughing on the little company. Her colour was high and her eyes bright. Just what these days of preparation had meant to her the men could only guess. Carruthers, seeing her that afternoon making up beds in the shed set apart as a hospital, had gone away blind for the moment. Did she think of those battlefields to which the flying column had gone, with naked earth beneath naked sky for a broken man's bed?

Like the crackling of bean-pods under noon-day sun, a sudden faint fusillade of rifle-fire whickered out and ceased. Before the sound died the room was empty, and Dolly was facing Rails in the door.

"Our first case, Mrs. Lansing," he said breathlessly. "Yes, rather nasty. If you think you could give me a hand——"

"My dear man," drawled Dolly, "what else do you imagine I came here for?" She smiled, but her half-closed eyes scintillated, and Rails followed in awed dismay.

"Good Heavens!" said his mind. "Good Heavens! She came to look after Lansing, of course, and he——— Well, thank the Powers,

I'm not married!"

At the beginning Toby had made the garrison a little speech,



"'Toby, don't!' she cried suddenly, and he raised his head and looked at her with curious, morose fire in his eyes."

"Remember that every shot has got to count," he said. "To throw away ammunition is to throw away lives, and that the plain English of it. And to throw away lives here is to mess up matters for the men who have gone inland, and who are probably already tackling a bigger proposition than we know. We've got to give them every chance we can by holding the ford as long as we can. Sit tight, freeze on to the business like limpets! That's all. Dismiss!"

Four days went by in a feverish nightmare tinged with the smell of powder and The sun heaved up into a white-hot sky, turned brazen and brutal, staggered scarlet into the arms of night. Little things grew meaningless. Big things, awful, unspeakable things, came to be accepted in a strange calm. Death and agony marched with a high and glancing courage that was like lambent flame on a blade. It was a forlorn hope from the beginning; and they knew it, and jested at torment of heat and thirst and wounds, and died hard and as seldom as they could—always having in mind those men who had gone inland—and buried their dead in the jungle at night—

when they retrieved them.

They forgot sleep these days—forgot life as it had been, and could not be again. In the scrub about the kopjes snipers crawled and shot, until suddenly they shot no more, and the wheeling buzzards told where By night the mists were torn by occasional flares or rifle-fire, and twice by the roar of a mine exploded by one who had crossed the ford to almost certain death. The river dropped lower, and in places the entanglements showed up in stark derision. Bice and Carruthers, with the machine-guns, enfiladed Old Man Kopje, until a stray shot smashed the breech of Bice's gun, and he and his men were picked off before they could take cover. Carruthers was ordered into the trenches after that, and when a six-pounder howitzer appeared from somewhere and took up position behind the chaos of an exploded mine on the further bank, the Heads of the Garrison knew that all was over bar shouting. The first three shots from the gun screamed into the jungle. The fourth blew a hole in the zareba, spattered shrapnel through the dining-room window, and killed a chicken. Toby, crossing the courtyard, looked round, grinning. had washed for the first time in thirty hours, and the orderlies, passing with a groaning. Zulu on a stretcher, were suddenly struck

with the aged look on his burnt and cheerful face. Toby's men loved him always. These had learned to worship him, and his laugh

now put new vigour into their step.

"Not one of those insanitary accidents over there can shoot," he told Dolly, who came up with an armful of towels. "But as there is the chance that they may find out by mistake, we'd best get the wounded into the earth-shelters before the house takes Tell Rails, will you?".

Dolly's trim figure was covered up in a big apron. Her sleeves were rolled back, and her capable, pretty hands roughened and To the man she had never looked more beautiful, more a being to be reverenced and to die for. She had a little smut on her chin, too, and all her colour was gone, except from the bravely-smiling lips.

"Yes. How long now—before——" she

Toby smiled back at her. In his sunblackened face his teeth looked miraculously white. But his eyes were bloodshot and swelled, and in the clear light she saw the half-healed furrow made by a spent bullet where the neck joined the collar-bone.

"Just as long as we can make it, Doll," "We haven't got to die he answered. gloriously — we've got to die slow. We'll mop up as many as we can before the day comes, and we'll hope that old Rags will be ready for 'em when they're ready for him. Their tactics have been rotten, so far. But we're outnumbered by about ten to one, you know."

He went away whistling, and she stood a moment. Down the slope the intermittent crackle of rifle-fire went on. Back in the hospital a native was screaming in the high nasal note of terror and suffering. boots of the orderlies grated on the stone verandah, and Rails was calling her. Again the whine of a shell passed overhead, and a muffled explosion came from the jungle. She had lately done and seen things which she thought no woman could have lived through. She had borne strain as one who has lost the power to feel or to tire. smell of disinfectants and blood, the sight of drawn faces and eyes dull with pain, seemed the natural, the only environment as she hurried into the shed. Rails, in a stained apron, looked over at her, frowning.

"Here—quick, please!" he said imperatively; and she cast the towels on a chair

and went to him.

It was the trenches and the curious penetrating odour of the earth after that, and the squeal of shrapnel and rifle-fire, and, out in the dazzling heat, the feathering of smoke above the scrub over the river. The enemy charged that day, and were met in the river among the wire entanglements and driven back. But it was the most costly business yet, and pools slimy with green weed bubbled red when the survivors regained the trenches under a dropping fire, and among the bleached driftwood on the spits grey and khaki lay tangled together.

Toby came dripping into the upper trenches at sunset; had a brief interview with Rails, which included the strapping of a bandage about his thigh and another over his left ear, and went along behind the parapet to find Dolly. She was rolling bandages in an angle between the sand-bags, and tossing them into a basket at her side. There was no agitation about her, no suggestion of weakness, but she worked like one at high tension. He had seen a man die in her arms last night, and heard the tenderness of her voice. But she was still the same wonderful Bond Street Dolly of Rags's delight. She glanced up at his coming, and a faint line showed between her dark brows.

"Sniper?" she asked.

"Yes." Toby felt his head. "Sheer carelessness."

He flung himself forward on the sand-bags, idly sighting through the loophole with a rifle that lay near. There was a man face down on the nearer bank with his heels in the water. No chance of bringing him in until dark. It looked something like Sothern—his best sniper, too.

"Quieter than we've had it since we began," he said presently, as a single shot cracked out over the river. "Know why?"

"You beat them off just now. I saw it." She spoke almost angrily. He shrugged.

"That's not why. They were testing our strength, and—they know it now, my dear. They drew off—we didn't beat them. The last shot in the locker's gone, Dolly. They'll be all over us as soon as it's light enough to see the wire in the ford to-morrow morning. They have no fancy for being drowned in the dark. Besides, it isn't necessary."

She did not answer. He went on handling the rifle and whistling that old silly tune which brought flooding memories of light and laughter, of a music-hall stage, and Toby and Rags either side her in the stalls—

> Let us be merry O! We'll challenge Bleriot When we get back to the earth!...

"Toby, don't!" she cried suddenly, and he

raised his head and looked at her with curious, morose fire in his eyes.

"It's easy enough for a man to die when he's done his possible," he said, "but he loathes having a woman in a mess like this—loathes it!"

The light was growing faint now. Against the glimmer of a cloth someone had hung to dry she could just see the dark, hard angle of his jaw.

"Mind your own business," she said

lightly. "Rags has arranged for me."

"So he told me." Toby turned to the loophole again. "You won't funk, of course. The men say you are the bravest thing that ever happened. That doesn't better it, though—you shouldn't be here."

"It's the greatest comfort of my life that I am here. I'm not frightened, Toby."

He laid his cheek against the rifle-stock,

sighting at nothing.

"Conventionalities don't matter when one is up against a thing like this," he said presently. "I've always loved you, Doll, and I don't think Rags would mind my saying so now. I tried to ask you ever so often before he came along. Never could, somehow—scared of losing your friendship, I suppose. Then I knew I hadn't an earthly against Rags—whitest old chap ever stepped. Please don't be angry because I couldn't give up caring for you. I've never forgotten that you were his wife."

His voice was very quiet, but it gave her the sensation of more poignant suffering than

anything in the hospital had done.
"Toby——"she said, then stopped,

trembling.

"All right, old girl." Still he looked through the loophole. "Shouldn't have told you, perhaps. Sorry. But—through these days—every time I went out . . . Selfish of me, but I—wanted you to know. It can't hurt now!"

His voice failed. She was fumbling with her roll of bandages, and the dark was between them. In the utter silence she could hear his uneven breathing.

"Why did you tell me now, and not then?"

she cried suddenly.

" Then?"

"Before—Rags asked me."

"Funked it," he said, with a short laugh.
"Then I saw how right I had been. Best man won. And you weren't easy stakes, Doll."

"How right," she said, choking—"how

right?"

He started, looked round, laid the rifle aside swiftly, and came up to her.

"Doll!" he said sharply.

"No, Toby. But how was I—how was I to know? You never—and I thought—I—

you----'

The gasping voice sank to silence. For a little he stood beside her, motionless. Then he walked abruptly away, as though to leave her; stopped by the angle of the sand-bags, as though he had not the power. Down at the river frogs were croaking now. A faint sough of wind sounded through the jungle above. In the earthed-up casemate that was the hospital someone dropped a tin plate clattering on wood. Then all was still again.

"Toby!" said Dolly, very low. He did not move. "Toby, come here a minute."

He came, walking rapidly and unevenly. By a streak of light from a lantern outside the hospital she saw his eyes and the bandage round his head.

"What is it?" he said roughly. "It-

can't be anything, you know."

"Rags would understand. I have never forgotten that I am his wife, either. But—it began before that. We're both going to die. We won't see each other again.

Good-bye-Toby!"

He dropped on his knee, hiding his face against her shoulder. She sat still, with her hands among the bandages on her lap. Over the rounded top of the sand-bags stars were pricking up the purple sky. The rush of the distant river was fainter than the rush of their own young blood.

"Good-bye, Toby!" she said again. And then he raised his head, unspeaking. Dolly bent forward, with a hand on either shoulder,

and kissed his lips.

"Now—go!" she said, under her breath.

And he went.

The attack was made just before dawn, while the silvering mystery of night still hushed the world and faint mist was fingering over the river and the scrub. trench-watchers had their nerves tightened by every sway of fantastic tree shadows, every flop of a leaping fish, every rustle of little busy animals in the grass. And yet the sudden belching of fire, when it came, was unexpected, as the long-expected always is. Under cover of it followed the sliding splash of men into the water across the river, and Toby and Carruthers, crawling down from trench to trench, gave the final order: "Reserve fire till you can see them. all together. After that the bayonet!"

Completely silent, the little force took the water and waded across. Bullets whipped

round them and sang overhead. Shrapnel burst continuously on the slope, but the zone of danger was now behind them. Vague and enormous the enemy shouldered out of the mist, met a sudden spitting crackle of fire and a hurled fury of roaring, cursing, bellowing men with the bayonet. For a moment they gave before the mad onslaught. But the impetus from behind was too heavy. Step by step the British were forced back, fighting in that delirium which descends on men in desperate straits, taking their business through grimly, hand to hand, thrusting, hacking, beating down, rolling in mud and water and snatching wire, staggering to their feet again and hewing with arms that seemed to be steel.

The mist drew off and the sun came up. Firing had ceased, and the battle at the ford was mere stark bloody horror and bestial wrath and savage courage. Toby had spent the last four inactive hours as a man does not care to spend many and live. sent into the jungle had reported no sign of Rags's return. The end of this was certain. A tall Zulu near him doubled up, like the black, shiny ball at pool, and went under These German devils had no the water. fear of the bayonet, but how they yelled when our fellows drove them into the quicksand! Young Carruthers was laughing beside him.

"Isn't it beastly hot?" he said, and shook the sweat out of his eyes. Then he leaped forward, and Toby was on a sand-spit among the white, crackling limbs of dead trees, and a German was clinging stupidly to the edge of it as a man does to an overturned Had Rags made good up there? Was the ford held long enough for strategical purposes? All about his knees water ran red now, and the odour of stirred-up green slime, where dead things lay, and of smoke and heated men, was filthy. The man next him had been eating onions, and his cursing was particularly foul. But he was a jewel with the bayonet. Toby would see that he was recommended. This was the way men fought in the Iliad beside their hollow ships. That tall chap in the round helmet was Hector of the glancing helmet. reached for him, and he went over backwards. A man of straw was Hector! Carruthers was fighting like six. He, too, must be That fellow dispatches. mentioned in sitting in the water, with surprised eyes and his mouth full of driftweed, was like Guy Fawkes as the children carried him through Covent Garden on a Fifth of November . . .

On the bank now, and the dazzle of steel and of grey everywhere. And what a beastly thing mud is inside the boots! More grey swarming over Old Man Kopje, like mites in a cheese. The Basutos were fighting well. Devilish knives they had, too.

"We'll challenge Bleriot When we get back to the earth."

Allhave wings, Of course. according to tradition. What a joke! Must tell Doll. And Doll was back there with the few derelicts who were waiting to pass in their checks—Doll with her London frocks and her Smith-Wesson. . . . "God!" said the man next him. "God!" and fell against Toby pushed him off. On his shoulder. the bank there was yet a momentary vantage over those in the river. could not last. The fellows came like fleas in an old dog. . . .

Something screeched thickly overhead, and, as from the muzzle of a giant hose, bullets swept across the flank of Old Man Kopje. Again, like the rush of wind, and Toby knew. A battery of mountain artillery had got into action somewhere up by the jungle, and the fort was saved. But whether this was to Rags's address or not he was too busy to stop and see. Thought was dead, for the present stress was too live. Then the struggling red-faced mass before him was rolled back by a wash of khaki and solar topees, and a tall officer was introducing himself while his men butchered along the bank in the sunlight.

"Lansing?" asked Toby.

"Here, with what's left of his men. We came across from Nairobi, and helped them wipe up that lot. How many over there?"

"Two thousand, perhaps. Can you——"
"Settle them in our stride. Bless you, yes!" The officer was gone, and Toby

looked into Rags's eyes.
"Come along!" said Rags hilariously.

"We'll be in at the death, old dear!"

"In at the death?" repeated Toby. "Oh, certainly! You'll be the better for a wash, too."

Across the river and up the slope they chased the scattering enemy. Over the crest of Old Man Kopje they lay flat to meet a fusillade from the tall scrub at the bottom. Rags was still at Toby's elbow, and the sun was a handful of red-hot spears, and men were cursing and laughing as they dragged a machine-gun up the yellow, slippery grass to the crest.

"I saw Doll for a moment as we came through," said Rags.

"Ah!" said Toby. "Did Harris boil your eggs properly?"

"Lost him the first day, poor chap. It's been touch and go here, Toby."

"Yes, touch and go. It—has to be that sometimes."

Suddenly he stood up, looking along the hillside. Rags snatched at his leg.

"Get down, you confounded idiot!" he shouted.

Toby spun round. Then he came, with a bullet through his head, and Rags caught him. There was a flicker of life still, and Rags bent close, speaking fast.

"Toby, is there a message? Any girl

anywhere?"

"No," said Toby, and smiled.

Then he slid down easily into the baked grass, and came to rest on the earth, and lay quiet.

WHERE IS THE LAD?

WHERE is the lad that loved the glen,
That loved the upland and the lea?
Oh, he is with the fighting-men,
Where such a lad would be.

Where is the lad that ran apace,

That stepped the first in sport or
dance?

Oh, he has pledged with God his grace, And gone to fight in France.

Where is the lad that crossed the hill, That ploughed the uplands' sun and shade?

Oh, he has travelled farther still, And learned another trade.

Oh, great the ill that lurks abroad:
Call, call your lad home ere you lack!
Nay, he has pledged his faith with God,
And naught shall call him back.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

THE VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENTS OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

By VICE-ADMIRAL HENRY L. FLEET

TUDENTS of naval and military history are aware of the deplorable state of affairs that existed in the past with regard to the treatment of sick and wounded men.

When on foreign service, it was no uncommon event for a regiment to be obliterated by disease, and ships sometimes and yellow fever. Little was known of any of them, for we are indebted to comparatively modern discoveries for their antidotes. The scientific handling of diseases has been marvellously demonstrated at Panama, where, by taking proper precautions, the Canal zone has been rendered extraordinarily healthy. Overcrowding and insanitary

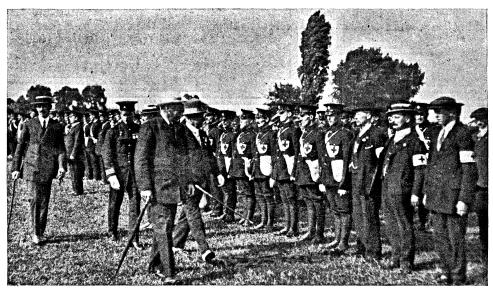


Photo by] [May, Reading.

INSPECTION OF VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENTS AT READING BY MR. BENYON, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF BERKSHIRE.

returned home, after a commission abroad, with hardly a single survivor of the original crew; but we must not lose sight of the fact that regiments and ships remained many years away from the Mother Country. In the case of the Navy, this defect has been remedied by the three years' commission, but the rank and file of the Army still serve under the same conditions. A regular system of reliefs would not entail any great expense, and would certainly render the Service more popular in the times of peace, and would be a measure of justice to those who serve our country.

The chief diseases were cholera, typhoid,

conditions were responsible for a heavy and unnecessary death-rate, and anyone who has knowledge of some of our old barracks will fully endorse this. The writer recalls being shown sleeping quarters in an old, and then deserted, barrack in the West Indies, in which a hundred men were accommodated in a room where now we should put twenty. In order to make space for them, they slept in hammocks, one tier over another. Is it to be wondered at that, when the dreaded yellow fever made its appearance, the men died in shoals?

We read of one expedition to Martinique which, in less than six months, lost fifty



CAMP FOOD AND MEDICAL PREPARATIONS AT THE VOLUNTARY AID FIELD DAY AT PORLOCK, SOMERSET.

per cent. of its fighting force from "Yellow Jack," as it is called,

Turning to the sea Service, we find that, among other insanitary customs which modern ideas could hardly approve, they

would bury a corpse in the shingle ballast if they particularly wished to bring the body home. Shingle was then in use because it was cheap, while iron ballast was dear.

Things had not advanced very much even

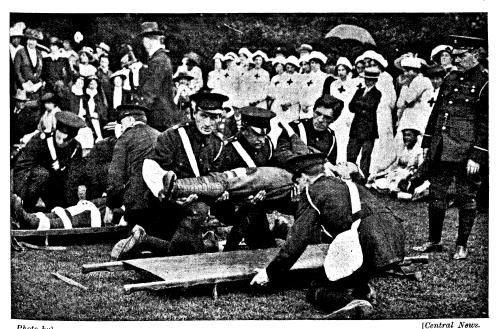


Photo by]

A DEMONSTRATION BY THE MARYLEBONE AND PADDINGTON VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENTS AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

in quite recent years, and memory takes me back to the war between Russia and Turkey, when the army of the latter Power had fallen back on the lines of Bulair, on the Isthmus of Gallipoli, and lay entrenched under Osman Pasha, the British Fleet, under Sir Geoffrey Hornby, supporting them on the flanks. We found that the Turkish Army of 76,000 men had only four doctors.

Many more deaths occurred in war from disease than from shot and shell, and an enormous percentage of the wounded died. The ambulance arrangements were primitive and generally extemporised. The wounded were often left for days where they fell, a A more chivalrous spirit prevailed between the French and British in the Peninsular War, and the wounded left behind by one side usually received generous treatment from the other, and, in the intervals of fighting, the men occasionally fraternised. This did not apply to the Spaniards, who neither gave nor took quarter when fighting the French. In this war the wives of the soldiery, who accompanied the army in some numbers, undoubtedly assisted the surgeons in their duties. A certain number of women were allowed on board ship for the like office.

There were no antiseptics, anæsthetics, or means for sterilisation, surgical instruments

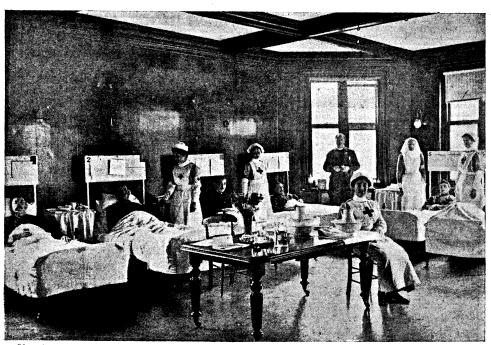


Photo by]

IN A VOLUNTARY AID TEMPORARY HOSPITAL

[Taylor, Caversham.

great many dying for want of aid. Many were murdered by plunderers—the ghouls who followed every army, and probably still do so—any poor fellow who attempted to defend himself from being despoiled of his precious personal effects being silenced for ever by these bloodthirsty scoundrels.

The wounded who fell into the hands of the enemy did not always receive consideration or humane treatment. Most of us know that Bonaparte is said to have ordered his medical officers to destroy the wounded when he gave up the siege of Acre, sooner than permit them to fall into the hands of the Arabs, with a probability of being tortured,

being comparatively few. The smart operator was the man in most request; he prided himself upon the rapidity with which he operated, and could take off a leg or an arm in a minute or two. The patient was brought in, well fortified by brandy, strapped to a table, so that he could not move, and the operation was soon over, tar or boiling pitch, I believe, being used to smear the stump with. What a contrast to our marvellous present-day surgery!

In the Crimean War we find the pioneer of army nurses in the person of that noble woman Florence Nightingale. Her story is so well known that I need not enlarge upon



Photo by] [May, I the women's detachments of Berkshire Marching past the saluting point.

it. To that war and the French war in Italy is due, indirectly, the Geneva Convention, as an expression of a universal desire to establish rules for the amelioration of the sick and wounded in war.

It dates from 1864, and was signed by practically every civilised nation, including Persia. This Convention forms part of the instructional course for Voluntary Aid Detachments. If properly adhered to, it procures the same treatment for the wounded of both sides, and prohibits people engaged in Red Cross work from being made prisoners.

As the Convention was held in Geneva,

the Red Cross symbol was, as a compliment, adopted from the national flag by simply reversing the colours, instead of a white cross on a red ground the emblem being a red cross on a white ground.

The British Red Cross Society was founded in 1905, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1908.

When the Volunteer Army was abolished, and the Territorial Force substituted for it, the need of an addition to the medical Service soon manifested itself, and in December, 1910, a scheme for the organisation of voluntary aid was brought out by the British Red Cross Society, and



Photo by]

[Parsons, Hungerford.

A WOMEN'S DETACHMENT INSPECTED AT KINTBURY, BERKSHIRE, BY A ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS
OFFICER AND THE COUNTY DIRECTOR AND COMMANDANT.

the Voluntary Aid Detachments commenced to be formed.

The organisation, as worked by the counties, consists of two presidents, one of whom is a lady, a county director, an hon. secretary, and an hon. treasurer—these may be described as the official element—and the county is divided into districts, each under a head, with an hon. secretary, whose duty is to encourage people to join, and raise money.

The aim of the foregoing is to form as many efficient Voluntary Aid Detachments as possible in the county. A women's

the men have enlisted during the War, being encouraged to do so.

The detachments keep themselves efficient by constant drills and practices, the women at nursing in its several branches, and the men at stretcher-drill and first-aid to the wounded.

Every detachment should endeavour to procure a suitable building to be fitted as a temporary hospital—the need for which will be explained later—and equipment should be begged or borrowed for it. This consists of bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, bed jackets, pyjamas, shirts—in fact, everything



Photo by] [Pictorial Press.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MR. LOWTHER, INSPECTING A VOLUNTARY AID

DETACHMENT AT HIS COUNTRY HOME AT CAMPSEA.

detachment consists of twenty-three members, viz., one commandant, one quartermaster, one lady superintendent—as a trained nurse—sixteen women with first-aid and nursing certificates, and four qualified as cooks; while a men's detachment numbers fifty-six, consisting of a commandant, one medical officer, one quartermaster, one pharmacist, four section leaders, and forty-eight men, all of whom should possess a first-aid certificate. In Berkshire we have thirty-four women's detachments and seven men's, with a personnel of 1049 women and 316 men, a grand total of 1365. A large number of

necessary for a small hospital of twentyfive to fifty beds. A small supply of imperishable medical stores and comforts should be in hand, and the quartermaster is responsible for the production of all these when required. The building ought to be light and airy, have good baths and perfect sanitary arrangements, and pleasant grounds if possible.

I will now briefly describe the connection with the Territorial Army, but I will ask the reader to bear in mind that the dispositions were made with a view to co-operation with the Territorial Forces in

the event of invasion. But invasion has not come off, neither will it as long as Great Britain has her Navy. It is saidand I believe with truth—that Germany had 100,000 men told off for that purpose, who had been drilled in going on board transports held in readiness for the outbreak of war; but the mobilisation of the Fleet was a sufficient deterrent. Had the Fleet not been in readiness, and had Germany succeeded in landing this force, we could not have spared a man abroad until the invaders had been disposed of. This would have taken some little time, during which the German Army would have been marching on Paris, and the French would have been deprived of our assistance. We still keep a large force on the East Coast, and shall be obliged to keep it there until the German Fleet is destroyed, and that is, no doubt, one reason why they do not risk a naval battle.

I have previously stated that Territorial Force lacked a certain amount of medical assistance. It is true that every brigade—roughly 4000 men—possessed a field ambulance, where the wounded would receive first attention, being brought there by the regimental stretcher-bearers. ambulance consists of two hundred and fifty men, about ninety horses, and nineteen vehicles. Tents would be pitched for the surgeons to work in, and the wounded placed in the ambulances. It is obvious that before the field ambulance could follow the brigade again, it would have to be cleared, and it is here that the Voluntary Aid Detachments would step in, for the Territorial organisation ends there. They would provide the necessary clearing and stationary hospitals, and the men's detachments would unload the ambulances, thus freeing the field ambulance for further service.

The Voluntary Aid Detachments were intended to fill a gap which would otherwise be left open and cause great dislocation. For this work many thousands of unselfish

women and men have been preparing for years.

But the present War has produced many unexpected situations, and one of them is the enormous number of wounded men to be dealt with. It was soon discovered that the existing hospitals could not cope satisfactorily with such numbers, and accordingly a great many of the temporary hospitals provided and staffed by the Voluntary Aid Detachments have been mobilised, all of which have done excellent work, not only by nursing the wounded, but also by providing hospital accommodation for the new Service army. In Berkshire, twenty-seven out of forty-one Voluntary Aid Detachments have been called out for this work, a very good percentage.

The War Office allows these hospitals a grant of from two to three shillings per diem per occupied bed, and, in addition, the British Red Cross Society has been most liberal with money, drugs, and stores, whenever needed and applied for.

Since the new war hospitals have been formed, a number of the members of the Voluntary Aid Detachments have been accepted for service in them, and undoubtedly they will render valuable assistance to the service matrons and sisters. Others are serving in the Red Cross hospital at Netley, and a few have been allowed to go abroad.

The men's detachments have been utilised in various ways, such as providing orderlies for the temporary hospitals and convalescent homes. A large number have enlisted, and their places have been filled by men who are unable to volunteer for foreign service. Others have found billets in the war hospitals, and some of the detachments are at work transferring the wounded men from the ambulance trains to the motor ambulances for conveyance to the hospitals.

Such is briefly the origin and work of the British Red Cross Voluntary Aid Detachments, and the Empire may be congratulated on possessing a truly patriotic body of men and women.



ONE GOOD TURN

By FLORENCE WARDEN

Illustrated by Charles Crombie



HE Maidstone Assize
Court was full to
overflowing, but
not a sound, not a
movement, came
from all the dense
crowd as they
listened to the clear,
resonant voice of
the young barrister,
Lucian Ware,

pleading passionately for the man who stood on trial for his life.

This was well for the prisoner. For Lucian Ware, with his clear-cut features, his flashing eyes, and his massive head, was better equipped for exciting sympathy than was the creature who stood crouching in the dock, his heavy jaw protruding, his shoulders hunched up in his ears, his small, shifty eyes travelling uneasily round the court, watching for any sign of the way things were going for him.

"Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, you have listened to it with that rapt and intelligent attention which ever characterises a British jury when the life of a man hangs on their verdict. You know on what slender evidence you are asked to decide that this unhappy man, an outcast, homeless, practically destitute, yet none the less a man for that, has taken the life of another man wilfully, deliberately, yet for no end, no reward, since no part of the stolen property has been found either upon him or in the exhaustive search which has been made of his line of march.

"You know that he has accounted fully and fairly for the bloodstains found upon his clothing by the fact that he cut himself two days before his apprehension while chopping wood, and, gentlemen, you have seen the wound on his bandaged left hand which bears out his statement. If you feel absolutely certain—and nothing but absolute certainty on your part can destroy him—

that he has committed this foul deed, then it is for you to declare him 'Guilty,' to declare that he has forfeited the right 'to that wretched remnant of poverty - stricken existence which is all, gentlemen, that the world has to offer to such as he. But if not, if you cannot feel absolute certainty, then it is your duty to admit the fact, and, by declaring my forlorn and friendless client 'Not Guilty,' to give him back that freedom which is his only birthright, and to let him leave this court, poor indeed and lonely indeed, but hugging at least to his breast the knowledge that he has been declared innocent of the fearful crime for which he has been hunted and tracked down."

As the last sound of the deep, pleading voice died away, and Lucian Ware, pale with emotion, trembling with excitement, sat down, it was with the greatest difficulty that the ushers of the court suppressed the universal impulse to applaud the young counsel's speech.

William Toke, the prisoner, drew his coarse hand two or three times across his mouth, nodded slowly, and looked down with a smug look of satisfaction creeping over his repulsive features.

The judge's summing up was brief and somewhat indecisive.

But when the jury retired, and the subdued buzz was heard in the court, people had a shrewd idea what the verdict would be. A quarter of an hour later the jury filed into the box again, the usual formalities were gone through, and the foreman announced, in answer to the usual question, that the verdict they found was "Not Guilty."

It was of the nature of a triumph for Lucian Ware, and, as a matter of fact, everybody paid much more attention to him than to the miserable-looking creature who slunk out of court, a free man, when the

It was with a bright eye and a quick step that the young barrister arrived that evening at the little house, a few miles out of London, on the Brighton line, where his pretty young wife was eagerly awaiting him. She had got his telegram, and, as she flung her arms round her husband's neck, she whispered with heartfelt thankfulness and joy those words which had been ringing in his own ears all the afternoon—

"Oh, Lucian, you're reputation's made!" made — your

They celebrated his success with a glass of champagne at dinner, and went into the pretty drawing-room afterwards, where, side by side on the sofa, they talked over the change which the day's work had made in the young barrister's prospects.

It was about nine o'clock when Wills, the parlour-maid, came in to tell them that there was "a person" on the doorstep who wanted

to see Mr. Ware.

"Who is it? Didn't he give his name or

say what he wanted?"

"No, sir. I shut the door as quickly as I could, for he looked all dirty, like a tramp, and I think he's more than half tipsy."

Lucian rose to his feet, and over Nella's

face there passed a shadow.

"Who do you think it is, Lucian?" she

asked, under her breath.

"I'll go and see," said he shortly, as, with a firm tread but a somewhat uneasy mind, he went out of the room, crossed the hall,

and opened the front door.

A disreputable-looking object was leaning against one of the walls of the little red-brick porch. An exclamation broke from Lucian's lips when he recognised, as he had been half afraid that he would do, the slouching form and leering countenance of William Toke, the man whom his eloquence had saved from the gallows.

"What are you doing here?" was the

counsel's curt greeting.

Toke stood up and, trying hard to steady himself, looked at his preserver with an expression which was meant to convey reproach.

"Let me come in," he said, with indistinct utterance. "Lemme come in and speak to you private. You and me should be friendsh

—friendsh, eh?"

Something meant for a smile came over his repulsive face as he lurched forward and, without waiting for permission, secured an unsteady foothold within the doorway, and held out his grimy hand.

"Shake hands, shake handsh," said he, in a maudlin tone. "You saved my life,

you did! I'm—I'm grateful."

"I'm very glad to hear it," replied the young barrister, not taking any notice of the proffered hand. "But as I can do nothing more for you, I advise you to be off-and think yourself lucky to be able to go," he added quickly, in an undertone.

The man burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Ay, you're about right there, governor. You and me know a thing or two, don't we?"

Lucian moved impatiently.

"Let me advise you," he said curtly, "to keep out of the public-houses. And try to get some honest work to do. Good night."

He made a movement as if to shut the door, but Toke stood fast. His tone became

surly, even slightly menacing.

"Honest work!" he echoed, in an aggressive tone. "Ay, that's right—that's what I want. And it's you as have got to get it for me. Mind you, it's you as have proved me innercent, and now you've got to go on a-provin' of it!"

He had raised his voice and was growing truculent, and Lucian unwillingly decided that it would be better to deal with him

within closed doors.

"Come in here," he said quickly, as he opened the door of the tiny front room which he used as his study, "and wipe

your boots."

Toke obeyed with a chuckle, which reminded Lucian that he was, perhaps, doing an unwise In a few moments the two stood face to face in the full blaze of the electric light in the cosy little study. Toke, who was not too drunk to be able to think, after his elementary fashion, looked round him in

blear-eyed approval.

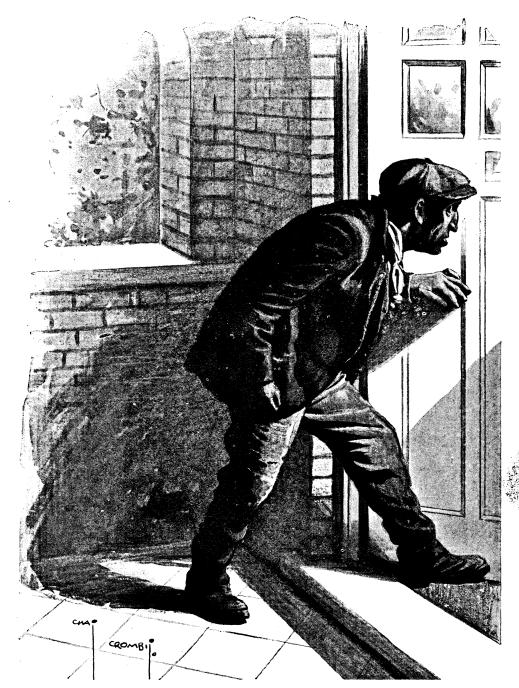
"Nice little place you've got 'ere, governor," he said. "And well as you've been a-doin', it's nothing to what you'll be a-doin' now, owin' to me. It's me as has given you yer chance, governor, and I 'ope as 'ow you'll make good use of it. I've made you. It's all over the place. There ain't a pub as I've been in to-day—and I've been in a good many—where you don't 'ear the same tale."

Lucian was appalled by the man's colossal

impudence.

"What on earth made you come to me?" he demanded sternly. "It's an unparalleled piece of impertinence! I undertook your gratuitously, and a very hard defence business I found it, I can tell you. common gratitude you ought to refrain from I've had enough of you, coming near me. I can tell you!"

Quite undismayed by this rebuff, Toke



"'Lemme come in and speak to you private."

thrust his tongue into his cheek and bestowed

a hideous wink upon his preserver.

"Gratooitous! I like that!" he said mockingly. "Why, what I done for you is equal to many a 'undred pound, that's what it is, and it's you as have got for to show your gratitood. You say I'm innercent—well,

then, you got to prove you think so. Give me some work to do—I ain't perticler what. Give me some digging, something not too 'ard, but respectable. I'm tired of tramping it, and I ain't got no money nor no friends, and it wouldn't do you no good for to let me stay in this place, begging my bread."



"'What are you doing here?' was the counsel's curt greeting."

"You can go to the workhouse," said Lucian stiffly.

"Not me. I don't 'old with them places for innercent men. Look 'ere, governor, you stand by your own words, and show 'em what a fine thing you done in setting on his legs the innercent—mind you, innercent—man

as you 'ad such a lot of trouble in saving from——" He put one grimy hand up to his throat and grinned triumphantly.

Lucian was in a dilemma. This wretch had it in his power to make him ridiculous, and to go far to spoil the good effect of the day's triumph. Quickly he made up his

mind to take Toke at his word, to give him casual employment, see that he stuck to his work, and so sicken him of the honest labour

he professed to desire.

"Very well," he said shortly. "If you want work, my gardener will give you something to do. The pay will be small, and you'll have to keep seber; but if you are sincere in what you say, you won't grumble at that."

Toke was mildly reproachful, but he

acquiesced.

"I don't say as 'ow I didn't expect somethink better—say, butler, with charge of your drinks," he said. "But there, so long's you go on a-provin' of my innercence, it's all one to me. Good night."

He did not offer his hand again, but lurched out, narrowly escaping a collision

with the hat-stand.

Lucian slammed the door and went back to the drawing-room, whistling and trying to put a cheerful face on the matter. But Nella could not take it philosophically. It was in vain he assured her that Toke would tire of hard work in a few days, that he would be off on tramp again, and that, feeling himself under the eye of the police, he would be on his good behaviour.

She persisted in believing that Toke had some sinister intention in following Lucian all the way from Maidstone so quickly, and it was in vain that her husband tried to

soothe and reassure her.

The morning brought no comfort. Toke turned up early, and Lucian found the introduction between him and the gardener a difficult piece of work. Bowker, the groom-gardener, was a gloomy personage, and when he heard that he had to find work for the nondescript person thus presented to him, he scratched his ear and said briefly—

"I haven't got no work to suit the likes

of him."

Lucian judicially affected not to hear the innuendo, but he took the new assistant gardener aside and impressed upon him that he was to say nothing about the trial "or—or the events preceding it."

Toke replied with a wink which was more

confidential than ever.

"Right you are, governor. That there's a secret"—he put up his hand to speak behind it with laborious humour—" between you and I and the bed-post."

In spite of his promise, it soon became known that Toke was becoming the sensation of the village with his widespread confidences. When he was moderately sober, he represented himself as a lamb of innocence under the august protection of the man to whom he himself stood in the character of benefactor. When he was drunk, which was more often, he threatened to "do for" anybody who contradicted him, "same as I done for 'im what you know about."

His unpopularity with the servants at the Wares' house was colossal. He was openly spoken of by them, greatly to the annoyance of Lucian and his wife, as "master's murderer," and the women fell to screaming if he approached the house, while Bowker declined to allow that he was "assistant" gardener, alleging that he "couldn't assist for nuts."

In the meanwhile Nella persisted in her belief that Toke had come to them with some sinister intention, and when one day he was found to be missing, she declined to take the obvious view that he was tired of the semblance of discipline, and that he was unlikely to trouble them again.

Then Lucian awoke one night to find the window open, and Nella, in her dressing-

gown, leaning out,

"What's the matter?" he asked sleepily. She came swiftly back to the bedside and

whispered in his ear—
"There's someone moving about at the end of the garden, among the trees. I think he's digging for something. I'm sure

it's that odious wretch come back again!"

Lucian laughed at her, and promised to

investigate in the morning.

Nella was gloomily triumphant when, at breakfast-time, Wills informed them "that

man" was back again.

Lucian frowned, but said nothing. Nella, however, kept him to his promise; and that night, when Toke, after what he called "a day's work," had retired to his lodgings in the village, Lucian and his wife made a pilgrimage in the dark, with a lantern and a spade, to the little shrubbery at the end of the long garden.

Nella, holding the lantern, and dumb with nervous expectancy, waited with strained nerves and wild eyes while Lucian turned

over the earth.

Suddenly he paused in his work and said peremptorily—

"Go indoors, Nella!"

"You've found something!" gasped she hoarsely.

"Go in, go in!" he said impatiently. "You shall know all about it almost as soon as I know myself."

In deep distress and alarm, the young wife

went back to the house and waited, convinced that her husband was unearthing the traces

of another ghastly crime.

It was half an hour before she saw him hurrying back to the house, carrying something large and heavy in a great sack. She met him in the hall, and he motioned her to be silent and to go into the study, into which he followed her, while the earth clinging to the sack fell in lumps upon the floor.

"What is it? Oh, Lucian, what is it?"

He put the sack and its contents into the grate and produced a large goblet, tarnished and bent, of massive silver. Repressing a scream, Nella looked at her husband. It was some moments before he could speak.

"You understand!" said he hoarsely. "These are the things he stole from the house of the man he—killed! He came here because he thought my garden was the last place where they would be looked for, or the last place where I should allow a search to be made for them."

"What are you going to do?" asked

Nella.

"Send them back to their owners without a word or any indication where they have come from."

"But the man?"

"He'll take himself off when he finds his treasure's gone."

"Oh, Lucian, I do hope so!"

Nella helped her husband to pack up the stolen property, which included a bundle of bank-notes, which the thief had not known how to dispose of, and a quantity of old silver of considerable value.

On the following morning Lucian took the whole of the recovered property to town with him, packed in a wooden box; and two days later he had the satisfaction of seeing in the newspapers the announcement that the things stolen from the late General Eyre-Caversham had been anonymously restored to his heirs.

But Toke, who had done two days' inefficient pottering since his return, came up to the house on the second evening, straight from "The Blue Lion," and, hanging on to the little ornamental door-knocker, thundered a summons which Wills, the parlour-maid, hesitated to obey.

"It's that murderer, sir! I daren't go!" she explained, when Lucian, putting his head out of the study doorway, asked her why she

did not answer the summons.

He frowned impatiently and opened the front door himself.

Toke fell in on the mat, excited and

raving incoherently. Guessing the reason, Lucian picked him up by the collar of the cast-off coat he had himself given him, threw him into the study, and faced him with a stern look.

"Now, then, what's the meaning of this?" he cried.

But he could not quell the fury which raged in the breast of his "benefactor."

Shaking his fist, snarling with rage, Toke

spluttered out—

"You—you—you've robbed me! You—you—you've stolen my things what I hid away safe at the bottom of the garden! You've—you've given them back, you have! You scoundrel, you thief! My 'ard-earned money! My bank-notes what I might have swung for! You've robbed me, I say, robbed me! Don't you go for to deny it. It's in the newspaper. They've read it to me. Oh don't you dare for to say as it ain't true!"

He was so obviously convinced that he had been hardly dealt with, that for the first few moments the sense of the comicality of the situation overbore every other feeling in Lucian's breast, and he let the fellow rave.

But at last he said quietly—

"When you've come to yourself, you will see that what has been done is the best thing that could happen for you. Your history has made you a marked man, and any attempt to get rid of stolen property would have brought you to punishment which would, however, be considerably less than you deserve. You are an out-and-out rascal to have requited what I did for you by trying to make me a sort of accomplice in your vile crime. Now go away, and don't let me ever see your repulsive face again!"

But the wretch, leaning across the desk near which he stood, and glaring at the man who had saved his life, hissed out, fuming

and stammering with rage—

"Go away? Me go away? Not likely! Do you know what you've done? If you don't, I'll tell you! You've compounded a felony, that's what you've done! And that's a sight worse in a gentleman like what you are than what it would be in a man like me! So there, now! Don't you make any mistake. I got you under my thumb. Give me away, give me up, if you dare! You done me a bad turn, for all your fine talk, and now you must make it up to me. Go away? Not me! Here I sticks, and here I stays. You've taken away all I got in the world, and no matter how I come by it, it were more mine than yours: and since

you've took it, you've got for to make it up to me!"

"You scoundrel! You dare to threaten——"

But Toke cut him short.

"Oh, no, governor, I don't threaten. I know a trick worth two of that. No, all I wants is justice. I made you, and you've done for me. Make it right, governor, make it right by treating of me well for the future. That's all I arsts, but you got to remember it!"

It was a sudden and a dramatic turn, and it left Lucian wondering, as the rascal shambled out, whether Toke's rage had not been assumed from the first, and whether this was not something like the result he had promised himself. The young barrister felt helpless and uneasy, suspecting, as he did, that Toke was cunning enough to keep just within the bounds of "bearability," while making himself more of a nuisance than before.

And this, indeed, was what happened.

Toke took more liberties than ever, frightened the servants so much that they all gave notice, and, while artfully contriving to stop short of actual wrong-doing, became a very Old Man of the Sea to the unfortunate young couple.

It was one foggy afternoon in late October that Wills ran in to give her master and mistress the news that Toke had fallen into the pond on his way home from the public-house, and that he was in danger of

drowning.

Lucian at once rose to his feet, but Nella

clung to him.

"Don't go! Oh, don't go!" whispered

she. "Don't, Lucian, don't!"

But he shook her off.

"I can't let the brute drown," said he

quickly, as he went out.

The shouts of the crowd round the pond had reached his ears already, and, as he approached, he saw dimly in the mist the figures of half a dozen men gathered round one prostrate on the ground.

"He's not dead, sir," cried Bowker, as

Lucian came up.

He hurried forward and bent down.

A doctor who lived a short distance away had already succeeded in restoring to consciousness the half-drowned man.

A cry broke from Lucian's lips.

"It's not Toke at all," he said.

"No, sir. There was two of them. They aven't got the other one out yet."

Lucian went briskly down to the water's edge, and saw that a couple of labourers were at that moment taking something out of the pond.

Yes, that was Toke, without a doubt that limp, shapeless, uncouth thing which now lay huddled up on the bank among the

reeds.

One of the men stood up.

"He's done for, sir," he said. "All the doctors in England couldn't bring him round."

It was true. The doctor left the other man and came down to look at him. Toke's head had been buried in slimy black mud, so that it was scarcely recognisable.

The doctor shook his head.

"He's dead, beyond a doubt," said he.

When Lucian went home and told the news to Nella, he had to put his hand over her pretty mouth for fear the servants should hear the naughty things she had to say.

PRODIGAL.

WANDERING at will can hold no charm for me, Though pipes of Pan are calling far and wide, Since o'er the Channel's narrow strip of sea My countrymen are fighting side by side.

I must away to where the cannon roar, And in the conflict bear my humble part, Assured that when the tide of battle's o'er, Will Nature bind me closer to her heart.

ERIC DYNES.



"AUTRES TEMPS-"

"You can't go in to-day, mum."

"But I must. I am arranging a little treat for some of the poor fellows."

"You can't do it, mum. No one ain't allowed to treat 'em now."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

BORES.

By One of Them.

I WISH people were not so hard upon bores, just as if we liked being dull, and would not be charming and delightful, if we could.

Yes, I am a bore, and as birds of that feather perforce flock together, I see a good many bores and I know something about the subject, although my point of view is naturally different from that of amusing people.

Of course, there are lots of different sorts of bores, and I own that some of us ought not—need not—to be as bad as we are. There are the argumentative bores, for instance, who will argue on any subject, on either side, at the shortest possible notice. I have a brother like that. When he was a child, and began to argue, my father used to say, "Hold your tongue, Harry," and he had to remain silent and feel how easily he could put people right with all his beautiful, conclusive arguments. Now, however, that he is a man he can have his say, and as his lungs are excellent, he can

generally convince his opponents, unless they are very deaf. He never minds what opinions others express—he is always in opposition. If they say, "Black is black and white is white," he will triumphantly quench them by saying, "The shades on a white handkerchief are darker than the lights on a piece of coal."

Now, it does not seem necessary for anybody to be as tiresome as that, and I do not think, but I am not sure, that anyone need tell funny stories. I say I am not sure, for some bores seem compelled, by an irresistible Fate, to try to be funny; but perhaps it is just a valiant attempt to avoid being a bore. A cousin of mine—you see, boredom runs in the family—once told me twenty-eight anecdotes in a single evening, all humorous, all Anglo-Indian, all about people I had never met; and I have known him tell the same tale three times during dinner, twice to me and once in my hearing. I do not think anyone could have thought it a very amusing story, either.

Then there is the grumbling bore. I know a man who grumbles every Sunday about the

kidney fat on the roast beef. When there is none, he grumbles; when there is too much, he grumbles; when, by some rare fluke, there is what he considers the right amount, he grumbles about the sirloin of the previous Sunday.

I could tell you about a lot of other kinds of bores—the bore who is silent when he ought to talk, and begins to hold forth when you want

to read write; the bore with a grievance; the inquisitive bore (generally a woman) who asks impertinent ques. $_{
m tions}$ about vour family history, your income, the skeleton in your cupboard; the egotistical bore (always a man), who takes no interest in any topic but h is own "shop," and so forth. Ah, but there is another class of bore, to which, alas, I belong. Weneither are argumentative nor inquisitive, neither vain nor jocose, but—far, far worse--we are heavy. We are quite aware of being terribly uninteresting; we quite understand people why

who have once asked us to dinner do not ask us again, and, if we do dine out, we are not surprised when the men who have taken us in to dinner talk principally to their lefthand neighbour and never come near us in the drawing-room afterwards. We know we bore our friends to distraction when we call upon them; we know they are glad to find us not at home when they call upon us; and we wish-oh, we wish we were like the women who can gather a knot of friends round them at every party they go to, simply by being lively and amusing.

Believe me, to be a bore, and to know it,

is social purgatory.

I shall never forget the misery of the first house-party I went to after my marriage. I am rather a pretty woman, and I had heaps of pretty clothes, and meant to enjoy myself immensely. Everybody was pleasant, I had

no reputation for dulness to live down, and at first all was delightful. But heaviness is as impossible to conceal as love or a cough, and mine soon $_{
m made}$ itselffelt. My host, my hostess, each member of that cheery party, tried in turn to draw me out, but I was too dull -no one could stand me for long. The third evening of that visit was the last and worst; the rest of $_{
m the}$ party had become quite chummy, and I alone was hopelessly, obviously, horribly "out of it." How I cried when I reached the Wittens Francisco haven of my own room that night! I A FOG AT THE FRONT. shed bitter "Is that you, O'Shea?" tears-lonely

"No, begorrah! Is it Mike Murphy that's spakin'?"

"'Tis not!"

"Sure, thin, an' it's neither av us!"

for worlds have owned my humiliation to my husband, who, to my intense relief, had been playing bridge in another room.

tears, because

I would not

Well, defeat teaches wisdom, and I can assure you I have learnt how to enjoy countryhouse visiting, in my own way. have been in a house for ten minutes, I realise intuitively who is the dullest member of the party. Sometimes it is a dull aunt, sometimes a still duller sister-in-law. I fix my affections on her, I know her subjects of conversation—



MONDAY MORNING IN THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

When the rival platoon commanders of the local volunteer force fight their Saturday afternoon battle over again.

really, I almost shine as I talk to her—and my hostess blesses me in her heart for being kind to the poor old pet. Kind, when my whole soul is aglow with thankfulness at meeting a kindred spirit!

One great and comforting truth I have discovered through much tribulation—a truth I wish all my dear, dear fellow-bores to grapple to their breasts with hooks of steel—it is an absolute fact that bores, though dreaded as acquaintances, are often valued as friends, and

sometimes those who love us best never find out that we are bores at all. When I was twenty, and the iron of discovering how heavy I was had newly entered into my soul, a charming woman comforted me by saying meditatively: "Some men like heavy girls." I always thought it was so nice of her not to pretend I was amusing, and what she said was quite true. I am sure one's husband need never find one out if one takes a little trouble to learn where the point of his best stories



"SOMEWHERE IN

OLD LADY: I wonder if you heard from your dear son this Christmas. Do you know where he is? FATHER: Oh, yes. Didn't you know valided home. He's in the Trossachs now. Didn't vou know? invalided home. OLD LADY: Ah, that's a Russian regiment, isn't it?

comes in, so that one can laugh at the right moment. Then the children, bless them! I do not believe any child ever thought its mother a bore, nor would mind if she was one.

Friends and relations, of course, frankly recognise that one is a bore, but they do not hate one for it—they really do not. Indeed, there are times of sorrow, need, sickness and other adversity when brilliant people would be. fatiguing, and the heavy friend is sent for and found very soothing. When the cloud passes, lively people resume their attractiveness, but the kindly remembrance of comfort in sorrow remains, although, perhaps, only expressed in the inelegant phrase: "Poor Ellen, she is a good old stodge!"

Ellen Rutherford.



A LECTURER, one exceedingly rainy night, addressed an audience which might have been much larger without taxing the seating capacity of the hall. Naturally he was willing to curtail his address, and, having reached what he considered the psychological moment, he said: "I'm afraid I've kept you too long."

Whereupon a voice replied: "No, go on—it's still raining."

THE day after Christmas the friend of the family met little James, who, though only six years old, is a boy of advanced ideas, and inquired-

"Did you have a visit from Santa Claus at your house, dear?"

"Yes," he replied.
"You believe in Santa Claus, don't you,
James?"

"No," answered the lad, "and I don't think my sister does, either, but we didn't want to disappoint mother."



"Daddy," said little Johnny to his father, "what do they mean by 'vulgar ostentation'?"

"Vulgar ostentation, my son," said the parent, who had not lived fifty years for nothing, "is the display made by people who have more money to make it with than we have."



"What is the difference," asked the schoolmaster, "between caution and cowardice?"

A small boy, who observed things carefully

for so youthful a person, answered-"Caution is when you're afraid, and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid.



THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING AT THE FRONT.

"You can't blame 'er, Alf, old mate-she always was a bit absent-minded—but she's forgot to cook the bloomin' pudden!"



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Ah, the famous Bersaglieri—why, your reputation is known all over the world."

ITALIAN OFFICER: "Ze same to you, signor."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

LÔVÉ AND THE BOY.

Love was journeying onward one day through a quiet road, when he came across a little boy crying for his mother.

"Come with me," said Love, "and I will help you find her." So they went on together.

After a while they met a drunkard. He was a very terrible person, and leaned up against a tree and leered. The boy was frightened, but Love took out an arrow from his quiver and aimed at the drunkard's heart.

"Don't kill him!" pleaded the boy, but he spoke too late. The arrow sped to the drunkard's heart, and lo, instead of killing him, it seemed to give him strength and courage, and he straightened up. Then he fell on his knees and vowed he would never touch another drop. They passed on. By and by they came to a

tired young man working in a dusty, musty office. He was adding up a very long column of figures.

"I'll fix you!" said Love, and once more adjusted his bow and arrow. The boy cried out to stop, but Love already had pulled his bow. The arrow sped straight and true to the young man's heart. He, too, instantly straightened up; he smiled, and—most marvellous of all—the dingy office disappeared, and there was a beautiful young girl with real blonde curls, and her arms stretched out toward the young man.

And as they journeyed on, Love would use his arrows on almost everyone he saw—soldier, scientist, philosopher—and each time the boy, still unable to believe, would protest, and each time would be delighted with the result of Cupid's shot.

After a while the boy became very thoughtful. At last he turned to Love and said—

"Look here, why can't you shoot me and

bring my mother back to me?"

This made Love laugh. He laughed so hard he actually rolled over on the grass. And while the boy was wondering, and Love was laughing, the boy's mother suddenly appeared.

Maybe he wasn't glad to see her! Maybe she didn't hug him tight!

Then the boy turned to Love and said—

"I don't quite see what you are laughing at."

And Love replied—

"I was laughing at the absurd, ridiculous, preposterous idea of wasting an arrow on your mother. I knew she would come. All mothers do. Young man, I would have you know that I only use my arrows where they are necessary."

"Won't you please croak like a frog, grandfather?" asked Willie.

"Croak like a frog?" asked the bewildered grandfather. "Why, little man?"

"Because I heard daddy say that, when you croaked, we should get five hundred pounds."



"ARCHIMEDES," read the young pupil aloud, "leaped from his bath, shouting 'Eureka! Eureka!"
"One moment, James," said the teacher.

"What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"'Eureka' means 'I have found it.'"
"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"
James hesitated a moment, then ventured hopefully: "The soap."



"NOT HALF!"

"THEY don't 'arf fancy their chance, do those Royal Flying Corps blokes!"

"Yus, they gets that name, don't they?"

"Not 'arf! The other night, as I was a-passing their aereodrome, the bloke on guard 'ollers out: ''Alt! 'Oo goes there?' 'Army Service Corps,' says I. 'Ho! A.S.C., is it?' says 'e. ''Old my gun till I goes acrost the road and 'as a drink."

The large number of paintings that unscrupulous dealers declare to be the work of the Old Masters is aptly satirised by Mr. Robert Henri, the artist.

"Take, for instance," said Mr. Henri, "the work of the illustrious English artist George Morland, who lived a hundred years ago. The indefatigable Morland painted, in the course of his life, about four thousand pictures. And of these——"

Mr. Henri smiled.

"Of these," he continued, "no less than eight thousand are still extant."



Most of us would like to work about as hard as a sundial on a rainy day.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH.

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

ONSUMPTION is a disease of the worst possible character as to its ultimate results; its prevention and cure has occupied the attention and absorbed the best energies of the highest medical authorities, without any material benefit to the sufferers, until the discovery by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N., of a curative treatment which has proved eminently successful, so that now, happily, the cure of consumption as a disease can be recorded as an established and incontrovertible fact. The enormous value of this specific treatment, which has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health a large number of persons who, but for its aid, would have met premature death from phthisis, lies in the fact that the inhalations are administered by a method which ensures their penetrating to the actual seat of the disease, and consequently treat it locally, which, in by far the greater number of cases, means complete eradication. and cure has occupied the attention and absorbed

eradication.

Up till the present time an incalculable amount of permanent good has been accomplished by the use of these inhalations, not only in instances of persons suffering from actual consumption, but also in cases of bronchitis, asthma, and similar ailments, and there is no doubt that the tating case and the transport discovered. no doubt that as time goes on the treatment discovered by Dr. Alabone (known as the "Alabone" treatment of Consumption and Asthma), will become still more

of Consumption and astimal, will become still more extensively employed.

We feel sure we must be giving expression to the inner feelings of all sympathetic and unbiassed persons when we say that every inch of ground gained in the fight against tuberculosis should be welcomed with a

high degree of satisfaction.
Consumption is a terrible national enemy, claiming its victims from all ranks of society, and oftentimes performs its deadly work to the extent of attacking many members of one family.

However terrible the ravages of phthisis may be, it is not now a necessarily fatal disease; in fact, a fatal termination can be prevented in nearly all cases if the treatment referred to is employed. We feel we are quite justified in making this assertion, in view of the unprecedented success which has followed the Alabone treatment in attacking our national foe. It is only fair to point out that this treatment has never at any to point out that this treatment has never at any time claimed to be infallible. Some cases do not get better, due mainly to the fact that before the treatment was tried the patient had come to the last extremity, and almost reached the point of death.

The greatest proofs, however, as to the value of the "Alabone Treatment" are to be found in the great army of men, women, and children who, by its use, have been rescued from premature death. These patients can be numbered amongst all classes of seciety.

In the patients can be numerical amongs and charge of society.

It would require an impossible amount of space in which to print all the testimonies of prominent professional men, nurses, and others regarding the remarkable success which has followed the adoption of the "Alabone" treatment of Consumption and Asthma.

One cannot do better than advise any of our readers desiring further particulars regarding this successful treatment for the cure of consumption to communicate with The Dr. Edwin Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, with The Dr. Edwin Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N., who will gladly answer any inquiry. From the same address Dr. Alabone's important book, "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil, D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S., Eng., illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians, now in its 48th edition, 171st thousand, can be obtained for 2s. 6d., post free. This work contains invaluable information upon this vital subject.

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



TOO MUCH LAUNDRY NEEDED.

MARY (to dusky admirer): I'm sorry, Joe, but it can't be, not while the War's on, anyway. 'Ow's a girl to 'elp with this 'ere economy with a bloke like you comin' around?

THE LONE WATCHER.

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
I find the twitterings of that great unknown one
Who tells us how this War, that's run a year,

Is a momentous struggle, and has grown one Likely to wreck what Britons hold most dear, And that this sad discovery is his own one—

And that this sad discovery is his own one—All's lost unless in rulers' seats we see more like him, and less like you and me.

Great Britain does not know she is at war;
No one suspects it save our sage polemic.
The "Terrier," thrice the man he was before
(Transmuted by war's processes alchemic,
In folly starts (we're told) to shed his core,

In folly starts (we're told) to shed his gore (Would that his language might become anæmic). The duffer never says, "If England fails—"But blithe as bird embarks and, singing, sails.

When Kitchener from Asquith took the reins, And moved his iron bedstead down to Whitehall, He never said, "Perhaps our English lanes

Will echo German battle-cries, despite all Our far-flung Navy, which may sink like Spain's. 'Twere wise at once prepare on land to fight all.'' K. never thought of this, says our civilian, But, heedless, raised his army several million.

Seniors, he tells us, fill the Home Brigade, Who might be writing letters to the papers Like his, describing how the Huns invade, Their arsons, thefts, and other sinful capers.

His lady readers, shocked but unafraid,
Turn out as policemen to protect their neighbours;
Girl Guides and Scouts on trivial errands post,
And leave our ink-scarred hack to save our coast.

B. A. Clarke.



THE teacher was delivering the final lecture of the term, and dwelt with considerable emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time to preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers," he said, "are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed for a moment, and then a voice timidly inquired—

"Who's the printer?"



A house-hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy standing near—

"My boy, I am looking for Mr. Smith's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," said the boy.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the househunter. "Nonsense! The advertisement said five."

"Well," replied the boy, "you can believe me or the advertisement, whichever you want. But I ain't tryin' to make a sale."



LITTLE ALICE wrote the invitations for her birthday party, and when the little guests arrived at the appointed time, each came with a gift for the hostess.

Alice, upon seeing her mother's surprise, said—

"It's all right, mamma; they are for me. I put in every letter a note saying: "Please bring presents."



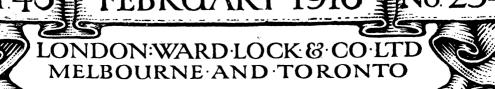
THE HEIGHT OF SCORN.

HIGHLANDER (who has unsuccessfully tried to enlist a friend): Well, Aum done wi' ye, an' ye're no' a man, that's all, an' ye ought tae be wearin' petticoats!



WINDSOR MAGAZINE





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Drawn by S. Begg from material supplied by Piper Laidlaw, who passed the sketch as correct. See article on "Heroes of the V.C." in this number. COMRADES AT LOOS BY PLAYING "BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER."



Photo by | [Daily Mirror.

THE FIRST ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RESCUE OF A WOUNDED COMRADE, ONE OF THE DEEDS WHICH WIN THE VICTORIA CROSS.

HEROES OF THE V.C.

FURTHER SPLENDID RECORDS OF THE SUPREME AWARD FOR BRAVERY

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

gain a vivid idea of the heroic deeds which have earned the supreme award for bravery in action in the present War, as we saw in our previous article, one must try to visualise their setting—a slaughter-pen of terrifying conditions, upon which at this moment all human genius is bent; an endless world of underground forts, cupolaed, armoured, and wired. These are first surveyed from the air, then rained upon with millions of high-explosive shells, and lastly assaulted with cold steel, grenades and bombs, the crushing butt-end and murderous knives specially made for man-to-man grappling in the slushy ditch.

Remember also the poison-gas and its weird preventive masks; the aerial blaze of

flame-projectors, the man-traps and mined areas where a whole regiment may be blown to pieces; and the earth-shaking roar, the glare and flash of shells, with gush of reeking smoke and upflung billows of dust. Bullets hiss and spit innumerably at the bidding of innumerable eyes; massed guns slam and swish and shriek—a bewildering clamour, a throbbing pulse of uproar, spreading hurricanes of horror on every side.

"Shell-fire" is easily written, but not easily realised by one who reads, which is as well. "There are no words," the artillery officer tells you, "between the covers of a dictionary to describe its terror. Imagination fails, exaggeration is impossible. Your ghastliest concept of Hell is colourless and

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tame beside a 'drum-fire' bombardment. No rhetoric here, my friend, for a big push, a day's advance, assails every sense, till giants break down and rugged lads tremble into nerveless aphasia. But I'll say no more."

Yet here's an Irish officer, clay-caked and gay, mounting the parapet with a football. Can he be mad in this frightful orgy of

machine - made murder? Not a bit of it. "Follow up!" he yells, and kicks off amid tempestuous cheers. The names of men in his platoon have been written on that ball which a Kerry man is now dribbling with deadly intent towards the first German line. Such is the spirit of our attack, even when bayonets drip and barrels are too hot to hold. And when the position is taken. "consolidation" is the next step, then a counter-attack by the foe - perhaps in the dark, with new horrors added, half seen by the transient gleam of flares. It is in scenes like these the Victoria Cross is won-that visible token of man's supremest triumph, the victory of soaring spirit over the shrinking flesh.

Indifference to death and torture can no farther go than in these V.C. records. Witness George

Wilson, of the Highland Light Infantry, near Verneuil. The story of his exploit takes up five bald lines of the Gazette, because officialdom must not wax enthusiastic. So the V.C. historian must go far afield to catch his man; and the V.C., when caught, is commonly as mute as any fish. Or like Sergeant Somers, of the Inniskillings, you'll goad him into: "Yerra, what was it but me duty?" Somers, the titanic fighter, in

whose lonely corner lay thirty Turks shot dead, and fifty more bombed out of action with swift cricket throw "in from the outfield."

This War ennobles the humble and makes a national hero of a street newsboy like George Wilson, of Edinburgh. "If I dinna bring back the Victoria Cross," said he to his pals at parting, "I'll no come back at a'." It

was on the Aisne he won it, when Von Kluck's rearguard was screening the foe from our ruthless pursuit. Small, shifting battles were afoot, for the great siege of positions had not yet begun.

Sixteen men of the Highland Light Infantry dashed out under Sir A. Gibson-Craig, who was struck dead at once by machine-gun fire. This frightful weapon was making new revelations, and here a specimen sprayed our lines with cruel Time after havoc. time we charged it, but our boldest withered away, and survivors cowered in ditches or behind haystacks to escape the ceaseless stream —ten shots a second, six hundred a minute!

The Middlesex were great sufferers. "I see two Germans!" cried Wilson suddenly. His officer got up on his knees to see, and fell back dead. Up rose Wilson now and fired.

One grey figure collapsed. Out and in went his marksman bolt. Another shot, another hit, and the little Scot dashed into the wood. "Hey, Jock, come back! They've got a machine-gun!" Wilson stood aghast on the brink of a hollow. Below were eight fully-armed Germans with two prisoners—men of the Middlesex, these.

The Scot charged down like one possessed and captured them all, their shots going



Photo by]

[Central Press.

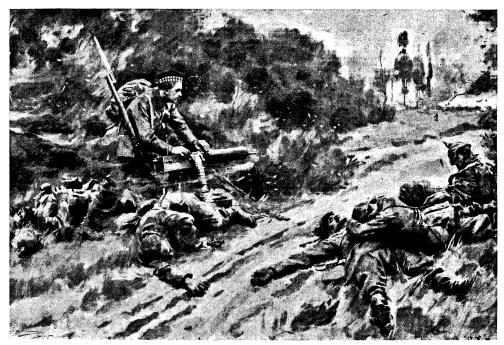
CAPTAIN PERCY HOWARD HANSEN, V.C.

wide in the wild moment of onset. But the machine-gun beyond was barking still. Wilson's mates dropped here and there; the rest dived at last for cover. "Here's Jock goin' to get the gun!" they heard, and thought the speaker demented.

Running, crawling, dodging, and ducking, Wilson plunged into the wood to capture a machine-gun and all its crew! One man of the King's Royal Rifles followed him. They were soon seen, and the terrible stream turned on to them. Down went the rifleman riddled with seventeen holes. He lived till the following morning. Wilson went on

And here, standing erect, he faced a German machine-gun in full blast. The whole crew killed, Wilson thought to seize his prize. But a German officer rose from the ground with point-blank revolver. He missed, and was instantly bayonetted. Remember always that the Scot was quite alone. Seating himself now in the gun saddle, he spied a whole German regiment advancing to the attack in the old mass formation.

To swivel round and open fire was a moment's work, and Wilson tore wide swathes in that *feldgrau* blur till it wavered and



PRIVATE GEORGE WILSON, PREVIOUSLY AN EDINBURGH NEWSBOY, WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

From a drawing by A. C. Michael.

alone, now curiously crazed with rage, yet using the trees for shelter as he ran. From behind a stack he took aim at the man in the gun-seat, killing him with the first shot.

The fount of death now rasped and hissed by Wilson's ears. Another grey figure rose and took the vacant saddle. Wilson aimed again. Down fell the second operator of the endless belt. A third—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth! Was ever such a newsboy born since the papers first recorded heroism? The man's shooting was miraculous. No misses at all, excusable as these would be were the marksman flat on his stomach at the home butts.

fell back. But soon great shells began to search the wood with awful din and sickening reek. It was time for the lone Scot at the German Maxim to be up and away. He took the thing with him, though it weighs over sixty pounds.

"There," sighed this prodigy at last, tossing gun and tripod at his officer's feet—
"there's the thing that caused all the trouble!" Whereupon he fainted, having been gassed by asphyxiating shell. The moment he came to, he went out and brought in the dying rifleman who had joined him on that "mad" jaunt. "Thank God," said this gallant fellow with his last breath—

"thank God, Jock kept his word and got the gun!"

Space is all too brief to tell of dizzy deeds in the air "over fire," with pierced tanks and wounded pilot. Such wondrous manœuvring, such diving for position, lost in-the clouds, with engine trouble at 7000 feet, and wheeling enemy craft raining arrows and grenades from still higher levels. Robert

Loraine, the actor, swooped on a German Albatross, following it from 9000 to 600 feet, meanwhile engaging the hostile craft with fierce fire at a range of fifteen yards.

After the air, the bowels of the earth — mine galleries full of drifting gas, blind borings packed with tons of high explosive and manned by sappers with oxygen apparatus like that which is used for coal-pit rescues. "We lowered a canary in a cage to test the air, and the bird collapsed at two feet."

It is an officer of the 172nd Tunnelling Company who wrote this, and he goes on to tell of deathless deeds in the poisonous dark, far beneath the German lines.

Democratic indeed is our award for supremest valour. Boyd-Rochfort won it—a typical young squire of Eton and Cambridge, polo-player, Guardsman, and light of the Irish turf. At the other end of

the social scale is Private Buckingham, V.C., of the Leicesters, brought up, as a boy, by the Poor Law Guardians, who now, proud of their hero, delight to honour him with a purse of gold and £100 in War Loan, handed over with civic pomp and martial music.

For the V.C. is a power in recruiting, as well as a moral force in the home community. There are reformatory lads in the shining

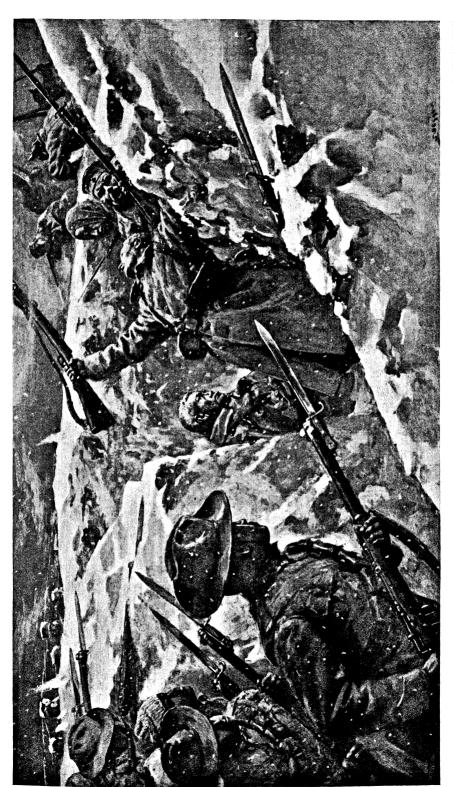
list, and at least one "coward" V.C.—a man who fled in panic at the blinding uproar, was tried andsentenced to be shot, but escaped, enlisted under another name, and won the peerless award. Nor must I forget the man with twenty-seven convictions to his name. who burned them out and won a V.C. for one of the most glorious episodes of the War. Here are problems for the student of souls.

Lieutenant
Boyd-Rochfort's case
has a touch
of old-world
romance—

quite a feudal air, indeed, for the family butler joined his master in the trench. That master was at first rejected, but he underwent an operation, and squire and man-servant joined the Scots Guards, and came home together to Middleton Park, Westmeath. Private Thorowgood's one regret is that he was not in the trench when, at two in the morning, a huge mortar-bomb landed on



Photo by] [Farringdon Co.
THE MOTHER OF PRIVATE EDWARD WARNER, V.C., SHOWING HER
SON'S PORTRAIT.



NAIK DARWAN SING NEGI. OF THE GARHWAL RIFLES, LEADING HIS COMRADES ROUND THE TRAVERSES AT FESTUBERT, AND THEREBY WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS. BY S. BEGG.

Drawn from material supplied by an officer present at the action.



PRIVATE ROBERT DUNSIRE, V.C.

the parapet close to a working party of the Guards.

The young officer—as his record says—might have slipped round the traverse into perfect safety, but he pounced on the monstrous thing instead. "Look out, men!" And seizing that aerial mine—to the horror of all—Boyd-Rochfort hurled it over the protective wall, where it burst with appalling violence. "This splendid combination of presence of mind and courage saved the lives of many of the party." The young officer was wounded later on in a hand-to-hand encounter, using his fists and revolver-butt.

More tragic is the case of Edward Warner, of the Bedfordshires. Trench 46 at the famous Hill 60 was swirling with green clouds of chlorine gas, and our men fell back, gasping in distress. But Warner dashed in alone to forestall the advancing enemy—a sublime act of abnegation and certain death at duty's call. Reinforcements were sent up, but could not reach him through the fatal cloud.

Warner came back and rallied them all, though now himself exhausted. Thanks to this lad, the trench was held until the attack ceased, but Warner died shortly afterwards in great pain. His old mother would not

part with her boy's picture. "Here it is," said she to the press photographer, and loving fingers clutched the frame whilst the operator took a negative of the portrait which includes the mother's pathetic yet proud

display of it.

Our wounded do not call in vain from the sinister No Man's Land between the warring A typical rescuer is Sergeant J. C. Raynes, of the R.F.A., who won the coveted Cross in this way. At Bethune this expoliceman's battery was bombarded with armour-piercing shells and "suffocators"surely a terrible combination. "Cease fire" was ordered, so whelming was the blast; but Raynes ran out to help Sergeant Ayres, daring a hundred deaths in that forty yards of terror. The gunner bound up his friend, then ran back to his battery, now opening afresh. Again the "Cease fire" rang, and Raynes, calling on two pals to help him they were soon killed—went out and carried Ayres bodily into a dug-out.

Here a "suffocator" burst, threatening all with poison-death. Once more Sergeant Raynes sped across the open—"a fly couldn't



hoto bul [Central Press.

SERGEANT JOHN C. RAYNES, V.C

live there," spectators said—and fetched his own gas-helmet for the stricken man. Badly gassed himself by this time, the heroic gunner staggered back to his battery and began to serve anew. He survived all this, and next day was buried alive with three

duty, though our guns were just then plastered with terrifying fire.

For rescuing the wounded many V.C.'s are awarded, because the deed does violence to every instinct of self-preservation. Private R. Dunsire, of the Royal Scots, won the Cross



Photo by] [Photopress.

LIEUTENANT BOYD-ROCHFORT, V.C., HANDING HIS CROSS TO THE CARE OF HIS WIFE ON THE WAY FROM RECEIVING IT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

other men in a house at "Quality Street"—one entirely demolished by a shell-burst.

The first man dug out was Raynes, badly wounded in head and leg. And there he stayed, in the crashing blaze of explosions, to rescue and help his fellows. His own wounds dressed, this wonderful soldier walked on to his battery and reported for

in this way on Hill 70, though made a special mark by snipers. "I was a grand target," this collier-lad told me—he was six months married when he enlisted—"for I had to plunge on anyhow with a helpless burden on my back."

Captain Percy Hansen, of the Lincolns, is another of those who vowed he would

gain the Cross. He did so in the blazing scrub of Gallipoli, whence he dragged six wounded men from a frightful death—to say nothing of "fire" of another sort from great guns and rifles that spouted through the furnace-smoke.

When Captain Hansen's company came out of action at Yilghin Burnu, the survivors knew that hundreds of their mates lay wounded in the open amid the blazing gorse and bracken, now showing walls of flame thirty feet high, through which bullets whined and great shells shrieked unceasingly.

Captain Hansen called for volunteers, and, daring all the terrors, hauled man after man to safety. "I was in the biggest funk of my life," he has since told us, "and hardly knew what was happening." Of the actual rescue of a wounded man in this way one successful snapshot has been taken, and is here reproduced as a camera curiosity, giving a vivid idea of the scene.

Our first yeoman V.C. won the Cross in this way, also on the arid slopes of Gallipoli.

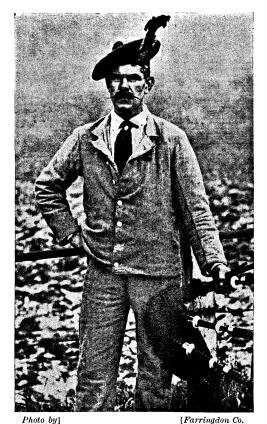


Photo by] [
PIPER LAIDLAW, V.C.



Photo by] $\begin{array}{c} [L.N.A. \\ \end{array}$ TROOPER ALFRED POTTS, V.C.

He is Trooper Alfred Potts, of the Berkshire Yeomanry, and was first of all severely wounded in the thigh. Loss of blood, coupled with the day's choking heat, caused the lad acute distress, but this vanished when Arthur Andrews, his fellow-townsman of Reading, crawled over with a terrible wound in the groin.

"Thy need is greater than mine!" was now the motive of Trooper Potts. He looted the water-bottles of adjacent corpses. He shielded his worse-injured friend, for now the air whizzed with lead—one bullet grazed Potts's ear. High time to move on, indeed! It took these two three hours to crawl 200 yards, then they lay for the night in thick scrub.

All next day they were under fire, and light-headed from constant hæmorrhage. Setting out again, Andrews gave up: "No use, my boy. Go on yourself." How Potts found a trenching-tool and dragged his friend three-quarters of a mile on it, under fire all the way, is a truly glorious story of persevering heroism. Six endless hours of shovel-dragging in the flame-swept desert, with a halt every few yards to cross the leg of the sorely injured man. "I prayed as

I'd never prayed before," Potts told me. It was 9.30 at night when he and his peculiar sledge clattered into the British lines and explained matters to an amazed sentry.

Corporal Issy Smith, of the Manchesters, shall stand in this portrait gallery for the Jews, of whom we have thousands in France, with a special chaplain of their own, the Rev. Michael Adler. Smith's devotion to the wounded and forgetfulness of self roused our veterans to cheers and anxious protest.

sweat, devoted pity and professional pride. Theirs not to reason why, theirs not to kill, but cure.

Let Captain J. A. Scrimger, of the Royal Montreals, Canadian Medical Service, stand for the Overseas doctors — non-combatant heroes who often give up their lives tending fallen men in the field.

Captain Scrimger's dressing-station in a barn was vengefully shelled—a scene of appalling distress calling for a cool head, great technical



Photo by

IL.A.A.

PRESENTATION TO A JEWISH V.C.: ACTING-CORPORAL ISSY SMITH, V.C., RECEIVING A GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN FROM THE SCHOLARS AND OLD BOYS OF HIS FORMER SCHOOL AT WHITECHAPEL, PRESENTED BY THE MAYOR OF STEPNEY.

Leaving his company of his own accord, he dashed out into a fire-swept zone near Ypres, and carried a disabled man over 250 yards, exposed the whole time to terrific machinegun and rifle fusillades.

On subsequent days, when our losses were very heavy, Smith walked out in a manner that made his mates gasp, and attended the wounded where they lay, or brought them bodily in wherever possible. And here I come to the surgeons, whose work in this War is a never-ending vista of blood and

skill, and the lion heart of the true army healer. Day and night this Canadian officer spent his strength in ministry under awful fire, often carrying broken men on his back to a place of safety.

Or, again, here's the civil life doctor abruptly thrown into a "practice" that would blanch the hair of Hippocrates. "A philosophic physician," said the classic Greek, "resembles a god." He has a fine disciple in Lieutenant G. A. Maling, M.B., R.A.M.C. See him at Fauquissart that long September

day, slaving unceasingly over the stricken from 6.15 a.m. till after 8 a.m. next day. Over three hundred men did this doctor collect and treat in the open under appalling shell-fire.

He was at last flung down and stunned by a high-explosive burst that killed several patients and wounded his only assistant. A second shell buried in *débris* Dr. Maling and all his instruments and gear. "But," says the glorious record, "his high courage and



Photo by]

[Photopress.

LIEUTENANT J. G. SMYTH, V.C.

zeal never failed. He continued his noble work single-handed."

It is a doctor who has gained the rarest award of all—a double V.C., or, more accurately, "a clasp for conspicuous bravery in the present campaign"—which is to say that Lieutenant A. Martin-Leake had already gained the Cross in the Boer War. A graduate of University College Hospital, Lieutenant Leake was in charge of a hospital at Hemel Hempstead when the Boer campaign began.

He went out with the Hertfordshire Yeomanry, and earned the great award at Vlakfontein, where he stooped in treatment over the wounded under a terrific fire from the Boers, who were not a hundred vards away. Still later, Martin-Leake was three times show whilst trying to move a wounded officer. Nor would be give up until utterly exhausted from loss of blood. Even then the sorely-stricken hero refused water in that burning land until eight other wounded had had their fill. Dr. Martin-Leake was in private practice at Ware, but the War called him, and at Zonnbeke we find him tending and rescuing the fallen, even when they lay close up to the German trenches.

After the young doctor, the middle-aged piper of Loos—Dan Laidlaw, as gallant and thrilling a figure as the Great War affords. Dan left a wife and four children to pipe the Scottish Borderers into battle. "Mind you bring back the V.C.," cried his wife at parting. And this simple soldier found it a fine joke. The V.C. was only for heroes! At six in the morning an autumn breeze carried a cloud of our gas upon the German lines, but their hail of shells, bursting in the middle of it, drove the fumes back upon our own men with disastrous results.

"Laidlaw," called Lieutenant Young, "for God's sake, pipe 'em together!" All were seriously gassed. "With absolute coolness," we read in the Gazette, "and disregard of danger, Piper Laidlaw mounted the parapet and, marching up and down, played his company out of the trench. The effect of his splendid example was immediate, and the company dashed out to the assault. Laidlaw continued playing his pipes until he was wounded." Such is the bare official statement.

"I began," he told me, "with our regimental march, 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.' My, but there's fire in the old tune, and the lads set up a cheer, sick as they were from the gas and the terrific pounding. I've seen nothing like the battle of Loos. Our chaps fell fast the moment they showed, but they never faltered. I ran with 'em, and soon the whole British line was advancing. I presently changed to 'The Braes o' Mar'—and then came my shell-burst."

Lieutenant Young was struck dead. The explosion picked up masses of cut barbed wire and drove them at our gallant piper, tearing his feet severely and bringing him down. But, even as he lay, "The Braes o' Mar" still heartened the gallant Borderers.

Face and hands, too, were lacerated with shell splinters. Even Laidlaw's pipes were badly cut, though his colonel has since had them repaired and silver-mounted. "I've played 'em," he said wistfully, "these twenty years." Do you see the grand fellow, piping and hobbling with his laddies in that frightful blast, caring nothing for his "little bits o' cuts," when Colonel Verner clapped him on the back and said: "Laidlaw, you've done well this morning!" Dan kept his exploit from his wife, and mourned for Lieutenant Young. "If ever a soldier deserved the V.C., he did—my fine, fearless officer!"

A lucky lad is represented by the portrait of Lieutenant J. G. Smyth, of the Ludhiana Sikhs. A charmed life his, indeed, with the tunic torn off his back by machine-gun and rifle fire. Bullets would strike the match from his fingers, and Fate played on him all her pranks. Young Smyth and ten of his men volunteered to take two boxes of bombs to



Photo by] [Farringdon Co. LIEUTENANT G. A. MALING, V.C., R.A.M.C.

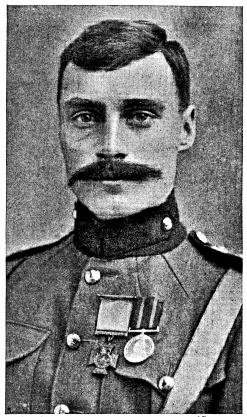


Photo by] [Bassand LIEUTENANT A. MARTIN-LEAKE, V.C., R.A.M.C.

relieve a party in the "Glory Hole" near Ypres. It was the forlornest undertaking, as two previous attempts by the Highland Light Infantry had shown.

Open ground of 250 yards, and the only shelter from a truly frightful fire a ruined trench—"now filled almost to the top," says the official record, "with the dead bodies of Scotsmen and Worcesters, Indians and Germans." For sheer danger the progress of these men is unmatched. Their bombs might have exploded, for the entire zone fairly hissed with a deluge of machine-gun and rifles, whilst the air above was flecked with continuous shrapnel-puffs.

One by one the little band succumbed, till only the officer and one Sepoy were left. Miraculously surviving even intenser blasts, these two crawled on, dragging one case of bombs by means of muslin pagris or Indian turbans. They were abruptly pulled up by a stream too wide to wade. How Smyth crossed this and "delivered the goods," how his loyal Lal Singh was killed at last—all this would take too long to tell.

Mention of Lal Singh recalls our Asiatic heroes, men who rise, and more than rise, to a "white" level of spirit and selfless devotion. Jemadar Mir Dast, of the Frontier Force, may well represent India in this pageant of valour. At Ypres, when no British officers were left, he collected and rallied his men

with superb *ėlan*; and the same Mir Dast carried eight British and Indian officers into safety · through a pitiless hail ${
m Yet}$ of fire. upon men like this Germany counted for aid in her monstrous crime! Orwhat of Naik Darwan Sing Negi, as fine a soldier as ever drove ahead in the fierce advance? One lurid November night a t Festubert the 39th Garhwal Rifles were engaged in a counterattack of extraordinary ferocity, retaking and clearing the enemy out of our own trenches

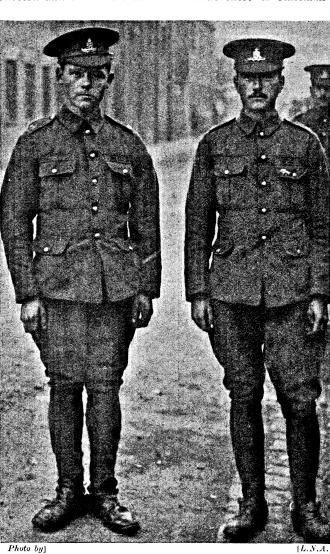
with resistless force and dash. Sing Negi was the admiration of his white officers. He was fearfully wounded in the head in two places, besides which his left arm was smashed.

Yet this Indian hero led the Garhwalis through that circling maze of death, utterly heedless of what Fate might have in store for

him as he raced, shooting and stabbing, round each traverse of the labyrinth. Here was another charmed life, for the little hillman had a hundred narrow escapes, being blazed at with bombs and German rifles at point-blank range.

Then there is Rifleman Kulbir Thapa,

of the 2nd Ghurkas. Himself painfully wounded, this little man found one of the Leicesters terribly hurt. and, though urged by the Englishman to save himself, the Ghurka stayed by him all day and all night, exposed to every shock and blast. Soon after dawn Kulbir Thapa staggered out with his man through the German wire, laid him safely aside, then returned for two wounded Ghurkas, whom he carried, one after the other, returning in broad daylight for the British soldier, who



GUNNER DARBYSHIRE, V.C., AND GUNNER OSBORNE, V.C.

, AND GUNNER OSBORNE, TICE

owed his life to this little giant of Nepal.

Not O'Leary himself excels the sheer fighting record of Gagna Singh, havildar of the 57th Wilde's Rifles. This Dogra warrior was the first Indian to earn the V.C. He was put aboard the hospital ship as a bundle of splints and bandages, with five bullets in him from scalp to legs. The havildar and

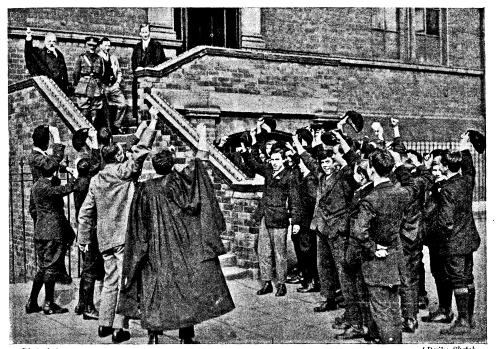


Photo by] [Daily Sketch.

LIEUTENANT W. T. FORSHAW, V.C., CHEERED BY THE BOYS OF THE SCHOOL AT WHICH HE WAS A MASTER BEFORE THE WAR.



Photo by] [Central Press. CORPORAL GEORGE HARRY WYATT, V.C., GIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN BOMBING.

fifteen of his men were attacked before dawn, and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued. Gagna Singh shot dead the German officer, whose pistol-shot tore his head. Then, drawing the sword of the prostrate man, the Dogra slew ten other Germans before being brought down by a bullet in the leg. He was left for dead, but proved the sole survivor of his party.

The ex-schoolmaster Lieutenant W. T.

Forshaw. o f t h e Manchester Territorials -surely the superbomber of them all for forty-one hours pelted the Turks with explosives at the northwest angle of the Vinevard in Gallipoli. Three trencheshere converged. and the attack was incredibly fierce. After his men were relieved. Lieutenant Forshaw remained directing, encouraging, raining bombs on the foe till he could scarce lift an arm: choked, too, and sickened with gassy fumes, and

badly bruised by shrapnel fragments. To this ex-schoolmaster—"his personal example, magnificent courage and endurance"—is due the holding of this very important corner.

Here is duty in excelsis, as also in the mere "I did as I was told" of ex-policeman Wyatt, of the Coldstreams, who came home after being twice wounded in the head, and gave lessons in grenade-throwing.

At Landrecies, one August night, the Germans rushed up men in lorries and tried to whelm the Coldstreams near a farm. Throwing incendiary bombs, they set the straw-stacks blazing. "Put out that light!" cried Major Matheson, and out dashed Wyatt, dragging heavy equipment to smother flames which would have betrayed them all.

The straw flared up again. A second

dash made under murderous fire from only twentyfive yards a wa y. born fighter, this Corporal Wyatt. Villars-Cotterets he got a fearful wound in the head, yet continued rapid fire until blinded with his own blood. "To the rear with you,"ordered the surgeon; but when his wound was dressed, Wyatt slipped again into the firing-line, blazing away once more with icy determination.

We know how L Battery was cut off, and how at dawn, when the mist cleared,



LIEUTENANT HOLBROOK, V.C.

Photographed on board ship in the Dardanelles.

no supporting French cavalry was seen, but an overwhelming German force instead, with ten great guns and two Maxims. Before L Battery was aware of it, a hail of projectiles began a frightful blizzard that swept away men and horses like flies. Soon we had but three guns left, and the horses of these were hideously maimed.

It was an amazing duel—an awful hurricane

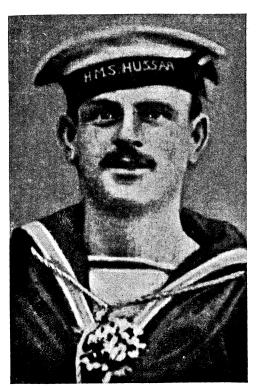


Photo by]

[Farringdon Co.

SEAMAN GEORGE SAMSON, V.C.

of death. Soon but one gun was left, and only five men alive, and then three—Darrel, Darbyshire, and Osborne. Automatically they served their battered piece. Osborne emptied limber after limber—a mere boy of twenty, with empty shell cases beside him piled a yard high.

He was bleeding badly. The other two leaned heavily on the steel shield to keep from collapsing. Well, they won. The German "Cease fire" sounded. All the enemy's guns but one were out of action—an almost incredible feat, for around our own was a dreadful litter of mangled horses and men. It was a superhuman stand, and the three survivors, but faintly, through blood and sweat and anguish, watched Allenby's cavalry sweeping up to annihilate the remnants of their foe. All three were awarded the V.C.

These articles would be incomplete without mention of the naval V.C.'s. But the present War is a stupendous wonder, and the records of our men form so heroic a theme that volumes would not do it justice. Think of Commander Holbrook's under-water dash up the Dardanelles, the greatest fortified

passage in the world. His submarine, the B11, was a small and oldish type, yet Holbrook drove it up the treacherous tideway, dived under five rows of Turkish mines, and then torpedoed the battleship Messudiyeh, which sank at once.

His blow delivered, the daring sailor lay on the bottom for nine hours, then calmly withdrew and reported. Enormous guns commanded the classic Narrows, torpedo craft policed every yard, and beneath the surface floated explosive mines at all depths. Commander Holbrook dared the most dreadful of all deaths.

Nor must I forget Seaman Samson, the first naval V.C. for fifty years, nor young Drewry, the boy middy of the Dardanelles, whom Commander Wedgwood, M.P., D.S.O., saw below the castle of Seddul Bahr, "swimming to a lighter with a line in his mouth and a wound in his head. There was no room on the rocks, no room on the lighters and boats—they were so covered with the dead and dying."

As for the deeds of Australians and

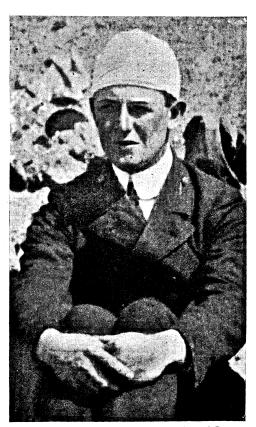


Photo by] [Central Press.

MIDSHIPMAN DREWRY, V.C., NOW PROMOTED TO
BE ACTING SUB-LIEUTENANT,

New Zealanders, these must have an to ${
m themselves}$ in an ensuing number. Well may Lord Kitchener praise these Overseas supermen from his place in the Upper House. And yet countless Unknown have passed with brief flash of glory unrecognised. Plain Private Jones, who waved an important message with his last breath; the lad who sat on a burning bomb to save his mates, and was blown to atoms; the nameless one who hurled his body upon a machine-gun, and, as a corpse, dammed the deadly stream and demoralised the German gunners.

Sir John French himself has told us that he is at a loss for words to express the quenchless spirit of his men in attack or defence—" the

indomitable courage and dogged tenacity" of his Old Army, and of the New Armies and Territorials too. Cæsar himself had Invincible Younger Britons in Egypt and Gaul. "'Twas always the same since Crécy," fell from fallen Napoleon after Waterloo, indicating the utter refusal of the British to accept defeat.

And to-day Von Heeringen pays involuntary tribute of a like kind, telling how, after our trenches were whelmed with minethrowers, "those tough fellows crawled out and actually tried to counter us with the bayonet." "They fought with lion-like bravery," was the testimony of his brothergeneral Von Wild. And surely the German ought to know by now!



WHEN BRITAIN CALLED.

"WHEN Britain called her sons-so long,

So long in leash—to give their aid, To fight a foul, outrageous wrong, To keep a pact her sires had made—

Didst hear the clear, loud clarion call
That reached our Empire's southmost
ends?

Didst hear, and, going, give thine all
To her just cause, old comrades,
friends?"

"Aye, aye, we heard the proud appeal
That came to every land and place.
It bade us prove our birthright, feel
The brother-blood boil in our race."

"When Britain called? Enough for me That summons; and, her cause be just,

No other tie I know, nor see: There's something bids me go—I must."

"Who stays? Who stays as loth to give

Himself, a willing sacrifice?
Who stays," I say, "and fain would live,

Yet look a maid full in the eyes?"

"A sacrifice? How trebly blest
Is he whom, in her hour of need,
Our country called, then laid to rest—
He, who had lived in very deed."

L'Envoi.

Oh, in that hour when honour's call
Claims all that I most prized of yore,
May I not shame, whate'er befall,
Her brave, who heard the call before.

GERALD LYTTON,

1st South African Infantry.

RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE MAGIC

By T. P. CAMERON WILSON

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



as he came up the path from the beach, to kick a sleeping nigger into surprised wakefulness, and Brereton, frowning over a home-made coherer which refused somehow to cohere.

heard the man's pained yelp, and knew that his hour of quiet was at an end.

Presently the big German, swearing at the heat of the sun, came heavily into the bungalow and flung his pith helmet on to the crowded table.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said Brereton. He said it, in spite of his utmost striving, in a tone of intense irritation. Everything about Weltmann irritated him—the great, stolid bulk of the man, his noisy way of breathing, his heavy, humourless, inevitable: "Why not, please?"

"Because you might do some damage. This coherer—"

"Ach! Your coherers! Dis wireless business is beginning to become a disease with you, Brereton." He laughed heavily. "At der beginning it was amusing—a toy to keep you quiet—but now you have forgotten he is a toy, and you are possessed of him." He prided himself justly on his English, and his grammatical mistakes were so very rare that Brereton—hating himself for doing so—pounced on to the false gender with a little leap of unholy glee.

"It," he said. "Not him. A toy is neuter."

Weltmann frowned. "My friend," he said presently, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief which seemed absurdly small

in the grip of so huge a hand, "you and I are coming to a bad state of affairs. We quarrel always. I dink we need a change."

"What the blazes is the good of talking about change," said Brereton explosively, "when we're boxed up on the same island till the next steamer calls—in about two months' time? And even then the only change is brought by the mails, which last us a week at most."

"By which time," agreed Weltmann, "we know all der advertisements in der paper by heart. 'Scrubbs' Ammonia. Try it in your Bat.' 'Der Ideal Fountain Pen.' Gott! How sick of a newspaper a man may become!

It is worse than a nigger!"

Brereton stood up and went to the door, where he leaned wearily against the doorpost, looking out at that scene which had once seemed to him so beautiful—the eternal circle of the purple sea against the sky, and below it the white crescent of the beach, the shadowless spit of land running out into the breakers, the accursed un-English sunburned shrubs, the trodden dust of the path from the beach, the little log wharf, where four times a year they loaded into the steamer from the mainland such products of the island as gave them their living. "Only a waster would live in such a place!" he growled.

The German made a little whimsical grimace at his back. "But you and I, what else are we?" he asked. "Of course, it is only wasters who could consent to live on der profits of cocoanuts. Myself"—he shrugged his shoulders a little wearily—"I was no good in der Fatherland—or elsewhere—so I come here, where at least I am on German soil, and where I make two hundred

dollars a year."

He laughed softly to himself. "Two

hundred dollars! It would become a great fortune, if one lived for two hundred and

fifty years, nein?"

"You needn't fling it in my face twenty times a day that this forsaken island is German," said Brereton over his shoulder. "I've stood your Teutonic swank long enough. What if it is German? It's about the only island you own, anyway!"

"My country—" began Weltmann, with

a sudden light in his eyes.

But Brereton's nerves were in ribbons. The intense heat, the long, long months of imprisonment with this one white man for companion, the sense of failure that lay over all he did, the dreadful, unwinking, lonely sun-glare, like the look in a maniac's eyes, above all, too much whisky and a lack of occupation—all these had conspired to make him as "nervy" as any hysterical school-girl. There was a suspicion of a sob in his voice as he interrupted the German with an oath. Weltmann stood up. His blue eyes were lit with a strange, fierce light.

"Brereton," he said, "you will not swear at my country, please. It is all we have left, we wasters!"

The sound of his hard breathing came to Brereton as he stood in the doorway, and he turned suddenly and held out his hand.

"You're a good chap, Weltmann," he said rather brokenly. "I'm sorry. I'm just a mass of nerves. I say things I hate saying." He passed a hand over his damp forehead. "It's the heat, and—and everything. don't know how you manage to keep your

temper."

"I don't," said the German simply. "I kicked Tanu just now hard, just because he is a nigger. But I am fat, and my nerves are not so near der surface as yours, who are When I have to move, my temper comes out of every pore, and I am, as you say, a mass of nerves. But dat is only while I move. When I sit down, I become slowly good-tempered again. My fat becomes gradually master once more." He laughed. "It is as your Shakespeare says: 'Lord, what fools dese mortals be!' We need occupation, my friend—someding more worrying to der brain dan just going down to der store to see if dey are packing der fibre properly, or if der oil is out of der sun.' He reached down a couple of glasses and poured out some whisky. "Come," he said, "we will drink to der future."

Brereton came listlessly to the table. They raised their glasses.

"Der future!" said Weltmann.

"The future!" said Brereton, with a little, bitter laugh. They drank, and the German smacked his lips noisily and sighed. was rather like an enormous school-boy.

"Now for a sleep," he said.

"And I to my despised wireless again," said Brereton.

"You must not take seriously what I said about your toy," explained the German, as he arranged himself on the groaning sofa. "I had hardly ceased to move when I spoke, and my nerves were still angry. Myself, I dink you are very wise to occupy yourself, even if you catch no message."

"You know perfectly well that I can catch a message."

"From where, please?"

"From the station at Faldantch Island, west of us, for instance. I spelt out three words from them before this beastly thing went wrong. You know I did."

"I remember. Dey were 'cabbage, don, eft '—a very useful message to come hundreds

of miles, Brereton."

"A code, evidently. I may get some real news some day. Think of it, Weltmannnews!"

Weltmann grunted his sleepy scepticism from the sofa.

"I shan't be able to send far, of course, with this more or less home-made apparatus,' went on Brereton, whom the whisky had made a little loquacious, "but I can receive all right, once this coherer——"

"What is a coherer, please?"

"It's a makeshift in this case. Modern wireless apparatus has a much neater arrangement. You see, these steel filings——"

"Ach! I only ask politely, Brereton, because I am at last comfortable. I do not wish really to know. It will be impossible for me to understand. Tanu told me yesterday dat your—receiver, is it, in der tall palm?—was a new god." His voice fell away sleepily. Presently the familiar sound of his snoring rang through the room—a sound so regular and ceaseless that Brereton had long ago come to disregard it, as he disregarded the lazy beat of the surf on the beach outside.

The minutes slipped by. As he bent over his work, Brereton was thinking of England. It was early August. London would be "empty." A vision came to him of the platforms at Paddington, crowded with people going West—to Devonshire and Cornwall—places where there were damp, green things, ferns, and little streams, and deep, shadowy lanes. Heavens, how he loved it all! Weltmann's words came to him. "You will not swear at my country, please." It is all we have left, we wasters." Poor old He remembered meeting him in that cafe at St. Malo a year ago, when he had been near the end of his tether—terribly conscious that a public school education was no education at all when it came to making a living on your own—and ready for anything whatever that turned up before he had spent his last fifty pounds. Weltmann had been in almost the same condition—financially, anyhow. He had got a bit talkative over absinthe-which he drank, he confessed. entirely because he liked melting the beet sugar on the perforated spoon—and they had somehow fixed up a partnership before they went to bed that night—a partnership in cocoanuts grown on an obscure German island "out by the Pacific," to quote Weltmann's lucid description. And here they were—two wasters—both too indolent by nature to attempt any change for the better.

Brereton sighed as he fitted on the head-cap and adjusted the ear-piece. He had listened so often, and only once had he succeeded in catching those mysterious echoes as of voices from the outer world. He had almost the same scepticism now as Weltmann concerning any genuine results to be won from this his toy—almost, but not quite, for the thrill of the sound of those three absurd words was still with him, and he hoped.

The German, dreaming on his sofa of iced Munich beer, was awakened by a shout. He sat up, sweating and annoyed, to see Brereton, with a wild light of joy in his eyes, beckening him to the table.

"I've got them!" said Brereton. "I've got Faldantch! They're sending out their code call 'F.D.H.' over and over again!

The beginning of a message!"

There fell a great silence. The German, every whit as excited as Brereton, sat and watched him with fascinated eyes. There was something almost uncanny in his air of silent attention, of listening to the voice of a world invisible and immensely distant. Weltmann himself could just hear in the silence the thin elfin buzz of the far station.

"A good fat spark!" exulted Brereton cryptically. "She's off! Dot dot dot, dot dot dot, dot dash, dot dash dot, dot, dash... S.S. Arethusa... It's a message to the Arethusa... About a cargo... What's this? Dash dash dot, dot dash dot." His

eyes were on the sea as he listened. The German shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Don't miss anyding," he said. "Let's hear it. It's all news, Brereton. Wonderful invention, nein? To dink——"

"Shut up, for Heaven's sake! This-"

Brereton was curiously excited. He reached forward for a pencil, and Weltmann saw that his hand was shaking. The tiny gnat-like voice went on: "Dot dash dash, dot dash, dot dash dot."

"War!" read Brereton, in a voice that

hook.

"What's dat?" asked Weltmann impatiently, but the other merely shook his head and frowned.

The minutes dragged on. Outside, the hot air shimmered and danced above the beach, and still Brereton listened, while the German began to nod again, in spite of his interest, so hard do habits die.

At last Brereton stood up. His face was pale, and there was about him an air almost melodramatic in its intensity.

Weltmann woke with a start.

"Well, please?" he said.

Brereton went to his favourite post by the door. He spoke with his back turned.

"War has been declared," he said quietly, between Germany——"

Weltmann sprang up with a startled oath.
"—and Great Britain," went on Brereton.
Weltmann sat down again heavily and stared at the Englishman's back.

There was an utter and paralysing silence.

It was broken by the German, who began unexpectedly to laugh. Brereton, who had been seeing visions in the purple sea, turned and stared at him.

"I suppose *you've* known it was coming, all along?" he said rather scornfully, seeking a cause for the laughter.

Weltmann was suddenly grave.

"We have *all* known. You should have known also. Der Fatherland could not stay as she was. Now she has struck. It was bound to come, Brereton, and your country must go under."

"Go under!" spluttered Brereton. "What

infernal----

Weltmann held up an enormous hand. He had suddenly become almost nakedly Teutonic.

"Der nations dat have grown soft must yield to der great young nations," he said. "It is der law. Your country's day is over. My country's day is just beginning. It is der dawn of our history in Europe, and I tell you, Brereton, dat Germany will be der greatest nation of der whole world, greater dan Rome, greater dan—"

"Oh, shut up, Weltmann! You're like a tub-thumper in Hyde Park! What's the

good of words?"

"It is not all of words," said Weltmann calmly. "Do you dink your nation will have an army——"

"She's got the finest navy—"

"I speak of der army, please. Do you dink she will have an army to beat our millions? Oh, it is impossible! Germany must, must win! We are a nation of soldiers!"

Brereton looked out to sea again. In spite of himself, he felt a little chill of fear at this supreme confidence—it was immovable, unruffled. His heart went out across the horizon to England. If only he could fight! The next steamer was due in two months' time. Two months! Why, by then——

"It is all we have left, we wasters!"

Brereton seldom prayed, and then only for himself, but he came very near to praying for his country as he stood there looking over the sea. When he turned round, he found Weltmann staring into space, lost in some dream of the Fatherland.

"What the blazes were you laughing at

just now, Weltmann?" he asked.

The German roused himself with a start. "It is noding," he said. His blue eyes went rather uneasily round the room,

avoiding Brereton's.

"Hanged if I can see anything funny in it!" said the Englishman. "I suppose it's some form of German humour hidden from me. We don't laugh at war in our country."

"I was not laughing at war. If you must know, I was laughing at der situation

here."

" Here?"

"You are on German soil, my friend—an enemy alien, nein?" He began again to laugh, and presently Brereton joined him.

"I propose," said the German pretentiously, "to permit that you remain at large, even though your country is at war wid mine." He smiled amiably and moved back to the sofa.

"I suppose," said Brereton reflectively, "that we 'carry on' as though nothing had happened. Heavens, why aren't I in England?"

"Well," said the German philosophically, "we neither of us are in our countries, so why worry? Myself, I sleep." And he slept. But Brereton stood looking out over the sea.

II.

THE black boy Tanu, dozing over his fibre mat-making, roused himself with a guilty start, and slanted the yellows of his eyes in the direction of the bungalow, to make sure that he had not been observed.

Tanu was not unlike Caliban. He could learn no language but his own, and that was hardly superior to the vocabulary of a child of eight. Moreover, he was ugly and envious, and, to all intents and purposes, a slave. He hated both his masters. He hated the Englishman because he made him work, but he hated Weltmann with a loathing that went deeper in him than any other emotion he had experienced, for the German kicked him -kicked him frequently and hard, simply, it seemed to him, because he dared to exist. Tanu had woven many evil deaths into the mats he made—slow and careful deaths, lasting many weeks and causing much enjoyment to the onlookers. There was, for instance, a little matter of eyelids that occupied him now as he tugged the coarse chocolate-coloured strands into position. He smiled over his work. Presently he dozed again, though his fingers worked mechanically at the mat. He was roused by the sound of Brereton's voice, calling him.

"Tanu!" said Brereton. He spoke quietly, and Tanu saw that his eyes were lit with an almost boyish sparkle. He put a finger to his lips and glanced up at the bungalow. "Mr. Weltmann is asleep," he said. "I want you to do something for me, and not tell him. Understand?"

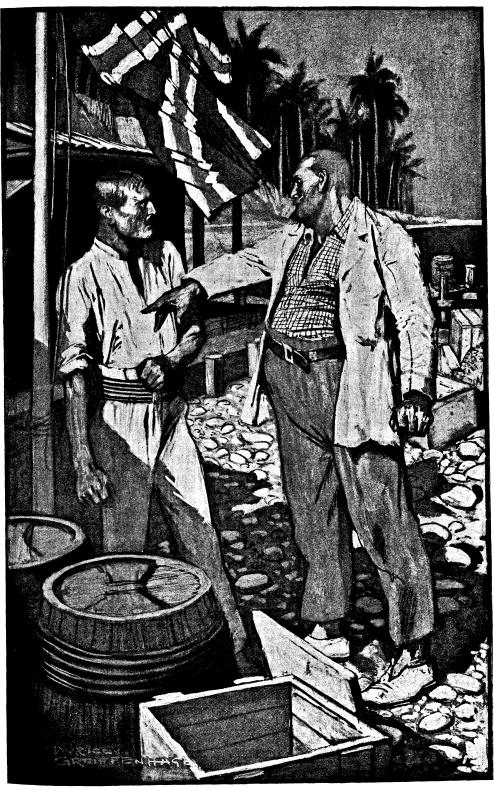
The black boy nodded and showed his teeth. Evidently they had quarrelled. So much the better. He would give help even to a bad spirit against Weltmann.

"I want you to get me some red stuff," said Brereton. "Red. Understand? And blue. Blue like the sky. Very bright. Not dark. Can you get any?"

The boy shook his head.

"Think," said Brereton. "Isn't there any stuff down there?" He pointed to the huts where the boys lived—a dozen of them—with their wives. "Rags—old rubbish—even paper? But it must be red, and blue. Look round. Understand? But "—he put his fingers to his lips again—"tell no one. Magic!"

He swung off up the path, and left Tanu considering. Magic, was it? Tanu



"'I order you to take it down."

understood now. It was some powerful fetish or spell, which wanted blood-red and sky-blue to make it potent. A spell against Weltmann! Tanu exulted as he poked round the huts, seeking things red and blue. For days he collected them—countless scarlet labels from empty tomato tins, some crinkled red paper in which biscuits from the last steamer had been packed, the binding of a broken-backed "sevenpenny" novel, even an enormous crimson web belt which he stole from Weltmann himself. was an easier matter, for the whole outside circle of the huts was littered with blue paper-waste which had been stuffed into some cases of crockery as packing.

Tanu collected his hoard with immense secrecy, and chuckled over the colours like a

miser over his gold.

There came a day when Brereton, with almost equal secrecy, made an appointment with him at a time when Weltmann was tolerably certain to be asleep, and arrived at the rendezvous carrying a jam jar full of fish glue, some pins, a pair of scissors, and a mysterious white cloth.

Tanu, who acted as servant in the bungalow, recognised this last as half of a frayed tablecloth, long ago discarded as being unnecessary and an absurd luxury on a lonely island. He marvelled, but said

nothing.

Brereton spread out the cloth on the ground, and Tanu saw that it was ruled all over, apparently in charcoal, with a pattern This in itself was obviously of lines. powerful and learned magic; but when Brereton, on his knees—clipping everywhere, pinning in some places, glueing in others gradually began, with his assortment of papers, to turn great patches of the white cloth into red, Tanu grew excited and danced silently in the shadows. The pattern grew. Brereton tried the effect of a strip of blue, and smiled happily at the result. It was a matter of three days before the thing was finished, and Brereton, having glued the last strip, stood up and solemnly saluted a very tolerable representation of the Union Jack. Tanu was delighted with the salute. It confirmed him in his belief that this was very powerful red-white-and-blue magic, and it hardly needed Brereton's humorous but solemn command to make him bow his ugly head before the flag. He went down on his face in the dust and prayed to it to hurt Weltmann.

Next day Brereton brought to the rendezvous a fifteen-foot pole, to which he

nailed the Union Jack, while Tanu, scenting at last the application of all this coloured magic, slobbered evilly behind him, and hoped that Weltmann would scream.

Brereton raised the flag triumphantly into the air, carried it to the hill at the back of the bungalow, and planted it there firmly. It dropped disappointingly in the motionless air, but its folds were stiff with glue as old brocade is with embroidery, and it was impossible to mistake it for anything but the emblem of Britain. He saluted it again and turned back to the bungalow.

Weltmann was still snoring on the sofa, and Brereton smiled at his heaving figure. Behind him Tanu watched with yellow eyes.

"Rule Britannia!" bellowed the English-

man suddenly.

Weltmann seemed to leap nearly a foot into the air. He sat up, sweating and clutching at his sides.

"Gott in Himmel! What is it?" he

gasped.

Brereton was standing to attention in the doorway, and his face was quite solemn.

"I'm not quite sure of the correct phraseology," he said, "but I think this will do." He raised his voice and spoke in the manner of a town-crier. "I do hereby formally annex this island of Raphem, and take complete possession of it in the name of His Majesty George, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. God save the King!"

"It is der sun," said Weltmann. "I have told you before. You should sleep at dis time, instead of going out in der heat."

"Come here!" said Brereton.

The German got up with difficulty and walked good-humouredly to the door. Tanu was watching him, with his lips drawn back. Brereton pointed to the flag, and the German stiffened where he stood, staring at it as though hypnotised. Tanu danced on one leg. The magic was beginning to work—the red-white-and-blue magic. He expected to see Weltmann torn suddenly asunder by invisible hands, but, instead, the big German turned to Brereton and spoke.

"You must take it down, Brereton," he

said.

Brereton laughed.

"Never!" he said, with the exaggerated air of melodrama.

"Look you," said Weltmann, suddenly and explosively, "I am not joking. It may be a joke to you, but to me, no!" His blue eyes were blazing. "I order you to take it down," he said.

"Do you really expect me to?" asked Brereton.

"You had no business to put it dere."

"I had all the business in the world. I have formally annexed this island for Great Britain. You're an alien enemy, Weltmann."

"Pah! What is your aut'ority to annex?"

"I am a British citizen."

"Brereton, if dis is a joke, I will laugh—like anyt'ing. But it has gone far enough. You will take der flag down." He said it appealingly.

"I refuse."

"Den, if it is not a joke, it is an *insult!*" thundered the German.

"Of course, if you can't be a sports-

"Sportsman! Dat foolish English word! Myself I am a patriot!"

They stood and glared at each other, no longer men, but nations; and Tanu saw the magic failing, saw Weltmann strong as ever, ready to kick him again to-morrow. He almost snarled as he watched them.

For a moment there was silence. Then the German made up his mind. He strode

towards the flag-staff.

Brereton stood in front of him. They were both white and furious. "Weltmann, this is serious," he said. "I warn you! You

shan't touch the flag!"

The German laughed. He was a head and shoulders taller than the other, and he swept him suddenly aside. Brereton lost his footing and fell. Afterwards he was surprised, and a little frightened, to remember the noise he had made as he felt the German's arm at his chest—a sort of animal cry, choked and shrill. He sat up, a little dazed and sick from his fall, and saw two things. He saw the German's huge hand at the flagstaff, and he saw Tanu standing on the slope of the hill a few feet above him and balancing a great stone over his head. shouted and hurled his full weight at Weltmann, knocking him sideways out of the way of the falling rock. Something smashed on to his ankle, and he fainted. When he came to himself, Weltmann was

pouring whisky down his throat. He coughed and looked up.

"Dat devil," said Weltmann gravely, "he went mad. You saved my life, my friend, at der cost of your ankle."

"Where is he?" asked Brereton faintly.

"I have shot him," answered the German calmly. "He started to rouse der rest. He had some talk of magic. It was der sun, I suppose. Now let me look at your ankle."

He examined it carefully and very tenderly. "He has not cracked der bone, I t'ink," he said at last. "It must have been a sideways blow. You will walk all right soon, my friend."

He busied himself with bandages.

"You feel better, nein?" he asked.

Brereton nodded.

"I—I have left der flag on der pole," said the German presently. "I yield up der island to you. It is, anyhow, a forsaken island, and when der steamer comes, I go."

"Go? Where?"

"To my country—to fight your country."
"Good man!" said Brereton. "I'm with
you — or, rather, against you. And,
Weltmann——"

" Well?"

"You're a sportsman!" Weltmann beamed.

Brereton, on his way home to enlist, wrote the following letter—

"To the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Whitehall, London.

"SIR,—I have the honour to report that on August 26, 1914, I captured and annexed for Great Britain the island of Raphem, once a German possession, and situated (there followed details as to longitude and latitude). In this undertaking I was assisted by the native population, which showed a marked preference for British rule.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. Brefeton,

"(Late part-owner of the Weltmann Cocoanut Plantation, Raphem Island)."



THE BROTHERS OF THE YOKE

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds



position in which they were accustomed to labour at the yoke—Star on the off side, Buck on the nigh—they stood waiting in the twilight beside the pasture bars.

From the alder

swamp behind the pasture, coolly fragrant under the first of the dew-fall, came the ethereal fluting of a hermit thrush, most tender and most poignant of all bird songs. In the vault of the pale sky—pale violet washes of thin colour over unfathomable deeps of palest green—a wide-swooping nighthawk sounded at intervals its long, twanging note, like a stricken harpstring. The dark spruce woods beyond the barn began to give off their aromatic balsam-scent upon the evening air. A frog croaked from somewhere under the alders where the hermit was at his fluting. One of the oxen at last began to low softly and anxiously. It was long past watering-time. Immediately his mate repeated the complaint, but on a harsher, more insistent key. The watering trough, full to the brim, was there in full view before them, just at the other side of the cabin. It was an unheard-of thing that their master should not come at sundown to lower the bars and let them drink their fill.

They were a splendid pair, these two steers, and splendidly matched. Both dark red, deep and massive in the shoulder, with short, straight horns, and each with a clean white star in the centre of his broad forehead, they were so exactly alike in all external particulars that the uninitiated eye would

have been puzzled to distinguish them. Both stood also with the patient, bowed necks of those who have toiled long under the burden of the yoke. But to one at all acquainted with animals, at all versed in the psychology of the animal mind, the difference between the two was obvious. The temperaments that looked out from their big, dark eyes were different. very patience of their bowed heads was different in expression. The patience of Star, the off ox, was an accepting, contented patience. Curses, blows, the jabs of the ox-goad, he took mildly, as a matter of course, and, being his master's favourite, he got just as few of them as the exigencies of backwoods ploughing and hauling would permit. But with Buck it was far other-In his eyes flickered always the spark of a spirit unsubdued. He had a side glance, surly yet swift, that put the observant on their guard. He never accepted the goad without a short of resentment, a threatening shake of his short, sharp horns. And he had command of a lightning kick which had taught discretion to more than one worrying cur. Yet he was valued, even while distrusted, by his owner, because he was intelligent, well-trained, and a glutton for work, both quicker than his docile yokefellow and more untiring.

Between the two great red steers there was that close attachment which has been so often observed letween animals long accustomed to working in the same harness. They become a habit to each other, and seem, therefore, essential to each other's peace of mind. But on the part of Buck it was something more than this. Ill-tempered and instinctively hostile toward everyone else, man or beast, he showed signs of an active devotion to his tranquil yoke-fellow, and

would sometimes spend hours licking Star's neck while the latter went on chewing the cud in complacent acceptance of the attention.

The twilight gathered deeper about the lonely backwoods clearing. The night-hawk, a soaring and swooping speck in the pallid spaces of the sky, became invisible, though his strange note still twanged sonorously from time to time. The hermit hushed his fluting in the alder thicket. An owl hooted solemnly from somewhere back in the spruce woods. But still the owner of the oxen did not come to lower the bars and give admittance to the brimming trough. He was lying dead beside the brawling trout-brook, a mile or so down the tote-road, his neck broken by a flying branch from a tree which he had felled too carelessly. His dog was standing over the sprawled body, whining and pawing at it in distracted solicitude.

To the two thirsty oxen the cool smell of the waiting trough was cruelly tantalising. To one of them it speedily became irresistible. Buck was not, by instinct, any great respecter of bounds or barriers. He began hooking impatiently at the bars, while Star gazed at him in placid wonder. The bars were solid and well set, and Buck seemed to realise almost at once that there was little to be done in that quarter. Feeling for a weak spot, he worked his way along beyond them to the first panel of the fence. It was the ordinary rough "snake" of the backwoods clearing, a zigzag structure of rough poles, supported at the angles by crossed stakes. Never very substantial, it had been broken and somewhat carelessly mended at this particular point. The top rail lifted easily under the thrust of Buck's aimlessly tossing horn. It fell down again at once into its place in the crotch of the crossed stakes, and, in falling, it struck the fumbling experimenter a sharp whack across the nose.

The hot-tempered steer, already irritated, flared up at once, and butted heavily at the fence with his massive forehead. One of the cross-stakes, already half rotted through, broke at once, and the two top rails went down with a crash. Following up this push, he threw his ponderous weight against the remaining rails, now left unsupported, breasted them down almost without an effort, and went crashing and triumphing through into the yard. His mate, who would never himself have dreamed of such a venture as breaking bounds, stared irresolutely for a few seconds, then followed through the gap. And side by side the two slaked their thirst, plunging their broad

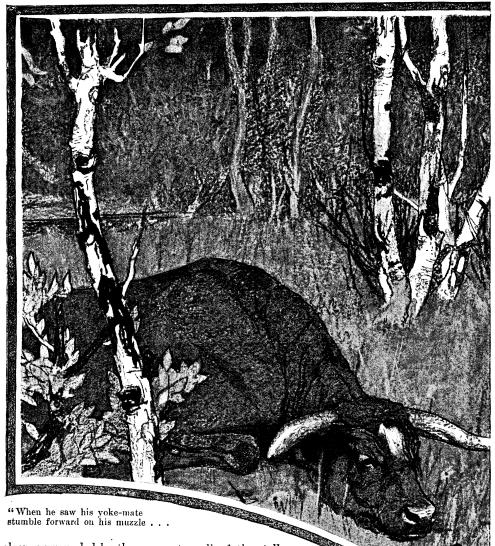
muzzles into the cool of the trough and lifting them to blow the drops luxuriously from their nostrils.

The impulse of Star was now to turn back into the familiar pasture, according to custom. But Buck, on the other hand, was used to being driven back, and that always more or less under protest. For the first time in his memory, there was no one now to drive him back. He had a strange, new sense of freedom, of restraint removed. He was accustomed to seeing a light in the cabin window about this hour. But there was no light. The whole place seemed empty with a new kind of emptiness. Nothing was further from his fancy than to return to the pasture prison which he had just broken out of. He stood with head uplifted, as if already the galling memory of the yoke had slipped from off his neck.

For a minute or two he stood sniffing with wide nostrils, drinking deep the chill, keen-scented air. It was the same air as he had been breathing on the other side of the pasture-bars, but it smelt very different to him. Something there was in it which called him away irresistibly into the dark, unfenced depths of the forest which surrounded the clearing. He turned his great head and lowed coaxingly to his partner, who was standing beside the gap in the pasture fence and staring after him in placid question. Then he started off with a brisk step down the shadowy, pale ribbon of the road.

Star's natural impulse, after drinking, was to return to the familiar, comfortable pasture; but not without his yoke-mate. The stronger impulse ruled. With some reluctance and a good deal of bovine wonder, he swung around and hastened after Buck. The latter waited for him; and side by side, as if in yoke, though with less labouring steps, they turned off the deeply rutted highway and moved silently down a mossed old wood road into the glimmering dark of the forest.

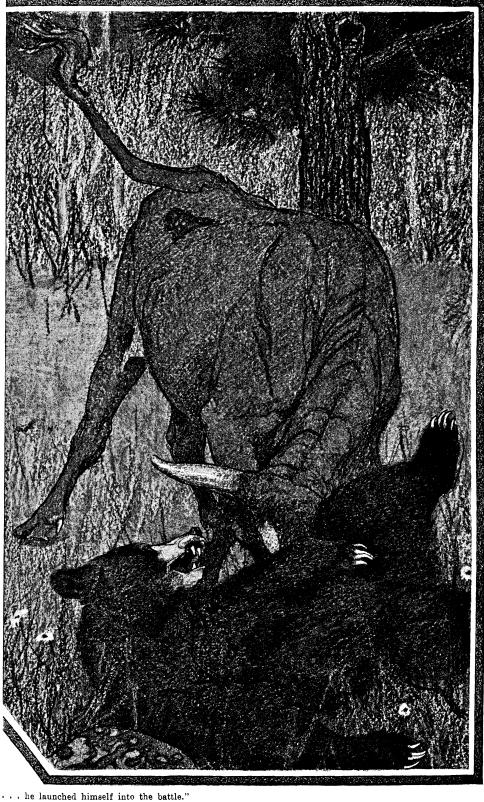
A sure instinct in Buck's feet was leading them straight away from the Settlement, straight into the heart of the wilderness. After perhaps an hour the wood-road led out of the thick forest, across a little wild meadow with a shallow brook babbling softly through it. Here the two grazed for a time, almost belly deep in the thick-flowered grass, while the bats flickered and zigzagged above them, and a couple of whippoor-wills answered each other monotonously from opposite ends of the glade. Then they lay down side by side to chew the cud and



to sleep, surrounded by the pungent smell of the stalks of the wild parsnip which their huge bulks had crushed down.

They lay in a corner of the glade, close to the dense thickets that formed the fringe of the woods. Unaccustomed to vigilance, neither their eyes nor their ears were on the alert. A lynx crept up behind them, within a dozen paces, glared at them vindictively with its pale, malignant moon-eyes, and then ran up a tree to get a better look at these mighty intruders upon his hunting-ground. His claws made a loud rattling on the bark as he climbed, but neither of the oxen paid any attention whatever to the sound. Of course, a lynx could not, under any circumstances, be anything more than an object of mild curiosity to them, but had it been a pair of hungry panthers, they would have been equally unconscious and unwarned. They lay with their backs to the forest, looking out across the open, chewing lazily, and from time to time heaving windy breaths of deep content. Not a score of yards before their noses a trailing weasel ran down and killed a hare. At the cry of the victim Buck opened his half-closed eyes and gave a snort of disapproval. But Star paid no attention whatever to the little tragedy. All his faculties were engrossed upon his comfort and his cud.

A little later a prowling fox came suddenly upon them. He was surprised to find the pair so far from their pasture, where he had several times observed them in the course of his wide wanderings. His shrewd mind jumped to the idea that perhaps the



settler, their master, was out with them; and while he had no objection whatever to the oxen—stupid, harmless hulks in his eyes—he had the most profound objection to their master and his gun. He slipped back into cover, encircled the whole glade stealthily till he picked up their trail and satisfied himself that they had come alone. Then he returned and sat down on his tail deliberately in front of them, cocking his head to one side, as if inviting them to explain their presence.

Star returned his gaze with placid indifference, but Buck was annoyed. In his eyes the fox was a little sharp-nosed dog with a bushy tail and an exasperating smell. He hated all dogs, but especially little ones, because they were so elusive when they vapped at his heels. He heaved himself up with an angry snort, and charged upon the The fox, without losing his dignity at all, seemed to drift easily out of reach, to this side or that, till the ox grew tired of the futile chase. Moreover, as the fox made no sound and no demonstration of heel-snapping, Buck's anger presently faded out, and he returned to his partner's side and lay down again. And the fox, his curiosity satisfied, trotted away.

A little later there came a stealthy crashing through the darkness of the underbrush in the rear. But the two oxen never turned their heads. To them the ominous sound had no significance whatever. A few paces behind them the crashing came to a sudden A bear, lumbering down toward the brook-side, to grub in the soft earth for edible roots, had caught the sound of their breathing and chewing. He knew the sound, for he, too, like the fox, had prowled about the pasture fence at night. As noiselessly as a shadow he crept nearer, till he could make out the contented pair. He knew they belonged to the man, and it made him uneasy to see them there, so far from where they belonged. He sniffed the air cautiously, to see if the man was with them. man was not there, that was soon obvious. He had no thought of attacking them; they were much too formidable to be meddled with. But why were they there? The circumstance was, therefore, dangerous. Perhaps the man was designing some sort of trap for him. He drew back cautiously, and made off by the way he had come. had a wholesome respect for the man, and for all his works and belongings.

In the first mysterious, glassy grey of dawn, when thin wisps of vapour clung curling among the grass-tops, the two wanderers got up and fell to grazing. Then Star, who was beginning to feel homesick for old pasture fields, strayed off irresolutely toward the road for home. Buck, however, would have none of it. He marched off toward the brook, splashed through, and fell to pasturing again on the further side. Star, not enduring to be left alone, immediately joined him.

That day the pair pressed onward, deeper and deeper into the wilds, Buck ever eager on the unknown quest, Star ever reluctant, but persuaded. As a matter of fact, had Star been resolute enough in his reluctance, had he had the independence to lie down and refuse to go further, he would have gained the day, for Buck would never have forsaken him. But initiative ruled inertia, as is usually the case, and Buck's adventuring spirit had its way.

It was a rugged land, but hospitable enough to the wanderers in this affluent late June weather, through which Buck so confidently led the way. The giant tangle of the forest was broken by frequent wild meadows, and foaming streams, and lonely little granite-bordered lakes, and stretches of sun-steeped barren, all bronze green with blueberry scrub. There was plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and when the flies and the heat grew troublesome, it was pleasant to wallow in the cold, amber-brown pools. Even Star began to forget the home pasture, and content himself with the freedom which he had never craved.

How far and to what goal the urge in Buck's untamed heart would have carried them before exhausting itself, there is no telling. But he had challenged without knowledge the old, implacable sphinx of the wilderness. And suddenly, to his undoing, the challenge was accepted.

On the third day of their wanderings the pair came out upon a river too deep and wide for even Buck's daring to attempt to The banks were steep—a succession of rocky bluffs, broken by deep lateral bayous, and strips of interval meadows where brooks came in through a fringe of reeds and alders. Buck turned northward, following the bank up stream, sometimes close to the edge, sometimes a little way back, wheresoever the easier path or the most tempting patches of pasturage might seem to lead. He was searching always for some feasible crossing, for his instinct led him always to get over any barrier. That his path toward the west had been barred only confirmed him in his impulse to work westward.

Late that afternoon, as they burst out, through thick bushes, into a little grassy glade, they surprised a bear-cub playing with a big yellow fungus, which he boxed and cuffed about—carefully, so as not to break his plaything—as a kitten boxes a To Buck, of course, the playful cub was only another dog, which might be expected to come yapping and snapping at With an indignant snort he his heels. charged it.

The cub, at that ominous sound, looked up in astonishment. But when he saw the terrible red form dashing down upon him across the grass, he gave a squeal of terror and fled for the shelter of the trees. was too young, however, for any great speed or agility, and he had none of the dog's artfulness in dodging. Before he could gain cover he was overtaken. Buck's massive front caught him on the haunches, smashing him into the ground. He gave one agonised squall, and then the life was crushed out of him.

Amazed at this easy success—the first of the kind he had ever had—but immensely proud of himself, the great red ox drew off and eyed his victim for a second or two, his tail lashing his sides in angry triumph. Then he fell to goring the small black body, and tossing it into the air, and battering it again with his forehead as it came down. He was taking deep vengeance for all the yelping curs which had worried and eluded him in the past.

In the midst of this congenial exercise he caught sight, out of the corner of his eye, of a big black shape just hurling itself upon The mother-bear, a giant of her kind, had come to the cry of her little one.

Buck whirled with amazing nimbleness to meet the attack. He was in time to escape the blow which would have cracked even his mighty neck, but the long, steel-hard claws of his assailant fairly raked off one side of his face, destroying one eye completely. the same time, with a shrill bellow, he lunged forward, driving a short, punishing horn deep into the bear's chest and hurling her back upon her haunches.

Dreadful as was his own injury, this fortunate thrust gave him the advantage for the moment. But, being unlearned in battle, he did not know enough to follow it up. He drew back to prepare for another charge, and paused to stamp the ground, and bellow, and shake his horribly wounded head.

The mother, heedless of her own deep wound, turned to sniff, whimpering, at the body of her cub. Seeing at once that it was quite dead, she wheeled like a flash and hurled herself again upon the slayer. she wheeled she came upon Buck's blinded side. He lunged forward once again, mad for the struggle. But this time, half blind as he was, he was easily eluded, for the old bear was a skilled fighter. A monstrous weight crashed down upon his neck, just behind the ears, and the bright green world grew black before him. He stumbled heavily forward on knees and muzzle, with a choking bellow. The bear struck again, and with the other paw tore out his throat, falling upon him and mauling him with silent fury as he rolled over upon his side.

Star, meanwhile, being ever slow of wit and of purpose, had been watching with startled eyes, unable to take in the situation, although a strange heat was beginning to stretch his veins. But when he saw his voke-mate stumble forward on his muzzle, when he heard that choking bellow of anguish, then the unaccustomed fire found its way up into his brain. He saw red, and, with a nimbleness far beyond that of Buck at his swiftest, he launched himself into the

The bear, absorbed in the fulness of her vengeance, was taken absolutely by surprise. It was as if a ton of rock had been hurled against her flank, rolling her over and crushing her at the same time. In his rage the great red ox seemed suddenly to develop an aptitude for the battle. Twisting his head, he buried one horn deep in his adversary's belly, where he ripped and tore with the all-destructive fury of a mad The bear's legs closed convulsively about his head and shoulders, but in the next instant they relaxed again, falling away loosely as that ploughing horn reached and pierced the heart. Then Star drew back, and stood shaking his head to clear the blood out of his eyes.

For two days and nights Star stood over his yoke-mate's body, leaving his post only for a few yards and for a few minutes, at long intervals, to crop a mouthful of grass or to drink at that cold stream which ran past the edge of the tragic glade. On the third day two woodsmen, passing down the river in a canoe, were surprised to hear the lowing of an ox in that desolate place, far from even the remotest settler's cabin. The lowing was persistent and appealing. They went ashore and investigated.

At the scene which they came upon in the sunny little glade they stood marvelling. After a time their shrewd conjectures, initiated as they were in all the mysteries of the wild, arrived at a fairly accurate interpretation of it all.

"It was sure some scrap, anyhow," was the final conclusion of one grizzled investigator; and "Wish't we could 'a' seen it," of the other. Then, the big red ox, with blood caked over head and horns, being too admired as well as too valuable to be left behind, they decided that one of them should stop on shore and drive him, while the other followed on slowly in the canoe.

At first Star refused stolidly to budge from his dead comrade's side. But the woodsman was in winter a teamster, and what he did not know about driving oxen was not worth knowing. He cut a long white stick like an ox-goad, took his place at Star's side, gave him a firm prod in the flank, and cried in a voice of authority: "Haw, Bright!"

At the old command, although "Bright" was not the right name, Star seemed once more to feel the familiar, and to him not unpleasant, pressure of the yoke upon his neck. He swerved obediently to the left. lowering his head and throwing his weight forward to start the imaginary load, and moved away as his new master ordered, And gradually, as he went, directed this way or that by the sharp commands of "Gee!" or "Haw!" and the light reminder of the goad, his grief for his yoke-fellow began to dull its edge. It was comforting to be once more controlled, to be snatched back into servitude from a freedom which had proved so strenuous and so terrible.



THE COMRADES.

THE angels walk with men in the red ruin and rain, White and gold, as of old, without spot or stain; Our warriors fought and died, the white lords by their side.

The angels walk with men.

God doth not forget in the battle, the retreat;
The heart of Love's above the dying and the slain.
There's a ladder to the skies, and, armed from Paradise,

The angels walk with men.

Foot-soldiers, cavaliers, the flame on their spears,
They sweep fast in haste o'er the bloody plain.
What ill shall betide them, with the winged knights beside them?

The angels walk with men.

Golden-mailed, lance in arm, they ride on the storm—Michael and a poor soldier are comrades twain!

Oh, in the noise of battle, that red roar and rattle,

The angels walk with men!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

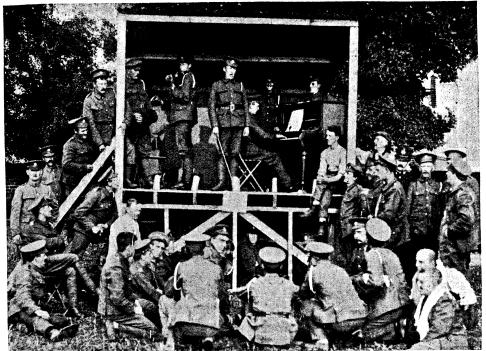


Photo by]

AN OPEN-AIR CONCERT IN CAMP.

[News Illustrations.

MUSIC AND SONG AT THE FRONT

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

In his hour of ease the soldier reminds one of the gay and heedless folk of the prophet's vision, who "put far away the evil day" and challenged the seat of violence—"that chant to the sound of viols, and invent to themselves instruments of musick, like David." Only the viol is here a cigarette-box, the ornate bow strung with thread from Tommy's pocket housewife.

Empty petrol-cans do duty as kettle-drums; tin whistles and combs complete an orchestra which in practical effect fulfils Rudyard Kipling's glowing tribute to the full band of forty pieces which "can lift a battalion out of depression, cheer it in sickness, and steady and recall it to itself in times of almost unendurable stress." Music revives memories, the poet of our Army declares. It quickens association, it opens and unites the hearts of men more surely than any other appeal can do.

The tunes are symbols of the collective soul. If the words of the song are remote from heroism or devotion, there is, nevertheless, a magic and compelling power in them. A vivid instance from Mr. Kipling's own experience was that of a cholera camp in India, a place of ghastly death, into which a band broke with that queer, defiant air "The Lincolnshire Poacher" — the regimental march of ailing men there present. Given softly at that bad time, it was the one thing to restore the Lincolns to their pride, humour, and self-control.

The battalion, we are assured, is at every turn the better for music—happier, more easily handled, with greater zest for the day's routine if it be sweetened with melody and rhythm. On the bitter retreat from Mons—that majestic epic of endurance—the plaintive mouth-organ played an unexpected part. At the blackest hour, when the

artillery of five German army corps—830 guns in all—were turned upon Smith-Dorrien's exhausted men, one of our Engineers struck up "Tipperary"—"although it was as much as I could do to get wind enough to keep

 ${
m myself}$ going !

"Our fellows were dropping by the roadside and falling asleep in their tracks. But the old tune revived them. Afar off other mouth-organs replied, and soon the dauntless challenge rang: 'Are we down-hearted?' Their 'No!' dammed the vast sweep of the German right, and, as musician, I thought myself entitled to a rest. Then it was I saw it, "as I passed the reserve trenches at Festubert. 'Take up the receiver,' I was told, 'and listen.' I did, and was deliciously held by 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' rendered by a mandoline at brigade head-quarters, some miles behind the firing-line." We're a tongue-tied breed, it seems; music alone can voice our feelings without shyness or shame. Hence that cheerful noise round the camp fire. Hence vocal and instrumental turns which give inexpressible delight to the soldier.

He turns from grave to gay with nimble purpose—from "Rock of Ages" to "Who's



Photo by]
SINGING "TIPPERARY" TO A GATHERING OF FRENCH VILLAGERS.

[Daily Mirror.

'Made in Saxony' on my set of pipes, and thought how 'twould gall the Kaiser to know that his own products had robbed him of a champion bag!"

No wonder Sir Frederick Bridge sent round the hat for mouth-organs at the Albert Hall. No wonder a great composer like Dr. Ethel Smyth gave enthusiastic praise to the "Tipperary" chorus. Music the soldier must have, if only on a gramophone or concertina, or delivered by wire through fifteen miles of zigzag trenches. This latter treat may be due to the telephone operator on a quiet day.

"He called me in," says one who enjoyed

Your Lady Friend?" on a cracked but still sentimental cornet. "The Soldier's Farewell" mourns with the chaplain's fiddle. "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" rolls with soft reverence into a lurid night shot with ragged flame and earth-rending roar of guns.

But, you may ask, where are the regular Army bands? Far back, alas! Dispossessed and scattered; reassembled, it may be, for Sunday service or the cheering of war-worn veterans at the Headquarters "Home from Home"—the much-admired rest-house of Colonel Bate. Five thousand of our best

bandsmen now act as stretcher-bearers at the Front, and come under fire as the doctors do and even the cooks, when the colonel bids them drop their pots and seize rifles or bombs in a hot corner.

One regimental conductor tells me that of

war-zone towns, in the ruined village "Place," or in Allied company round the camp fire by the ghostly wood's edge. A common scene is this at sundown and faint moonrise, with tinkle of strings and sad flutings amid the leaves, whilst afar off shell-bursts



"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY."

British soldiers singing the popular song of the War as they march through a French village to the Front.

From a drawing by Christopher Clark.

his fifty musicians, only thirteen have escaped more or less injury. He was himself shot in the shoulder, and received the Military Cross as well as a French medal.

But our soldiers are happiest in sing-songs of their own devising, whether in grim

streak the night like falling stars. Dull, thunderous roars are ignored by the concert party. Earth tremors pass unheeded as a gay French voice rings out:—

Auprès de ma blonde Qu'il fait bon dormir! "Now, next item, please!" (What a medley of tongues is here!) The M.C. is no ordinary poilu, but a Paris painter of international fame. "Now a British actionsong," he announces gravely (in French). And Jim or Bill obliges with "The Policeman's Holiday," "Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock!" or "My Lucy Lies Over the Ocean." Near by are the first houses of a village, close-shuttered, almost without a gleam, yet with the sentry's bayonet showing now and then through a spurt of flame in the skies.

The accordion accompanies "When Irish

magic of its appeal eludes us. Poets have written upon the words, great musicians about that classic air. The Naval and Military Musical Union is in favour of higher things than this, and Sir Charles Stanford would revive old folk-songs for the Army.

Mr. Kipling himself was to be asked to write marching songs, but the truth is, those which the soldier loves defy all logic, all desirable formulæ of academic poets and musicians. Strange to say, "patriotic" songs are rarely, if ever, popular in our

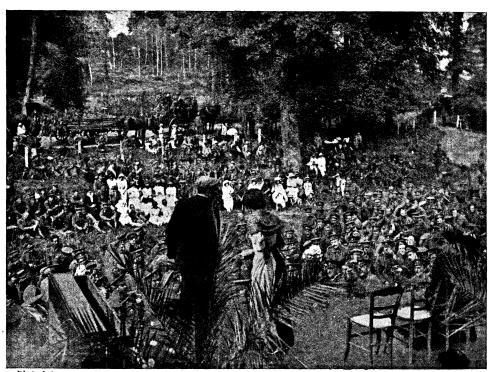


Photo by

[L, N, A,

A CONCERT PARTY GIVING A PERFORMANCE: AMMUNITION WAGONS IN THE BACKGROUND PAUSING ON THEIR WAY.

Eyes Are Smiling." French strings give out the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria," then Elgar's "Salut d'Amour" and "La Saltimbanque." But, in truth, Tommy's wistfulness is more simply expressed, as it was sixty years ago, when news of Sevastopol's fall came home, and Henry Russell's famous "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" was the song of the day.

The relief of Lucknow brought "The Campbells Are Coming"; the Boer campaign put "Soldiers of the Queen" in everybody's mouth. Then came "Tipperary," which is worth analysis even though the

Army. Tunes come and go, marchable lilts from Monte Carlo to Bill Bailey's woe. Scores of them wag faint tails in our memory, but in "Tipperary" Mr. Jack Judge and Mr. Harry Williams produced a song which will be for ever associated with the British Army in the Great War.

The song sold in millions. It invaded France and Canada, India, Australia, and the trenches of our foe, who sing it with exasperating embroidery of their own. Now, Mr. Judge is a County Mayo man. "Tipperary," he tells us, voices the homesick longing of an Irishman in a vast and



Photo by]
TROOPERS OF "THE BAYS" REHEARSING FOR A RAGTIME PERFORMANCE TO BE GIVEN IN THE BARN.OF THEIR BILLET IN THE EVENING.



Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.
PLAYING AN ACCORDION IN A BILLET IN A HAY-LOFT.

friendless place. A sound theme this, yet the author of it had no luck at first. It was refused by almost every likely publisher. One of them kept it for months, then returned it marked "Worthless"!

Mr. B. Feldman gave "Tipperary" to the world, and even then it seemed "a long, long way" from popular success. "Artists wouldn't look at it," the publisher recalls, proudly reviewing the strange tale of Tommy's marching anthem. But the tide began—a tide of insidious set and worldwide invasion, which the composer's mother never foresaw when she met his confidence with "God give you sense, my boy!"

It seems "Tipperary" has real inspiration.

But an Amurath an Amurath succeeds even in popular melodies which become a craze. Already "Tipperary's" tears and laughter have lost something of their supremacy. "Till the Boys Come Home," a thing of artless words and haunting tune, voices the new sentiment of our soldiers-

> There's a silver lining Through the dark cloud shining, Turn the dark cloud inside out Till the boys come home!

Now, that admonition to "keep the home fires burning" is, in trade parlance, a big winner. It may miss the historic greatness of "Tipperary," which the world-war lifted to world-fame, but the new song has already

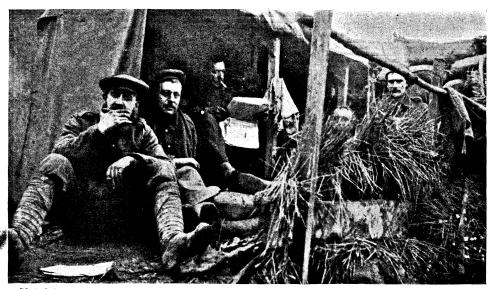


Photo by]

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THE MOUTH-ORGAN IN POPULAR USE IN THE TRENCHES AS AN INSTRUMENT OF MUSICAL CHEER,

Superior critics have pulled it to bits in vain quest of its baffling secrets. But, as Mr. De la Mare says: "Mere literary criticism from a person in an arm-chair is of no consequence at all." As for the chorus, whose music won warm praise from Dr. Ethel Smyth, it is packed with good luck—a sound asset for any popular song.

The words and music of "Tipperary" are wistful and sanguine, dogged and sentimental, with the serious set aside and happy, far-off things dwelt on—visionary now, indeed, but soon to be real again. And the idea of distance, of beauty and changeless peace, may well haunt the soldier's heart amid all the horrors of this War in a foreign land.

passed its million copies, besides being done into French, Russian, and Italian. The words are by Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford, the music by Ivor Novello, a lad of twenty and formerly a choir-boy at Magdalen College, Oxford. Mr. Novello also studied under Dr. Brewer, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, so his musical education is above the average of popular song composers.

"The tune itself," he tells me, "took just ten minutes to write. Mrs. Ford wrote the lines in another ten minutes, so the whole thing was put together in less than half an hour." The young composer, of course, met rejection, and in one case got revenge through a recruiting band, which every day played "Till the Boys Come Home" under the



Photo by]

AN IMPROVISED ORCHESTRA.

[Alfieri.

window of a pensive publisher who had refused it!

Mr. Novello has had the unique experience of singing his song more than four hundred times at the Front. He went out with Miss Lena Ashwell's concert party, and gave "Keep the Home Fires Burning" to rapturous audiences in trench and camp and hospital.

Downright sentiment and make-believe dominate the soldier's song. And he passes from gaiety to gravity with a swiftness disconcerting to the chaplain, who often takes the chair at a concert. "After rag-time," the padre tells us, "their mood changed.

Dear home hymns we had now, and as the lads sang them with low, sweet pathos, I saw many eyes brimming with tears."

The Army needs music, Mr. Kipling insists, and recalls a beautiful poem by Sir Henry Newbolt, in which a squad of weary big dragoons were spurred to new heroic effort by the strains of a penny whistle and a child's drum taken from a toy-shop in a wrecked French town. The simpler the means employed, the simpler the song, the more profound the appeal, as even Society ladies have found when entertaining men in the home camps. Soldiers love to sing themselves, as Lady Maud Warrender



Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.

A CONCERT IN A REINFORCEMENT CAMP: TWO MEN OF "THE BAYS" GIVING A VIOLIN AND MANDOLINE DUET.

realised when she gave the Canadians "Annie Laurie," and saw three thousand stalwarts rise to lift the chorus in glorious

style.

Over there in France the international sing-song is making history as French and British warriors join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne" in a thrilling lingua franca that all understand. And in this war of unique conditions the favourite instrument is the mouth-organ, which anyone can play and slip in his tunic pocket when the whistles blow a sterner tune. Five thousand mouth-organs

and guitars. The Highland pipes are, of course, available, as also are the plaintive reeds of our Indian troops.

By the way, what fantastic tricks the Great War has played with the distribution of races! Who could have pictured Maori braves piping to their Turkish prisoners in the Gallipoli scrub? Who would have thought possible a concert by fierce Pathans and Dogras in a village of fair France within range of high-explosive German shells?

Yet here are turbaned tribesmen marching up and down the Grande Place between



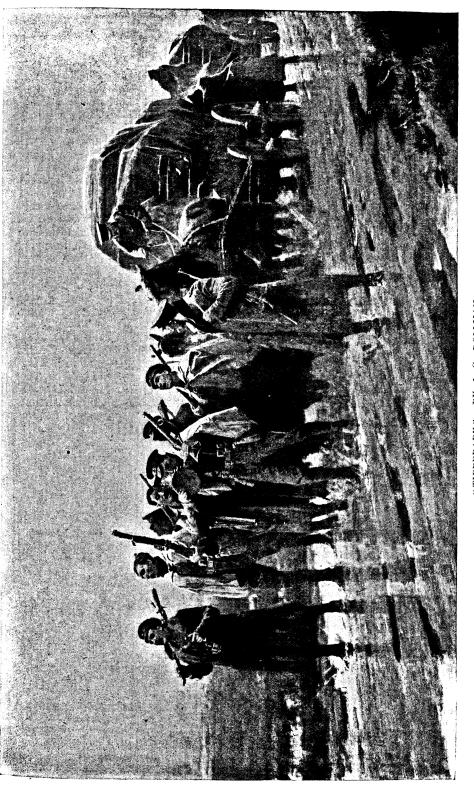
PROTO DY [FROUDT M. JAN RESCARENO, THE WELL-KNOWN VIOLINIST, PLAYING TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

at a time were ordered from Switzerland, and America was also drawn upon for these homely pipes, of which quite seventy-five per cent. came formerly from Germany. It is surprising what real music can be extracted from the mouth-organ by the skilful player.

The French troops are well supplied with instruments of a more ambitious kind, and these are lent to our men also. The Ligue Française, the Ligue des Patriotes, and the Touring Club de France now send flutes and violins to the Front, as well as mandolines

dense files of staring French folk. The swart hillmen play the Marseillaise upon Scottish bagpipes, to the wonder of all—English, Highlanders, and French civilians alike. Then they lay the pipes aside, and vary the music with native serenai and dhols, their own fifes and drums, upon which they've learned to play Western airs under the tuition of a French interpreter with a knowledge of the violin!

And lastly comes a Himalayan air—the "Zahkmi Dhil, or Song of the Wounded Heart" — wild, shrill music, the wistful



"TIPPERARY." BY J. C. DOLLMAN.

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"Tipperary" of exiled Asiatics pining for the maids and almond blossom of a loved village in the lofty pass. The scene is truly memorable, and another incongruity succeeds it.

Here comes a Yorkshire regiment, playing on combs and tissue paper, with French urchins in paper caps strutting alongside them with martial swagger. The North

Country conductor, with baton cut from a hedge, is a picture of earnest purpose. The old tune of "The British Grenadiers" rings quaintly from the combs, and village folk listen with wondering eyes that smile. "C'est èp tlant! O les braves Anglais!"

From time to time distinguished singers entertain the men. Thus Miss Lena Ashwell's party included a male-voice quartet from the choirs of Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, and St. Paul's. Madame Clara Butt tells how husband sings "duets with the guns to delight the soldiers. Captain Kennerley Rumford's is open-air concert, his platform a few planks stretched across some gun-carriages.

But, when all is said,
Tommy is still more at
home in the free and
easy sing-song which
is peculiarly his own.
Perhaps a piano is lent,
a couple of violins,
and flutes or guitars.
Talent is always

available, since all classes are in the ranks, and a packed house is the invariable rule. The festive scene may be a village schoolroom, a barn, or a salon in a big chateau. For many days the artistes are in serious training, and patriotic songs are utterly taboo. Bombast of any kind is alien to our British genius, so sentiment and fun have full sway—not forgetting

"The Maple Leaf for Ever" of the Canadians.

The stalls are borrowed chairs, and are usually reserved for officers. When the "House Full" boards are out, late comers haunt the doors and windows, joining with huge gusto in the indispensable chorus. Let us look in at a schoolroom concert. Oil lamps on the stage show a big wall-chart

picturing the havoc which alcohol makes on the human organs. The place is full of smoke and smiles.

Here are hundreds of men who have faced death to-day, and will do the same to-morrow. Many present will never raise a chorus again! A giant of a wag is giving "I'm a Navvy Working on the Line," heavily dressed for the part, and with a jug at his side for periodic refreshment. An Irish Fusilier, in cowboy suit and red-ochre paint, sings "My Prairie Mary," with droll interpolations of his own, and an orchestra of thirty mouth-organs to support him.

"My Home in Dixie," "A Ragtime Christening," and "The Little Grey Home in the West," succeed each other, and set the house rocking with sheer emotional joy. Yet the pathos of it all is overpowering—the careless gaiety of these laughing men with tanned faces and torn tunics smeared

with mud. There are purely local "turns"—a mock car inspection by an officer of the Motor Transport, played with capital fooling before officers who to-morrow morning will carry out real inspections of the mummers' own cars. An uproarious revue is also staged—a reckless skit on the whole War, its grim conditions, hopes and fears, and life and death interests. For Tommy is incorrigibly



"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY."
BY W. H. CAFFYN,

Reproduced by permission of the Graphic Photo Engraving Co., Great Eastern Street, E.C., publishers of the large plate. gay, an irrepressible who never can or will be

tragic.

Out into the night we go at last, where a few motors await the Staff. This is "Piccadilly," according to a friendly post. Here's Regent Street, too, and the Haymarket, with soldiers yelling "Taxi!" and "Late Extra!" all down the solemn village street. Out there in the blackness the concert continues. The dirge-like tune of the favourite "Tipperary" itself is sung so slowly that the singer seems reluctant to part with each note.

I have heard Bachelors of Music debate these popular airs and why they captivate the soldiers. "Tipperary," said an authority to me, "is in agreement with the theory of natural respiration. I believe the rate at which a composer breathes has a great influence upon his work. Thus Handel and Beethoven respired more slowly than Mendelssohn. Most people breathe about twenty

times a minute, and I see in that a reason why, quite apart from the melody, the most catchy music is that in which the rhythm is even, and the accent always comes on the

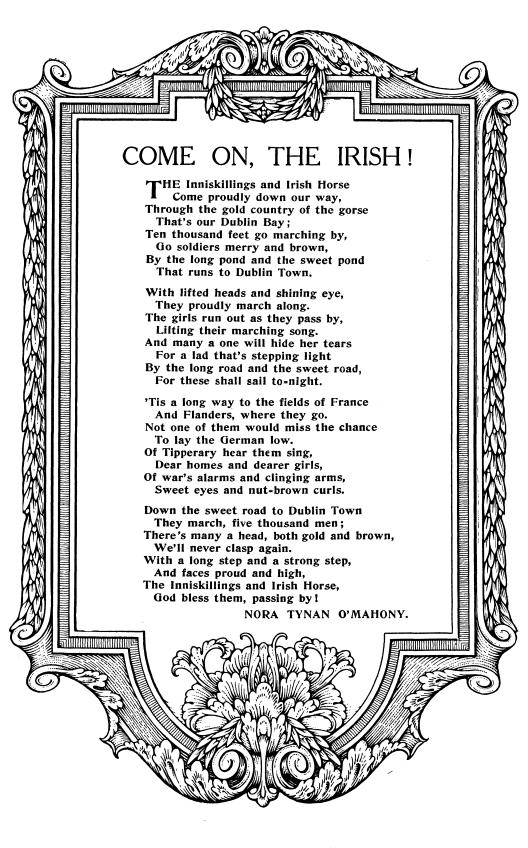
That's probably why "Tipperary" outshines Elgar's patriotic song "Land of Hope and Glory." But then Tommy does not sing his love of country—he lives it, and the most successful singer out from home must bear this in mind. "I had to shelve many of my old songs," Miss Ada Reeve tells me. "Our soldiers care less for the ordinary comics than for real old-fashioned home melodies-familiar faces and places, the fireside, the wife and mother and babes."

Portraits of these go into action in Tommy's tunic. These, and not war, are the subject of his leisure hours, when the heart yearns homeward, and half unconsciously the soldier's song reveals a longing for the haunts of peace.



[Alfieri.

A HAPPY GROUP OF CANADIANS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



THE GAY HAZARD

III. A HUNTING DAY

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram



strode carelessly into the tavern known as "The George and Dragon," after his duel with a certain Mr. Linthwaite, and found the host polishing his pewter mugs.

"Well, Mr. Mortimer, I've heard all about it," said the landlord, with a friendly smile. "While you were busy with your duel, the Sheriff's men told me why they wanted you. It seemed a rare jest to them that a gentleman should be hunted up and down the countryside for one affray, and then step airily into another."

"Did they say how they traced me here?"

"Oh, yes, sir. They came to a village full of hubbub, and learned how a horseman had saved a red-headed ragabout from the rabble. And they guessed at once it was you, sir, knowing your reputation in the county."

"That's the worst of my scheme o' life. Take my advice, host—if you've a soft heart, beat it hard as saddle leather. If you've a taste for helping men out of horse-ponds, kill it. The man you save is always a guidepost, somehow, to the world that longs to capture one."

"You've the gift of speech, sir, and I never had. But the gist of it is true, and I've known life, boy and man, for sixty years."

"I've another gift—for hunger and a consuming thirst. A cut from the joint, my friend, and a pint of wine; there are worse happenings."

The landlord had all a dalesman's curiosity,

tempered by regard for the quality. "A plain man might ask, sir, just what happened, like, to Mr. Linthwaite when you fought?"

"Undoubtedly—and can get a plain answer. His sword-play is beyond praise. He has the most astounding gift—it is not just knowledge of the rapier, but of its poetry, too. Still not satisfied, host? Then I'll tell you exactly what happened. Mr. Linthwaite said farewell to me in the field behind your tavern and returned to the Sheriff's men; and they all three got to saddle."

"Fond of your jest, sir," said the other

ruefully.

"Jesting and snuff and wine—they are the sole occupations of my life. How is the red-head we are nursing, host—the fellow I saved from the horse-pond?"

"Oh, well enough, sir. He needs another

day's rest, I fancy, as I said."

Another day's rest! Dick remembered how he had worsted Linthwaite, after a duel keen and pleasant beyond belief, had given him his sword again, had put him on his honour to allow him four-and-twenty hours in which to get away. After all, did he want specially to leave this pleasant land of pastures, heath, and bracken? France would be a lonely country to stay in for a twelvemonth, and this red-headed rogue was not fit for the road again just yet; and Janet might have need of him.

"Host," he said, "if the Sheriff wanted a man, and that man was asked to choose where he would hide, what place would you

suggest?"

"I never had a head for riddles, sir."

"Who said it was a riddle? It is a grave adventure, with my life hanging in the balance."

"The whole Dale knows that Mr. Mortimer

is never happy unless his life is hanging between earth and heaven. Some men are made that way from their cradles. Where should you hide? You couldn't hide anywhere, sir, with your proved liking for the open."

"Needs must, now and then. And I'll tell you a very good place to choose, host—a

most diverting place to choose."

The other began to understand, with slow astonishment, that this guest of his was a dalesman to the core, whatever his quality might be. He had all the lazy unconcern, the love of tickling surmise and then thwarting it, the self-dependence, that were bone and fibre of the hillmen.

"Oh, take your snuff, sir, and have your

jest," he said, a little testily.

"It is a jest, of sorts. Wherever they take the hunt up next, it will not be from your tavern. So I sleep here for the night."

"Now, that's queer. Mr. Linthwaite said, when he came from the duel, 'Gone away,' said he to the Sheriff's men. I'm an old fox-hunter myself, and you're right. They'll not try this spinney for many a day."

"The risk to yourself, host, if I stay?"

"Is nothing at all, sir. Besides, the whole Dale is with you—the decent folk, I mean—and I'm proud to serve you."

"And you have port enough to see me

through the weariness?"

"If you stay a year, sir, there's enough."

"That is a load off one's mind. To be derelict and thirsty, too—one would die of the adventure."

Mortimer went up by and by to see how it fared with Peter Redhead, and found him sitting up in bed, his eyes bright and harassed

"What ails you, lad?" he asked, with the smile that all wounded folk captured as by

"It's just my lass at Beamsley. Has she

got that money?"

"By this time, yes. I sent it by a trusty friend."

"Friends miscarry, sir, the best of them. See ye, I'm my own man again. I'll just get up and step across to Beamsley, and see how it fares with Lucy."

"Not while I'm here to keep you abed."

"It's not just the money—it's the shame she had to see me in gaol for debt. I want to tell her that I'm free again, thanks to you."

Dick Mortimer seated himself on the edge of the bed and touched the other's shoulder with an indulgent, tender hand, as if he were an ailing child. "Listen to me, my man. You've broken gaol, and I'm near to finding the four walls of a prison. We can talk as friends."

"But what have you done?" asked Peter,

his mouth agape.

"A quantity of things in my time, and they found me out at last."

"Then why not leave me, sir, and get abroad?"

"Oh, one does not know. Perhaps it was the draggled look of you when the crowd had you in its grip, or the brave look in your eyes in spite of all, or twenty things. I don't leave you, Peter, till you're fit to take the road again."

Peter got up, intent on proving that he was well enough to go on his two feet to Beamsley; for love, of all stimulants, is the most potent known to this world. He crossed three yards of the floor gallantly, then wavered and tried to recover the good dream. And Mortimer helped him into bed once more.

When Dick came downstairs again, leaving the man in a happy, dreamless sleep, he found himself pledged to get out to Beamsley, to make sure that the money had not miscarried. That was the price he had given for Peter Redhead's chance of sleep and betterment; and he admitted to himself, as he got to horse, that it was not the wisest of adventures.

For a mile, indeed, he thought himself a fool for his pains; but the crisp, dry wind, the sun getting down in pomp and golden circumstance toward the moors, the spreading wonderland of hills and misty valleys, stole into his veins. It was better to be here in peril than yonder in the tranquil land of France. His luck was here, among the hills that had cradled him. Janet was here. If he must hide for a year—well, there were countless miles of loneliness, crossed only by tracks known to few except the shepherds, the poachers, and himself.

He recaptured his faith in luck, his odd, indomitable gaiety, now he was sure in his own heart that he meant to face the trouble out in the home country. After all, it was not far to Beamsley, and they would not think of searching for him so near home.

For all that, he kept a sharp look-out, right and left, whenever he came to a bend of the road or the shadows of a fir coppice; but no adventure met him until he reached the Hospital, and found a great uproar and strife in progress. Ten old women had been lured by the mellow warmth to come and bask on the benches that fronted the roadway, and Mortimer wondered if, after all,



"'Did Peter leave other things unsaid, sir?"

he had sipped too freely of his host's wine. The affair was incredible. Two of the women were scolding each other with high-pitched rancour, and a quantity of cats were spitting and mewing, taking up the battle of their mistresses.

Mortimer was a fool, no doubt, for this affair dismayed him unduly. His mother, dead long ago, would always bring thoughts of lavender and grace to him. Janet, out there at Listerhall, had captured Heaven knew what

of passionate, keen romance. And these brawlers, with the cats that mewed about them, were women, too—or had been once.

The strife ceased as if by magic when Mortimer drew rein and slipped from his

"Eh, thank Heaven for a man among us once again!" said an ancient woman. "It steadies us poor women. We've so little to think of that we fall to fratching."

So Mortimer, in his daft way, asked what

the quarrel was about; and there came such a storm of explanation from all sides that he bent his head, as if under gunfire for the first time, led his mare through the gateway, and let her roam in the courtyard while he went in search of Peter Redhead's lass.

He found her dusting the little room that opened on the chapel. She sang as she dusted, and curtsied prettily when Mortimer's tall, lean bulk intruded.

"Ah, you're the doctor, sir—the kind doctor who said I should get well again."

Dick had a healthy liking for beauty—in a landscape, or a woman, or a fine ideal—and he warmed to the wayward comeliness of this girl. The fairies seemed to have guarded her young, untutored innocence. Her face was dimpled, and her smile a child's who does not care anything about to-morrow so long as there is joy to-day.

"I was a lucky prophet, it seems," he said, flicking the dust from his riding-boots.

"And the guineas, sir, and the news that Peter had broken gaol—oh, it was kind of you to send them, especially the news!"

"You seem to care for Peter," said

Mortimer.

"Who wouldn't? He has his failings, like another man—I shouldn't have loved him else—but there's none like him."

"He's a good sort of rascal. Peter wanted to get out of a sick-bed just now, to walk up-hill and down for the pleasure of telling you that there was none like you. So 'twould seem you're a pair of incomparables."

"He is ill, sir?"

"Has been, I should say. He'll be his own man to-morrow, after the sleep I left him in. Meanwhile, he asked me to make sure that the money had arrived, and to tell you—oh, a quantity of pleasant things."

"Yes? What did Peter say?"

"That your eyes are so clear, they remind him of moorland waters when the sun is on them, that your hair is like the bracken that he thinks of you day and night."

She glanced at him demurely.

"The last of the message sounds like Peter, sir, but he couldn't, if his life depended on it, talk of moorland waters and what-not. Sometimes I wish he could," she added, with a shy, wistful glance.

"Oh, he hadn't the words, but the gist of it was there. It was what he left unsaid

that I'm telling you."

She moved about the room, flicking dust away from unconsidered corners, and Mortimer took a careless pinch or two of snuff as he glanced about the room.

Everything was quaint and orderly here. Within its narrow compass the place showed pride of gear, from the polished oak of the clock-case to the fender-irons and the trim pots of geraniums in the window-sill. And Dick, whose own pride was hard and willowy as a rapier, liked to see the cleanly signs of it elsewhere.

"Did Peter leave other things unsaid,

sir?" asked Lucy by and by.

The sunlight, pouring through the open casement, played about her head, turning the wonderful, loose-flowing hair into a glory and a red-russet flame. Mortimer forgot his laziness, and grew eloquent. He invented quantities of messages that Peter had bidden him carry, and the light banter of it was easy for them both, until it occurred to Dick that it would be as well to be getting away from a country hostile to him. The hint was given him by his own mare, that, tired of roaming, had walked into the chapel and stood neighing there.

"Grandmother is over the hill into Skipton, or she would have thanked you for your kindness, sir," said Lucy primly.

"Grandmother needs her gadding-about and her change from the routine of things. We all do, child. Tell her, when she returns, that Peter is out of gaol, and that I've escaped it so far by good luck."

In the courtyard, as it happened, he met Lascelles, the young, slim doctor already known to the countryside as the well-beloved, though he had been among them less than a twelvemonth.

"Give you good day, Lascelles," said Mortimer, taking his foot out of the stirrup. "How goes it with Underwood?"

"He'll die, of course. He just lingers and I'd advise you, Mortimer, to get abroad."

"Very sensible advice. When I had a hunting spill in the winter, you forbade me meat and wine, and, of course, I nearly died of it, until I heard that you were safely out of doors; and then I ordered up a steak and a bottle. It was sensible advice you gave me, Lascelles, but a man does not live by common-sense. He lives by what he needs."

Lascelles had the happiest smile in Christendom when a true comrade captured it.

"Mortimer," he said, "I can talk to you as a friend?"

"As an intimate, if you like."

"Then I tell you that you're a most astounding fool."

"But, friend, I've known as much from

my cradle-days. Did you think to spring

the news on me suddenly?"

A great pity, a great liking for this man who laughed, and duelled, and disdained the harsh front of life, took Lascelles unawares. For men's hearts, in times of bitter need, are often softer than the women's.

"You know they're hunting you?"

"I know I'm hunted, Lascelles, because there's a queer, glad song at my heart. 'em hunt, say I, and find me if they can."

"But you get away to France?"

"In October, with all the best of the weather here? It's the pride of the year the man's month, Lascelles, when ale is

brewed and hunting days come in."

"The hunting days arrive," broke in the other. "Have you no care for your own skin, Mortimer? I was bred in the Dale, though I'm new to this corner of it, and I tell you there's more than just the duel. The feud is up again—Linthwaite and Dantry and the rest, on one side, and the jolly men of the parish on t'other.'

"The feud is up?" asked Mortimer

sharply.

"It's odd, but they've gone back to the Middle Ages—Clifford against Norton, and all the old-time nonsense. It will be a stark hunt, Mortimer."

"It will." Mortimer's face was very lean and hard. His eyes were bright with a fire lit generations since. "A hunt in the home country, too."

"But, man, you're daft. It is no child's

play, this."

"No," assented Dick. "It will be man's play, all up and down the broken lands and the heather. Leave me to be my own physician, Lascelles, and go find that other patient of yours. She was singing like a blackbird when I went in, and it was my

prescription cured her."

With a laugh and a cheery nod he was into the saddle and away. His will was firm, he thought, to return to "The George and Dragon "tavern and tell Peter that all went well with Lucy. Yet he halted, with a glance at the road that led to Beamsley village, and beyond it to the pleasant house of Listerhall. After all, it was not far, and he could thank the Squire for certain moneys that had come safely to his hand. Without question, it was his duty to thank the Squire.

He went down the steep corner of the road and through the pleasant hamlet. In every garden October was showing an undaunted front to winter. And to Mortimer it seemed that the hollyhocks were taller, the

stocks more fragrant, as he caught a whiff of them in passing, than in other years. this token he should have known that it was no affair of moneys, or thanks for them. that brought him here; but a lover, however forthright to the world he is, has a trick of being subtle with himself.

Subtlety went by as he rode up to the front of Listerhall, and found Janet feeding the peacocks on the lawn. She was so good to see, so like a pleasant dream come true, that he forgot his outlawry and remembered only the glance she had given him as they parted three days since.

She watched him get from horse and come to her; then, with a smile that had no mirth in it, she put both hands behind her. His own hand, stretched out eagerly, fell to

his side.

"I thought you a fugitive, well on the

way to France by now."

Mortimer's face, ever honest to his feelings, had flushed; but now it was grey and haggard. "I came for a good-bye, Janet." "It was foolish, now that you are banished."

A sudden heart-sickness came to Mortimer. She had given him a glance of trust and liking, not long ago at the wayside tavern, but she did not know then that he was a banished man. It hurt him, with the sharp pain of a sword-thrust, that this comrade of his thoughts and dreams—this girl-woman who had captured the first love and the last of his haphazard life—should care no more, now that he had nothing but exile and the waiting-time to offer her.

"I'm a fool by habit," he said indolently. "You care for your own safety, for all

that?"

"Devil a bit, Janet. I said as much to Lascelles just now, when I met him up yonder at the Hospital. Care for one's safety is a heavy load on a man's back—he rides light as thistledown without it."

Even to Mortimer's vision the girl's face was harsh, almost unlovely. "So you rode to the Hospital, too, for a good-bye? Was she as elf-like as ever—the maid with the russet hair?"

" Just. I rode to explain that Peter the Redhead was too ill to come up and tell her—oh, quantities of things."

"So, instead, you told them to her?"

Dick was his own master now. He met disdain with levity, and took snuff as if he had no care in the world.

"I did. She was so bonnie, flitting about the room with the sunshine in her hair, and so absurdly deep in love with Peter,

that I found the true poetic fervour. was good while it lasted, like a gallop over open country."

"Better gallop to the coast," she said

"It is safer overseas." sharply.

"But wearisome. And, besides, October's I never guessed how good the smell of the bracken was, and the look of the brave, red leaves, till I came near to losing them."

Janet fought with the trouble at her heart, and pride conquered. "You do well You have your horse, your senseless gaiety, your love for each new face that meets you. Why did you come to say good-bye?"

His pride was as stubborn as her own. "Just for a frolic, child, and to tell your father that certain moneys reached me

safely."

"Shall I give him the message when he returns from hunting, or will you come indoors and wait for him?"

There was a moment's hesitation. had been less busy with feeding the peacocks, less chilly and aloof, he would have stayed. As it was, his pride grew stiffer.

"I'll take a whole-hearted welcome to Listerhall, or none at all. Good-bye, Janet."

"Oh, good-bye. Your friends are all

saying that you must get abroad."

Again the heart-sickness came to Mortimer. She did not care, after all. If this slim lass had been a fugitive, hunted up and down the Dale, how closely he would have guarded The thing called love had come to him; and persecution, hazard, would have sharpened his sword for guardianship, would have deepened the queer, self-sufficing tenderness he had for her. She was too slight for such a love, it seemed. She cared no more, now that he was outlawed and of no account.

"My friends do not happen to know my special malady," he said carelessly. "If they did, they would ask me to stay close at

He had touched her now, not knowing why. "Dick, your malady? Were you wounded in that duel?"

"Not scratched. My ailment is that I cannot live away from Wharfedale in October. It's the gay month of the year, worth all the rest of the eleven, as I was telling Lascelles when we met just now. One would be a fool, Janet, to exchange it all for sleepy France."

"And, of course, there is the maid at Beamsley."

His wonder deepened that she could be

so inconsequent, so like a March east wind. Jealousy had never laid its icy hand on him, and he simply did not understand her mood. "Yes," he said, "and there's Peter needing me yonder over-hill. Good-bye, child."

She longed to call him back before ever he had set foot in the stirrup. The longing grew until it seemed—when she heard the gate close behind him—that she must throw away the pride that hampered her, and run in swift pursuit. He was in peril, and she might not see him again—there were so many dangers waiting for him on the open roads—and surely he was very dear. pride looked backward and saw the little maid at Beamsley, with her odd, elfish beauty.

She let him go. And Mortimer, for his part, went well content. The heart of him that loved this girl of Lister's was crushed and battered beyond reach of pain as yet. If she cared only for ease-in-love, not for the hardship known to banished folk, she was slight beyond reach even of disdain, and the great adventure of his life was ended.

No man goes long with bitter emptiness of heart for sole companion. He looks about for solace; and Mortimer, before he had covered a league of the road to Peter and "The George and Dragon," began to feel, not zest in life, but a hard and keen resolve that was almost pleasant. He was without fear, now that Janet had proved herself worldlywise and beyond need of guardianship. could look to her own safety. And he could be trusted to give the feud a gay, long hunting-time.

He did not know it, but he was returning down the generations of dalesmen that had fathered the long race of Mortimers. The savage days that had been, the tales kept alive o' nights, when punch was steaming and ancient peat-fires glowed and crumbled on the hearth, the contempt of Clifford, and the zeal for Norton, fiery and steadfast—all came round him like hale and thrifty ghosts. He had lost a sweetheart, and now he meant to wive the feud. They should know that he was in the home country, to be found if they could find him; and in good time, maybe, he would pink one here and there among his enemies.

Mortimer, as he rode between the flamered rowans that bordered each side of the way, grasped life in his two hands—the life of instant danger and of ceaseless watchfulness that his ancestors had known. Joy of the wild hill-spaces, forgetfulness of yesterday and contempt of the morrow—they were his to have and to hold, in sickness or health, in richness or poverty, for better or worse.

All the good humour had gone from Dick's eyes, all the indolent charity that once had lurked about his mouth. He had married the feud during this league that he and his mare had covered, and, if the bride's face were grim, no doubt she had a heart of gold. The women he had known seldom agreed together save on one point—that ugliness in another woman always hid a heart of gold.

The iron was eating into Dick's soul. All his hold on the life that had been was loosened now that Lister's girl was like the rest. The drear, cold wind of loss blew round him, and the only coat he could draw about him was this new and forthright

longing for the hunt to come.

The October that he loved was here. keen, live fragrance of it was about him. The pine woods up above sent incense out, and on the left hand of the road larches went in golden pomp, and the brave beech trees reddened in a last buoyant challenge to the winter soon to come. For a while he thought himself apart from it—a banished and a soul-starved man, remote from all that God had given him in the easy days. And then the quiet and strength of this homeland he had loved—the gift it had for healing, the strong fatherhood, the gentle motherhood of wood and pasture-lands and moor—they were his for the asking, because the heart and fibre of him had been true to them in years gone by.

A queer sadness and content came to him. He had nothing to lose, except life; and life he meant to keep warm and wakeful, because

the feud was up once more.

Mortimer had knowledge of the four-footed things that look to men for sympathy and guidance and the sure hand on the rein. He roused himself from his dreams because he felt the mare falter in her stride, and by that token he knew that his own grief, his hard acceptance of the life to come, had passed from him to her—that she had learned his heart-sickness and his tired hand on the reins.

"That has all gone, Lassie," he said, as if he talked to a friend known and proved. "We're pledged to many a gallop, you and

I, and we'll be merry while it lasts."

He shook himself out of his moodiness, if only to please the mare, and put the past behind him, as a man shuts a door and padlocks it; and little by little the magic of winding road, and blue-grey, distant hills, and liberty to roam, stole into his blood like fire. It was good to be outlawed; responsibility was ended. It was good to care no longer for any woman in this sunlit, pleasant world; so many frets and fears and needs for guardianship were ended.

The age-old song of feud was singing to him as he rode. The crimson of the trees was a battle-standard, drenched by generations of good blood-letting in this dale of Wharfe. Sensitive, quick of mind and heart, Dick Mortimer was sharp to listen to the forefathers when their ghosts returned to

tell him of the brave old days.

Between Lone Farm and "The George and Dragon" tavern there was a steep rise of the highway that hid the strip of downhill on the further side. The road was narrow here, and Mortimer, full of his dreams of gallant yesterdays, reached the top of the climb to find himself confronted by a band of horsemen who rode quietly home after a long day's hunting. They drew rein, their horses jostling each other in the narrow space.

"Why, it's Mortimer," said one of them,

a girlish, pretty-boy sort of man.

"It is," said Mortimer blandly. "D'ye want, Dantry, to go the road that Underwood went?"

Dantry's friends saw that he meant to take up the challenge, and knew that he would have no chance at dawn to-morrow. A fleshy, port-wine sort of man jostled the youngster aside and fronted Mortimer. "No gentleman duels with a gaol-bird," he said. "We have you, six to one."

Dick slipped his pistol from the holster, uncocked it, and smiled at them as if they were friends met at some merrymaking. "Six to two, Mr. Deveen, to be precise.

My pistol counts for one."

So now there was a deadlock. The hunting-men were unarmed, and, with the best will in the world to capture Dick, they did not relish the look of the long muzzle.

"Clifford's men, the six of you," said Mortimer. "It's easy to know the breed at sight. Caution in face of a pistol-muzzle, or a king's frown, or a dread of losing wealth—eh, we know you from the days when Norton reared the cross high on Rylstone Fells."

Deveen's face took on a redder tinge. This lean, easy-going horseman, with the steady light in his eyes, had touched the raw nerve of feud—had touched, too, Deveen's self-knowledge. "So you're of the Norton

breed?" he snapped.

2 A

"Oh, I trust so, sir; but you ask me to praise myself, and no man likes that

occupation."

"Then you're the first of them to take advantage of unarmed men. The old Norton breed had no common-sense. They'd have disdained to use unequal weapons, and have named it chivalry."

Deveen knew his man. The taunt struck home, though Mortimer still kept his pistol levelled.

"Suppose I stand for freedom of the road?" said Dick. "If you six gentlemen will draw aside and give a traveller passage, well. If not, my pistol is just the constable, securing public rights."

"A quibble," said Dantry, in his shrill,

girlish voice.

"Or suppose I told you there was another way? I could rein about, and this little mare of mine would give you tally-ho and to spare—up hill and down, till your horses went broken-winded. You know what the mare can do when she's put to it? Gentlemen, it's awkward, I admit—for you. The hunt is up, they tell me; and here's the fox, and you cannot take him. They'll know the jest in every tavern of the Dale before to-morrow's out."

Again Deveen used his knowledge of this man's weaknesses, as he was pleased to name them. "The Nortons never showed heels to the foe. We've heard it so often from you in the peaceful days. Was it all talk, Mr. Mortimer, this zeal of yours for chivalry?"

Mortimer winced, and, because he disliked the feeling, he reckoned up the situation hurriedly. There was no longer any need to guard Janet. For himself, he was free to follow inclination and the promptings of

a fixed and ancient folly.

"There's no deadlock, after all," he said, his smile quick and boyish. "If six gentlemen of Clifford's will get off their horses, Dick Mortimer will; and I'll take you one by one with my fists, till the tale is ended."

There was a moment's consternation as they got from saddle, and into it young Dantry's voice intruded — Dantry, whose courage for the duel was proved and greater than his swordsmanship.

"Put me late into the hazard," he said, with droll appeal. "Steel I know, and the ways of a maid, but I've served no apprentice-

ship to fisticuffs."

"Hark to him," laughed Deveen. "The babe swears that he knows the ways of steel and women. He may do one day; but at

five-and-fifty I know little of one or t'other, though I've done my best. As for you, Mortimer," he broke off, a grudging admiration in his eyes, "I never heard that you were skilled with those too shapely hands of yours."

"Nor I. It's just that we settle it that way because there's no better. Obviously, sir, we cannot stand here till the end of the world discussing ways and means to capture

a game fox."

Lister of Listerhall, returning from the hunt, had lagged behind the other six who rode his way. They were of the enemy, and he did not care for brawls and disputation on the road. Time enough for that when the feud was quick and lively up and down the countryside. For all his walking pace, however, he reached the hill-top in time to hear the drollest adventure into chivalry that even daft Mortimer had chosen yet. He heard the banter of it, Dick's unexpected challenge, and the slumbering fire at his heart was roused to flame.

A big, upright figure of a man, riding a big horse, he came among them. "It's just as well I'm here to see fair play, Dick," he said, with a cheery laugh. "You can never trust one Clifford of the old, time-serving gang, let alone six of them."

Deveen turned and snarled at him. "And you a magistrate, pledged to keep law and

order?"

"I was, till a few days since. Now I'm a free man again, pledged to Heaven knows what of liberty. Eh, Deveen, d'ye ken what the Nortons said always of the Cliffords—that they licked the feet of kings, and bullied lesser folk, or tried to."

"And d'ye remember how the Cliffords laughed at one Richard Norton, who played bo-peep with chivalry in a stark world that's not made up of women's fancies?"

Lister thought of his daughter, of the duel that had been the cause of this sharp resurrection of the feud. "I remember many things," he said, getting out of saddle. "There was a supper-party, and a lady's name was spoken, and a duel followed. My friend Mortimer, yonder, saw to my side of the affair."

It was an odd scene altogether—the six men, lately fronting Mortimer and wondering how precedence in this battle of the fists should be arranged, with faces turned now on Lister; the horses, drawn to the roadway-side, watching their masters with dumb question; Dick Mortimer, himself impassive, debonair, waiting the new turn of



"She longed to call him back before ever he had set foot in the stirrup."

the hazard, and over it all the red October sun, and through it all the strong, keen

fragrance of the autumn scents.

Deveen glanced sharply at Lister of Listerhall. This easy-going Squire was hard as the nether millstone. Even his enemies had been wont to admire his good nature, his free and open trust in men, the humour that would not be denied. It did not seem possible that he could be changed so suddenly.

"Your friend Mortimer saw to your side of the affair," Deveen agreed. "The hang-

man will see to his side of it."

"If you take him."

"But he's here. We have him. The fool could have ridden away, if I'd not tripped him at the fence he built for himself. Punctilio and chivalry, and Norton moonshine, Lister—eh, how he came to the bait, like a lad to the kissing tryst!"

"There are worse kissings and worse trysts. You've known many of them, Deveen, in your twisted life. Think back

along the years."

Deveen was daunted by the other's crisp, hard irony. He took a fugitive glance at his past, as if he were a child obeying the schoolmaster, and the sight appalled him.

"There was a supper-party," Lister went on, "and eight men with the minds of swine shared it with Dick Mortimer. Underwood's not here, for reasons known to Mr. Mortimer. Linthwaite's not here. The other six will permit me to tell them to their faces that their heads should not be showing on a decent high-road of the King's, but hidden

in some convenient trough."

Deveen was bulky and not over-young, like Lister himself, but passion lent him nimbleness. He ran forward and aimed a wild blow at the other with his huntingcrop. Lister stepped aside, lifted his own crop, and brought it down hard across Deveen's jaw. And something sang at his heart as he saw the man reel and flounder in the roadway. He did not know the song, except that it was strong and heady, like a pibroch sounding up the hills; but those who had nursed the men-babes of bygone generations could have told him what the music was. They had crooned the song of the feud as they rocked the cradle, lest ancient quarrels should be forgot in later years; and new days may change men's apparel and their manners, but the hates and loves of old remain.

It was Dantry who broke in on the moment's quiet of sheer astonishment, and his thin voice sounded odder and more

ludicrous than usual. "The countryside goes mad, my gentles. Mr. Lister of Listerhall draws first blood. Well, if old men—grave magistrates to boot—can start a highway brawl, it's not for me to complain."

Lister glanced across at Dick Mortimer. "I've lessened the odds by one, my lad. I'm content now to play second to you. How will you take 'em—one or two at a

time?"

"As they please, sir. The frolic's up."

A whisper passed from one to another of the enemy that they would take Mortimer at his word, and they came at him as they pleased—five to one—intent only on securing

him for the hangman later on.

Lister, after all, was not content to play He seldom was. When he saw second. Dick fronting this surprise attack—one man down, but the rest pressing him hard—he just came in at the rear, with a big and He had no skill in the happy laugh. niceties of boxing, but he had arms like a blacksmith's, and fists that played in and out like battering-rams. Mortimer from one side, he from the other, made way, step by step, through the opposing five, who fought like wild-cats of the woods; and at last they met—when all was ended—and laughed grimly.

"Dick, if only that girl of mine could see you now, one eye the worse for wear, and your face as stained with port wine as poor

Deveen's——"

Deveen was so far recovered that again he snatched his crop and aimed a blow at Lister that touched his forehead. It was the signal for a new attack from the defeated five, until even they were tired of feud and combat for a while.

"Now, listen, Clifford's men," said Lister, his voice eager as the cry of a hound on trail. He did not know why this gift of speech descended on him, but again the nurses of his fore-elders could have told him. "You had the last laugh, you thought, when you harried all good Nortons out of the hills o' Craven. You never guessed that they'd left pups of the old breed here to thwart you. The pups have grown—eh, Dick?—and they're big dogs by now."

He found his horse and got to saddle. And Dick mounted his little, game mare, that whinnied softly to him, like a child left out too long in the cold. And they faced

the battered company of six.

"The last laugh, gentlemen," said Lister, "is waiting for somebody to capture—up in the hill-country. I advised Dick Mortimer

to get abroad, but hoped he wouldn't. Quit your cub-hunting, Clifford's men-it's hey

for the bigger hunt."

They were out of sight and hearing before the others were mounted; and they left the straight road to Listerhall at the first turning, and so, by two cross-cuts, reached a little, heathery lane that led up into the hills.

"I'll not take this horse of mine further. Dick. He's done enough and to spare to-day. Besides, you're safe on the way to Bramble Cotes.'

"Where Dan the Shepherd lives? remember Dan—but what has he to do with this affair?"

"Just this, lad. Dan is staunch and honest, and would die for either of us at a pinch. Dan has a quiet tongue. You make your quarters there for the present."

Mortimer smiled at the other's breezy habit of command; but, after all, the advice was sound enough. "Oh, I'm content, sir."

"Listen to plain common-sense, lad, and don't smile as if you were holidaying. Your danger was real enough when you sent Underwood to his account. Only last year a swordsman and a gentleman was hanged because he happened to have a pretty skill with the rapier. The law got hold of him, as it may get hold of you, and it strangled one good duellist. Between ourselves, Dick, you were a fool not to get abroad."

"Between ourselves, sir, folly is a gift of

mine—the only talent I possess."

"Then back your luck, and never try to be wise. But it's this way, Dick. danger was child's play now the bigger hunt is up. We've reddened our hands in the feud, my lad, and there's no looking back."

Mortimer's face hardened. He knew, as well as the older man, what that bloodletting on the open road had meant. outward courtesies of life had been swept In his heart and his fists, as he gave battle, there had been the vibrant passion of some far-off yesterday. "There's a gay looking forward, sir," he said.

"Ay, Dick; and, of course, there's some message you want me to take home to Janet?"

"There is. Tell her that bigamy and duelling are forbidden in this enlightened Tell her that, since I found her in the garden yesterday, I've married a wife to my liking."

Even Lister's common-sense deserted him. The man's bitterness, his downright assertion that he had wedded in haste, scattered many ancient hopes. "What's all this, Mortimer?" he asked roughly.

"Janet said 'No' to the outlaw, though she seemed to like me in prosperity. So I wived the feud on the way out from Beamsley—took my vows, sir, for richer or poorer, and all the rest of it. Will you explain to Janet that the wife of my choice is the comeliest thing I ever met? wakes the poetry in me. Her breath is like the heather's, and her eyes are bright with peril."

Mortimer spoke with extreme and languid indolence, so that he seemed to mock at some poet who had taken casual occupation of his body. And the other laughed—a

laugh of sheer content.

"I'll take the message gladly. Nothing the wisest of us could have invented, Dick, will do my girl half the good. It's a fine conceit, I tell you."

His face was grave again as he stretched out his hand in farewell. "Take care of yourself, Dick, and remember there's been blood spilt—spilt in dead earnest. There's a lot of the wild beast in us all, once

the upper crust is scratched."

Mortimer's first step toward taking care of himself, after Lister had ridden out of sight, was to remember Peter Redhead, who lay at "The George and Dragon," leagues away. Peter was ill, and waiting for news of his little lass at Beamsley, and there was time enough between this and the dusk to ride out and back. Moreover, he had pledged his word to return to-day.

He found the man just wakened from a long and healthy sleep, told him that Lucy was in good heart, and that she bade him stay a day or two where he was, until he was

his own man again.

"I don't know why you do it," said Peter, his honest, dog-like eyes fixed on Mortimer's. "I'm naught to you."

"That's a sick-bed fancy. Peter, did you ever hear of the feud between Norton and

Clifford?"

The other lifted his head from the pillow. "Hear of it? A fore-elder of mine was gibbeted on Threshfield Green because he followed old Richard Norton on some queer Ay, I mind the feud, and wish 'twere back again. It might happen we saw one o' Clifford's folk gibbeted this time."

Mortimer nodded quietly. After all, the fools of this world often have a gift for reading the hearts of men, and he knew that Peter could be trusted to guard the Brig o'

Doom itself if he commanded it.

"You know Bramble Cotes, where Dan the Shepherd lives?"

"I should do, sir, seeing he's uncle to my

Lucy."

"Well, you stay here two days, and then you come to Dan's, where you'll find—just what you will find. Is that agreed?"

Peter was silent a moment. Then he put out a red, hairy fist, diffidently and with the constant, dog-like question in his eyes. "Meaning we're master and man, in the old, straightforrard fashion?"

"Meaning no more, no less."

"Then here's my grip on the bargain."

Mortimer went down in search of the landlord, and found him at his ancient pastime of cleaning pewter. He paid the reckoning, arranged that Peter should be fed like a fighting-cock during the next two days, now that his stomach was strong again for food and ale, and was going down the sanded passage when the host stayed him.

"Surely you'd have a bottle before you go, Mr. Mortimer, just as a token of good-

will on my part?"

"That is a great thought, host," said Dick gravely. "It may be a year and a day before I taste red wine again. And, of course, you bring two glasses."

They drank together, with the ease of men who knew each his own station and

was well content with it.

"Host," said Mortimer, as he got ready for the road again, "there will be horsemen coming to 'The George and Dragon.' And they'll ask for one Richard Mortimer, needed by the hangman. Tell them that he's horsed and armed. Tell them that he lost an ancestor—like Peter Redhead—when the Clifford louts prevailed, and above all, host, tell them where to find me."

Mortimer's knowledge of the Dale was flattered by the landlord's instant curiosity. Dick had lost all the softer things of life since he found Janet feeding her peacocks in the garden, and learned that she could love a thriving man, but not an outlaw. He had found instead the keen, indomitable hardness of the hillmen when they are faced with loss. He cou'd laugh, and be cold with bitter loneliness, and face a score of troubles with a jest, now that he was exiled.

"Where to find you, sir?" echoed

Boniface.

"Just that. Tell them that I came from Beamsley, and I went—into the everywhere—just into the gallant everywhere. They'll find me there." "That's no great confidence to share with a plain man, sir."

"You're hurt? Then I'll tell you, friend

to friend, a secret known to few."

The host cocked a hairy ear, bristling for gossip. "I'm fond of secrets, sir."

"Bend your head, host. It's no common gossip I confide to you. I go into the everywhere, and you will tell the hunters when they come for me——"

"What shall I tell them, sir?"

"That your port is beyond praise. It comes soft as a kiss to the lips, and does less damage to the heart. When Peter Redhead gets strong again, tell him to bring a bin of it to the place he knows."

Mortimer laughed himself out of the tavern and got to horse, and rode out, a gentleman of quality who disdained the odds of life. It was only when he found himself alone, riding lonely roads, that his love of Janet and dismay in loss took hold of him. He had given her so much, in his man's way, and she, in her woman's way, had played shuttlecock with it.

Little by little—as he trotted, went at a walking pace, or cantered up and down this wild and hilly country—joy in hazard came running to his stirrup, and clambered up, and sat beside him. Better than love of women, or of wine and ease, was this freedom to be outlawed. He had no past—hope, that hinders men, had been killed once for all by Janet—but he had to-day, with the sun going red to its slumber, and the nightmists creeping soft as eiderdown about the hills he loved.

By the time he reached the heatherland that led to Bramble Cotes, and remembered Lister of Listerhall at the bending of the track where they had parted not long ago, he knew that the wine of liberty was in his Smell of the brackens, blue-gold of the rising moon, and Simon's Seat lifting his rugged head above the mists—they were bone of his bone, blood of his blood. The curling hills, mist-shrouded in a moor haze that reached out and out, wide as his love for Janet that had been, and had ceased, the motherland put strong, close arms about Here he had lived, with zest in life. Here he would live on, or die if it chanced that the odds outnumbered him.

"Little, good mare," he said, with his heedless laugh, "there's a world of ease in front of us."

The mare whinnied and turned a kind eye on the master. She, too, was glad to be free of circumstance, and to scent the keen fragrance of October.

"THE TURBOT'S" AUNT

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Charles Pears



F course, he was not really called "Turbot"; but just after he came to Merivale, some ass in the Fifth started the silly rag of calling everybody after a fish, and pretty well every fish known to

In fact, they just science was rung in. about went round. Sometimes the likeness was fairly clear and the simile was good. For instance, being head of the school, I was called "Salmon," which is the king of fish; and as I am underhung and have rather fierce eyes, there was a certain fitness in calling me "Salmon." But after I had decided that Abbott could not have his colours for "footer," being lame, there was a feeling against me among Abbott's friends, and Tracey called me "Tinned Salmon," which was merely silly and not in the least amusing. Nor was it amusing to call Maybrick "Sardine," because he kept tins of this fish in his desk; but "John Dory" was all right for Nicholas, that being the ugliest fish in the sea, and Nicholas the ugliest chap at Merivale. "Porpoise" was true for Preston, who inclines to great fatness, and blows after exertion in a very porpoise-like way; but to call Briggs "Herring," because he was a "doter on a bloater," as Tracey said, and to call Tracey himself a "Torpedo Ray," because he was always trying to give shocks, was footling without being funny. On the other hand, it was neat to call Pratt "Cuttlefish," because he was always inky to the elbows; and as far as Bradwell was concerned, the nickname of "Turbot" suited him very well, owing to his eyes, which always goggled if a master spoke to him, and also owing to his mouth, which was all lips and rather one-sided when he laughed.

Kids, of course, have a poor sense of what is really funny, owing to their general ignorance. Yet they prefer their own feeble jokes to ours. A joke that the Sixth sees in a moment is utterly lost on them, while utter piffle, that no sane person would smile at, makes them scream. We, for instance, called Mitchell "Shark," because of his well-known habits over money, but this did not amuse the kids in the least; while they called Forbes Minimus "Whale," because he was the smallest boy in the school, which naturally could not cause anybody but an idiot the least amusement.

Well, Bradwell was far from interesting from a mental point of view, having, as our master, Mr. Fortescue, said, apparently outgrown his brains. He was just at his seventeenth birthday when these remarkable events happened; but at a first glance, and, in fact, until you talked to him, you would at once have said he was grown-up. He was in the Lower Fifth, and it really looked as though a master was in the Lower Fifth rather than a pupil. And he was only there because it would have been a burlesque to put him any lower, though in strict justice, as far as his knowledge was concerned, he would have been in his right place in the Upper Third. But he had to stop in the Lower Fifth, and even there was an absurd sight, being six feet high and very large in every way, and having a distinct moustache, which, owing to its being black, could not be hidden. What a scissors could do he did; but it was there, and grew by night, and could not be concealed. He was a very finely made chap, and had magnificent

muscles; but such was his awkwardness and stupidity that he couldn't even use these muscles properly, and he was no earthly good even in the gym. At games he failed utterly, though he tried hard; but he was too slow even for a full-back at "footer," and couldn't get down quick enough for a "goaley"; in fact, rapid movement seemed utterly beyond his power. At cricket he was also an object of utter scorn, for despite his hands, which were huge, he couldn't hold the simplest catch; and despite his reach, which was that of a six-foot chap, he had not the humblest idea of timing a ball, or the vaguest notion of how to play a stroke. In fact, such was his unworthiness that he could only have played in the third eleven, and as that was naturally composed of kids of eleven and twelve, it would have been an outrage to see him in it. Bradwell meant well, but he was rather barred, not from dislike, but simply because he had, as it were, grown up before his time, and had a kid's mind in a man's In fact, he fell between two stools, in a manner of speaking, because to the Sixth and the masters he was a thing of nought, while to those who had a mind like his own he was grown-up and no use in any way.

I was the only one at Merivale who understood his weird case, and when he first came, I let him fag for me; but he was awful as a fag, and such was his overanxiety to please and shine that he never did either. I had, in fact, to chuck him. At sixteen years and eleven months of age he led rather a lonely life; but when the War broke out, he said he was very interested in it, and asked me sometimes if I would be so good as to explain military matters to him, which I did in the simplest words possible, as anything like regular military terms would have been far beyond him. On hearing that aeroplanes have great difficulty in descending by night, he invented a scheme of stretching strong nets with a big mesh on poles ten feet above the ground, spread over half a mile of landing-place, to catch them. This showed mind in a way; but he never appeared to have any real martial instinct, and when once a girl in Merivale handed him a white feather, he stopped and took off his hat and said—

"I quite understand what you mean, but I shan't be seventeen for a fortnight yet."

This the girl naturally refused to believe, and "The Turbot" came to me and complained about it.

As a matter of fact, I rather backed up the girl—not for giving "Turbot" a white feather, which is a vulgar and silly thing to give anybody, because you never know, as the great case of Fortescue showed—but because she didn't believe "Turbot" when he said he was only just about to be seventeen. To look at him, he might easily have been married, which shows appearances are very deceptive. But, anyway, I said—

"You can't blame a flapper for thinking you are of age to join the Army, Bradwell. Anybody would think so, and lots of youngerlooking chaps than you have said they were eighteen, and been passed without a murmur, though their birth certificates would have given them away. But anybody six feet high and with a clearly visible black moustache, and with your muscles, would pass the authorities, and you may bet that many have."

He merely goggled, and said no doubt I

was right.

I must tell you that "Turbot" had no father or mother, and, in fact, nobody but a single, oldish aunt who lived at Plymouth. But he had a guardian, who sent him to Merivale when his family unfortunately died; and at first he stopped at Merivale in the holidays. But once the aunt took him for a fortnight at Easter; and she appeared to like him, for, after that, he always went to her. The guardian did not, however, like "Turbot," and "Turbot" would have been quite content to stop at Merivale in the holidays, rather than spend his time with the guardian, who had no friendly feeling for him. In fact, you may say that "Turbot" was a duty rather than a pleasure to the guardian.

Then, at the beginning of the autumn term, in the first year of the War, "Turbot's" aunt wrote to Doctor Dunston and asked if "Turbot" might spend Saturday till Monday with her, because it was going to be his birthday; and the Doctor gave permission.

So "Turbot" went, and naturally was not missed in any way till Monday morning. Then, at roll-call before chapel, the "Turbot's" well-known bleat was not heard, and it was soon perceived that he'd done something very much out of the common.

Nothing had been heard from his aunt, apparently, and so a telegram was dispatched to her, and, as no reply came to it, Doctor Dunston began to worry. He then sent off a telegram to the guardian, and the excitement decidedly thickened. After dinner the Doctor sent for me, as head boy, and told me that the guardian had heard nothing whatever about "Turbot."

disappearance of Bradwell, and my knowledge

of human nature inclines me to doubt if

"I may tell you, Travers," he said, "though there is no reason to repeat it, that Bradwell is not persona grata with the gentleman who stands to him in loco parentis.



"Fortescue's amazement to see the eyes of Ted Marmaduke goggle in the old familiar way."

That is unfortunate for Bradwell, because he may lack friends in the future, being a boy without any mental ability, or that charm and power to please we occasionally find in the stupid lad. His guardian, however, evinces no uneasiness at the I can safely trust to you. We are, as you know, very short-handed, and to spare a master is almost impossible. I will therefore invite you to go as far as Plymouth, call at No. 10, Mutley Plain Villas, and ask to see Miss Mason, the maternal aunt of Bradwell,

and his sole surviving relative. It is a somewhat delicate duty, and you must regard it as a compliment that I seek your aid. Here is half-a-crown for your return railway fare. You will alight at Mutley Station, and should catch the five-thirty train back to Merivale. The lady has not responded to my telegram, hence my desire, before putting the matter in the hands of the police, to learn all she may be able to tell us. Present my card, and she will see you at once if at home. If not, wait until she returns."

It was rather a responsible thing, and a great compliment to me. So I went, first putting on my best clothes and a new pair of gloves. Arrived at Plymouth, I got out at Mutley, and easily found Mutley Plain Villas, which were only half a mile from the railway. The house was small, but very neat in appearance, and the door-knocker, which was of highly polished brass, gave a loud tapping sound into the hall. There was no sign of "The Turbot."

A servant of considerable age answered my knock, and when I asked her if Miss Mason was at home, she replied that she was. She told me to walk in, which I did. I then gave her Doctor Dunston's card, and was shown into a neat drawing-room, which had a piano in it, and a pile of khaki wool on a sofa. There was also an illustrated newspaper in the room, and I sat down on a chair and read the illustrated newspaper until Miss Mason arrived.

Presently she came, and proved younger than her servant, though still not in reality young. She was unlike Bradwell in every way. Even her eyes did not resemble his, being black and small—you might say beady—and her mouth had thin lips, which revealed lustrous teeth, which might have been false ones, though, on the other hand, they might not.

"Curiously enough," she said, "I was just writing a letter to Doctor Dunston when you arrived. Now I can send a message by you instead. Are you his son?"

"No, Miss Mason," I answered. "I am Travers, the head boy at Merivale School."

"How interesting!" she said. "And what are you going to do in the world, Travers?"

"I leave next term—this is my last term, in fact—and I am then going to try for Woolwich," I said.

"That means the Army, of course," she answered. "I hope you will pass well."

I then thanked her for this kind wish, and said I hoped so, too.

"Owing to the War," I explained, "there

is no very great difficulty in passing into Woolwich at present, and I hope to get on quickly, and take my place in the fighting-line before the War is over."

She approved of this.

"Quite right," she said. "I never wanted to be a man before the War, but I do now." She spoke in a very martial and sporting

way, and rang for tea.

This was good of its kind, and when I had eaten pretty well everything, after handing her each dish first, she asked me if I would like an egg, and, of course, I said I would. Then she ordered the old servant to boil two eggs; and the old servant did so, and I ate them both. We talked of the War, and, funnily enough, I quite forgot all about "The Turbot" till a clock chimed on the mantelshelf the hour of five.

This, as it were, reminded me of my

mission.

"I must soon go back to the station," I said, "so perhaps you will now be so kind as to tell me about 'Turbot.'"

"And who is 'Turbot'?" she asked.

So I had to explain that we were all called fish, owing to a silly joke, and I also hoped that she would not think that I meant anything rude to her nephew by mentioning him in that way. She was not in the least annoyed, and said—

"Ralph came to me on Saturday, and he

left me on Sunday morning."

"Do you know where he has gone?" I asked.

And she said: "I haven't the slightest idea where he has gone, Travers."

"That's very serious," I said, "because your nephew's guardian hasn't the slightest idea, either."

Her lips tightened over her dazzling teeth at the mention of the guardian, and I could see she didn't like him. She spoke in a sneering sort of voice and said—

"Ah! Really?"

Then, feeling there was nothing more to

discuss, I got up and cleared.

"Let me know if anything transpires," she said, and not happening to remember exactly what "transpire" meant, I merely said that no doubt the Doctor would tell her all that might happen in the future about Bradwell.

She shook hands in a kindly manner and saw me to the gate. And such was her friendly spirit that she picked a small blue flower and gave it to me to wear.

"Put it in your buttonhole," she said, which I did do until I was out of sight,

and could chuck it away without hurting her feelings.

The Doctor didn't seem to like what I had to say, and evidently thought I hadn't

got it right.

"His aunt appears as callous as his guardian," said the Doctor. "I am to understand that he went out on Sunday morning and did not return, and that Miss Mason has not the slightest idea where he has gone to?"

"That's what she made me understand,

sir," I said.

"I fail to credit it," answered the Doctor. Then he dismissed me, rather slightingly, and sent for Brown, who always does the

detective business at Merivale.

There was a good deal of quiet excitement about it, and, of course, we all thought "Turbot" would be run to earth in a few But he never was: hours, or days, at most. and though the police looked into the matter, and hunted far and wide, they never even got a clue, because apparently there wasn't one to get. In fact, "Turbot" vanished off the face of the earth as far as Merivale was concerned; and it was a nine days' wonder, as the saying is, and no light was ever thrown upon it till long afterwards. The aunt was cross-examined by the police; but she knew nothing, and cared less, as Brown said, for he cross-examined her also. All she could say was that "Turbot" had gone out early, and not come home in time for church, as she naturally expected a boy brought up at Merivale to do, which was one in the eye for Merivale. As for the guardian, he offered a reward of ten pounds for the recovery of "Turbot," and no more, which showed the market value of "Turbot" in that guardian's opinion.

The only person who really worried was the Doctor, and I believe he didn't leave a stone unturned to rout up "Turbot." all in vain. He had entirely disappeared, and being so ordinary in appearance, without any distinguishing marks, he simply "vanished into the void," as Tracey said, and we sold his cricket bat at auction, and one or two other things of slight value which we found in his school locker. But a portrait of his mother we did not sell, and I gave it to the Doctor, who sent it to the aunt, who was much obliged for it, and wrote to old Dunston with great thanks, and said she would keep it until the happy day when "Turbot" turned up out of the void again. And that, I believe, made the Doctor more suspicious than ever, for he always believed that Miss Mason knew more about the "Turbot" than she pretended. In fact, he told Mr. Fortescue that she was prevaricating, and Fortescue said it looked as though she might be. As a matter of fact, Fortescue had his own theory about "Turbot," and though he never told anybody what it was till afterwards, then he told everybody because he proved to be perfectly right.

This was that Fortescue who wrote such splendid war poetry, but was prevented from enlisting unfortunately by an illness of the aorta, which is part of the heart, and, when enlarged, is fearfully dangerous. But while he taught at Merivale, his soul was entirely in the War, and in his spare time he did good work, chiefly at the Red Cross Hospital in the town, where fifty wounded men were always on hand. When they got well, they went and others came; and sometimes, when the War slacked off, the numbers sank to thirty-two, or even thirty, and then, when it burst out more fiercely, they quickly rose to fifty again.

Milly Dunston was one of the workers there, but only for swank and the sake of the uniform. I believe she peeled onions and shelled peas, and cut up meat and so on in the kitchen; and sometimes she was allowed to go and see the wounded; but I never heard that they cared much for her until they knew she worked in the kitchen. Then they took interest in her, because she could tell them what they were going to have for supper that night, and what they were going to have for dinner next day, which, naturally, are things very important

to the mind of a wounded hero.

Mr. Fortescue was well liked at the hospital,

and took many cigarettes there, also books suited to the Tommies; and he got to be so popular that there was a fair fight for him; and if he favoured one ward, and didn't go into the other for half the time, the other ward got vexed about it, for Tommy has a jealous nature in some ways, though so

heroic in the field.

Then there came rather a bad cot case called Ted Marmaduke, and as soon as he arrived, he sent a special message to the school for me and for Fortescue; and

Fortescue went to see him.

Of course, this happened long after I had left Merivale, and it was, in fact, my brother who wrote to me about the chap who wanted to see Fortescue. He had been wounded in the cheek and also in the leg, and his face was almost hidden; but his eyes were all right, and what was

Fortescue's amazement to see the eyes of Ted Marmaduke goggle in the old familiar way the moment he came to his bedside. For there lay "The Turbot," and, fearing that he was going to die, he had determined to tell somebody the truth, and not die anonymously, so to speak. And when he found he was at Merivale, of all places, naturally he thought of Fortescue and me. But I was gone to do my bit, so Fortescue went, and heard the true story of the wily "Turbot."

He could only tell it in pieces, because it hurt him awfully to talk, and, in fact, he wasn't allowed to talk much at a time. But what happened was this. He had gone to the aunt for his birthday, and told her in secret that he hated Merivale worse than ever, and was ashamed to be there, with a moustache and everything; and she was a very martial and fine woman, and entirely agreed with him. She had told him that he was just the sort they wanted in the Army, and that though he could not distinguish himself at school, that was nothing at such a time, and she felt positive that he would jolly soon distinguish himself in the Army, and do things at the Front that would make Merivale fairly squirm to remember how it had treated him. And such was the aunt's warlike instinct that when he reminded her he was only seventeen, she scorned him for remembering it. "Go to the recruiting people," she said, "on your seventeenth birthday, which is to-morrow, and when they ask you how old you are, say you'll be eighteen on your next birthday, which will be true." And he gladly did so. But the aunt was fearfully crafty as well as warlike, for when "Turbot" decided to go off and enlist at Plymouth under his own name, she pointed out that he would instantly be traced by Doctor Dunston, and ignominiously dragged back out of the Army to Merivale. So she advised him to take a train to the North of England, and enlist up there, which he did do. And he changed his name to Ted Marmaduke, and the enlisting people in the North never smelt a rat, and were quite agreeable to take him when he said he would be eighteen next birthday. And such was the fine strategy of the aunt that she expressly made "Turbot" promise not to write a line to her till he was under orders for the Front. Therefore, when she was asked if she knew where he was, she could honestly say she didn't.

Of course, long before he came back wounded, he was entirely forgotten at Merivale, and when Fortescue discovered him in our Red Cross hospital, and then confessed that he had always believed this was what "Turbot" had really done, the excitement became great, and many of the chaps asked to be allowed to go and see him, and some were allowed to do so.

But it was not till "The Turbot" had recovered, and was going back to fight, that Doctor Dunston forgave him; and he never forgave the aunt.

Yet that amazing aunt was more than a fine strategist; she was a prophet also, for Fortescue found out in the papers that Ted Marmaduke, of the 3rd Yorkshires, was promoted to sergeant, and had won the D.C.M. for splendid bravery in Gallipoli, just as his aunt had always prophesied he would. Of course, she came to see him at the hospital, but she didn't come to Merivale.

When he got nearly right, the old "Turbot" took tea at Merivale, and the Doctor let the past bury the past, as they say, and made a speech, and hoped that the chaps would follow "Turbot's" lead in certain directions, though not in all. But privately to "The Turbot" he said more than this. In fact, he dug up the past again, and reminded "Turbot" that he should not do evil that good may come.

And "Turbot" quite saw this, and said

he never would again.

Then he went back to the wars once more, and had good luck, I'm glad to say, and before he'd been a soldier two years, he got his commission. For though such a mug at school, the military instinct was in him all the time, and the War naturally brought it out. When he became Lieutenant Bradwell, his guardian tried to make friends again; but he scorned him, as well he might, though no doubt he will always be friendly with his crafty aunt, for you may say that he owed pretty well everything to her masterly mind.

FACING THE GUNS

By A. B. COOPER

Illustrated by Septimus E. Scott



Y Jove! How's that for facing the guns?" muttered Captain Randolph Percival, of the Royals, as he halted in the deep shadow cast by an arc lamp which illuminated the front of a big glass-fronted

"pub," and cast all other things in its remoter neighbourhood into corresponding gloom. One wonders whether he would have stopped at all if the speaker who was addressing the open-air meeting had not had such a sweet voice and an even sweeter face. The big arc lamp having, as it were, looked round the neighbourhood with its great, searching gaze, and failed to find anything but squalor and misery and ugliness to illuminate, had suddenly surprised itself by encountering the upturned face of a Madonna of the slums.

She was saying things Percival did not understand—something about the Water of Life, and about the battlefield of life, and about "enduring hardness," whatever that might be. He understood his drill book; the book of good manners seemed to come natural to him; but, although he would not have called himself an irreligious man, the phraseology of the Bible was pretty foreign to him.

"Yes," she went on, perhaps unconsciously looking hard at a private in the Royals—for, the barracks being so close at hand, there were a dozen of the men standing round—"yes, some of you fellows, as brave as God ever made men, are cowards when it comes to facing that." She pointed with a white hand, which looked, in the glare of the arc light, like the pointing finger of destiny, at

the big glass-fronted palace. "You can face the guns in trench and field, but you can't get past that door. What's your defence against the enemy? A little bullet which speeds straight to the heart of the foeman. What's your defence against this enemy, greater by far? A little prayer which flies straight to the heart of the

Almighty."

"My word!" Captain Percival winced. He daren't have said a thing like that anywhere, let alone at a street corner, at the door of the enemy's headquarters. He felt like shouting: "Bravo, little girl! You're a brick! And if these chaps would only listen to you, the British Army would be irresistible!" It came with all the force of a new idea to him. He had accepted things as they were hitherto. He had thought Tommy Atkins was bound to get too much to drink, and to get into trouble, and into the guardroom, and ruin his efficiency if he went too Well, here was a little woman at a street corner, with the face and voice and speech of a lady, who didn't think it necessary.

There was Private Parkin, for instance, such a good soldier that he ought to have been a sergeant ere this, but who kept breaking down and running amok through all his good qualities, and scattering his record right and left. It seemed as if nothing could do him any good. He seemed to be listening to this pretty woman now; but he would go away and forget—as he

himself would.

Then she fell to pleading, and Captain Percival, of the Royals, felt a pretty big lump rise in his throat. He could not choose but stay. She ceased presently, and told the men they were going to sing the song they learned last time she spoke at the corner, a song they had all said they liked. There was a murmur of approval at this, and the sweet

voice recited the first verse without further parley—

"The battlefield is everywhere—
It's all around you now—
And you've got to fix your bayonets, boys,
And struggle through somehow.
There's mighty forces fighting you—
There's drink and vice and crime—
But you've got to face the guns, dear boys,
And face them all the time.

Yes revise set to face the guns.

Yes, you've got to face the guns; You've got to face the guns. You can't follow the band To the Better Land— No, you've got to face the guns!"

Quite a lot more Royals had joined the skirts of the crowd, and they sang with gusto this odd kind of hymn which the young lady called a song. There were three verses of it, all ending with the shouted refrain—

"You can't follow the band
To the Better Land—
No, you've got to face the guns!"

Then something happened. Every head in the crowd was turned. A dozen women shrieked. One of the children—a dirty little slum child—had strayed into the middle of the road, and a taxi, coming round the corner too rapidly, had brushed against the little mite.

Instantly Captain Percival sprang to the rescue, picked the unconscious, white-faced bit of humanity out of the gutter, and held it tenderly in his arms.

"Poor little lamb!"

It was the sweet-voiced girl who spoke. Percival thought, by one of those lightning flashes of odd fancy, that he would have known that voice anywhere—yes, among ten thousand warring voices. He looked down into her eyes. It was an unspoken introduction.

"I'll carry her in here," Percival said. He bore the child, followed by the dazed mother and the girl-preacher, into a cabman's shelter close at hand. The crowd peered around the door.

"Who's th' orf'cer?" said a bloated

specimen of the human race.

Every Tommy within earshot looked at him with unutterable scorn. Not to know who that man was, was not to know anything that was worth knowing in the Royals' eyes.

"Why, that's Our Randy," said one, and that one the man whom "Our Randy" had spotted, and who had been to "The Blue Boar" before he came to the preaching. "And the man that says—he's not—the best—orf'cer—in the British Army—he's got to—face the guns!"

The men signified approval of this

sentiment in various ways, and returned to feast their eyes on a little bit of the lady-preacher and the back of the head of Captain Randolph Percival.

With deft fingers the girl passed her hands over the child's body. "No bones broken, I think," she said, looking at the officer and round at the slatternly mother. Then she took out of her satchel a bottle, which she applied to the nostrils of the little one, pouring some of its contents on her palm and gently rubbing the pale temples. Presently the child opened dull eyes and began to cry.

"Let me tike 'er 'ome," said the mother

weakly.

"I'll carry her for you," said the Captain.
"I'll take the wounded to the rear."

He smiled at the girl, and she smiled frankly back. "This is an officer and a gentleman," she thought—"an Englishman to the finger-tips."

A policeman had appeared on the scene, and he kept the crowd back whilst Percival bore the child through the press, up one mean street and down another, the mother on one side of him and the girl on the other.

"You can leave the child safely with me," said the girl. "I know all the women round here. Many thanks for your kindness."

"My name is Percival—Captain Percival,"

he said, holding out his hand.

"And mine is Ida Trevelyan," she said. "And thank you again for what you have done."

"And thank you," he said, "for what you have said. That's a ripping song about facing the guns. I shall remember it."

She laughed a little, tinkling laugh, and disappeared through the dirty arch with the little bundle in her arms.

TT.

CAPTAIN RANDOLPH PERCIVAL had a sudden thought. He was crossing the barrack yard, and the sudden thought was that Private Parkin was in the guardroom again for being drunk and fighting the picket. That thought was instantly followed by another, which was that he would look in and see him—call upon Private Parkin, in fact.

Exactly what it was which induced such a course, he hardly knew. He had never visited a man in prison before, and had never felt any inclination to do so. He had never known a brother-officer do so, either. But he had seen a pure woman look at this soldier-man as if he were a thing of price, as if he were something to be saved, and it had

given the soldier-man a new value in his officer's eyes. Yes, he could see Ida Trevelyan looking at this man Parkin, telling him that his way of life was all wrong, and pointing out a way that was right and straight and splendid. He felt grieved and hurt that Parkin should be such a fool as not to heed her. Did not everybody know that Parkin was a good man spoiled? He must certainly go and talk to him. She would have gone like a shot.

So he went, and at sight of him Parkin sprang to his feet, saluted, slapped the seams of his trousers, and stood thereafter as stiff as the stiffest old ramrod. What "Our Randy" wanted in the guardroom at this or any other hour was completely beyond Private Parkin's comprehension, but he knew his own duty, which was just to salute and stand at attention, awaiting orders.

"That'll do, Parkin," said the Captain.
"I've come to talk to you. Sit down."

Parkin could stand up like a streak of lightning for quickness, but sitting down in the presence of an officer was not in the drill book, and the Captain had actually to tell him twice. But presently, apparently to his surprise, he found himself sitting on the edge of his bed, and the Captain squatting on the other side, their faces half turned towards each other:

Parkin had not spoken a word. He was inwardly wondering what this visit could portend. Was he to be drummed out as an incorrigible? No, hardly that. Captain Percival could hardly take such a matter with a smile; the honour and glory of the Royals was too dear to him for that.

"Parkin!"
"Sir?"

"Could you give me the words of that song you chaps were singing at the corner the other night, when Miss Trevelyan was there? You know, the one about facing the guns and following the band, and all that sort of thing. It rather took my fancy. Could you?"

If ever there was a pleased man in the Royals, it was Private Parkin at that moment. His face lit up as if an electric lamp had

been switched on behind his eyes.

"Every word of it, sir," he said. "If you like, I'll write it out for you. I've lots of time."

"No, Parkin, you shall dictate it. I want it in my note-book. I'm ready—go ahead. Not so fast; I don't write shorthand. 'The battlefield is everywhere'—yes. 'It's all around you now'—yes. 'There's mighty

forces fighting you '—yes. 'There's drink'
—yes. 'There's drink.' Go on, Parkin.
I've got that. 'There's drink.' What's
next, Parkin?"

But there wasn't any next for Parkin. He had come to a full stop. The Captain heard a choking sound behind him. He swung round, and saw Parkin's face twisted with emotion—emotion which he was fighting as men fight poison gas.

Dead silence for two minutes.

"You can't face the guns, Parkin?"

"Not these, nor any bloomin' guns, but howitzers and—and that sort. The drink counts me out every time. And I promised her afore she went away."

"Has she gone away, Parkin? I didn't

know.''

"Yes, sir, miles and miles. Perhaps never won't come back. And I promised her faithful I'd chuck it. An' here I am again. I stuck it two days, an' then surrendered."

"And you're feeling a bit of a coward, eh?"

"Well, yes, sir, naturally. I mean to when I'm singing, and when Miss Trevelyan talks to me. I feel as if I could pass fifty pubs. But the first shot's too much for me next day. Now, what's the use o' singing about facing the guns? You've got to face 'em after you've done. Excuse me, sir, I can go on now. That line caught me on the raw."

"Right-o! 'There's drink '—yes."

"'And vice and crime, And you've got to face the guns, dear boys, And face them all the time.'"

"Yes, Parkin, but stop there. I take a

drop myself."

"I know you do, sir. I never knew an officer what didn't. But you know when to stop, sir. You don't make a beast of

yourself, like me."

"What do you say to facing the guns together, Parkin? We may have to do it really and truly some day—you and I. I shall lead then, please God, and you'll follow, with all the other brave boys. I'll lead now. I'll drink water henceforth, and you'll promise to follow me and drink it, too, till I sound the retreat—eh?"

"But the gen'lemen'll chaff you, sir. You can't tell 'em you're doing it for me?"

"Those are the guns I have to face. Miss Trevelyan faced the guns. Can't we do our little bit? We've both trailed after the band long enough. Let's do something worth while."

"God bless you, sir!" said Parkin.

III.

HE was somewhere out there between the Randolph Percival, of trenches, Captain the Royals, and the men were sick about it. But what could they do? It was simply raining shells, and the Royals were hanging on "by their eyebrows" to the trenches they had recently captured. In fact, they had been obliged to evacuate the more advanced line, three hundred yards to their front, for, finding themselves enfiladed, it was a case of retirement or annihilation. "Our Randy" had chosen the former alternative. He was ever careful of his men, although proverbially careless of himself. He had fallen somewhere by the way, and in the hurry and confusion nobody knew exactly where.

Most of the Royals believed he was killed, but Corporal Parkin did not. He seemed to have it borne in upon him that his Captain was out there in the darkness, waiting for him. He was only waiting for the least lull in the storm of shrapnel to creep out of the

trench and crawl in quest of him.

He would have gone ere this had his comrades not withheld him from so mad an enterprise by main force. Nothing could live just then out in the open in the zone of fire. If the Captain were still alive, he would probably be quite as safe for the immediate present where he was, nearer to the German trenches than the British, for there the shell-fire hurtled overhead. But presently there might be a counter-attack on the part of the Germans, and then the Captain, if still alive, might be subjected to the awful indignity of being trampled upon, and spurned, and buffeted by charging men ruthlessly mad in their fierce excitement.

Parkin could not bear the thought of that. Had not the Captain made a man of him, plucking him alive out of the pit of hell? Yes, and hadn't the Captain stood the chaff of his brother-officers for months, concerning his sudden and inexplicable preference for Adam's wine rather than Burgundy, for the water-tap rather than the whisky bottle? It was a nine days' talk that "Our Randy" had "turned T.T." The band learned it first, as it learns most things that occur at officers' mess, and it passed the tale on. The men did not laugh—at least, not after Jim Parkin had taken a sniggerer by the nape of the neck and dropped him out of window. Most of them did not want to They liked Captain Percival—he laugh. was popular.

But what was come to Parkin these days? His old pals had lost hold of him.

He seemed to have slipped right through their fingers. They tried chaff, too, but they found it did not pay with Parkin. He was the biggest man in the Royals, and very useful with his fists. As for the steadier sort—of whom the Royals had their fair share—they were glad to see Parkin a credit to the regiment instead of a disgrace. They did not know what power had moved him, but they were glad to see the result.

But nobody, officer or man, in his wildest dreams ever thought of connecting the abstention of Captain Percival with the

"new leaf" Parkin had turned over.

And now the Captain was out there somewhere, only made visible, in the dense darkness, by bursting shells. Parkin knew that he would creep forth presently and search, among the dead and dying who cumbered the space between the trenches, for the man who had saved him from something worse than death.

"Ta-ta, chaps! Expect me home to

breakfast."

The Royals wished Corporal Parkin au revoir in their own blunt way, and the darkness swallowed him up within ten yards. It was common knowledge that Parkin had a strong affection for Captain Percival, though none knew exactly why. Lots of chaps beside Parkin would have gone out to fetch him in, yet nobody would have thought of depriving the Corporal of the pleasure.

The darkness was intense. That was both a help and a hindrance. It aided concealment, certainly; there was not much need to fear sharpshooters. The main danger to be dreaded was some blundering shell bursting where it listed. But the darkness made the search for any particular spot or person like the proverbial search for

a needle in a bottle of hay.

But Parkin was doing something. He was not chafing in the trench. That was the thing which counted most. He was happy now. How could he stay in the comparative shelter of the trench when "Our Randy" was lying out there? He simply could not do it. Certainly his quest might be in the nature of a wild-goose chase, but if there was a chance in ten thousand that he should stumble in the darkness upon the man he worshipped, it was abundantly worth the risk to Parkin.

This piece of land between the trenches, this little scrap of the fair realm of France, had been a farm in times of peace. Now its only ploughshare was the death-dealing shell, its only harvest death, its only husbandmen the manhood of four nations. Parkin did not think about that. He was trying to think out the line of attack and advance, and to strike it if possible. He remembered that the final charge had carried the Royals past the end of an old barn. The retreat had driven them over the same piece of ground. If he could find that ruined wall, he might begin to get "warm" in the search, as the children say.

"Hush!"

There is no sound so penetrating and insistent as a whistle. The shrill of the cricket could be heard through the ponderous roar of Niagara.

"Hush!

There it was again. Corporal Parkin lay flat on the ground, with a dead German for his companion on that lonesome field of death. He seemed to have been out, crawling on hands and knees in the darkness, for a brief eternity. As a matter of fact, his quest had lasted not quite two hours. He almost despaired of success now. Already the first hint of dawn—the merest hint—was flickering in the east. Must he go back without the Captain, dead or alive?

It was only the tune—one cannot whistle words — but it suggested the words to Parkin's mind as if they had been spoken—

Yes, you've got to face the guns; Yes, you've got to face the guns. You can't follow the band To the Better Land— No, you've got to face the guns!

Of course, it might be another man of the Royals out there whistling that tune softly to himself for company, but there was just a chance that it might be the Captain. Didn't he take the words of the song down from his own lips? Didn't he hear the boys singing it at the street corner that night when he "carried the wounded to the rear"—a little, dirty slum kiddie? Anyhow, it wasn't a German; it was somebody alive. And if he couldn't take the Captain back, he might do the second best, and take a comrade.

The Corporal crawled towards the sound. Whoever the whistler was, he could do it "a treat." That was Parkin's word. It was just a sort of breathing whistle, but as true to tune as if a great violinist were frisking about the high strings.

But that very softness made the sound elusive. Parkin could not locate it. It was blown about by every breeze. The desultory firing did not drown it, but seemed rather to scatter it in drops of sound.

Suddenly the firing ceased entirely for the first time. The stillness, emphasised by the contrast, brooded like death itself over the field of death. Yes, even the soft whistling had ceased. Perhaps the whistler had suddenly become afraid of his own voice. Now the Corporal, so lately full of hope, seemed farther from his objective Dawn's armies would soon be than ever. flaunting their new colours in the sky, and his return to the trenches with or without the Captain would be a mark for a score of the enemy's sharpshooters. Besides, it was not unlikely that they might make another attempt, in the early morning hours, to recapture their lost trenches. Such a thing had happened before many a time.

So Corporal Parkin had a sudden inspiration. He whistled too—pretty loudly, for his whistle was a signal, and not merely a fillip to lowered vitality, a soother of pain, a bit of company in the aching loneliness. Yes, he whistled the first few bars of Ida

Trevelyan's song—



Instantly came the reply, finishing the chorus, until, pausing and answering and following the trail of sound, as a hound follows the scent, Parkin came to the old wall, saw it looming darkly across his track. The sound came from within.

The Corporal felt along the battered wall until he saw the sky through it. The low whistle had suddenly grown clearer, as if a door had opened. Parkin answered it with a question—

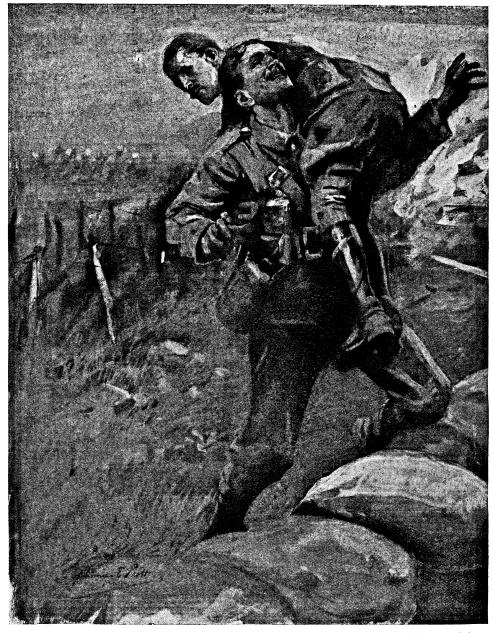
"Is that you, Captain?"

"That you, Parkin? I feared you would come."

How the Corporal's heart leaped! His Captain *feared* he would come! Parkin did not stop to analyse the saying—he never thought of analysing anything, good or bad—but he knew that somewhere hidden in those few words was a compliment rich and rare as a jewel set in fine gold.

A minute later he was beside his Captain. Five minutes later still, after a bit of swift and skilful ambulance work, he was carrying

him back to the lines.



"Parkin stumbled on.

"I shouldn't ha' spotted you, sir, but for the old toon," gasped the burden-bearer. "I was just turning things over as I lay

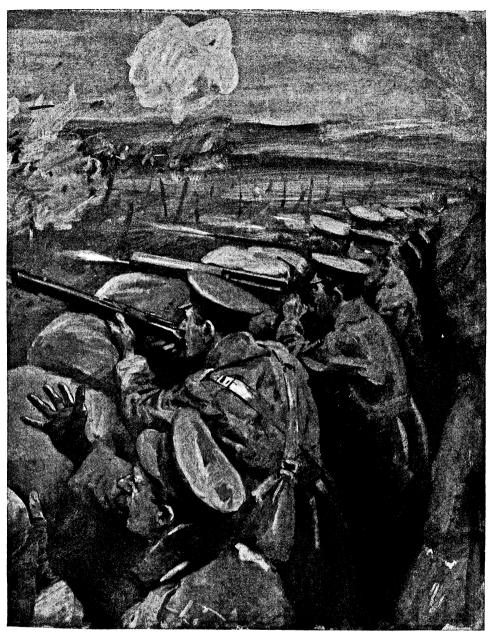
"I was just turning things over as I lay there," the Captain was saying. "Parkin, I was thanking God that, if I had to go out, I'd been a bit of use, you know—I'd—that is—— Pop me down, Parkin! The beggars are coming! Scoot for your life, man! Put me down, I say! Run, you fool!"

"Can't be done, sir!" gasped the Corporal.

"Just let me get a better grip o' you. That's it. Thank you, sir."

There was a terrific hail of rifle-fire from behind. It would be a miracle if either of them won through. They heard wild cheers from the trench in front of them. Parkin stumbled on. He was on the brink of the cutting. He looked down into the faces of his comrades of the Royals.

" Ugh!"



He looked down into the faces of his comrades."

Parkin fell face forwards into the trench, with his wounded Captain on top of him, and there they lay together, whilst the machine-guns made lanes of death through the attacking host, and hurled it back in dire defeat.

IV.

"HE wants to see his Captain—before—he goes out."

Ida Trevelyan was standing beside

Captain Percival's chair, looking, if it were possible, sweeter than ever in her nurse's uniform. As Percival put out a hand, she took it in her own, hauled him to his feet, and gave him her arm. He laid his hand upon it very tenderly. No actual word of love had been spoken between these two, so strangely met again behind the fighting-line, but each knew that indissoluble ties of life had been welded in these three short weeks of suffering and care—ties which

happier times might strengthen into something stronger than life or death.

"Is he-going?"

"Going fast," she whispered. "But he wouldn't rest till he—had seen you."

It was Parkin who was going out—out into the Unknown. But when the Captain hobbled to his bedside, he was no longer conscious. Suddenly, with that accession of strength which comes to the dying, he sat up.

"I'll carry—the wounded—to the rear. Poor kiddie! It's Our Randy. He's a gent—no mistake! Yes, miss, I promise. You an' him between you. He thinks a lot of you, miss. An' so say all of us!

. . . Follow the band To the Better Land!"

He lay down like a tired child, and followed the band in his dreams down the long White Road.



THE SUPERMAN.

H^E was a man of modern days, A Superman, with heart of stone, Who thought in continents, and prayed To "God of Force, and Force alone."

The God he worshipped gave him strength, A brain of ice, a fist of brass. Whene'er he walked his neighbours cringed, And stood aside to let him pass.

"Behold!" he cried. "They love me not, But fear me, as is meet and right. Only the fool says, 'God is Love': The wise man knows that God is Might."

He lived his life, he dreamed his dream— A dream of conquests far and wide, Of weaklings trodden in the dust, And vassal states to swell his pride.

The day of battle found him brave
To spend his strength of bone and brain.
He burned and ravaged, sacked and slew,
And yet his foes came on again!

Weary and baffled, stricken sore, Bleeding and spent, exhausted, pale, "If God is strength," he cried aloud, "How is it God does not prevail?"

The answer shook his reeling brain With thunder from the sky flame-split: "The earth is Mine, and all therein. The humble shall inherit it."

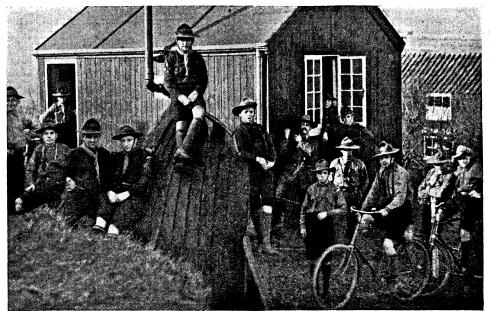


Photo by]

[Photopress.

SEA SCOUTS STATIONED ON THE EAST COAST, AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS.

BOY SCOUTS IN WAR-TIME

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT S. S. BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B.

THE Boy Scout, as you know him, is a bare-kneed, happy-go-lucky boy, with possibly an ugly face and probably a good heart, and at any rate with a hat and staff. But what has he got to do with the War? Well, I am just now somewhere in France. I had occasion this morning to ask my way. The first being to come along was our young friend the Boy Scout on his bicycle, dressed like his British brother, and imbued with the same ideals, but French for all that.

"M'sieur," said a citizen who had witnessed our meeting, "these boys—the Eclaireurs—are different from other boys; they are different from us, their parents. They foresee, they have second sight."

If they really have this in England also, they are certainly different from other folk, and one important aim of the Scout movement will have been achieved. Our good, stolid nation has very little imagination in its character; it goes by facts, not by visions, and so is inclined to work on what has proved successful rather than to look forward and see what might be so. The motto of the Scouts is "Be Prepared,"

and they are taught that this means, not merely to be ready for what may probably turn up, but for anything that is within the range of possibility.

A FEAT IN RAPID MOBILISATION.

The outbreak of war found us, as a nation, somewhat taken by surprise; we had only looked forward to what was probable, not to what was possible. But with the Scouts it was different. Within a very few hours, in thousands, they were at their posts, guarding railway bridges, watching telegraph and cable lines, acting as orderlies to the police, and as patrols and signallers to assist the coastguards. The mobilisation of the Scouts apparently astonished the authorities by its rapidity, because there they were at their duty, with tents and cooking-pots and all the necessary paraphernalia for living out, within a few hours of the declaration of war.

But there is an explanation and a precedent. Possibly it may still be within your memory how the British Fleet carried out a surprising feat of mobilisation a few years ago. A native potentate on a very out-of-the-way

coast elected to quarrel with Great Britain by opening fire on a solitary man-of-war of ours which was lying off his port. This was before the days of wireless, but twentyfour hours had not elapsed ere six warships arrived on the spot from different parts of the seas. Not only did the Sultan rub his eyes and wonder while his palace was shelled to rags, but all Europe was agog to know what was the marvellous system by which And so with the mobilisation of the Boy Scouts. It would not have been so rapid had it not been that the date of the outbreak of war coincided with our August Bank Holiday, when most of the Scout troops were already assembled or about to assemble in their annual camps. So that the call could not have come at a more opportune moment for rapid response.

At the same time I do not wish to discount

wonderful work of those men who have seized the idea of making boys into Scouts, and have so trained and organised them on practical lines of their own that they were able at once to take advantage of the occasion, and to adapt their peculiar units and qualifications the situation.

In one centre possibly fifty individual boys would be needed for cyclist orderly duty in a police district; in another, detached parties of signallers would be used; in another, a line of outposts for day and night watching, all with their concomitant services of cooking, first-aid, transport, etc.

But the organisation and varied

training, as employed by Scoutmasters, met these requirements satisfactorily. The "patrol," self-contained unit of eight boys under a responsible boy leader, grouped in troops of thirty to forty under a grown-up Scoutmaster, met most requirements of organisation and distribution, fitted out as they were with their "trek-carts" and camp equipment.

And their training had all along been that of *handymen*, in which camp life, cooking, observation, signalling, first-aid,



SEA SCOUTS STATIONED ON THE EAST COAST, IN THEIR BUNKS.

the British Navy could thus concentrate a force at a given spot in so short a space of time.

The secret leaked out some years later. The potentate had, unfortunately for him, selected for the date of his outbreak the very day fixed upon, long before, for the concentration of the ships in these waters for the admiral's inspection, to receive their mails, and to hold their annual regatta and cricket tournament.



Photo by

Sport & General.

FINDING MINES WASHED UP ON THE EAST COAST: A MINE FROM WHICH THE FUSE HAS BEEN REMOVED BY A TORPEDO INSTRUCTOR.

scouting, etc., were fundamental, coupled with the trained sense of responsibility and of cheery obedience, resourcefulness, and energetic patriotism.

SCOUTS AS SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

The Sea Scouts are a branch of the

movement who specially take up the duties of life-saving on the water, boat management, elementary navigation, signalling, pilotage, coastwatching, and other such duties.

They were thus able to go at once to various look-out centres as required by the Admiralty, and there they have remained on duty ever since, at every coastguard station from John o' Groats to the Land's End. The fellow-countrymen scarcely realise that these lads are

watching and patrolling their coasts day by day and night after night in all weathers—doing their duty from sheer patriotism. The fact that they have been retained, and that from time to time more have been asked for, and supplied, implies that they are not without value in the eyes of the authorities.



Photo by]

Sport & General.

It is not difficult to realise—especially since it has been put to the supreme test of practice in war—that 150,000 boys so organised and trained would be of greater value in a national emergency than twice their number organised in large units of over 100 apiece and trained only to drill and shoot.

THE SCOUTS' DEFENCE CORPS.

A temporary branch of the Scout movement is just now established to meet Army Service duties, and so on. And these, while useful to the Service, also continue the school training of the boy on to a practical standard for work in other lines of life. The training gives an aim and point to his studies which impel the boy to learn for himself rather than to have the knowledge pressed upon him, and therein lies all the difference between education and instruction.

Then some twenty thousand have gone into His Majesty's Services, and the wonderful tributes which have been received from



Photo by]

[Sport & General.

A BOY SCOUT, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH RED CROSS SOCIETY IN ENGLAND, HELPING THE COMTESSE DE SAINT SEINE, WIFE OF THE FRENCH NAVAL ATTACHÉ, TO PACK SHIRTS TO BE SENT TO FRENCH TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

the wishes of lads who desire to train themselves in soldiering. For this the boy has to be sixteen years of age, and to have passed such tests as prove him to be trained to a certain amount of character.

Over 6000 Scouts are in this Defence Corps, and it is difficult to imagine a finer corps of its size and age in the world.

But instruction in drill and marksmanship, though practised, does not complete its technical efficiency. Groups of the corps can specialise in their own subjects, such as bridge-building, signalling, dispatch-riding, ambulance, transport, ordnance shop work, their officers speak to a something in the training which turns them out as better soldiers than is the case with the average lad whose character has not been systematically developed beforehand.

And yet the Boy Scout training makes no pretence at military drill. On the contrary, if anything, it rather avoids it, since the accepted traditional instruction in the Army tended to make the recruit part of a machine, repressed all individuality; whereas in the Scout movement the endeavour is to bring out the individual, to develop his initiative, resourcefulness, and responsibility as main



BOY SCOUTS HELPING IN FARM WORK.

steps to building his character. Character is everything. It is on the top of character that the final polish of technical skill can then so easily be added, whether it be for war purposes, or for civic, commercial, or intellectual careers.

This is a fact which has now impressed itself with no little force on the authorities, military, civic, and educational. They feel that the secret of making successful soldiers lies, not, as was formerly supposed, in giving the lads a thorough instruction in drill and

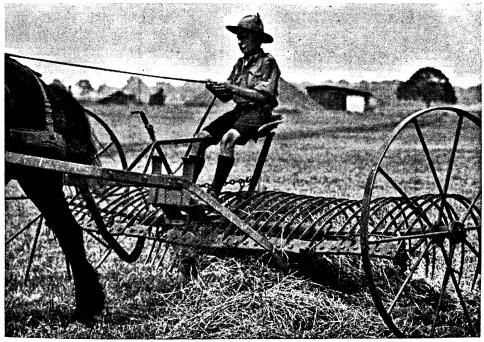


Photo by] HELPING WITH FARM WORK.

musketry, but in developing, as a first step, a solid foundation of morale and character on which to build the future soldier or citizen, whichever is needed.

It is partly due to this that although cadet training has been accepted in the past, it does not altogether fulfil the needs of to-day, whether in making fighting men or in teaching discipline or physical development. The great factor for success in this training is the man behind the scenes—the Scoutmaster. The title of this article should be more properly stated as "Scoutmasters and Their Part in the War."

This loss did not, however, vitally affect the movement. Patrol leaders took the responsibility, since they had been already accustomed to do so, and ran their own troops and patrols and carried out their duties like men.

The result has been that, instead of troops falling off in efficiency and numbers, the reverse has been the case. Numbers have increased, new troops have been formed; indeed, a junior branch of the movement, "The Wolf Cubs," which was started a little over a year ago, already numbers more than thirteen thousand.



Photo by

[Sport & General.

A BOY SCOUT REPRESENTING A WOUNDED SOLDIER FOR THE PRACTISING OF BANDAGE ADJUSTING BY NURSING PUPILS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A TRAINED NURSE.

For it is entirely thanks to their handling and development of the scheme, and to their sympathetic knowledge of the boy, that results have been arrived at, and in so short a space of time.

But, in justice to the boy, I must say that, in response to the lead given by the Scoutmaster, he has risen to the occasion in a remarkable way. When the call to service came, nearly every Scoutmaster who was of military age left us to join the Colours.

(And so, I am afraid, did a large number of their boys who were *not* of military age, although they looked it.)

Conclusion.

You who are parents, you who are educators, you who are pastors, if you will look into the Scout training scheme and see below the surface what it means, you will then recognise each your opportunity for getting your boy to take up that which you know to be good for him.

Believe me, who have been drilling for thirty-four years of my life, this door is never opened by drill. Excellent though the results of cadet training may at first glance appear, they are no longer up-to-date, and they fall short of what is possible when



Photo by | Record Press.

A REFRESHMENT ROOM FOR BOY SCOUTS, OPENED AT ONE OF THE CHIEF CENTRES OF THEIR WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES IN LONDON.

the character is made the first and most important step. Nor does that form of training meet the vital need which lies before our nation in the near future. The ultimate victory in this War, where the best of our present manhood are falling, will rest not so much with the country which wins tactically on the battlefield, as with the nation which possesses in the next generation the best citizens for repairing its losses in men and money, trade and industry—that is, the men most endowed with character.

Character is largely a matter of individual education — not instruction — and environment. It is, therefore, of the highest national importance to get hold of every boy at the present time and to develop him intellectually and physically to be of value as a citizen.

I say advisedly "every" boy, becausewecannot now afford, as we have done in the past, to allow a proportion of our children to drift away into

becoming slackers and waste human material.

This character training for all is the main aim of the Boy Scout movement, therefore the Scoutmaster is doing a work of the utmost value to the country. A very pressing need is for more men to take up this duty. There must be thousands anxious "to do their bit" who are debarred by age or domestic obstacles from joining the Forces. Here lies an opening through which they can help in effecting a great step towards the final triumph of our Empire.



Photo by] [Sport & General. QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FIELD FORCE FUND: BOY SCOUT HELPING TO DISPATCH PARCELS.

THE HALT AND THE BLIND

By MRS. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



IE little wateringplace had become accustomed by now to the sight of the tall man who took his daily walk with such regularity on the esplanade. He was so punctual, so infallible, that one might have set one's

watch by him and not risked being more than a minute out by the end of the week.

His movements were as unchanging as the time of his appearance. He would walk six times the length of the esplanade—it was one of the longest in England, and the chief pride of the little watering-place—three times up and three times down, leaning on the arm of an impassive-faced servant or companion. At the end of the sixth journey the servant, or companion, would deposit him on a particular seat, sheltered from the wind and protected from possible rain by a tree that was almost as thick as a thatched roof. There the companion would leave him, whatever the weather, for the space of half an hour or so, while he hurried off into the little street that the watering-place dignified by the name of "the town," to make purchases, all of a household or domestic character. These made, he would hurry back to the tall man, who would sit motionless in one position where he had been left, and the two would depart together, the tall man, as usual, arm-in-arm with his impassive-faced companion.

The tall man was not only tall; he was broad, well-built, athletic in appearance, and had a strong, handsome face. His wide-open eyes gazed sternly out on to the world, but on his face was the blank, expressionless look

that meant but one thing—the tall man was blind.

The little watering-place was proud of its esplanade, but it was still more proud of its air and of the healthiness of its population. Its death-rate was one of the smallest—as its esplanade was one of the largest—in England. Especially did the younger members of the population seem to thrive. They were as healthy, jolly, and devoted to games as a pack of children on a holiday. The tall man would hear them pass him, laughing, joking, discussing the sports they had just come from or were just going to. Sometimes their voices would sink into a murmur or become silent as they passed him, and then the tall man would know, as certainly as if he had seen them, that they had caught sight of him and had pitifully spared him the possible pain of hearing discussed the pursuits he could never hope to join in again.

At such times the tall man would clench his teeth and close his hands spasmodically, on his expressionless face would come a look of the darkest anger. He could bear his burden patiently, but pity he could not endure

It must not be supposed that the kindly and genial inhabitants of the watering-place had allowed the tall man to settle in their midst without any effort on their part to get to know him. When he had first appeared, they had naturally been deeply interested, and had lost no time in finding out, mostly through the tradesmen, who he was and what ailed him. When they knew, they were unanimous in their pity determination to call. Unfortunately, they were met by an equal determination on his part that they should not. It was impossible to get beyond the passive-faced man who opened the door.

"Captain Holmes presents his compliments," was the invariable message, "and regrets that his health does not permit of his

receiving company."

This was palpably untrue, as everyone might and did see who ever beheld Captain Holmes taking his daily walk on the esplanade. Apart from the one sad exception, there was nothing wrong with Captain Holmes. The inhabitants of the little watering-place were, therefore, reluctantly forced to conclude that Captain Holmes did not wish to make any friends, and so, with regret—for they were a friendly community, and would have liked to show their sympathy with his affliction—they one by one abandoned the attempt, and the tall man was left alone in the solitude he seemed to crave.

One early autumn afternoon the tall man was, as usual, seated on his customary bench. His companion, instead of leaving him to do the daily shopping, as was his custom, stood before him, looking anxiously into the face of the tall man. Those who had called the attendant impassive-faced would have been surprised now, could they have seen him, that they should ever have thought him so.

"Mr. Charles," he said gently, "I should like to say, sir, if you'll excuse me, what I've said before. This isn't a natural life for you. It can't go on, sir. Let me give notice to the landlord that we are giving up the house, and make a move, sir, I beg you. It is cruel to see you so changed."

The tall man listened to his companion with the blank face that he showed the world, and paused a moment before answering.

Then he spoke.

"Bennet," he said, "you know my determination. There is no place in the world for me, therefore I will not go out into the world. I know best what gives me peace—it is all I can hope for—and therefore I shall continue as I am. But you, my good friend, there is no reason why you should live as I do. You can leave me at a moment's notice. I shall miss you, but I can bear it. You have been very good to me."

The servant's face was almost frightened

as he answered.

"Leave you, Mr. Charles!" he exclaimed.

"There's only one thing could separate me from you, and that's death, sir. It isn't me, sir—I'm as happy as a sand-boy. But you, sir, accustomed as you was to gaiety and——"

"That's all over, Bennet," said the other steadily, "so we'll talk no more of it. All

the same, thank you."

He extended his hand uncertainly, and

waited for the other to take it, which he did, and pressed it with devotion.

"I'll go and get the things, then, sir," the man said, and, turning to depart, was once more the impassive-faced attendant the little watering-place knew.

The tall man sat on his bench alone, looking with wide eyes steadily out to sea.

The portion of the esplanade occupied by his bench was hardly ever invaded by an intruder. The inhabitants of the little watering-place, respecting his wish for solitude, had tacitly yielded it to him for his Therefore he was a little surprised when the sound of voices smote on his ear from a distance, and came steadily nearer. There was another sound, too—the sound of crackling gravel. His ears were already learning to make themselves useful in the way that the ears of a person with sight could never do. His ears told him that the crackling of the gravel was caused by the pressure on it of wheels—the wheels of a The wheels drew near and bath-chair. finally came to rest quite close to him.

"This will do nicely, thank you," said a woman's voice. "Will you please leave me here, and come back to fetch me in a quarter.

of an hour?"

"In a quarter of an hour I'll be here, miss," answered a man's voice, the typically wheezy voice of the bath-chair owner. There was the sound of heavy steps withdrawing, and then a silence.

The tall man frowned a little. If this kind of thing was to happen much, he would

have to find a fresh seat.

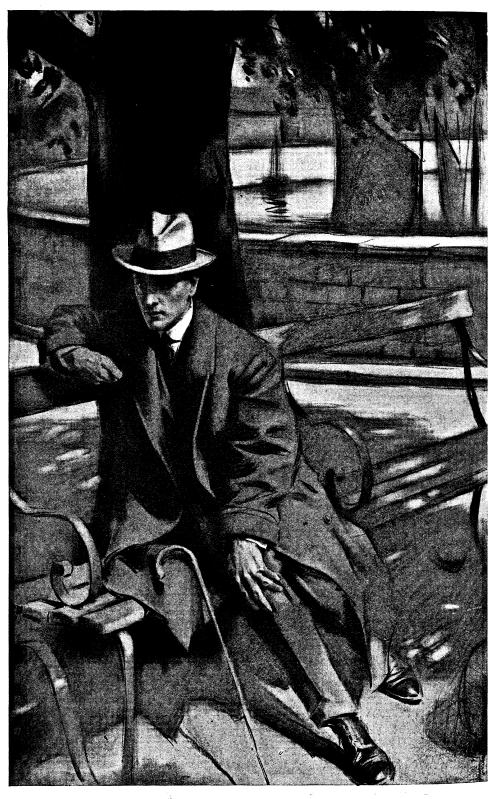
"I wish," said the woman's voice quite close to him, "that I might talk to you, and that you would talk to me."

The tall man started, and, putting his hand up quickly, took off his hat. It was so long since he had spoken to anyone but his attendant that he felt quite flurried and at a loss what to say.

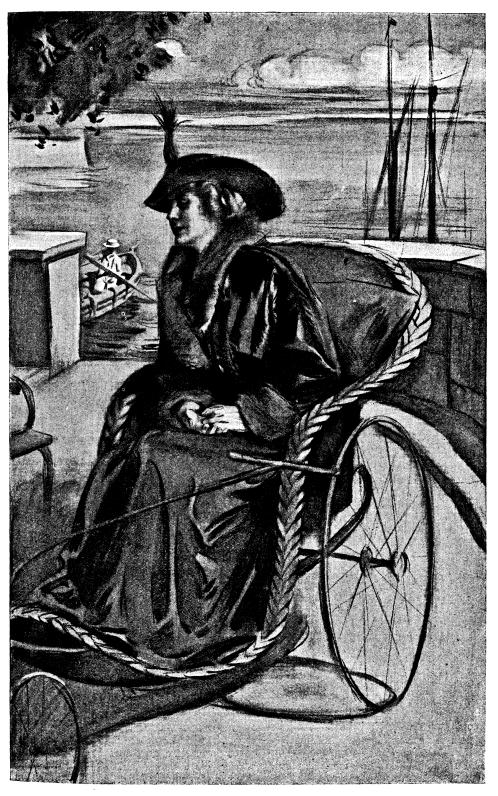
"Is there anything that I could do for you?" he said, turning his beautiful, sightless eyes in the direction of the voice. "I am afraid I can't do much, as I am,

unfortunately, blind."

"No, there is nothing, thank you," said the woman's voice hastily. "I just want to talk to you. I have seen you walking about here so often, and—you will think me horribly forward—I liked your face so much. So I determined to take my courage in both hands and speak to you. My bath-chairman told me where you usually sat, and I made him bring me here. You see, I am—lame."



"If this kind of thing was to happen much, he would have to find a fresh seat."



"'I wish,' said the woman's voice quite close to him, 'that I might talk to you.'"

There was a long pause after she had finished speaking, and the sound of her voice seemed to go on echoing for a long time in the tall man's ears. "I am lame," she had Her voice was a very charming one, fresh, clear, strong. It sounded as if it belonged to a young woman, a healthy woman, a vigorous woman, and yet she had said she was lame. Some temporary sprain, of course, he thought. Somehow, the mere fact that she was not one of those eager, boisterous, active girls, whose voices he had so often heard as they returned from some game of tennis or golf, some boating expedition, some pursuit that he would never join again, seemed to form a little bond between them.

"We are companions in misfortune," he said, with a slight smile, "though I imagine yours is only a temporary trial, while mine——" He broke off and was silent.

"Captain Holmes," said the girl steadily, "I very much doubt whether I shall ever be able to tell you that I have the use of my legs again."

There was another silence, and then he

spoke gently.

"I am very sorry," he said, "very sorry. You will realise that I can sympathise probably more deeply in your misfortune than ordinary healthy people. Their imagination is not strong enough, as a rule, to understand what it means to lose so much as you and I have lost. You sound so young and vigorous that it seems unusually cruel. Are you not so?"

"Yes, I am young—twenty-two, in fact—and I am very healthy and strong, as you are, indeed. We both have much to be

thankful for, Captain Holmes."

The tall man nodded, but a shadow was on his face.

"I try to remember that at times, but I always forget it again. I see you know my name."

"Yes, I do. To be frank, I asked. And so it is only fair, isn't it, that you should know mine? I am called Felicity Carne. I am staying down here with some friends. They called on you, I believe, but you wouldn't let them in." And she broke off with a little laugh. To his surprise, the tall man joined in.

"People were very kind in calling," he said. "But I am become a hopeless misanthrope, and no good to anyone. You are the first person, except my attendant,

that I have spoken to for a year."

"Oh! And now, I suppose, that I have

forced myself upon you, you will find a fresh place to sit in, so as to avoid me. Please don't do that. You have only got to say that you would rather be alone, and I shall quite understand. Of course, I know you will try and be polite, and say you are delighted, but I shall know the truth from the tone of your voice, and not be a bit offended. You see, we are—different, aren't we?"

She stammered very much as she said the last few words, and the tall man thought he understood. He could comprehend perfectly the unreasoning sense of shame in an affliction that set them aside from their fellows—both young, both strong and full of life, and both condemned by accident to a life apart. He had always been ashamed of his blindness. This girl who talked to him was ashamed of her lameness.

"I want to thank you very much," he said heartily, "for having taken the trouble to talk to me. I have enjoyed our conversation immensely, and I do hope you will come here again. Please, please do."

He felt, though he could not see, that her

eyes were searching his face.

"Really? Honestly?" she queried.

"You are not being just polite?"

"On my honour," he said gravely, in the school-boy phrase, while his sightless eyes looked straight into hers.

"Then I should like it, too," she said.
"We will comfort each other. And now I see old Grubb coming for me. Good-bye, Captain Holmes."

The tall man felt one of his hands taken in a cool, firm grasp, and he eagerly returned

the pressure of the kindly fingers.

"Till to-morrow?" he questioned, with an eagerness that surprised himself.

"Very well," said the girl's voice, with a

little laugh; "till to-morrow."

He heard the sound of the bath-chair wheels moving off, and the girl's voice receding into the distance as she chatted to the bath-chair man. When Bennet rejoined his master, he found him with a brighter expression on his face than it had worn for many a weary day.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and there was the exhilarating snap in the air that early autumn brings. The tall man's blood tingled in his veins, and he thought with dumb longing of a brisk tramp over heather, a gun under his arm and a dog at his heels. What did women do that they missed equally? he asked himself. And in his ears was once more the sound of a

fresh, youthful voice. "You see, I amlame," it said.

Sometimes it had seemed to him, in the rebellion of his grief, that he alone was singled out from the world of human beings for a burden of unjust suffering. It was such bitter thoughts as these that had made him shrink from his fellow-men who were well, strong, complete. Now he realised that he was only one of many, that here, close at hand, was one who was equally deprived of her heritage of health, vigour, joy.

The afternoon saw him on his usual bench, alone, silent; but, in place of the customary dogged patience, there was something of expectancy in his attitude. He had not Once more there was the long to wait. sound of wheels upon the gravel, and approaching footsteps. The tall man raised

his head quickly.

"Good afternoon, Captain Holmes," said the girl's voice gaily. "You are here first, I see. Grubb, come back again in a quarter of an hour."

"Tell him half an hour," the tall man said in a low voice, as he shook hands with his new friend.

"In half an hour, I mean, Grubb," the girl amended. There was an assenting grunt and then the sound of shuffling footsteps retreating.

The girl laughed.

"Did you notice Grubb's face?" she began, and then stopped suddenly. tall man knew that she was regretting her speech, and smiled sadly.

"No, I didn't," he answered. "I wish I

"He is such a good walker," the girl went on. "Not such a good walker as you, Captain Holmes, but wonderful for an oldish man.

There was gentle reproof in her voice, and the tall man bowed his head as if

accepting it.

"It's delightful to be talking to you again, Miss Carne," he said. "You've no idea how I have been looking forward to this afternoon."

"Have you honestly? Well, so have I. The people here seem to lead such an entirely out-of-doors, sporting life that anyone not doing likewise is apt to be a bit out of it. Now, you and I, Captain Holmes, can make an offensive and defensive alliance, and scorn them all."

She laughed merrily as she spoke. It was the prettiest sound in the world.

"You were kind enough yesterday," said

the tall man suddenly, "to say that-that you liked my face. May I say now, in my turn, that I like your voice?"

"Do you? I am very glad. I believe

we ought to be good friends.

"I wish I could see you," he said wistfully. "Well," said the girl, "shall I try and tell you what I am like?"

"Please do," he answered eagerly.

"I am of medium height, more tall than short. I am slim. My hair is fair, my eyes are grey, and I have a good complexion."

The man smiled to himself. The description was elaborately commonplace, and would have fitted half the women in England.

"That's no use to me," he said. "I see I shall have to form my own ideal of you, as your modesty prevents your saying more."

The girl seemed surprised.

"I promise you what I have said is all However, for our mutual satisfaction, I will tell you that I have been considered pretty."

The man laughed again, for the third time in a year and all within twenty-four

"That's better," he said, "though you need not have told me. I am already developing the extra sense that is mercifully vouchsafed us, and should have known anyhow that you were good-looking. There is a something in the voice, an assurance—"

"I am afraid you will never forget how I introduced myself to you," said the girl ruefully. "You must promise never to twit

me with it again."

They joked merrily together, and later on, talking more seriously, the tall man found himself telling her more about himself than he had ever confided to anyone. He even told her haltingly and with few words the story of the accident that had blinded him.

"It was not his fault," he said; "the gun just exploded, and I happened to be next him. I still can hardly bear to remember how sorry he was. The worst tug for me

was having to leave the Army."

He was silent, and she did not attempt any words of sympathy. It was beyond

"Is there no chance of cure?" she asked

He roused himself from the dreamy silence

into which he had sunk.

"One in a thousand, or something of the kind, I believe. You know how it is. These bare chances never come one's own way; they are just miracles which occur in order to enliven the medical journals."

He heard her sigh, and his heart smote

"Forgive me," he said quickly. "I am so full of my woes, and talk so much of myself, that I forget I may be wounding you. Tell me, if you can, how you came by your misfortune."

A little to his surprise, she refused to talk

of herself.

"Promise me," she said vehemently, "that you will never question me about it. I

never want to speak of it."

He respected and understood her reticence. There had been a time when he himself would have refused to talk to anyone of his affliction. Even now it was only to her that he could imagine speaking of it. He realised suddenly why it was that he was able to do so. She had never offered him pity—the pity that is so hard to bear, of the healthy to the stricken. She understood. She knew.

It was soon an established custom that they should meet and talk every afternoon. It was extraordinary what a lot they had to say to each other—they had so many tastes in common, thought so much alike on so many things. And yet they differed sufficiently to make the interchange of thought a stimulating thing. The time when they were together seemed to him to fly as if the hour were enchanted, which, indeed, it He would be secretly irritated at the return of Bennet, though that astute person had gradually, and without orders, extended his visit to the shops from the space of half an hour to more than double that time. realised that the society of the lame young lady was an asset for good in his master's That was enough for him.

As for that master, there was one fact of which he had become suddenly amazingly aware. He realised with startling clearness that he loved this girl who had come so curiously into his life. He loved with all his soul a woman whom he had never seen, whose hand he had barely touched, whose voice and name were the only things he knew about her.

He thought long and deeply as to what he should do. He was blind, blind, blind! Should he lay another burden on her shoulders in addition to the grievous one she carried? If she consented to marry him, would he be right to let her? The answer was "No." It was selfish of him to think of it; he would be doubling the unhappiness of her lot. Never as now had he longed for sight, that he might have the joy of caring for her, protecting her, loving her.

She felt that there was a difference in his attitude towards her when they met that afternoon. He was more silent, and spoke vaguely of going away. There was a slight constraint between them.

Suddenly he put out a wavering hand and

took hers into his clasp.

"I want to thank you," he said huskily, "for all you have done for me. I was sinking into a slough when I first got to know you. I was rebellious, angry, self-absorbed. I thought I was suffering more than anyone had ever suffered. I was miserable, and hated everyone. And then you came and showed me how misfortune should be borne—you, who are so brave, so good, under affliction."

She gave a little cry and tried to withdraw her hand from his, but he only held it more

firmly as he went on—

"You have given me an example. You have reminded me there were other sufferers in the world besides myself, and—you have made me a very much happier man."

"Do you promise me that?" she said breathlessly. "Can you truly say you are happier since you met me? If so, I am rewarded, and can tell myself I have done

right."

"I can promise you that I am much happier than I was when you first met me, and it was an angel's thought of yours to speak to me. Indeed you were right."

With one hand he held hers as he spoke,

and with the other pointed out to sea.

"You came into my life to brighten it, to make the dark places light. Everything seems light. I can almost see it, a glowing,

shining space in front of me."

She followed with her eyes the direction of his extended hand where it was pointing in front of him. She looked at his wide-open eyes, which stared straight out at a brilliant patch that the sun made on the water. It was so bright that her eyes could hardly look at it, but he was pointing straight to it, looking straight at it.

"A great white light," he murmured.

"Charles," she said quietly, not noticing that she had used his Christian name, "tell me exactly what you see, and what you are pointing at."

"I see nothing," he replied sadly, "but I suppose it is imagination that makes me think I see a great patch of light just there." And he pointed directly to the sparkling road the sun made on the dancing water.

"Listen to me," said the girl quietly.
"You are pointing exactly to the place where

there is a brilliant patch of sunlight on the sea. It is exceedingly bright. I think

that you are dimly seeing it."

The meaning of her words hardly seemed to strike him for a moment. Then he grew very white, and his grasp of her fingers tightened.

"Felicity," he whispered, "what are you

saying? Is that true?"

"Perfectly true, Charles, I promise you. You must go up to London at once, tell your oculist what has happened, and get yourself examined again."

He was shaking as with an ague when

Bennet came for him.

The next morning he and Bennet left for

London.

Before his departure he had written a little note in his vague, sprawling hand. It was addressed to Miss Felicity Carne, and told her of his journey. During the month of his absence she received thirty similar little notes, short and very tender, but they contained no news, good or bad.

"The cures for a case of this description, as I told you, Captain Holmes," said the great oculist, "are one in a thousand. You

are the thousandth."

He wrung the tall man's hand as he spoke, and the tall man looked down at him with eyes that were suspiciously moist, but that could see as well as they ever had. He was only just beginning to realise that he was cured. He was half stunned with the joy of his cure, but through all the maze and muddle of his emotions there was one fact stood out clearly. All he longed for was to get back to the little watering-place, to a girl who waited there, a girl whose voice rang pitifully in his ears, saying: "I am—lame."

With his new-found health his heart ached for her in an agony of sympathy and love. It seemed so hard that he should be

cured and she should be still tied.

There was one thing he had promised himself—the sight of her face, when he told her how much he loved her, without the mask that the presence of others enforces. She should still think him sightless. For this he had not written her of his cure—for this and for the joy of telling her himself.

On the thirty-first day of his absence she received the usual little note. This time it was addressed, not from the nursing home in London, but from his own house in the

little watering-place.

"I shall be at the usual place at the usual time," it said. "Please be there, too."

As her bath-chair drew near enough for her to see his face, she noticed that he was very pale, and that his eyes were fastened on the ground. Her heart died within her. He had nothing to tell her. It was all over.

Silently she drew up to him, and the faithful Grubb, by now realising what was wanted of him, shuffled quickly off. The girl laid a hand on the tall man's arm.

"I see how it is," she said, with a half sob. "We expected too much, and it was not to be. Try to remember, my dear friend, that it is no worse than it was."

The tall man raised his eyes and looked at her. He looked long and closely, and looked again, as if he could never gaze his fill.

Before him sat in a bath-chair, with a rug over her knees, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. It was true, as she had told him, that her hair was fair, but what a glowing, living gold surrounded her exquisite face! Her slim figure, hidden, alas, below the waist, was graciousness itself, and her deep grey eyes with their black lashes were looking into his with a pity that was almost divine.

Life, after treating him so badly, was now treating him almost too well. As he looked, feasting his restored eyes on the beauty of her face, he saw her fling the rug from her knees, stand up on the floor of the chair, and then, turning, kneel quickly on the seat, to bring herself a little nearer him.

"You know, Charles," she said tremulously

"it may still be that in time——"

He interrupted her.

"Why, child," he asked quietly, "did you tell me you were lame, when you are not?"

She fell back as if she had been shot, and grew very pale. His eyes gloated over the colour that he could see—that he could see—coming and going in her face.

"Who told you?" she faltered out at last. He realised what he had almost forgotten—that she still thought him blind.

"It could not be kept a secret for ever," he answered gently. "Why did you do it?"

She looked at him pitifully, and then

began to speak.

"I will tell you, Charles," she said, "though you probably will never speak to me again. When I came to stay down here, I saw you walking about, and I could not help feeling very sorry. Everyone told me how you refused to speak to—to know—anyone, and I knew how bad it was for you. I have told you that—that I liked your face, and I believed I understood how it was. You were proud, you hated being pitied.

That was why you avoided people who were so well. But I thought, if I pretended to be ill, too, you would not mind speaking to me. No one knew of it, and I hoped to cheer you, to help you bear it."

Her voice trailed off, and the tall man saw her extend her arms towards him with a gesture of love and passionate longing. It

was safe to do to a blind man.

He took a step forward and caught her in his arms.

"Beloved," he whispered, as he crushed her to him, "I love you, love you, love you!" She struggled in his arms.

"How did you know where I was

standing?" she screamed.

He laughed joyously. "Felicity," he said, "listen to me. I am cured."

There was a moment's silence, then, bursting into a storm of tears, she buried her face on his shoulder.

"You-you humbug!" she sobbed.



MIDDLE AGE.

F he could turn the shadow back
That creeps upon the dial's face,
But life is on the homeward track,
And even comes apace.

Ten years ago he might have stood
Upon the bastion with his peers,
For England might have shed his blood
But for the fallen years.

If he could put the shadow on,
For him it would be nearer night,
But he could send his only son
Full-grown into the fight.

He gives his wealth, his time, his heart;
His life—one eager sacrifice:
He cannot have the nobler part,
Or pay the last dread price,

EDWARD SHILLITO.

HANNAH'S SON

By ORME AGNUS

Illustrated by Gunning King



HE wheelwright,
bending over the
felloe he was
shaping, looked
up sharply into
his son's face.
"What?" he asked.

Mark Renning, inwardly quaking, met his father's gaze with an apparently

defiant one. "I said I must go, dad," he repeated, with a firmer intonation this time.

John Renning stood up, his hammer and chisel in his hands. He was a man a little over sixty, with a wrinkled brown face, a shaven upper lip, and a fringe of white hair under his chin. His eyes looked benignantly through his spectacles, though at this moment they seemed stern to his son. He was a class-leader at the little village chapel and a local preacher, and Mark, who had often heard his father pray passionately for the glad time when the swords might be beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruninghooks, believed he had dropped a bombshell in the little workshop this sunny morning. It had taken him several days to summon up his courage to drop it.

"Go where, my boy?" asked John Renning, and his face to his son seemed to

grow sterner.

The young man's words came in a torrent. "You know, dad. I must go and enlist. I'm captain of the cricket team, and the other fellows look up to me a little bit, do 'ee see. They keep on asking, 'What be you going to do, Mark?' and I have to keep saying I don't know yet. They think, because I'm a chapel member, I shan't go—they think we'm down on fighting. I'm strong and well, dad, and I don't feel I dare hang back. 'Tis the Lord's work, surely, dad, to see things righted? When you read what they'm doing to they Belgians. . . . If I go, I know Will Redden and Tom Bore

and George Grant and George Willman and Jack Russell will go too; they've said, 'If Mark do go . . .' I told 'em 'twaddn' rightly expected if one was an only son, but I can't rest. I know you've said often that the Christian is a man of peace, and you don't believe in war and—and fighting, dad, but—but——"

John Renning laid down his hammer and chisel and took off his spectacles. "I am a man of peace, but who says I bain't for fighting when 'tis the only way to save they that are being so wronged? When I prayed the Lord to make strong they Belgians' hearts and arms, what do 'ee think I meant? If I see a great brute hurting a pore weak creature that have done no wrong, do 'ee think I should only go praying about it? . . . I could see for days what you be thinking, but 'twas for you to make up your mind, boy. 'Tiddn' that, my boy; 'tis mother.'

There fell a silence between them, and they turned to their work again. For Mark Renning was the only living child of his parents, given to them when all hope had gone, the child of their old age, as Sarah Renning said, thinking of the other Sarah. Three children had died in infancy, and not even John Renning, who felt the loss bitterly, knew how deeply the iron had bitten into his wife's soul. And then Mark had been given to them, and Mrs. Renning was a live woman again, with a heart that sang passionate magnificats daily as the boy grew lusty and strong. His dead brothers and sister had been delicate from birth, but Mark from the first had been a sturdy youngster, and grew up to be a good son, in whom his parents could rejoice, and whose daily life blotted out with joy all the agony of the three tiny coffins in the churchyard. John Renning's heart beat painfully that morning. How could he ask his wife to offer up her only son to his country's need-ask her, after all her tribulations, to die daily as she pictured him with thousands of enemies, and all the cruel engines of war and disease as

well, intent on taking his life?

Father and son worked together for more than an hour without a word, and then Mark said, without turning his head: "I thought you would talk to mother, dad."

"I don't see how I can, boy," said

Renning.

"I've been tempted to go off without saying anything, but I thought there wouldn't be much of a brave soldier about that "—with a laugh.

"That would break her heart doubly, my boy." And again they refrained from speech.

At twelve they went across the sunny It was a silent meal. road to dinner. Mrs. Renning, who was a thin and wirylooking woman, most active in her movements and with fingers never idle, had nothing to say, and the two men, in spite of themselves, could not maintain a conversation. Mark went out into the garden to weed the flower-bed, when he had finished dinner, to give his father an opportunity of speaking. Renning pretended to read the paper, and furtively watched his wife, but he could not She cleared away the dinner, and was going into the kitchen to wash up, when he tried to make an opening.

"They brave Belgians are still holding

out, my dear, just about."

She looked round from the kitchen door, and spoke with a snap.

"Be there any news of our soldiers helping

'em yet?"

"It don't say where ours be. The papers bain't allowed to say where ours be. And quite right; we don't want the news to get to they Germans till they see our men face to face... I wish we had more of 'em."

He glanced at his wife as he made the last remark. It was a good opening, but she made no reply again, and went into the kitchen. He sighed as he turned to his paper again, but he did not read. He put it down and took up his pocket Testament, and read that for a minute or two, and then sat with his hand before his eyes till it was time to go to work again.

When he got into the workshop, Mark had resumed work. He looked up into his father's face, and read there that nothing had been said, and he turned to his work

without a word.

In the afternoon Mrs. Renning often came and sat in the workshop with her sewing or knitting, but this afternoon she did not come. A farmer, however, did

come with a wagon for repairs, and he stopped for half an hour talking about the War. He was a most pessimistic farmer. "They Germans" were too strong and too prepared and too numerous for us, was his firm belief, he said. Neither Belgium nor the Allies could stand against them. We might have a big fleet, but the cunning devils across the water would blow up our ships one by one. They had got all the devil's tricks up their sleeves, and he was feared our little army would only be a mouthful for the German ogre. We wanted millions to be any use.

John Renning listened in patience, allowing the farmer to repeat himself again and again before he spoke. "We've got something stronger than all the Germans, Thomas," he said. "We've got right on

our side."

" Methody talk."

"That bain't much good agenst they devils and their tricks," retorted the farmer.

"'Tis everything," answered John, with a touch of sternness. "I don't believe in going with a gun and killing poor men, as a rule; but when I read what they have done to innocent folk, women and li'l 'uns, I know as certain as the Lord reigneth their doom is fixed. The Lord have this matter in hand, Thomas."

"Let I have the wagon Friday, now," said the farmer, and went off hastily. There was no better wheelwright and more conscientious workman in the county than John Renning, but, nevertheless, Farmer Thomas Brill did not wish to hear his

At half-past four Mark and his father, intending to work until dark, went in to tea. It was a day for song and laughter, not for silence and heavy hearts. The golden peace of the August afternoon was over all. Tall sunflowers nodded in at the open window as they sat at tea, and the sweet peas made a gorgeous fence across the garden and filled the room with their scent; but neither sunshine nor bloom could brighten the tea-table.

They had almost finished tea when Mrs. Renning, who had been gazing out of the window, suddenly turned on the two men. "What is it?" she asked, and there was a note in her voice which sounded like scorn.

The two listeners looked guiltily at each other for a moment. "What do you mean, mother?" asked her husband.

"What are you two hiding?" she asked, with the same note. "Have I sat at this



"'My boy, you must go."

held him.

table with 'ee all these years, and don't

know your faces?"

"I don't know that we're hiding anything, mother, so to speak," returned her husband. "I've got something on my mind, if you must know."

Mrs. Renning pushed her chair back from the table. "As if I didn't know that! Do 'ee both think me blind and can see nothing?" And then she turned swiftly on her son. "You'm wanting to go for a soldier, and you've been a-wondering how you was going to tell me. What will mother say? Waddn' it that, now?"

They did not need to answer; their faces confirmed her acute diagnosis. John Renning looked at his wife, and he framed his lips to speak twice before he could say deprecatingly, "Why, mother——" so remarkable was her expression and her agitation. Mark was stealing from his chair to slip out of what he felt was going to be a hideous scene, but his mother's eye

She began to speak in a low and calm voice that seemed to intensify her emotions. "Haven't I been lying awake nights, praying that you would come and tell me you were going, my dear? I said to meself and I said to the Lord: 'If he'll come to me and say, I'm going, mother, 'twill be the sweetest words I ever heard out of his mouth.' If you'd only come, my dear, and said that! But never mind."

"Mother!" cried Mark, bewildered.

"You don't know, my boy," she went on, smiling at him now. "I cried to the Lord to spare my—my others, but He didn't see fit, and when you was spared, I knowed He had answered me, and was wanting 'ee for His own plans. Ever since you was at my breast I've seen 'ee growing up to be a missionary, and the Lord knows well that if you had gone out to die of fever, or be killed by savages in they heathen lands while spreading the Gospel, I should have been a sorrowing but a proud woman. I allus thought it was that, but at the beginning of last week I did know why the Lord spared 'ee to us. When I did hear about they pore Belgian babies and their mothers being killed, I did know what the Lord wanted 'ee "My dear!" cried John Renning, his face white with emotion.

She motioned him to silence with her hand. "If anybody had told me, even no longer ago than his birthday on the fifteenth of July, my boy would go about with a gun and a bayonet to kill folks, I should have said I'd sooner see him with li'l 'uns." She laughed. "I didn't know I'd rather see him in his grave than not with a gun." Her voice sank into a whisper in which there was solemn conviction. "That night as I couldn't sleep the Lord called to me for him. I allus wanted to see him with his Bible in his hand, and the Lord said, 'I want to see him with a gun."

John Renning, who was never a demonstrative man, leaned over and patted his wife's shoulder. Her face, even in their days of courtship, had never seemed to him so beautiful.

She did not repulse him, but looked at

"I ask your pardon, my boy. I've been a-fearing I should have to ask you afore you did go; I ought to have known better. I've been troubling all this ayternoon about it—a silly, foolish woman, afeared the Lord

hadn't spoken to the son of her prayers."

"We didn't feel we could tell 'ee, my
dear," said her husband, patting her shoulder.

"We both did think——"

"You did think, 'cause he be my only boy, I couldn't let him go. If mothers who haven't put their sons in the Lord's hands could let *their* sons go, how could I keep mine back? Do 'ee think, if I had kept my boy back, I shouldn't hear the cries of the li'l 'uns out there ringing in my ears till I should be driven mad? I couldn't have gone on me knees any more."

"My dear, my dear!" said John Renning,

his voice broken.

She got up and went to her son, who was looking at her almost helpless in his bewilderment, not knowing anything of the mysterious deeps of a mother's heart. She put her arms round him and kissed him, and then spoke in her everyday tones.

"My boy, you must go and put on your tidy clothes now, and go into Suckton. The doctor will pass 'ee, I know. If you'll let I go with 'ee in the trap, I shall be proud and

very thankful,"

JOHNNY SHARK

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HAT'S what he is called, ashore and afloat — Johnny Shark. He is boatswain aboard a barquentine now; but I think he would have turned his back on the sea long ago if he had realised that

he possessed any shore accomplishments. say realised, and I mean realised; for a man who can reef and steer, scrape paint and slash it on, chip rust out of water-tanks, replace an old plank with a new on a forecastle head, patch sails, and play the accordion, is surely capable of holding down a job ashore. He is qualified for house painting, plumbing, carpentry, tailoring, and the music-hall stage if he only thinks so. That was the trouble with Johnny Shark—he didn't think so. The fact is, he couldn't make up his mind to think so. Before I came to know him, his mind had suffered such a twist—as this tale discloses—that for years it absolutely refused to allow itself to be made up on any important Don't try to escape with the impression that Johnny was a fool. wasn't. He was as sensible as you and I, except on the subject of sharks.

A shark, as you may know, is not so dangerous a thing as we were led to think when we were young—far from it. Some naturalists, and a few sailors who have never fallen overboard, would have us believe that the average shark is a dull, good-natured creature that would long ago have been accepted by humanity as a trusty companion and household pet but for its unalterable predilection for salt water, its somewhat daunting cast of countenance, and its reputation for swallowing things—a reputation, so its champions and admirers say, for which Jonah's whale is largely responsible.

I am not much of a naturalist, and very

little of a sailor, though I have fallen overboard. Also I once caught a shark on a rusty iron hook, with three pounds of salt pork for bait, four feet of chain for cast, and a coil of manila rope for line. One of the able seamen made me a razor-strap out of the skin of its belly. I can show you the strap, to prove the story; but I am modest enough to admit that I am not in a position to say whether or not a shark should be admitted to the bosom of one's family. I am positive that Mr. John Chalker, familiarly known as Johnny Shark, would not advise it.

H.

This is Johnny's story.

He was twenty years of age, wise in seamanship, willing, and inclined to be He had sailed the seas since frolicsome. his fourteenth year, and was now an A.B. aboard the barquentine Champion. widowed mother lived in Heart's Content, which is on the Bay of Conception, and there lived Kate Malloy also. I'll not attempt to describe Kate's eyes. enough for my purpose to say that they—like her cheeks, hair, waist, lips, and arms bare to the elbow — were distressingly They proved too much for attractive. Johnny's peace of mind. So Johnny, only three weeks ashore, went to St. John's and shipped again. The Champion was towed out through the narrows on February 7. On the night of March 10 she ran into a derelict somewhere off the northern coast of Brazil. Johnny Chalker was in the watch below at the time, snoring in his bunk and dreaming of Kate Malloy.

Johnny went on deck and was astonished at the steep, persisting pitch of the barquentine forward. Then he saw that the lifeboats were gone from their places. He saw a lantern and, by the light of it, Bill Price stowing a bag in the skipper's gig, which lay just forward of the main hatch, blocked up on an even keel.

"Hey there, Bill! What be ye up to?"

Bill Price also was from Heart's Content, and he, too, knew Kate Malloy. He turned, straightened himself, and raised the lantern

nign.

"They's all pulled away and left us, Johnny," he replied. "Saints alive, b'y, ye give me a turn! Sure, didn't I think ye'd pulled away wid t'others and desarted me. Lend a hand here. She struck somethin' hard and hefty, b'y, and is sinkin' fast. She's goin' down by the head."

And so it came about that Johnny Chalker found himself afloat on a dark and desolate sea in the captain's gig, along with Bill Price, at a very early hour of the morning of March 11. If he had been given any voice in the selection of a companion, he would certainly not have been adrift with

Bill Price.

The sun came up. The two mariners gazed east and west, north and south. Everywhere the little hills arose flashing, the narrow valleys sank darkling—everywhere ran the burnished, empty welter of the sea. The *Champion* had vanished as if she had never been. The boats were not in sight. No derelict wallowed in the field of their vision, and no landfall of island or mainland hung like a smoky opal on any hord.

"Did ye stow a compass?" asked Johnny.

"There bain't no compass here," said Price, staring down at the bags of bread, two small breakers of water, and odds and ends from the galley, which lay in the bottom of the boat.

Johnny stepped the short mast and hoisted the little sail.

"Sout' Ameriky lays yonder," he said, pointing. "Get the sun to yer back, Bill, and keep her at that, and we'll raise a landfall by to-morry mornin'."

Price, with one hand on the tiller and the other on the sheet, glowered at his companion and kept the boat headed south.

"I'd like to know who made ye skipper o' this here gig?" he inquired through the left-hand corner of his mouth.

That's a way he had, talking with one end of a crooked mouth whenever his temper was bad. Johnny had seen it before, on the high seas and in Heart's Content, especially in Heart's. Content. He sighted trouble ahead, and was more than willing to avoid it.

"Every craft as floats has a skipper o' some kind," he replied, "unless she's empty, or got only one aboard. Sure, that's nature. So this here gig must have a skipper, b'y,

and there bain't no choice but 'twixt me and you."

"Bain't that choice enough?" queried Price, his mouth slanting at a sharper angle than ever.

Johnny was a good seaman, and Bill Price was a poor one, and they both knew it. Johnny felt it to be his duty to take command of the little boat. He stooped and reluctantly picked up an oar, and at the same moment Bill Price made the sheet fast and pulled something from his pocket. Johnny straightened himself, with the oar swung high, and looked into the muzzle of a revolver. It was a small revolver, but to Johnny's astonished eyes the muzzle of it looked as big as the mouth of a harness cask.

"Cut that out!" he said, in a voice of scorn and disgust. "I'd think shame o' meself, Bill Price, to make a liar of an honest man wid the help of a pistol. But ye never was man enough to fight fair, Bill Price, wid the hands and the feet God

give ye."

He laid the oar down and seated himself on the thwart just aft of the mast, facing

the self-elected skipper.

"Be alsy wid yer tongue, Johnny, or I'll blow ye up," warned the other. "I don't like ye, and never did. If ye wants yer head shot off, ye won't have to ax me twice. I bain't standin' for no mutiny."

So the gig continued on her southward course, the sun climbed high, Bill Price minded tiller and sheet, with the revolver in his lap, and Johnny Chalker fumed in idleness. A black, triangular fin appeared far astern and drew up to the boat, quartering the choppy seas.

"What's yer idee?" inquired Johnny.
"If ye'd head her west, ye'd make the

mainland."

"Mainland be blowed!" retorted Price.

"Keep yer trap shut! I'm skipper here."

"But ye wants to make land, Bill, for yer own credit," replied Johnny, in his most agreeable voice and manner. "Sure, b'y, it's a desperate poor skipper entirely what can't fetch a landfall."

"Stow yer Bills!" snarled Price. "When ye got anythin' to say to me, Johnny Chalker, put a 'sir' to the front o' it. I'm

skipper of this craft, consarn ye!"

Then Johnny began to realise, with a sinking heart, that his companion's mind was slightly deranged. He remembered that the Price family, in Heart's Content, had always contributed largely to the Harbour's supply of idiots and "characters."

"Aye, aye, sir," he replied, and filled his pipe.

"No smokin' on duty," snapped Price.

Johnny stowed the pipe away and twiddled

his thumbs.

"It's time for breakfast, sir," he suggested

"The crew's on quarter rations, Chalker," replied Price. "One cake o' hard bread and a swig o' water for the crew. Fetch mine aft to me first—a tin o' sardines, a loaf o' soft bread, and ye'll find a bottle o' rum in the bows."

Johnny found the sardines, the soft bread, and the rum, and placed them at Price's feet. He hoped that Bill would indulge freely in the bottle, knowing that he had a weak head for liquor. Then he retired forward of the sail, and fed himself with biscuits, butter, and jam, and drank his fill of water from one of the breakers. He was putting the finishing touches on the satisfying meal when Price suddenly ordered him to lower the sail.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Johnny cheerily, making frantic attempts to replace the cover on the tin of butter.

"Be quick about it!" roared Price.

The cover wouldn't go on. Johnny pushed it under the thwart. The jam and the blue canister of cabin biscuits were still open and in sight, when the pistol exploded and a bullet punctured the sail and whined over Johnny's head. Johnny lowered away. Bill Price leered at him with a crooked mouth and cunning eyes.

"So ye've bin feedin' on jam an' cabin biscuits, have ye?" he sneered. "And butter," he added, as a lurch of the little boat brought the open yellow tin rolling into

view from beneath the thwart.

Johnny was scared. The pistol still smoked in the other's hand.

"Sure, sir, there be lashin's o' grub," he faltered.

"Lashin's o' grub!" cried the other.
"Not wid four mouths to feed, ye fool!"

"Four mouths?" queried Johnny feebly.
"Look astarn," said Price, with a tone of relish in his voice.

Two black fins cruised astern, quartering

the blue, choppy seas.

"But that bain't no consarn o' yers and mine," said Johnny. "We bain't called on

to feed the fishes."

"We'll feed 'em like skippers," answered Price. "And when the grub runs out, 'twill be yer turn to feed 'em, Johnny Chalker—and I'll go home to Heart's Content and marry Kate Malloy."

The hair on the back of Johnny's neck felt as if it was trying to crawl down between his shoulders.

"Now come aft o' the mast and hoist the sail," commanded Price.

And so the hot day wore on and out. Johnny hoped that night would put an end to the grotesque and dangerous position in which evil chance had placed him. Bill Price would fall asleep; then Johnny would tie him with ropes, and head the boat for the west and the coast of Brazil. It was as simple as A B C, and far more natural.

The sharks continued to cruise close astern. for Price had fed them generously with salt pork. The sun dropped in glory behind the western horizon. Big stars shone above the world of waters like white and yellow lamps. By the starshine the black fins were visible, quartering the small but choppy waves. The wind fell. Price ordered the sail to be lowered and stowed. He remained in the stern sheets, smoking his pipe. Johnny reclined in the bows and stared aft, waiting for the spark of the pipe to fade, and for the head of the insane man to nod. The coal of the pipe faded, but the head failed to nod. The fellow was lively as a cricket, and seemed to grow livelier with every passing hour. He sang to himself, he told stories to himself, he talked to the two black fins that cruised

Johnny fell asleep, in spite of all he could do to keep his eyes open and watch the head of Bill Price, black and alert and mad, rocking against the stars. It was dawn when he awoke. Price still sat upright in the stern, leering at him with a crooked mouth and bright eyes. The two black fins cruised close astern. The stars were out. The revolver shone dully in Price's hand.

"Bring aft my breakfast, and then hoist

the sail," said Price.

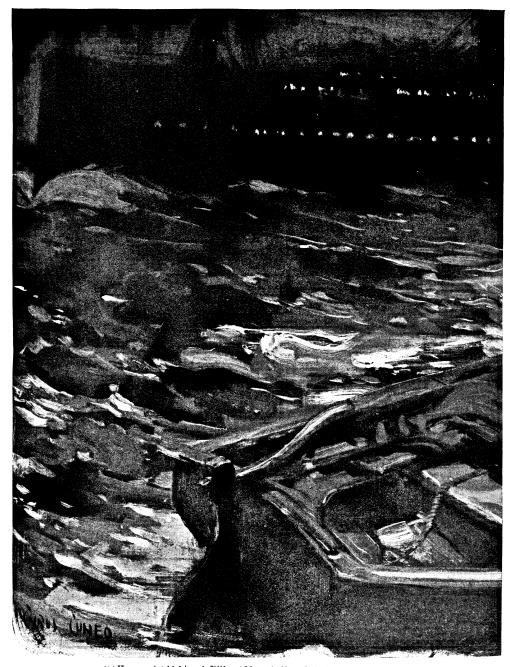
Johnny felt strong and refreshed, and very much like a fool. He had slept and let

his chance slip by.

"How'd ye sleep, sir?" he inquired politely, wondering if a tin of butter weighing two pounds, and thrown with every ounce of his arm, would travel as fast as a bullet. He decided that it might not.

"Sleep!" exclaimed Price. "Ye lazy forecastle rat, ye'll never catch me asleep! Sleep? I don't need it. I don't want it. It be three weeks since last I shut my eyes. Fetch aft my breakfast and some more pork for the lads astern."

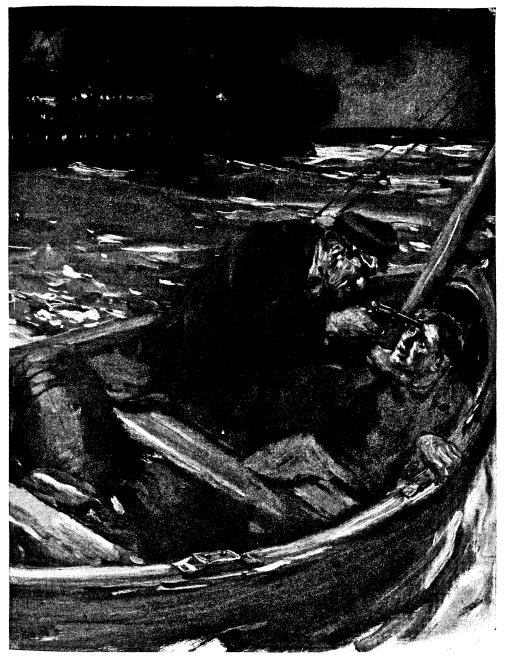
Johnny was given no chance to feed himself with soft bread, butter, and jam that



"'Keep quiet!' hissed Bill. 'If ye holler, I'll shoot ye dead!"

day, for whenever his meal-time came around, he was ordered to lower the sail and thus forced to gnaw his one cake of hard bread and swallow his one gulp of water in full view of Bill Price. But, in return, he was allowed to watch Price feed himself and the sharks. The self-appointed skipper ate of the best, slowly and with relish. With each meal he swallowed one sparing dose of rum

and water. That was all—not enough to make a fly drunk. And he fed salt pork, in junks, to the following sharks. And he smoked. Also he cleaned his revolver. Poor Johnny saw that it was a five-chambered weapon, and that there were now only four loaded cartridges. It was quite evident that the madman had brought no reserve supply of ammunition. Johnny's heart went aloft.



"Johnny rolled his eyes and saw . . . a great, long hull outlined and bestarred with lights."

When once the four remaining cartridges were empty, he would take command of Price and the boat, and head for the coast. So he set his brain to work to contrive some scheme by which Bill Price could be induced to discharge the weapon four times harmlessly.

"Could ye hit one o' them fish, sir?" inquired Johnny, waving his hand toward the sharks astern.

"Sure I could, but I wouldn't," replied Price. "They be friends o' mine, signed on wid me for the purpose and intention o' devourin' yerself, Johnny Chalker. Ye got a desperate poor memory, my lad. It wasn't more nor six months ago when Kate herself told me as how she'd never hand a civil word to me till Johnny Chalker was shark feed."

"Saints presarve us, b'y, but she didn't

say it thataway!" exclaimed Johnny. "She bain't wantin' to say a civil word to ye, and she bain't wantin' me to be fed to the fishes. Man alive, Bill Price, she's a-goin' to marry me!"

Bill Price laughed slyly and wagged his head.

"I knows what she said, and I knows what she was meanin'," he chuckled, "and when these here sharks gets so fond o' pork, and so trustin', that they'll swally whatever I drops over to 'em, then I'll drop ye overboard, Johnny Chalker."

"She wouldn't be civil to ye if ye was the only man alive in the whole entire world, ye crack-brained, squid-hearted, knock-kneed son o' a slush bucket!" cried Johnny, his wrath getting the better of his fear and

his wits.

Bill Price's face became the face of a fiend. He leaned forward and raised the Johnny tried to remember a prayer pistol. suitable for the occasion. He could not He could not cry out. He saw that terrible face, twisted and aflame with unholy rage and insanity, the blue sky behind it, and, as the stern of the boat slid down, the lively dance of the little waves, and the flash of the cruising fins. He felt as bad as dead already—cold of flesh, nerveless of muscle and brain, heavy and frozen of heart. blood seemed to stand still in his veins. Only his eyes seemed to possess life.

Bill Price lowered the pistol. His face changed again suddenly—faded and softened and weakened to foolish cunning and idiotic self-satisfaction. He chuckled, and at that weird but comforting sound Johnny Chalker's heart and brain resumed their natural functions of pumping blood and

thinking.

"I be too almighty smart for ye, Johnny Chalker," said Price. "Ye thought as how ye'd tease me to shoot at ye and spend all my ca'tridges, didn't ye? I bain't no fool. When I be ready for to shoot ye and feed ye to the sharks, then I'll put the muzzle o' this here little pistol right square agin yer breast an' let her go. I bain't a good enough shot wid the weapon to take no chances."

Johnny watched his companion narrowly all day, waiting vainly for the head to nod, the burning eyes to close. Night fell, and the white and yellow stars shone again. The sail was lowered and stowed; the little boat drifted and wabbled aimlessly between the sea-fires and the steady lamps of the sky, and the two black fins cruised close under the counter. Price smoked his pipe and

talked to himself, and fed the sharks with small scraps of pork which he shredded with his fingers; and the revolver gleamed dully in his lap, and never a minute passed in which he did not fix his unwinking eyes upon Johnny Chalker, huddled in the bows.

Johnny managed to stay awake until long past midnight. The first uncomfortable gnawings of hunger helped to keep him awake, for he was not accustomed to a daily diet of three cakes of hard bread and three furtive gulps of water. However, he sank

to sleep, to rest.

The third day passed more quietly than the second, with the sun shining, the moderate breeze fanning, Price nursing his revolver and his insane intentions, and the sharks cruising close astern. Johnny tried to think of some way of outwitting the sleepless one, but his head ached so that it hurt him to think. When supper-time came around, Price passed the bottle of rum forward to him.

"Eat hearty, lad, an' drink all ye wants," he said. "The pork is nigh all gone, and likewise the sardines, and these here sharks, seemingly, bain't fond o' cheese and bread, so I'll soon have to be feedin' ye to them. So eat and drink hearty, Johnny Chalker, so's the poor fish will find a smatch o' flavour

in ver carcass."

Though the chill of death closed upon Johnny's heart for a moment, so intense was his hunger that he ate largely and eagerly, and drank off several pints of rum and water. After that he pretended to sleep, gripping the neck of the rum bottle in his right hand. If the madman should come close enough to touch him with the muzzle of the revolver before firing, then there was a chance—a chance that the bottle might reach the madman's skull before the trigger was pressed.

Johnny lay awake hour after hour, in spite of the dull ache in his head—which was due to the sun - and the full and comfortable feeling of food and drink in his His eyelids were heavy, but he stomach. kept them open hour after hour. fingers of his right hand cramped on the neck of the bottle. He was forced to change his position. The little boat wabbled on the rocking seas, between the up-bubbling showers of sea-fire and the steady lamps The black, alert head and of the stars. shoulders of the madman swayed against this background of mellow dark and white illuminations. The fins of the sharks cut black against the waves, rimmed with fire,

and ever and anon their long and deadly forms shone clear, close to the boat, washed

with the liquid flame.

Johnny closed his eyes just for a wink, and forgot to open them again. He slept the sleep of the full-fed and feverish. Suddenly he was awakened by a hand on his throat and something hard against his forehead. He gazed into the glowing eyes and twisted face of Bill Price.

"Keep quiet!" hissed Bill. "If ye holler, I'll shoot ye dead! I don't want that pesky steamer to know we be driftin'

Johnny rolled his eyes and saw, roaring past and not two hundred yards away, a great, long hull outlined and bestarred with lights. It was a boat of the R.M.S.P. line, bound northward from Bahia to Pernambuco. It passed, veiling the stars for a moment with its black trail of smoke. The upheaval of its propellers tossed the gig about like a chip. Price loosened the grip of his fingers on Johnny's throat, and stared after the boat. The muzzle of the revolver slipped aside, but the weight of him kept Johnny pressed so low that he could not raise his right hand. Then Johnny's mind awoke.

"The sharks!" he cried. "The sharks will leave us and follow the ship!"

The madman sprang aft.
"There they be!" he cried excitedly. "There they be! Sure, they wouldn't leave me now, after all the pork I'd fed to 'em and——"

But at that moment Johnny Chalker struck with the bottle-struck hard and

true, for his very life.

He stood in the rocking stern, staring down to where the sharks, in their trailing veils of sea-fire, took the feast that had so

suddenly come to them.

Johnny turned the boat's head to the west. He set the sail, and tended sheet and tiller. He smoked. The fever worked in He glanced constantly over his shoulder, but the cruising fins had gone. He dozed now and again, always awaking with a start and the fear of ghostly fingers at his throat. The sharks reappeared at dawn and came near in for more food. held close under the boat's counter all day.

Johnny slept fitfully. He ate, he smoked, he cursed the sharks. He discovered a leak in the boat and tried to mend it. His head He threw biscuits to the sharks biscuits and curses. Sometimes he bailed the water from the boat with an empty

sardine tin. He drank a great deal of water to wet his parched throat, and a great deal of rum to steady his nerves. He looked ahead longingly for the loom of land on the crawling horizon.

Another night passed—or was it two more? And another day came up out of the sea—or was it several more days? The sharks hung to the little boat. Johnny prayed to them, then threw sardines and hard bread to them. His own appetite was gone—that is, his appetite for biscuits, jam, and cheese- but he drank rum and water. Sometimes he nodded at the tiller and dreamed of Heart's Content. And sometimes he bailed the boat and tried to mend the leak.

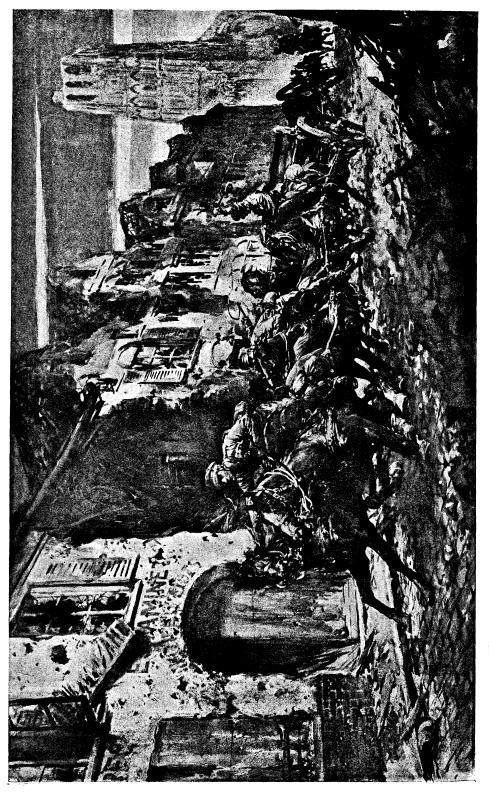
He talked to the sharks—he had to have something to talk to. He told them that he considered Kate Malloy to blame for the whole trouble and the death of Bill Price, for it was her remark that had put that mad idea into Bill's head. And he bailed the The time came when he seemed to do nothing else but bail the boat, standing with the water well above his ankles. sharks noticed this, of course. They hung astern, close under the counter, and waited. They showed the whites of their eyes to the staggering, frantic man in the leaking boat.

A human voice shouted to Johnny, but he thought it was his brain playing tricks with him, and did not raise his head. Then something struck the gunwale of his boat, and he thought it was the sharks trying to get aboard, and turned his face away. Then rough hands seized him and dragged him into another boat, and before he closed his eyes he saw a barquentine lying to about a hundred yards away.

III.

Now he is called Johnny Shark, because of his fear of sharks. But he continues to follow the sea, because he thinks that he could not make a living ashore. smart sailor, has been a boatswain for years, and would doubtless study for his ticket if he possessed a trifle more book-learning. He talks of sharks, and he dreams of sharks, and he counts that a happy and prosperous voyage during which no black fin breaks the blue astern.

I suppose you think that he is married to Kate Malloy? Well, you are wrong! He married a girl in Harbour Grace. recovering from that voyage in the open boat, he could never hear the name of Kate Malloy without thinking of Bill Price and sharks.



HORSES BRINGING UP A BIG GUN THROUGH A SHELLED TOWN. BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK.



Photo by] [Central Pres CONVALESCENT WAR-HORSES BEING EXERCISED AT AN ARMY VETERINARY CORPS CAMP AT A

AID FOR THE WAR-HORSE

THE WORK OF THE ARMY VETERINARY CORPS

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

THE horse in warfare was dealt with in a recent number from many points of view, but the keen, quiet efficiency of our veterinary surgeons at the Front was of necessity but briefly touched. In this "petrol war," as our former article showed, horses are so far from being ousted—especially in winter campaigns, when mud rules all—that there are at least five millions of them employed in the cavalry, artillery, transport, and commissariat services of the belligerents.

Let me say at once that the Army Veterinary Corps is, above all things, a body of business-like humanitarians. Sentiment is dangerous in this Service, for officers and men have no protection whatever under the Geneva Convention, which relates exclusively to the sufferings of human beings. Only wounded men may be succoured by surgeons and orderlies in the field, as they lie between the opposing forces. Such, at any rate, is the theory.

The German practice is seen in our own casualty lists, which include numbers of doctors and stretcher-bearers, often killed or injured with diabolic malice. So what hope is there for the veterinary surgeon and

his assistants, bent upon saving thousands of grand, well-trained beasts of high mettle and that rare courage which is due to careful breeding, training, and handling in the field of war?

The British trooper loves his horse; the gunner knows that his battery may depend upon a powerful and intelligent team. But human life must come first. So voluntary aid societies are strictly limited in their work by the military authorities. No exception is made to this rule. The Army Council courteously declined the offer of horse hospitals and veterinary corps made by the Blue Cross Fund, which then transferred its services to the French Army. This work is dealt with on a later page.

The ablest surgeons, farriers, and inspectors of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had to join the Army Veterinary Corps and don khaki before they could form a horse hospital abroad. And, of course, they ceased to be mere "volunteers." The Army veterinary surgeons, now vastly increased in number by men formerly in private practice, have a fine equipment, with a wonderful chain of aid-posts and a mobile corps of painless killers, collectors,

131 2 D

and "nurses"—experts of uncanny "horse-sense," who save the nation £60 or so on each animal rescued and restored to health.

Before Wellington's day the wounded horse was ignored—perhaps shot by a kindly trooper when the case was hopeless, or else left to Nature, who might or might not effect a complete cure of slighter wounds. But after a terrific battle in Spain, an officer of the Iron Duke's staff pointed out that it might be good business to save injured horses where this was at all possible.

One may say that our Army veterinary surgeon made his debut at Waterloo. His progress was slow, however. Many nations

fiddle-headed brute, absolutely devoid of courage. Once he'd made up his mind to lie down and die, nothing—not even the lurid protest of the British soldier—had the slightest effect."

These lessons were not lost. Three years ago the Remount Department sent out 500 officers to take a census of all the horses available in this country for military use. They found 250,000. Of course, overseas they had the world to draw upon: America alone has 21,000,000 horses and 4,000,000 mules. Our sea-power ensures safe transport, and our schools for breaking-in work magic with the most intractable beast. Thus he will

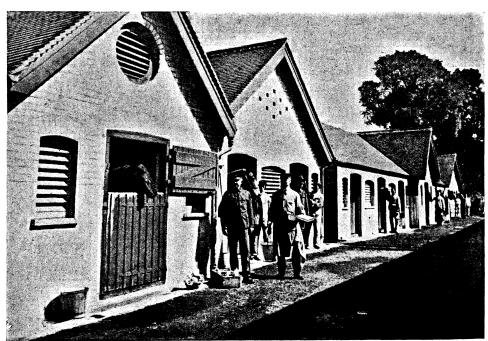


Photo by]

WARDS AT AN ARMY VETERINARY CORPS HOSPITAL.

[Clarke & Hyde

scouted the idea of caring for horses when men suffered agonies and could not be moved without the risk of further casualties. Fifty thousand horses were killed in the Franco-German War of 1870. In our own Egyptian campaign, twelve years later, we lost six hundred animals from sickness, whereas our loss on the battlefield was only sixty!

But the ideal of mercy grew in this regard, especially after the holocaust of horseflesh in the South African War. This wastage was largely due to the sending out of wrong types, like Hungarians and Argentines—this last "a round-barrelled.

not step upon a prostrate rider. Riderless mounts will keep their place in the charge; battery veterans manœuvre the guns without regard to a "green" driver's suasion of bit and whip.

Of the war-horse, indeed, incredible stories are told. He and his human comrade are trained as a fighting unit; but when the horse falls, he can only be treated when the tide of battle ebbs, and the veterinary surgeon runs no risk of his own life. This is the official rule. It is often broken, of course, by kind-hearted Tommy, haunted by glazing eyes and half-human screams from the poor beast he knows and loves so well.



Photo by] [Central Press. ARRIVAL OF A PATIENT AT AN ARMY VETERINARY CORPS HOSPITAL.



Photo by]

[Central Press.

The well-bred horse is nervy, but is soon broken to war—"the thunders of the captains and the shouting." Overwork and underfeeding are at times his lot, for such are the exigencies of war. Then he sickens, and gets "leave," like any other loyal fighter of them all. Every horse that falls is examined. Some are shot outright, many collected and led off, or removed in ambulances to the veterinary hospital lines, which are formed at fixed camps.

Here competent officers await the injured animals at operating tables, and their staffs of corps, divisions, and brigades, is a veterinary officer who is the centre of service, and can speak by wire with equine infirmaries all along the line. The devotion of the staff is admirable, if for the most part unsentimental. A fine six-year-old battery horse, an officer's charger, or a tried and trusty cavalry mount, is a valuable asset to the nation, and must be saved.

To this end every device is employed which science can suggest or money can buy. As a raw recruit the animal costs £40. To keep and maintain him costs £5 a month.

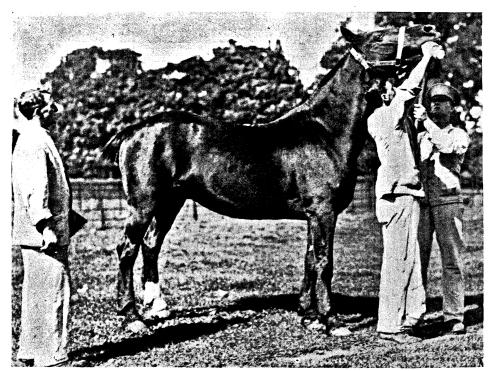


Photo by]

GIVING A PATIENT MEDICINE.

[Clarke & Hyde.

gradual convalescence is a goodly process to see.

The veterinary surgeon in the field carries a pocket case full of instruments and a pair of fitted panniers, also bandages and antiseptic muslin, needles and a variety of drugs. Moreover, his assistant carries a first-aid wallet, not unlike the soldier's own. Prompt treatment can save a horse's life even before the surgeon appears. Orderlies also prepare the patients, stitch slight wounds, mix medicines, and generally make ready for urgent operations.

At Headquarters, and on all subsidiary

Now, the horse does not stand war wounds well, being a highly-strung creature and subject to unlooked-for fits of terror, especially at the invisible stroke that follows a bursting shell. Still, the animals vary in temperament, as their masters do. Brave and clever animals which take over the guns from petrol tractors where the winter ploughs begin pay no heed to the shattering roar of war, nor to scenes of death and dreadful havoc.

Yet, when hit, even these are apt to lose their "horse-sense" altogether, and run wild in panic. It is good to know that skilled treatment awaits such faithful servants.



Photo by

A PATIENT THROWN FOR EXAMINATION AND TREATMENT.

[Clarke & Hyde.

They have comfortable quarters and hospitals of healing art. Anæsthetics are given, cruel fragments of steel and distorted bullets removed with swift hands and cunning gear. Then back to a warm and comfortable stall, with well-chosen drink, diet, and drugs, and thereafter gradual exercise in ever-increasing dose, according to the patient's progress.

You will see strings of a hundred such

convalescents loping along the tree-lined roads of Flanders and France. A pathetic enough sight, many of them bandaged about the head or with hocks deftly swathed.

Some are entrained and taken to Army Veterinary Corps homes of rest—not unlike the establishment for weary soldiers run at Headquarters by Colonel Bate.

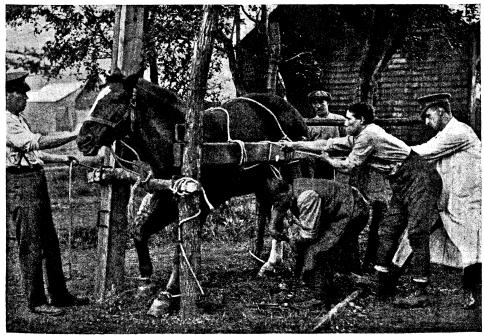


Photo by]

[Central Press.

One section of the Corps may handle two thousand horses, and the work call; for a large staff-a staff with real vocation for this It is surprising calling. how Army Veterinary Corps recruits - even the most unlikely—are shaped into quick and clever attendants on the wounded horse, the farm-labourer or the rural coachman, together with every sort of helper, who formerly could scarce tell a case of glanders from a shrapnel wound.

Truly the Army is a wonderful school in mankilling and horse-mending —even horse-catching, for

at many infirmaries you will see excellent animals taken from the enemy. Here is a big-boned German mare that had three bullets taken out of her shoulder. And our equine surgeons tell of a strange sight in the roaring valley of the Aisne, where two thousand of Von Kluck's best horses surged hither and thither without riders—many of

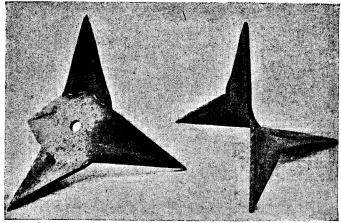


Photo by

[Daily Mirror.

SPIKES STREWN BY THE GERMANS ON ROADS WHICH OUR CAVALRY MIGHT USE, FOR INJURING THE HORSES' FEET.

them screaming with pain in that inferno of burst and blast—while our Veterinary Corps galloped round and round like Texan stock-riders after an unruly bunch of bronchos.

Horses sicken without wounds at all. At home and abroad these invalids need comforts, as the soldier does, and in this regard the



Photo by]

[Alfieri.



Photo by [Central Press.

A PATIENT AT A HOSPITAL IN KENT FOR WOUNDED HORSES FROM THE FRONT OR THOSE WHICH HAVE CONTRACTED ILLNESS.

R.S.P.C.A.—with the Duke of Portland greatly interested—is doing valuable service, of course, in close co-operation with the War Office. "Generously," as we are officially told, "loyally and disinterestedly." The great Society was naturally disappointed when its aid in the field was declined.

But it was recognised that no civilians could be permitted in the war zone. "The risk of spies is great, the trickery of the Germans immeasurable." And between human and horse life authority set a wide gulf. This is sound sense.

But the war-horse—at any rate, in our



Photo by]

[Central Press.

Army—has everything in reason done for him. At home here in Kent is a horse hospital of the most elaborate kind for casualties which figure in none of the lists. Horse care and management are taught with great skill to officers and men, while the commissariat in the field takes toll of the best hay and straw and grain which the whole Empire grows. No comparison whatever can be made between the British Army Veterinary Corps and similar services in other armies.

Love of the horse is a fine tradition of our soldiers. When Lord Kitchener's statue was being set up in Calcutta, the great man told the sculptor he cared little for the likeness of himself, but the artist must do justice to his favourite charger, Democrat.

And old Copenhagen, Wellington's famous mount, had military honours paid him when he died at Strathfieldsaye at the ripe age of twenty-seven. He cost his master £400, and was a marvel to endure. "I rode him at Waterloo," says the Iron Duke, "from four in the morning until midnight. If he fed, it was in the standing corn as I sat in the saddle." Copenhagen's epitaph is an eloquent expression of British affection for the horse—

God's humble instrument, though meaner clay, Should share the glories of that glorious day!

II. THE WORK OF THE BLUE CROSS FUND

By PERCY BROWN

It is a thought profoundly moving that every town and village throughout the countries involved in the War has been, during the past seventeen months, the scene of parting between some soldier going to the Front and his dear ones.

A sight scarcely less affecting, for an Englishman, was that silent parting so frequently seen during the early days of the War between master or mistress and faithful horse commandeered for military purposes. In one morning I saw a station 'bus-horse, a favourite hunter, and a butcher's chestnut taken off one after the other, and in every case there was the same backward, reluctant look from the horse, the same regret in the eyes of the owner.

There was reason for that regret, more, perhaps, than some of those owners knew. What the upheaval from the old mode of life, the discomfort of transport, the exposure to cold and wet, the leaving comfortable stall or quiet farm for the hell of modern warfare means to the horse—in many cases a more nervous, highly-strung animal than his rider—those who have seen him in warfare can guess—faintly; he has to learn by bitter experience.

Yet, even in this most terrible of wars, some measure of comfort there is for horses and those who love them. Owners forcibly parted from their favourites must take heart when

they consider the splendid work done for the protection of wounded and suffering horses by veterinary societies, notably the British Army Veterinary Corps, the R.S.P.C.A., the Blue Cross, and other organisations.

The Blue Cross Fund is not merely an outcome of the present War. As long ago as the Balkan War a group of English people banded themselves together with the object of caring for horses in war-time. They were not able to send veterinary surgeons to tend the horses of the contesting parties—such a course might have led to international complications—but, with the help of Our Dumb Friends' League, they collected large sums of money, which were spent on caring for and buying up the horses of the refugees and the cast horses of the Turkish Army.

Nor did their work end with the close of the war. Under the auspices of Our Dumb Friends' League, it was carried on.

On the outbreak of the present War the importance of the society's work and the need for vastly increased funds were at once realised. The appeal made to the public met with a generous response, and a special committee was formed under the presidency of Lady Smith-Dorrien. The War Office was approached with a view to the formation of base hospitals at the rear of the British Army; but Lord Kitchener did not see his way to



Photo by)

PATIENTS ARRIVING AT A BLUE CROSS HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

[Alfieri.

allowing any private enterprise to interfere with the Army Veterinary Corps, and was therefore unable to give the permission sought.

It was then decided to approach the French War Council. After some negotiation with Captain Claremont, the matter was arranged, the French Minister of War and his council accepting the services of the Blue Cross workers, and giving permission for hospitals to be installed in the rear of the Army in

connection with the French Army Base hospitals. Madame Millerand, wife of the former Minister of War, became honorary president of the society.

At the time of writing, the Blue Cross has in working order hospitals at each of four important French depots. These hospitals are entirely under English control, but are winning the highest approval from the French authorities. The best proof of the value of their work is found in the large number of

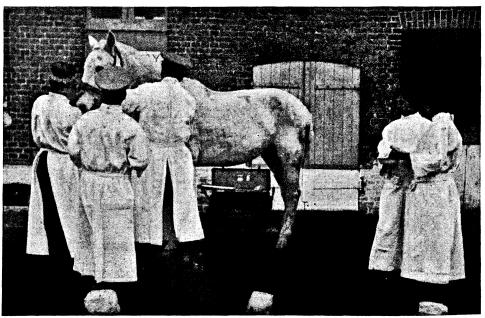


Photo by]

[Alfieri.

wounded or ailing horses which they return cured.

It was at Moret, a small village of Fontainebleau, that I had the opportunity of

inspecting one of the hospitals.

One horse had had a wound nine inches long down the middle of his nose and penetrating straight through to his mouth; six inches of bone had been removed, but when I saw him he appeared on the high-road to recovery. Another had had his shoulder terribly hurt. The fact that horses do recover from such grievous wounds speaks volumes for the skill of the Blue Cross workers, and, indeed, these workers are all men thoroughly accustomed to handling horses—M. Jacques Froment Meurice, the famous sculptor, who is working at Moret, for years has taken practically all his recreation in riding or driving horses.

M. Meurice told me that the patients at Moret receive quite as much attention as human ones, a statement I found it quite easy to believe as I moved about the clean, thoroughly disinfected stables, and caught sight of the slates hanging from the wall, with their records of the horses' temperatures and notes on each case.

Not only wounded horses are to be found at Moret. Some are being treated for ailments, others are enjoying a spell of well-earned rest, convalescent horses are revelling in the peaceful fields by the Forest of Fontainebleau. What the quiet of those fields must mean to the horses worn out by the horrors of warfare! It is indeed fitting that we, who owe so much at all times to our animal brothers, should take our part in providing any possible alleviation of their hard lot in war-time.



Photo by]

Alfieri.

OUT OF SEASON

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Charles Crombie



IPSY accepted the situation with a philosophy none the less sincere because of its embroidery of quaint expletives, in which the little man was a past master. And once the adjectival storm

had died away, he began to cast about him, like the artist that he was, for the grain of gold which past experience had told him inevitably lurked in the most barren soil. To begin with, he was up there alone at the headwater of the Gwylt, and there he was likely to remain, so far as he could see, over the Christmas holidays. The spot was a very lonely one—at least three miles from the settlement—and the task assigned to Gipsy was a responsible one. Not that he was feeling particularly flattered, for he would have much preferred to have spent his Christmas down there with the rest of the boys, had not the powers that be ordered it otherwise.

Consequently, he was there alone at the head of the valley, his habitation a solitary hut, beyond which was a small excavation, in which a certain amount of dynamite was stored.

The Gwylt at this point had a small tributary stream called the Winny, which diverted itself just here and joined the main stream some two miles below, forming in the interval a large irregular island, and it was part of the business of the engineers who were building the great reservoirs to bring the Winny back into its original course, so as to feed the first of the chain of lakes, and through this certain blasting operations were necessary. So Gipsy had been sent up there with the necessary drills and explosives, with the object of removing a small shelf of rock and thus forming a

natural waterfall by which the Winny could flow once more into the main stream. It was technical work in a way, and somewhat slow, but Gipsy was quite competent to undertake it, and when he had a task of this sort on hand, he preferred to take it alone—there was less danger, to begin with. But Gipsy would have been better pleased if the sectional engineer had chosen any other time than Christmas week.

But, at any rate, here he was in this lonely spot, with no house in sight, except a certain old stone residence which Gipsy knew to be the home of Richard Carmichael, perhaps the greatest novelist of this or any other time. Gipsy knew this, of course. More than once he had encountered the genius on his rambles—an old man with a flowing white beard and moustache, a splendid figure of humanity, with a head like a lion and an eye like an eagle. For five-and-twenty years past the famous novelist had lived there, quite apart from the world, with a niece and an only son-himself a literary man—and a small girl, a grand-daughter, with whom Gipsy had already scraped acquaintance.

So far Gipsy could see nothing in the way of likely material for one of his unwritten dramas. All he could see was a lonely valley, the sides of which were heather-clad and dotted here and there with mountain ash and cranberry bushes. Above them, again, rose the high wooded hills, and at Gipsy's feet flowed the waters of the Gwylt, a shallow enough stream at this point, but ending in one pool where there was always a salmon or two to be found—a fact that no one knew better than the little man himself.

It was a crisp winter morning, bright and sunny, with a hoar-frost sparkling on the grass and heather. And Gipsy was all alone there, and likely to be for the next few days. He had just fired one of his charges, and already he had finished a drill for his next cartridge. For a moment he stood there,

drinking in the sweetness of the morning and admiring the glory of the landscape, for all these things were not lost upon Gipsy, who had a natural eye for all that was beautiful.

But, all the same, he was a gregarious little man, and pined for the society of his fellowmen and women. The landscape was all very well in its way, but it lacked the human factor, which, to the eye of a dramatist, is a fatal defect. Gipsy sighed as he surveyed this solitude, and knocked the ashes out after a pipe of the peculiarly poisonous tobacco he affected.

"I wonder if Lady Gwendoline will come along this mornin'," he murmured. "It wouldn't be like 'er to miss a day like this."

In Gipsy's case time not being the essence of the contract, and the eye of authority being afar off, he sat down on a stone and lighted a fresh pipe, his eye wandering longingly and lovingly along the river to the deep, silent pool where instinct told him more than one fresh-run salmon lay. Gipsy's point of view, the formation of a reservoir at this part almost amounted to blasphemy. For once the big dam was complete, and the valley transformed into a lake, there would be no more salmon in the headwaters of the Gwylt, for it would be impossible for the fish to get up to the spawning-beds. Another year, and the Gwylt as a salmon river would cease to exist. What harm could there be, therefore, in making the best of a Heaven-sent opportunity like this? It was close time, of course, and illegal to take salmon, either with a rod or with a net, till the first day of February; but there were high authorities who argued that the season was a month too long at the end and a month too late at the beginning—an argument in which Gipsy, as an expert, cordially He knew perfectly well that there were clean, fresh-run fish in the dark, shining pool under the shadow of the rowan trees, and that they were as good now as they would be on the first of February; and Gipsy, the born poacher, had made up his mind that one of these fish should find its way to a certain distinguished friend of his, a dramatist of repute, whom he had run against on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. But all this would keep—there would be plenty of time in the course of the afternoon -and, the pipe of vitriolic tobacco being finished, Gipsy went back to his work again.

He rammed his charge home, filling up the hole with fragments of rock, after which he set his time-fuse going, and retired leisurely in the direction of the hut. He was all alone there; his danger signals were properly set, so that there was no chance of any mishap. A moment later the charge of dynamite exploded, a sullen roar went booming and echoing down the valley. Gipsy strolled leisurely out to see the amount of damage that had been done, and there, just on the edge of the stream, he found something that quickened his pulses and set the blood beating in his head like the roar of muffled drums.

A man lay there on the flat of his back, white-faced and unconscious. There was a nasty wound on the side of his forehead, from which the blood was oozing steadily. Just for a moment it seemed to Gipsy that the man was dead; then he opened his eyes for a moment, and his lips quivered.

He was quite a young man—apparently not more than twenty-five—good-looking in a rugged sort of way, with close-cropped curly hair and a fair moustache. For some little time he lay there absolutely motionless, until Gipsy forced a few drops of crude whisky between his pallid lips, and then he opened his eyes again.

"Was it an earthquake?" the stranger asked.

He struggled to his feet and then collapsed from sheer weakness. Apparently there were no bones broken, and nothing very serious the matter besides the shock and the nasty wound over the stranger's left eye. But Gipsy was familiar with this sort of thing, and he needed no one to tell him that the stranger was sorely in need of attention. By slow degrees he managed to get the wounded man as far as the hut and laid him on the bedstead there.

"Now, you just lie there quietly," he said, "whilst I go up to the house and get assistance. There's no help for it. When I tell that old writin' cove wot's 'appened——"

"What's that?" the stranger demanded.
"Are you speaking of Mr. Carmichael?
But of course you are, seeing that there is no other house within three miles. Now, listen to me, my friend. I am feeling very queer, and as if I didn't care what happened to me; but, all the same, I can't go up there. Never mind why, but I have the strongest reasons why Mr. Carmichael should not know that I am here—in fact, he mustn't know, or anybody else, for that matter. Are you alone here?"

"Yus," Gipsy replied. "There ain't likely to be anybody 'ere this week. I got a bit of a blastin' job on, an' you was unlucky

enough to run into it. D'you mean to say as 'ow you want to stay 'ere? D'you mean as 'ow your identity is to be kep' a dark secret, just the same as if you was 'idin' from justice? Is that the gime?"

rose. Here, without warning, was drama full-blooded and strong of wing. This, of course, must be the persecuted hero, the falsely-accused son of the old squire, who had escaped from gaol, after he had been



"It seemed to Gipsy that the man was dead."

A queer smile trembled on the stranger's lips. He did not know it, but he was appealing to Gipsy on his most vulnerable side. Already the little man was scenting a fascinating mystery, already he saw himself hiding this handsome stranger from the bloodhounds of the law. Here, suddenly, the literary desert was blossoming like a

convicted for the forgery which was really the work of his wicked and designing cousin. No doubt the heroine and the rest of the characters in this thrilling drama would come along presently. This was Gipsy's way of constructing a drama, and in this particular instance the little man was building a great deal better than he knew. It was nothing to him that the man lying there in the bed did not look in the least like an escaped convict, though, indeed, the shabby Norfolk suit he wore and his threadbare flannel shirt might easily have been looted on the way and exchanged for convict garb. But Gipsy was too grateful to be critical.

"Now, listen to me," the man in the bed

will be good enough for me. And no one is to know that I am here—least of all the people at the house yonder. I am quite prepared to pay for all that I have, and to give you a sovereign for yourself; but I rely upon your secrecy. Promise me that you will respect my wishes."

Gipsy was asking nothing better. Here



"For some little time he lay there absolutely motionless."

said. "You are more or less responsible for my accident, and the least you can do is to give me shelter for a day or two. I shall be all right by the end of the week. And I am used to roughing it; the plainest food

was a situation exactly after his own heart. If there was one thing needed to make his happiness complete, it was a little candour on the stranger's part. But that, no doubt, would come presently. Apart from all this,

Gipsy was a kind-hearted and hospitable little soul, and he would have gone out of his way to help the stranger even had there been no possibility hanging to the situation. With something like tenderness he bathed his visitor's head and tied up the wound. gave him bread and bacon, toasted on the little wood fire in front of the hut, and beer out of his big stone bottle. He produced the deadly tobacco, but this the stranger refused, saying that he had plenty of cigarettes, which he produced from his But so far he vouchsafed no pocket. further information about himself. appeared to be quite satisfied now that he was safe in the hut, and that no curious person was likely to intrude upon his privacy.

"No, thanks," he said. "There is nothing further you can do for me. Don't let me keep you from your work. And if you want any money, let me know, and I'll give it you."

But so far there was no lack of provisions, and neither was there likely to be for a day or two. Gipsy went back to his work with a heart full of gratitude towards the kindly Fate that had thrown this adventure in his Already in his mind he was building up the drama, already he was beginning to feel his way to the great situation which was to bring the hero and heroine together, and conclude the great melodrama with a fitting and appropriate climax. But Gipsy was not blind to the fact that all this largely depended upon the persecuted hero himself. For persecuted heroes are invariably proud, and are almost grotesquely morbid on the subject of suffering their wrongs in silence. Almost invariably the villain is the weak and wicked brother of the heroine, and for her sake the secret of his perfidy must be locked in the breast of the hero, so that the girl of his heart shall not know to what depths her own flesh and blood has descended. This, then, was a problem that Gipsy had to solve, and, until the heroine herself came upon the scene, the plot would have to lag.

Gipsy had charged and fired three shots whilst he was thinking this over, but so far he could not see his way out. He decided to abandon work for the rest of the afternoon, although it was yet barely three o'clock, and seek inspiration along the river in the

direction of the salmon pool.

He had hardly reached the spot in question before he was assailed by name, and a small child came down the steep path between the clump of rowan trees. She was a little girl, dressed in some rough homespuns, her long hair was hanging over her shoulders in red confusion, and her slim legs were cased above the knee in big fishing-boots. dark eyes were full of audacity and sparkling with mischief. She hailed Gipsy with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, though this was only the third time they had met. But then Gladys Carmichael was no respecter of conventions—indeed, it is improbable that she had ever heard the word. The granddaughter of the great novelist was entirely superior to that sort of thing, and, incidentally, she was the only creature on earth who was not afraid of that terrible old man. rest, she was utterly spoilt without being in the least spoiled, she was a law unto herself, so far absolutely uneducated, and what Richard Carmichael called the "apotheosis of the natural."

In her unconventional way she had made friends with Gipsy, and already the two were the firmest comrades. All children gravitated naturally to the little man, the same as all dogs. They knew by instinct that they had a friend in him, and never had that instinct played them false.

"Hello, old man!" the girl said. suppose there's nobody about? It's all

right, isn't it?"

Gipsy's mouth broadened into a huge

grin.

"It's all O.K., Lady Gwendoline," he There was no reason why he should call her Lady Gwendoline, except that the child had constituted herself the heroine of a drama, which, however, was quite another "It's all serene. Now, if you'll come with me, we'll catch that salmon wot you've set your 'eart upon. But you ain't goin' to do no good with that there rod o' yourn; it ain't big enough.".

"Say not so, Ali Baba," the child replied. "Say not so, or my heart will break! Know you that this rod was given me by the gallant sportsman to whom I was engaged in the days of my youth—I mean the sailor who went down on the bridge of his ship, singing 'God Save the King,' with all his crew accompanying him on their mouth-organs. Or was it the soldier who won the Victoria Cross at the Battle of Waterloo? Upon my soul, it's so long since then that I've almost forgotten!"

Gipsy shook with inward laughter, for in this child he had found a comrade after his

own heart.

"I don't want to 'urt the feelin's o' them 'eroes," he said—"them dead-an'-gone

brave boys for whom you cry yerself to sleep on your piller every night. I ain't sayin' as they weren't 'eroes, but they didn't know nothin' about salmon-fishin'. That 'ere rod might do for dace."

"I've just caught three with it now," the

child said.

"No use for our gime," Gipsy cried.
"You 'ang on 'ere while I goes as far as the 'ut."

Inside the door of the hut the stranger was standing, holding on to the door-post and gazing down the valley with eager and hungry eyes. They seemed to blaze like stars in that dead-white face of his, as if he could see something invisible to his companion. Gipsy stared at him with amazement.

"Fre, you jest get back on that bed o' yourn," he said. "Wot's the matter?"

"Who was that you were talking to?" the other man asked. "What is that child doing here?"

"Don't you worry abaht that—she ain't likely to come in 'ere. Fond o' children,

perhaps, mate?"

"The only things in the world that matter—the salt of the earth! I was

wondering----'

The speaker broke off abruptly and, without another word, went back to his bed again. But all this was not lost upon the little man. Here was the real thing, hot to his hand and burning to the touch of the born dramatist. A less practised craftsman would have betrayed himself and ruined the whole situation, but Gipsy avoided a crudity like that. He began to see his way—the path began to lie clear before him. He was back again by the riverside a few minutes later, with a light salmon-rod in his hand and the deadliest bait in the world. It mattered nothing to Gipsy just now that he was poaching. The thing that mattered was that Gladys Carmichael should catch a salmon and take it home proudly for her Christmas dinner. The child opened her eyes wide as she saw the prawn dexterously fixed to the cruel-looking hook.

"This is really poaching!" she cried

gleefully.

"Wot do you think?" Gipsy responded.
"Besides, I thought that was jest wot we was after."

"I shall love it," the child said. "Wouldn't it be splendid if the keepers came and took us both off to gaol?"

Gipsy shuddered. This was the only thing that the little man was afraid of. But he argued that it mattered nothing now,

because within a year or so the spawning-beds would be spoilt, and the headwaters of the Gwylt closed to the salmon for all time. So he fixed his prawn—most illicit and deadly of bait—and showed the child how to make her cast. A quarter of an hour later, and a freshrun fish of about nine pounds lay gasping on the gravel before the delighted eyes of the child. It was some little time before she came down to the level of the commonplace again and began to take an interest in mundane things. She sat on a stone with her hands clasped round her knees, regarding her prize with delighted eyes.

"This ought to make a jolly Christmas

for you," Gipsy said.

"We don't have any now," the child sighed. "There ain't no high-toned fixings to our Yuletide procession in these days—no, sir. And you can just gamble on that."

"Eh, what?" the astonished Gipsy grunted. "Where did you get all that

from? Real Yankee talk that is."

Gladys proceeded to explain. A day or two before, a choice selection of Boston literary pilgrims had come from America to worship at the shrine of The Master, and Gladys had been duly presented to the deputation. She absorbed phrase and accent as one drop of water absorbs another, and the Western metaphor had strangely appealed to her. She was a constant source of surprise and delight to Gipsy. In some respects she was woefully ignorant and simple, but from her illustrious grandfather she had imbibed certain scraps of high philosophy and a fund of quotations, which she used on every available occasion without in the least appreciating their meanings.

"I got that from the Boston pilgrims," she said. "The day after they came I was American all the time. But I was telling you all about our Christmases. We don't get any more since Uncle Basil went away."

"An' 'oo might 'e be, lidy?" Gipsy asked.
"The only son of The Master," the child said. "My dead mother's only brother. Before he went away, our Christmas was the real thing. It's all different now. But, if you like, I will tell you the story of The Great Tragedy."

"Go on," Gipsy said. "I like stories."

"Well, it was like this. There was Uncle Basil and Aunt Lily, who really isn't an aunt, you know, but she's a dear, and I love her. And so did Uncle Basil. Uncle Basil is going to be a dramatist some day, though the only play he has written so far was a failure. It is a beautiful play, but the

people in London didn't like it, and they took it off. Now, The Master, he is a funny man, and after Uncle Basil came down from Oxford, he was told that he would have no more money, till his father died, unless he earned it himself. That's one of The Master's little idi-idi-idiosyncrasies."

"Wot's that?" Gipsy asked. "Sounds a

powerful word."

"Well, it's what you call a fad. But Uncle Basil wasn't kicking, because he's clever, too, so he just sat down and wrote that play. And he asked The Master to lend him a thousand pounds to produce it, and The Master, he said 'Rats!' He took an awful lot of words to say 'Rats,' but that's what it came to. And then, somehow, the thousand pounds of his money that The Master had got from his bank, to pay to a builder here, disappeared from the safe, and The Master said that Uncle Basil had stolen it to produce his play. Otherwise he wanted to know who was paying the people in London. And Uncle Basil refused to say. And so he was kicked out of the house like a prodigal son, and from that day to this, which is two years ago, we have never had a word from him. Auntie Lil thinks that he went to Australia after the failure of the play, and that he will come back some day, when he has made his fortune."

"'Ere, 'old on a minute," Gipsy said thoughtfully. "You are gettin' it all wrong. O' course, the old 'un acted in the right way. Wot I mean to say is, 'e's the sort o' father, the 'ot-'eaded old cove wot's always down on the 'ero, an' finds 'is mistake out afterwards. But you ain't goin' to tell me as the 'eroine—by which I means your Aunt Lil—actually believed as 'er young man collared the dollars."

"Of course she didn't," the child cried indignantly. "She loved him to distraction—I think that's the right word—and she has mourned him ever since."

"An' 'oo did tike them dollars?" Gipsy asked.

"I was just coming to that," the child said. "You see, Aunt Lily had a brother George, who was The Master's private secretary, and it was he who stole the money. We only found that out a few months ago, just before Uncle George died, but it's my belief that Uncle Basil knew it all along."

"O' course 'e did," Gipsy cried. "An' 'e didn't say nothin', so as to spare the 'eroine's feelin's. I suppose you don't 'appen to know who found the money to produce

that play."

"Yes, I do," Gladys said. "I know all about it. They think I am ignorant of everything, but you can't keep anything from me when I make up my mind to find it out. It was the lady who played the leading part in my uncle's drama who found the money. She told The Master so in London one day, when he was up there, and when he came back he wasn't half sorry for himself. And he's been advertising for Uncle Basil ever since. Perhaps he will come back some day."

Here it all was ready to Gipsy's hand. Once again he held the key of the situation, once more Fate was playing a leading part for him. But Gipsy was too consummate an artist to spoil the picture by that raw haste which the greatest of all playwrights tells us is half-sister to delay.

"This 'ere 'eroine—wot I mean to say your Aunt Lily—an' is she beautiful?" Gipsy

asked half wistfully.

"You bet!" the child said. "'Idalian Aphrodite, beautiful, fresh as the foam new bathed in Parthian wells.' She is all my fancy painted her, she is charming, she's divine. And don't you forget it, old man!"

"Where did you get all that from?" Gipsy cried admiringly. "What a thing it is to be a scholard! But never mind that for a moment. Now, I suppose, as Aunt Lily is fond o' you, I suppose she'll do most anything you ask 'er?"

Miss Carmichael winked knowingly.

"Well, I should smile," she said. "I guess I can twist her round my little finger

any time I want to."

"That's good," Gipsy said. "Now, what you've got to do is this. The day after to-morrow's Christmas Eve. You bring the lidy down 'ere an' tell 'er all about me an' my 'ut. Tell 'er—— No, you needn't do that. You bring the lidy 'ere an' leave me to do the rest. Abaht 'arf-past three the day after to-morrow. An' I give you my word for it as I shan't be wastin' 'er time. An' now you trot off to the 'ouse an' take that fish with you. Unless I am mistaken, we're approaching the crisis of the drama. An' don't you go askin' too many questions, an' don't you be gettin' to know too much."

"Mum's the word," Gladys said, and

vanished.

Gipsy sat there smoking the pungent tobacco, and watched her till the little trim figure vanished between the rowan trees. He had much food for thought as he reclined there in the winter sunshine, and, on the whole, this was by no means the most unhappy moment of his life. For before his delighted eyes this wonderful new drama was shaping itself. Here was absolutely everything to his hand. Had he evolved the whole thing out of his inner consciousness, the scheme had been no more perfect. For here was the hero, the misjudged and maligned hero, driven from the home of his fathers and falsely accused of a crime which another had committed, and that other no less than the same flesh and blood as the lovely heroine. Gipsy had seen the man who was known to countless thousands as The Master, and no finer specimen of the harsh parent could be imagined. In Gipsy's mind's eye he could see that leonine head bent in silent grief, he could see the stern lips which had never smiled again. Many a time and oft had Gipsy revelled in this kind of thing from the gallery of some transpontine theatre, many a time had he reconstructed the mimicry of emotion for his own delectation.

And here he was once more the veritable god in the car, pulling the strings of Fate whilst his puppets danced to the tune that he played. He was particularly proud, too, of the child, who, in his opinion, was something quite new in connection with the legitimate drama.

He sat there till the light began to fade and the sun slid down behind the shoulder of the hills. So far the first three acts were all right, but the last and the greatest was yet to come. Gipsy had pretty well shaped it in his mind as he walked back to the hut and closed the door against the winter night. He lighted the lamp presently and made up the fire. Then he proceeded in his clever way to cook the supper for himself and his guest, by which time they were quite on friendly terms.

When Gipsy liked, he had a plausible way with him, to say nothing of a certain innate sympathy, and before he slept that night his guest had confirmed practically everything that the child had said, though it hardly needed this to tell Gipsy that he was entertaining Basil Carmichael under his humble roof. And he knew, too, that the young man was quite innocent of recent events, and that he had come down there, not with any intention of seeking reconciliation with his family, but merely to have a look at his old home for the last time before it was submerged beneath the waters of the Gwylt. He had spoken without heat or bitterness; it was only when he alluded to the child that the yearning look came into

his eyes and his voice grew less steady. Gipsy closed the discussion presently and put out the light. He was afraid lest he might say too much.

"Well, good night, mate," he said. "An' don't you worry. Somethin' tells me as it'll

all come right in the end."

It was about half-past three the following afternoon that a tall and gracious lady, with a wistful expression and a pair of glorious grey eyes, made the acquaintance of Gladys's latest friend. She had to be told, of course, the story of the friendship, and how the salmon had been caught, and after that Gipsy expressed a hope that the lady would so far honour him as to have tea in his hut, a suggestion which was received in the most gracious and friendly spirit.

Now, Gipsy had been lying awake half the night, wondering how he was going to lead up to this perfect climax; and when the time came, all he could do was to usher Miss Carmichael into the hut, with a curt intimation to his guest that here was a lady who wanted to see him. It was not a bit like what Gipsy had expected; he knew that he was making a hash of it, and that a perfect situation had suddenly become trite

and commonplace.

"'Ere's a lidy as wants to see yer," he said. Basil Carmichael had risen from his bed, conscious only of the slim figure that stood before him. Gipsy heard the broken cry that came from the girl's lips, then he made a grab for the hand of the child by his side, and dragged her, loudly protesting, from the hut. Indeed, in subsequent calmer moments, Gipsy judged, from the sore state of his shins, that he had been the victim of a bad case of assault and lattery.

"Liter on, Lady Gwendoline," he said. "I don't know no Latin an' Greek, like you, but I know somethin' o' the drama, an' you an' me, though we are 'umble instruments, ain't wanted in this scene. But we'll come

in presently."

It was half an hour or more before Gipsy deemed it expedient to knock gently on the door of the hut. And then for some time afterwards he found himself dazzlingly in the limelight. It was easy to see that the atmosphere had cleared, and that the whole story had been told. But to the suggestion that Gipsy should accompany the rest of the party up to the house, and personally receive the thanks of The Master, the little man turned a deaf ear. His own natural delicacy told him that he would be distinctly out of place up there.

"But I'd like to come up to-morrow," he said. "It's a bit lonely for a bloke to be all alone on Christmas Day. An' if I might come up after dinner an' drink a glass of sherry wine to the 'ealth o' all the lidies an' gentlemen, why, if I might make so bold——"

The girl with the grey eyes held out her hand to Gipsy, who took it as if it were

something rare and precious.

"You will come and dine with us," she said. "We shouldn't be happy without you. And you must not be afraid of Mr. Carmichael. He is really one of the kindest and best of men, and the humour of the situation will appeal to him. Come up about half-past six or a quarter to seven."

"And I'll be at the gate to meet you!"

Gladys cried.

She was as good as her word. And it was Gladys who conceived the great idea of rigging out Gipsy in an old dress-suit of the butler's. And it was Gipsy who sat in the drawing-room most of the evening, with a huge cigar in his mouth, telling Gladys

stories of flood and field, whilst the others listened, and The Master, himself strangely and wonderfully younger, conceived the idea of a new character for a book he was contemplating. And, had Gipsy but known it, he was on the way to immortality.

It was nearly midnight before the little man turned his back upon the most glorious day of his life, and made his way back to

his lonely hut again.

"I never lived before," he told himself.
"I'll tell you what it is, my boy, that is the real thing—so real that I ain't goin' to say nothin' abaht it. I can stand a joke as well as most men, but there's some things as don't bear laughing at—things wot's in a way sacred, if I got 'old o' the right word, an' this is one o' them. But there's one matter as puzzles me. When them two young people gets married, shall I 'ave to send them a wedding present, or will they 'ave to give me one?"

And, with this problem uppermost in his mind, Gipsy turned over between his blankets and went to sleep.



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, 1916.

AM waiting, I am waiting, poised in gloom
O'er my quaint streets, where the Marseillaise had birth;
O'er the Place, where Kleber's statue glares like doom
On the Prussians whom he might have swept from earth.

Forty years and more ago they came in hordes— Hemmed us in with famine, flame, and groves of steel: Forty years and more, as canting overlords, They have seared the tragic land of Sainte Odile.

I can hear the guns beyond her mountain high:

Near her shrine, methinks, they sing the Marseillaise.

I am waiting for their signals in the sky:

I am waiting for the pantalons to blaze.

I am waiting for the dawn to hold unfurled 'Mong my fretted finials red the Tricolour, When mine exiles from the quarters of the world, My grey exiles shall return to me once more!



A TALENT NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

CALLER: That's a very good cake, my dear. Did you make it yourself?
HOSTESS: No, I didn't, and I'm never going to make another cake. George was periectly horrid about the last one. He broke a tooth over it, and said I ought to be making munitions.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST.

By Arthur Compton-Rickett.

"People who get robbed," said Perkins regularly twice a week, for the benefit of his clerks, "have only themselves to thank, except, of course," he added, with an air of generous concession, "by Sicilian brigands or folk like that. Every man should be his own Sherlock Holmes and do his own psychology. If you can read human nature, you're safe."

Mr. Perkins, of Messrs. Flash and Perkins, wholesale jewellers, had made quite an inconsiderable study of human nature, but he was a great devourer of modern fiction in his spare moments. And now he had been entrusted with the consignment of some valuable diamonds for an influential private customer. The journey was only seventy miles, and Perkins, booking by an express, sought out an empty compartment in a corridor carriage. A corridor carriage was so much safer; there was little chance of the sinister

stranger dashing up at the last moment and then chloroforming his victim after they were well away. The diamonds were in a small bag, which he guarded jealously.

A quiet-looking man in dark blue came and sat in the opposite corner. Then just at the last moment a shy, blue-eyed girl in a pink hat stumbled into the corridor and was coming into their compartment, when her eye met that of the man in dark blue. A look of fear passed over her face, and she went down hurriedly

towards another compartment.

"I thought there was something objectionable about that man," thought Perkins; and when, a minute later, the man shot a keen, inquiring glance at the small bag, he made up his mind to move on. So, strolling out casually, he waved to an imaginary friend, then with bag and umbrella went smartly down the corridor, and, entering a half-filled carriage, found the shy girl sitting opposite to him. She looked at him, he thought, uneasily, and, wishing to make her comfortable, he remarked

that it was a fine day for the time of year. This original remark seemed to brighten her, as she smiled quite pleasantly.

At this moment the man in dark blue passed along outside and looked in steadily at them.

"Ŏh!" said the girl.

"That man's worrying you, I'm afraid," said Perkins, getting a shade pinker and twisting his little waxed moustache in what he fancied a D'Artagnan spirit. He leaned iorward. "Let's baffle him. Come along with me, and we'll get along to another part of the train. If he still troubles——" Perkins grasped his umbrella as if it had been Excalibur. So they went out, and Perkins led the way past dining cars until they found an story in Choice Bits. The dark blue man hadn't appeared, and now the train was slackening speed. In five minutes they would be in Melchester. The girl roused herself and looked out of the window; then, as the train rounded a curve, she lost her balance and fell precipitately upon Perkins.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said.
Perkins was ruffled, for she had smashed his buttonhole and clawed at his waistcoat, thrusting his hat right over his eyes, to save

"There, there," he said stiffly, "I'm afraid

your nerves are still upset.'

"Oh," she said, "my umbrella! in the other carriage."



THE MEN WHO TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR: And now you've done it, you can bloomin' well come and sort yourselves out!

empty compartment at the extreme end of the train.

"Thank you so much," said the girl. "He's a hateful man!".

"But don't think about him," said Perkins lightly. "Distract your thoughts. Therehere's Choice Bits. Now, don't worry."

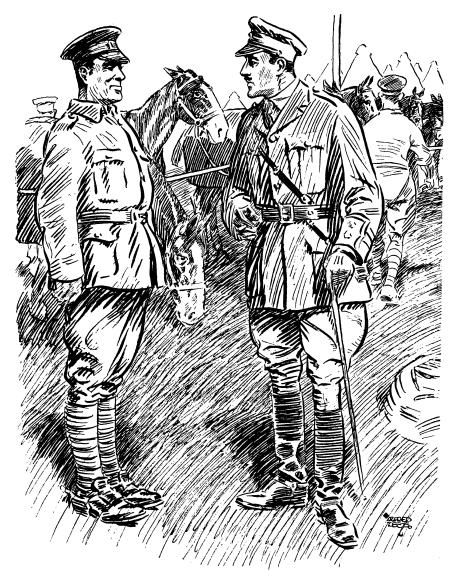
The girl wanted to talk. But Perkins, being more practical than sentimental, wished to use the time in going through some accounts. The day was hot, and soon he leaned back sleepily. He roused himself just as he was dropping off. That would never do. Why, the man might find them out! . . . Then, feeling uneasy about the bag, he opened it and put the case in his pocket. The man might make a dash for the bag as he was getting out. It was safer in his pocket.

The girl opposite was dozing over the prize

In ordinary circumstances, Perkins would have offered to go; but he was still feeling ruffled, so merely remarked: "Well, you've just time to find it before the train stops."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, and hurried

Perkins patted himself straight, and suddenly realised an emptiness in the breast-pocket. A ghastly thought struck him . . . He felt anxiously . . . It was gone! The diamonds were gone! They must have dropped on the floor. He looked round anxiously . . . No . . . Then that girl! . . . Oh, impossible incredible! . . . He hurled himself into the corridor as the train ran into the station, and cannonaded into a man coming the opposite way—the man in dark blue. Perkins, forgetting his suspicion, gasped: "That girl in the pink hat—



TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

OFFICER (after giving an order for Sunday morning): But what about Church Parade? ORDERLY: Officers' servants are excused all fatigue duties, sir.

"Just the baggage I want," said the man grimly. "I've not been twenty years at Scotland Yard without knowing a few faces that want watching over . . . Seems to me you've been aiding and abetting—"

Perkins made a few terse, appropriate remarks. Now he hates shy girls with blue eyes and pink hats.

THE

"Now," said the teacher in the botany class to a small boy, "can you tell me the difference between annual and biennial plants?"

"Yes," replied the intelligent youth, "Annuals are plants that die once a year, and biennials are those that die twice a year,"

An absent-minded husband was asked by his wife to step into a shop, on his way home, and buy her three articles of feminine wear. Of course, when he reached the shop, he had forgotten what they were. So to the attendant behind the counter he said apologetically—

"Excuse me, my wife told me to come in here and get her some things to wear, and I've forgotten what they are. Would you mind naming over a few things?"



"What's her bridge like?"

"The Bridge of Sighs-makes everyone gasp."



THE SILVER LINING.

VISITOR: I'm afraid you must find the days very wearisome here.

Patient: Not always. We don't have visitors every day, you know.

"Going to Smith's wedding?" asked his friend.

"Not I," returned the other. "He cut me out with that girl."

"Well, you may get a chance to biff him in the jaw with an old shoe!"



Mrs. Jones was on a visit to her parents, and wrote the following postcard to her next-

door neighbour at home—
"Will you do me a favour while I am away?
Will you put out a little food in our back porch
every day or so, for the little stray cat I have
been feeding this winter? The cat will eat
almost anything, but please do not put
yourself out."



"P'TATERS is good this mornin', madam," said the market gardener, making his usual weekly call.

"Oh, are they?" retorted the customer.
"That reminds me. How is it that them you sold to me last week are so much smaller at the bottom of the basket than at the top?"

"Well," replied the old man, "p'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug, the last ones is about twice the size of the first."

THE KHAKI WEDDING.

In that dim past before the War,
At weddings which were "toney,"
The papers that appeared next day
Would always have a lot to say
About the ceremony.

The bride, we used to be informed, Was looking very charming, And we were bidden to admire The glories of her chic attire With details most alarming.

The bridesmaids and the bride's mamma Appealed to the reporter, And sometimes he would go so far As just to mention her papa, Who gave away his daughter.

But what about the new-wed man Did that reporter ever Describe the bridegroom's coat or hat, His silken tie, or dainty spat, His faultless trousers? Never!

But nowadays he gets a show,
For, as you may remark, he
Is mentioned in the papers now,
Which never fail to tell us how
"The bridegroom was in khaki."

R. H. Roberts.



WHAT NEXT?

WAITER: Yes, sir, omelettes has gone up on account of the War.

DINER: Great Scot! Are they throwing eggs at each other now?



AN UNFORESEEN RESULT.

"The name and address of the donor are written on the packets of tobacco forwarded to soldiers at the Front."—ADVT.

Tommy: Wot's wrong, Bill?
BILL: W'v, 'cre's the address of Jimmy Solly, wot cleared out of Aldershot owin' me fifteen bob! I'll make the ugly blighter shell out w'en I gets 'ome, you see if I don't!

"Father," inquired the small boy, "what's a test case?"

"A test case, my son," replied his parent, "is a case brought into court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify lawyers in working up more cases of the same kind."



"Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?" asked Madge.
"Oh, I suppose so," answered Dolly, "but I tell you it's awful being engaged to one."

"Now, then, young man," said the angry farmer, "didn't you see that board when you came trespassing in these woods?"
"Yes, sir," said the culprit meekly.

"Well, what did it say?"

"I dunno. I was too polite to read any more when I saw the first word was 'Private.'"



Jones: Is your house insured against fire? Smith: I don't know. I've just been reading over the insurance policy.

BILLY, who had been having trouble with his older Cousin Ralph, came into the house. His mother, knowing nothing of the trouble, said-

"Billy, what would you like to give your

Cousin Ralph for his birthday?

"I know what I'd like to give him," said Billy savagely, "but I'm not big enough."



"Isn't the City noisier than it was?"

"It couldn't be. The volume is the same, but there is possibly more variety.'

"Do you like the breast of the turkey?" asked the host of the old lady.

"I've never been able to find out," she responded. "When I was young, the children always got the necks, so that the grown-up people could have the choice parts. But since I have grown up, things have changed, and now the children get all the best pieces."



"Jones," began the economical employer, on New Year's Eve, "you have been in my employ for twenty years, and at this season



DRASTIC.

Officer: Have all your section shot yet?

N.C.O.: Yes, sir.
OFFICER: Well, you can go and shoot yourself now!

"So many men marry now for money," she said. "You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, Harry?"

"No," said Harry absently, "I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

And he was amazed when she exclaimed: "Oh, you horrid, horrid wretch!"



"Is there any good reason why I should give you a penny?" asked the well-dressed elderly man of the youth who accosted him.

"Well," said the small boy, as he retired from the danger zone, "if I had a nice tophat like yours, I wouldn't want it soaked with a snowball."

I wish to make recognition of your fidelity. Here, then, is a picture of myself as a

New Year's greeting."

"Thank you, sir," said Jones, as he accepted the gift; "it's just like you, sir."

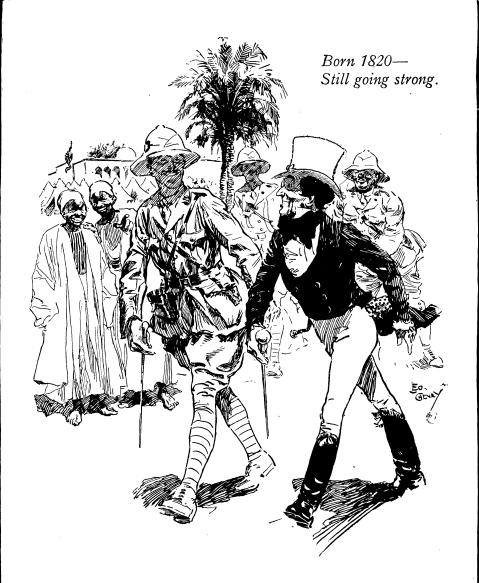


"I'm in trouble with my girl," said the first youth disconsolately to his friend.

"Why, what's the trouble?" said the other

sympathetically.

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. Now, if I stop, she'll think I don't care for her any more, and if I go on, she'll think she's too good for me,"



Officer (Egyptian Service): "I'm going to tell our C.O. there's a General come to see him."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What! me a General?"

OFFICER: "Yes! General Favourite!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

THE LITTLE HERO.

A school-boy who had never missed a day from school was asked if he had never suffered the common childish ailments. He replied that he had had them all, but in the holidays.

While other lads surrendered to the fate Of ills to which our childhood is addicted, This model boy preferred a wiser date To be afflicted.

He knew they interfere in diverse ways With learning's prudent course and application, So he deferred until the holidays Such dissipation.

When measles came, or mumps, or chicken-pox, He would not yield to such ill-timed digressions, But leisurely conceded to their shocks-Between the sessions.

Tommy had returned from a birthday party, his round face wreathed in smiles.

"I hope, Tommy," said his mother, "that you were polite, and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you.

"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" replied the boy cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No. thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

SMALL Boy: Father, what is a café de luxe? FATHER: About ten per cent. café and ninety per cent. looks.



SERVE THEM RIGHT!

"It's on account of the new taxes." "Oh, tiresome things! I'll never ride in one of them again!"

It may be said he met his foes by stealth, Paying the debits that he had post-dated, week And then to school, with perfect bill of health, Returned elated.

He never missed a day of term, dear lad! During the months of toil he never grew sick; But his vacations passed in durance sad, Facing the music.

O little hero of scholastic zeal! Each epidemic ill was fully tasted-But always in recess, that he might feel No time was wasted.

Jонn's father kept a sweetshop, and the little fellow often brought sweets to school to divide with the other children. One morning the teacher noticed a strong smell of peppermint, and began to investigate in order to stop eating during school hours. Unable to detect the culprit, she bent over small John and whispered-

"John, have you any sweets?"
"No, ma'am," he replied.

"Have any of the other boys any? "No, ma'am."

As she turned away, he touched her hand and said: "I'll bring you some at noon."

A. L. S.

[&]quot;We shall have to charge you two shillings and sixpence a pound for this tea now, madam." Good gracious! Why is that?"

How to Treat your Hair and Complexion

A Few Simple Beauty Hints

By Mdlle. GABY DESLYS, the well-known Parisian Actress.

YOU ask me for a few hints on the treatment of the hair and complexion. Well, the less "treatment" you give

the skin the better. I do not believe much in massage, but a little
cream to the face is necessary to
counteract the effects of wind or
sun. What cream would I recommend? Well, I advise you to use
a little mercolized wax every night
and again in the morning after
washing the face. Rub it gently
into the skin, then wipe off any
superfluous wax and dust a little
barri-agar over the face. You will
find that this will be the only
"treatment" necessary, and will

keep your face fresh and youthful-looking for all your life. The mercolized wax removes all the dead outer skin, so that you have always a fair, fresh complexion like a girl's.

For the hair, the first and most important thing is a good shampoo. Never use anything inferior to wash the hair with. Get some good stallax from your chemist, and use a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Then

rinse the hair well and it will look

bright and glossy.

A tonic is necessary when the hair is inclined to fall out more than it should, and is always good to use during the spring and autumn. Then the hair needs a little—what do you call it?—stimulant, and for this I would advise you to get a packet of boranium and mix it with some bay rum; dab this into the roots and it will not only stop the fall, but make your hair grow long and thick.

Give your hair a good brushing every night and that will be all you need do.

yay Dely



Photo: Wrather & Buys.

BLACKHEADS FLY AWAY. Instantaneous remedy for blackheads,

Instantaneous remedy for blackheads greasy skins, and enlarged pores.

The new sparkling face-bath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness, and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant, and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemist's, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided, dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves, and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft, and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

GREY HAIR—HOME REMEDY. A simple, old-fashioned home-made lotion that will restore the colour.

One need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair-dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned, and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist two ounces of tammalite concentrate, and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.

TO KILL ROOTS OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A never-failing remedy.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheminol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

GOOD NEWS FOR FAT PEOPLE.

The Clynol Berry Treatment.

A woman loses her beauty of face and figure, and a man becomes slow and ungainly in his movements, as soon as their systems become burdened with obesity. The weight of superfluous fat puts additional strain upon the heart, and the slightest exercise causes much discomfort to the unfortunate person so afflicted. It is therefore worth while remarking that the recent discovery for the alleviation of this dangerous condition is the almost unknown "Clynol berry" method. This consists of eating immediately after each meal one small "berry," which is the most pleasant and convenient method imaginable. Clynol berries may be obtained from most chemists and druggists, and all fat people wishing to regain their former slimness and beauty would be well advised to bear this in mind.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

WHEN YOUR FRIENDS ASK TO SEE YOUR LIBRARY, AND WHAT THEY SAY.

"You don't mean to say you've read all those books?"

"No, I haven't read Emerson for years, but I never tire of him."

"Don't you love these little Shakespeare books? And he was such a very great poet!"

"What a wonderful writer Charles Lamb was!"

"I have a confession to make. I have never read a line of philosophy. But I mean to take it up some time."

"It's such a good idea, your putting Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott together. We certainly couldn't live without them." Goethe and Schiller. They are both so representative."

"Think of being surrounded all the time by such wonderful thoughts!"



"So you attend Sunday-school regularly, do you?" inquired the new vicar, who was calling on little Nellie's mother. "Then you must know a great deal about the Bible. Can you tell me something that's in the Bible, now?"

"Yeth, thir," said Nellie. "Thithter hath thome dried leaveth in it, a pieth of Aunt



THE SUPER-SOMNAMBULIST.

SERGEANT (exploding): Wake up, confound you! You're asleep half the day and unconscious the other half!

"Isn't that a beautiful edition? Of course, you would never think of reading it."

"Yes, you are right not to have all fine bindings. I like to feel my books are friends, don't you?"

"I suppose you have the Revised Version of the Bible also. Of course, you wouldn't leave that out."

"What I like about Longfellow is that you

can almost always understand him."

"I just adore poetry! I could spend days on this shelf alone."

"Isn't it nice to think you can sit here quietly and improve yourself, and that you don't have to ride in a hot, dusty train?"

"That's just the sort of book I like—it's

such a beautiful colour."

"I never could make up my mind between

Janeth wedding-dreth, a pieth of my dreth when I wath a baby, thome hair, and thithter'th fellow'th picture."



AMANTIUM IRAE.

When Frenda frowns,
My heart is numb with grief and pain,
I feel I've lived my life in vain
When Frenda frowns!

The skies of Hope are dim with rain, Like storms in summer her disdain, My heart is numb with grief and pain When Frenda frowns!

Vachell Philpot.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



JUST SO.

SERGEANT (reporting fatal accident to officer): There was an escape of gas in the storeroom, so I sent Murphy

down to locate it, sir, and he struck a match, and——OFFICER: What! Struck a match? I should have thought that would be the last thing on earth he would

SERGEANT (dryly): It was, sir.

"How does the breakfast suit you, John?"

inquired the young bride anxiously.

"It's just right, dearest," said her husband.
"It may be plebeian, but I'm awfully fond of calves' liver for breakfast."

"So am I, dear," said the wife. "Oh, John, don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have liver every morning for breakfast."



"I AM afraid, madam," said a man who was looking for rooms, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant."

"It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front windows one has a fine view of all the people who miss their trains."



The teacher was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday-school class the lesson "Return good for evil." To make it practical, she said-

"Now, suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple—that would be one way of returning good for evil.'

A little girl sitting in one of the front seats raised her hand.

"Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Then," said Elizabeth firmly, "he would strike you again to get another apple."

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger, who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his bag upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to

" Why?"

"Because you will think, after you've seen it, that I'm a liar."



"Well," said the old invalid despondently, "I shan't be a nuisance to you much longer."

"Oh, don't talk like that, aunt," said her nephew reassuringly; "you know that you will."



Folly is a noisy maid who bothers us first with her laughter, then with her sobbing,



"Dap," said Tommy, asking his fifty-first question that evening, "is a vessel a boat?"

"Well, yes," said his parent, trying to read his paper, "you can call a vessel a boat, certainly.

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"A lifeboat, of course. Now run off to bed."



PROBABLY NOT.

ARTIST: There's a view of the Thames I don't think you've seen before.

FAIR CRITIC: No; and I don't suppose I ever shall again, shall I?

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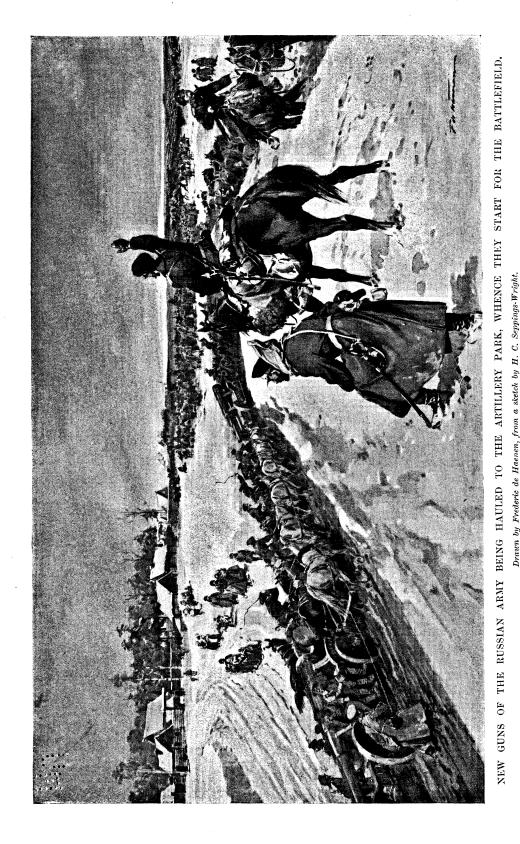
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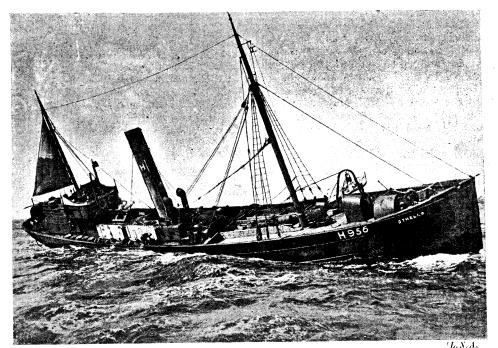


Photo by]

A NORTH SEA TRAWLER.

NORTH SEA FISHERMEN AND THE WAR By TOM WING, M.P.

459

THE North Sea fisherman is a hardy, handy, adaptable follows boyhood he has tossed and tumbled about in his trawler, smack, drifter, or cobble, until he knows his vessel as he knows himself—what it is capable of, its faults, failings, and peculiarities; what can be got out of it in storm or calm, and how it will behave in differing circumstances. He only needs to lay his hand on the trawlwarp to know whether all is well or ill with the trawl on the ocean-bed fathoms below, while his knowledge of the ground over which he is sailing seems altogether uncanny to a landsman. He knows exactly how far he must go before he can begin to fish, and, having got there and lowered his trawl, how he must steer to right or left to avoid this old wreck or that jagged rock. It is not too much to say that he knows the bottom of the North Sea as you know the streets and roads of your native town, and can find

his way just as easily, though all he can see is the heaving bosom of the water over which he rides.

The North Sea is unlike any other in the world. It is comparatively shallow, especially in parts, and irritable, never long in the same mood. Storm and tempest lash up its waters into choppy waves, entirely different to the long, rolling heave of the Atlantic. Often its dull grey surface is enveloped in fog, and then the fisherman finds his way by means of his lead. He knows the coasts and their features, for he has fished them all up to the three-mile limit.

With all this intimate and expert knowledge, the fisherman was instantly recognised as just the man wanted when, on the outbreak of war, the North Sea was sown with mines.

The decks of their little vessels, so close to the water, are the right spots for sighting

1916. No. 255.

the treacherous signs which would be almost impossible to detect from the deck of a liner. The ease and speed with which they can be steered to avoid contact—above all, the fine courage and handiness of the men—made them indispensable for this dangerous work.

No one knows better than the Kaiser how often these men have risked all to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners of every nationality, for he has sent many a gift to be presented to our fishermen for saving German lives in the bygone days of peace.

Naval experts have long been confident

1914, for the German Navy to come out and do its worst, and justify all its promises to the German people. The two occasions on which a portion of the enemy fleet have dared the open sea were, in the first case, during a fog, and, in the second, when they had a good start from home before being observed; yet they did not escape without severe loss on their hasty return.

Though the prophets were wrong as to the position the German Navy would occupy, they were right about the mines, for no time was lost in sowing them broadcast.

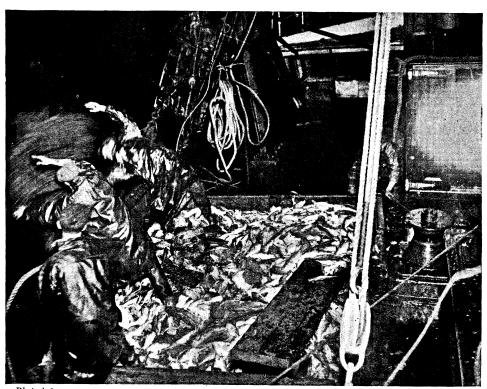


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CASTING THE NET AT NIGHT.

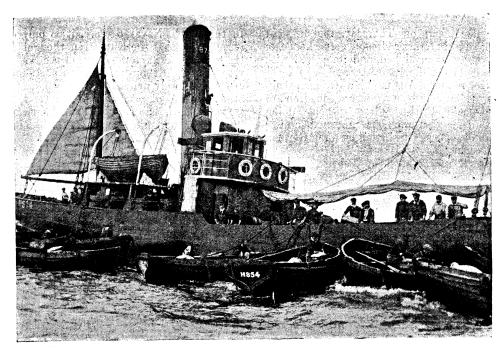
L.N.A.

that, if and when war should occur, the German Navy would take its position in the North Sea, and strew the remaining waters with floating and anchored mines. Large quantities were known to be stocked at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven.

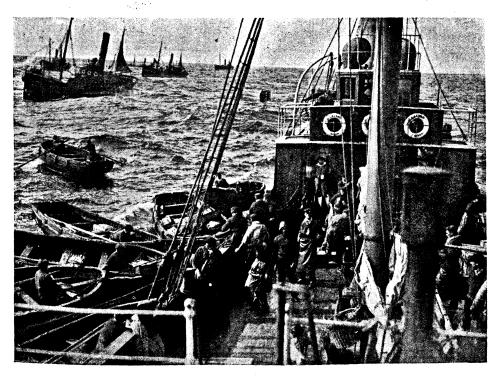
When war was declared, the British Navy was fulfilling its many duties as usual, but was, as ever, on the alert, and the German Navy found the North Sea so well guarded that it preferred to remain where it was, rather than take its appointed place. Our North Sea Fleet has waited since August 4,

The comparative shallowness of the North Sea, and the in-and-out flow of the peculiar currents of the Skaggerack, made it quite easy to distribute these deadly instruments where the tides would carry them to all parts of the sea.

This was so promptly done that on Wednesday, August 5, the day following the declaration of war, the mine-layer Koenigin Luise was overtaken by the British destroyer Lance and sunk in six minutes. However, she had her revenge, for, though gone to the bottom, her work



DELIVERING FISH TO A CUTTER.



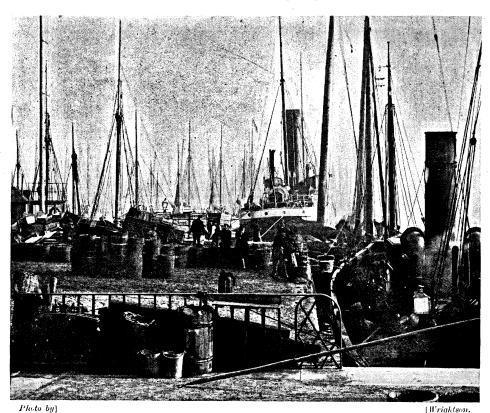
BOARDING FISH IN THE NORTH SEA. $Two\ photographs\ by\ L.N.A.$

remained, and on Thursday, the 6th, the British light cruiser *Amphion* struck one of the mines she had laid, and foundered with serious loss of life.

On Sunday, August 9, a German submarine attacked a cruiser squadron of the main British Fleet without doing any damage, while our protected cruiser Birmingham steamed straight for a German submarine and ran it down.

By these casualties we had instant proof of the sea policy of the German Naval Staff in the Royal Naval Reserve, it is only of recent years that the Navy even thought of the trawler and its crew as units of the Navy; yet at the right moment they had a number of trawlers ready under their command, and others were commandeered as they arrived from sea, until half the steam trawlers and drifters of the United Kingdom were doing this work.

The fishermen realised at once the grave and immediate danger they had to meet, and promptly volunteered for the work.



LOADING VESSELS WITH HERRINGS FOR THE CONTINENT IN LOWESTOFT HARBOUR.

—that while it held its navy to use at such time and under such circumstances as seemed expedient, its immediate policy was to shatter British sea-power and influence by the use of mines and submarines, to strike terror into the hearts of the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine, destroy confidence in sea transit, and fill our people with fear at home and abroad. The manner of their use was against all maritime law and usage, because they were as dangerous to neutrals as to foes.

Although thousands of our fishermen are

They knew the free distribution of explosive mines, either floating or fixed, was not only a danger to general shipping, but also to the Navy and themselves.

Since that fateful 4th of August thousands of our fishermen have been watching the waterways day and night, keeping a comparatively safe course open for our merchant shipping, exploding the mines which by sweeping they brought to the surface. The reality of the risks they run is evidenced by the daily record of ships destroyed and missing, as well as by the large numbers of

trawlers blown up and the hundreds of heroic lives that have been lost.

After a time it was found that, notwithstanding all their vigilance and fidelity, the work was being frustrated by fishing and other vessels, which, under the guise of that makes life worth living. While we still hold it, no power on earth can seriously harm us or make us afraid. The envy, hatred, and malice of the Germans towards England is mainly centred upon this power, for, while we hold it, they are impotent. No

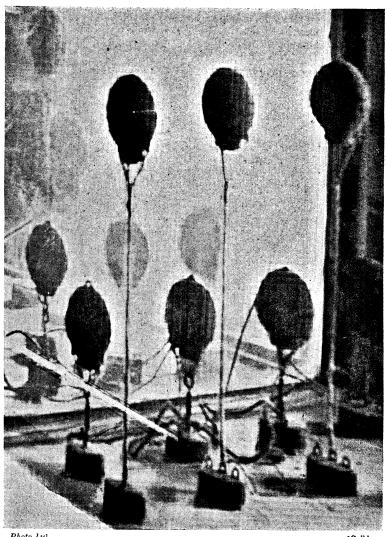


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MINES AS FIXED.

(Cribb.

peaceful commerce, were continually sowing new mines.

The only remedy was to seal the North Sea, and so place all ships under examination. The power to do this lies with England alone. It is one of our most precious prerogatives. Without it we must soon have starved into surrender, and lost all ship of any nationality can enter or leave this sea without our knowledge and consent, yet no ship need dread to enter whose business is legitimate.

After this was done, it became a simpler matter to clear the mines, and now this peril is almost gone; but never let England forget that for this service she owes

ungrudging thanks to the big-hearted, simple-minded fisherman, who at the best of times lives a hard and self-sacrificing life. He leaves his home with a few extra clothes in a kit-bag, and works hard night and day, with short intervals of so-called rest in a hard bunk, sleeping dressed ready for any emergency. He is often away for a month or six weeks, and is ever on the watch to save and aid any who may be in need. He will risk all to take a derelict ship in tow

or save life. When he gets to port, there is no holiday for him. One or two days at most, while the fish is unloaded and provisions and coal got aboard for the next voyage, and he is off again to his duty.

Since the War began he has also proved himself a fine scout, and only our naval authorities know how much valuable information he has picked up and conveyed to the right The little quarters. trawler is as mobile on the sea as the Boy Scout is on land. It everywhere, and very little escapes the keen sight of its crew, who are always on the watch.

When the great naval engagement took place in the Heligoland Bight, the trawlers went first, accompanied by submarines, to clear away

the mines and make it safe for our ships of war to proceed to their duty. Naturally the Germans know all about the work these vessels are doing, and just as surely do they shower their spite upon them, for several were sunk by German cruisers on that occasion; but the rest went on with their work, and the story of that fight is as honourable to our fishermen as to the Navy whose powerful guns completed the victory.

A further example of their value and courage was shown at the Dardanelles,

where they preceded our battleships and cleared the great waterway of the floating mines sent down by the enemy on the fall of the waters through the Narrows.

They are always at hand when life is to be saved, as at the sinking of the *Aboukir*, the *Hoyue*, and the *Cressy*. At the blowing up of the *Formidable* in the Channel, a Brixham trawler came to the rescue and saved many precious lives.

Though the mine is almost a peril of the

past, the submarine is still working havoc among all kinds of shipping, and, perhaps because of its usefulness, the trawler has had more than its share of the enemy's attention. Many have been blown up without warning, many more have been stopped, the men given a very few minutes in which to launch their small boats and try to save themselves, and the boat sent to the bottom.

When it is known that the crews who man the German submarines have most of them been fishermen, often working side by side with our men, and in many an emergency owing their lives to them, it is hard to realise the hatred that prompts them to attack such a helpless victim as the trawler out for fishing only.

Not only submarines, but also

seaplanes and aeroplanes have been continually trying to smite the trawlers, and in many cases have succeeded only too well. On the other hand, there has been many a lucky escape, for sometimes our men have raced the submarines and won. Others have dodged and, by clever steering, got away, while some plucky fellows have taken their courage in both hands and have run the enemy down. Time alone can tell how many of these stealthy foes are lying helpless at the bottom, for fishermen can, and do, keep their own counsel.

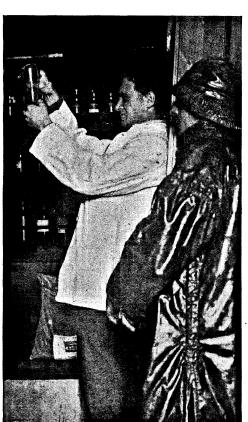


Photo by] [L.N.A.

A DOCTOR ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP ATTENDING TO
A PATIENT.

While we mourn for the lives lost in this service, we cannot but rejoice in what they have accomplished. Thanks in no small measure to these mine-sweepers, shipping has suffered very little, less than five per cent. having been sacrificed to the machinations of the second navy of the world—sad, indeed, for the individuals concerned, but trifling when reviewed as a whole.

or drifter mentioned in the Navy List. Never before have they had the opportunity to show what they could do in the hour of their country's need. But now the trawler is recognised as a part of the Navy, and decorations and honours have been conferred upon skippers and their crews. Many a fisherman bears the record of noble service in medal and ribbon won for life-saving in

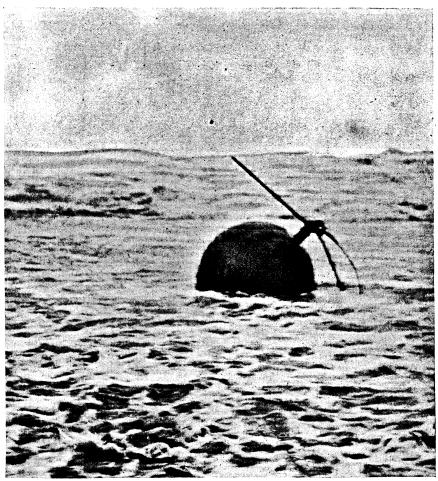


Photo by]

A FLOATING MINE ADRIFT.

[Newspaper Illustrations.

The German nation has not a warship or a merchant liner which dare hoist her flag on the open seas, while our own ports are crowded with ships loading and unloading cargoes to and from all parts of the world, and our oversea commerce is increasing month by month.

Never until this War has the skipper of a trawler, as a member of the Navy, been decorated by his monarch, nor the trawler peace time, but to-day many more are wearing decorations won as trawlermen for distinguished service in mine-lifting and firing, for piloting vessels through mine-fields, for life-saving under circumstances of grave peril, and for services rendered to the Fleet.

Unexampled deeds of daring at the Dardanelles are chronicled in the dispatches of Sir Ian Hamilton, particularly as our troops were landed, covered by our naval guns,

The Sea of Marmora, at the entrance to the Narrows, was especially favourable for a continuous procession of mines being floated down to meet our warships and imperil the landing of men and stores. Here our trawlers were at their best, and nothing braver has been done than the sweeping of a safe passage for the Navy, while facing the fiercest fire from close quarters.

In the stirring dispatches of May 20, 1915, Sir Ian Hamilton described in graphic language how his troops were landed at Gaba of our naval operations at the Dardanelles. has recommended many officers and men for gallant services which will live long in our nation's annals, and among them appear the names of some of the fishermen who did their bit, and did it well. The following extract from a dispatch speaks for itself: "He displayed conspicuous gallantry, always being to the fore in a picket-boat in the most exposed positions, encouraging his sweepers and setting a fine example." Another tells us: "Though severely wounded,



Photo by]

RIFLE-FIRE FROM A MINE-SWEEPER TO EXPLODE A FLOATING MINE.

Tepe under the protection of five battleships, one cruiser, eight destroyers, one seaplane carrier, one balloon ship, and fifteen trawlers.

At the end of the peninsula troops were landed under the protection of seven battleships, four cruisers, six fleet sweepers, and fourteen trawlers.

These examples serve to show the great part the North Sea fisherman, on his small and apparently unimportant vessel, is playing in this titanic struggle.

Admiral de Robeck, who was in command

he refused to quit his bridge until out of His vessel suffered serious damage and severe casualties." Another North Sea fisherman "brought his vessel out of action in a sinking condition, his commanding officer and three of the small crew killed."

These instances show how nobly the North Sea fisherman is giving himself, with all his knowledge, experience, resourcefulness, and dogged determination, to the task of defeating and crushing our enemies. Englishmen should be proud to think that their country



Photo by]

[Central News,

possesses over two thousand boats of this class, manned by such staunch and able seamen.

The thanks of the nation are also due to the owners, whose enterprise has evolved worthy of all praise. There was no complaint when at first the very best were taken, and the owners cheerfully submitted as more and more were commandeered, until only the very oldest and least useful were left. Vessels.

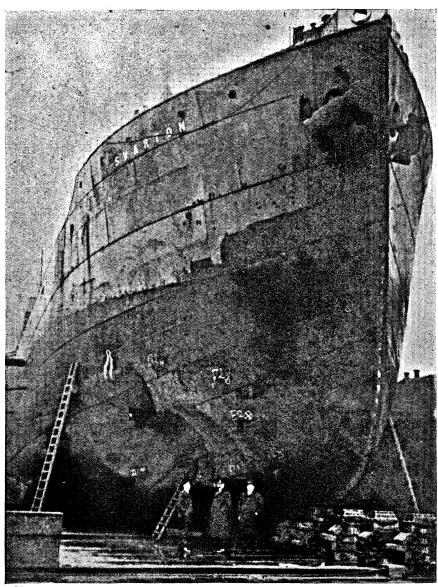


Photo by] [Photopres: REPAIRING THE DAMAGE DONE BY A MINE IN THE NORTH SEA.

a vesse, capable of remaining at sea for a month to six weeks without re-coaling, and seaworthy enough to be used so successfully for services for which she was never intended. The readiness with which these ships were placed at the disposal of the Admiralty is men, and money have been freely given by the members of our great fishing industry, and no higher example of patriotism has been displayed during this War than has been shown by both owners and men.

Although so many fishermen have

volunteered for mine-sweeping, and many more have rejoined the Navy or been called up as Royal Naval Reserve men, there are still some left who are trying to earn their bread by fishing.

The inshore fisherman has had a market which for price has left little to be desired. and if he could have fished at the right time, can get through to the Faroes and Iceland are reaping a rich harvest, but for them there is risk of capture and destruction. Up to July 31, 1915, thirty had been destroyed by mines and one hundred and twenty-five by submarines. Some are still fishing the Dogger Bank, but they carry their lives in their hands, as is shown by the sinking



Photo by]

PUTTING OUT THE LOG.

[L.W.A.

he would have been well satisfied. On the North-East coast the fisherman complains of the naval prohibition of night fishing—the very time, as he says, when he "can get a bit of stuff."

The old trawlers, smacks, and small fishingboats are doing very well, though most of them have had to remove and fish from Milford Haven or Fleetwood. Those who of several trawlers of our own and other nationalities by submarines.

Those who left the North Sea and went to fish in the Irish Sea, the Bristol Channel. and the North Atlantic, have also suffered. for the ubiquitous submarine has claimed victims in all these waters.

The absence of so many deep-sea trawlers has left the dogfish and other enemies of the herring unchecked, and the herrings, in some instances, have arrived earlier and nearer the shores than usual.

If we compare the seven peaceful months of 1914 with the corresponding war months of 1915, we get a fair idea of the loss that war entails upon our fisheries.

The total value of the catch of England and Wales to July 31, 1914, was £4,906,920. The total value for the same period in 1915 only reached £4,105,739. Not only is the value so much less, but the total catch was very little more than half in quantity.

A peculiar feature of fishing in war-time is how the catch varies from one coast to another, arising from the new conditions imposed by the Admiralty, and the avoidance by the fisherman of the most dangerous parts of the war zone. For example, during the above-named period the East Coast had a decreased catch of plaice amounting to £220,000, while the West Coast had an increased catch valued at £10,784. The East Coast mackerel catch was down to the amount of £24,956, which was more than made up by an increase of £34,777 on the South Coast.

It will be interesting to learn what effect the War will have upon the habits and migration of fish—whether fertility has been encouraged or otherwise, and to what extent. The herring in times of peace is one of the most profitable fisheries. As already stated, it was found near our shores rather earlier than usual in 1914, yet the amount realised in England and Wales, during the first seven months of 1915, was only £26,594, as against £110,696 during the same period in the preceding year, showing a loss of £74,102.

On the whole, perhaps, no class of men in the kingdom has given up and suffered more through the War than those engaged in this important industry, masters, men, and women. Hitherto they have never had the recognition they deserved. The French nation has always regarded the fisheries as the training-ground for her Navy, and maintained two or more training and hospital ships in Icelandic waters, a hospital on the Westmann Isles, and at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland.

Our enemies also realise the value of the North Sea fishermen, and the latter have suffered in consequence; but though so many are sleeping in the depths, it is largely owing to their self-sacrificing work that our great merchantmen come and go as usual, and that our Navy is relatively stronger than it was when war was declared.

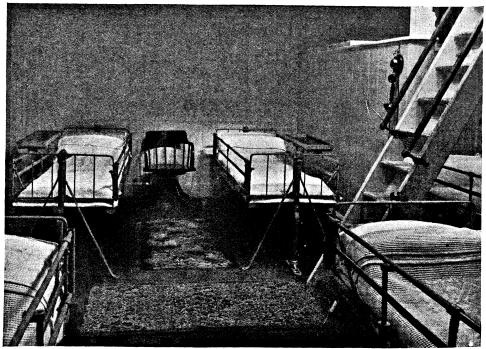


Photo supplied by the]

[Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen.

A WARD ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP WHICH ACCOMPANIES THE FISHING FLEET TO PROVIDE FOR ILLNESS OR INJURIES,

THE SUPPER-PARTY

By GERTRUDE PAGE

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



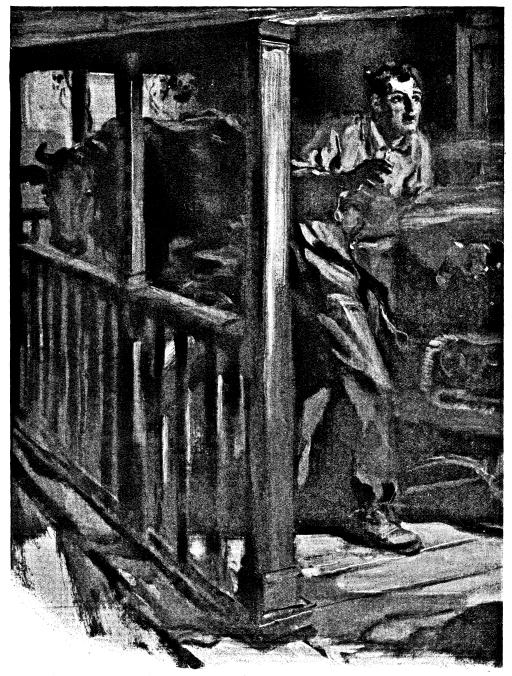
N the M'Sisi district of Rhodesia it was the custom for the few ladies who graced that lonely neighbourhood with their presence to attend all the meetings of the Farmers' Association, by way of a

little outing. Not that there is ever anything approaching to excitement about a meeting of Rhodesian farmers, but it is at least an excuse to wave one's hair, wear a best blouse and skirt, and exchange ideas with another woman. There is also a good deal of interest in observing how someone else copes with the unusual number of guests—whether they have enough spoons and forks and knives to go round, to say nothing of chairs; whether their boys are clean and deft; whether they offer a well-covered table, in spite of the difficulties attendant, or slogs of bully-beef, lumps of potatoes, and chunks of sour bread.

It must not be concluded that it is the habit to criticise unkindly, but merely that a subject for curiosity offers, and, as such, is often a godsend in the monotony of M'Sisi life. the atmosphere of chance pervades all things in Rhodesia has its element even in the meeting of a Farmers' Association. One can never be quite sure what will happen, as, for instance, the occasion when the jackal managed to get into Mrs. Beckett's larder at the most important moment of the meeting when it was held at her house. Of course, she immediately dashed in upon their solemn conclave, and, so to speak, gave the view-Instantly the sporting instincts of the Rhodesians were aroused, to the exclusion of all else. The Hon. Dicky crossed the table at a bound, upsetting the chairman in his flight, and followed closely

by young O'Meath. The chairman picked himself up and went after them, carrying a leg of the chair, which had collapsed in the sudden onslaught. The other members followed hard on their heels, and the ladies of the party climbed on to the table, not so much to get a better view as from the "mouse protection" instinct of their sex. Mrs. Beckett turned a little pale when she heard the crash of broken china amid smothered yelps and howls and excited Then there was a louder exclamations. crash than before, and a burst of uproarious laughter. Mrs. Henderson stole round the house for a peep at affairs, and returned with the news that the Hon. Dicky had gone clean through the mosquito-proof wire netting, with young O'Meath and the jackal and two or three dogs on top of him. sounded a likely time for "first-aid," both ladies, being adept, screwed up their courage and advanced to the rescue, to find Dicky and his bosom friend, though bleeding from minor wounds, lying on the ground, too convulsed with laughter to get up, while Beckett ruefully surveyed his ruined netting, and the dogs mounted guard delightedly over a jackal at its last gasp.

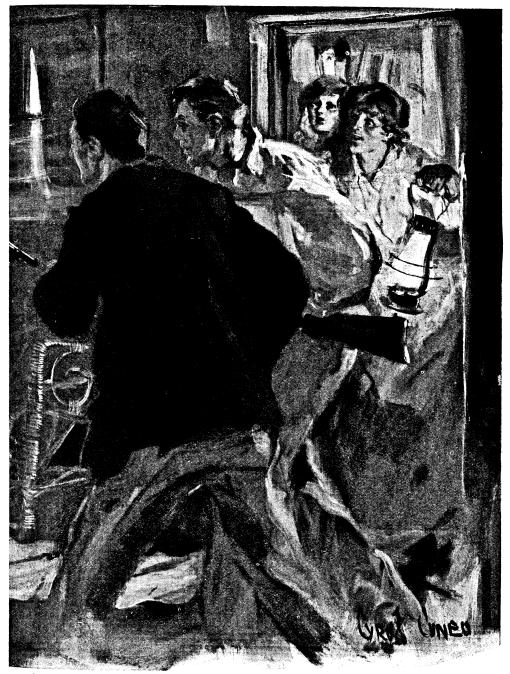
All the other members were discussing the event with eagerness, and no one seemed in the least disposed to return to the board-room and consider further the interrupted "minute" concerning the proposed change of post-office. It might be mentioned, in passing, that a lamentable lack of public spirit was visible concerning this post-office. There was, in fact, no competition whatever to receive the weekly mail-bag, sort out the letters, give them to some dozen different boys, carry out half a dozen orders for stamps, read half a dozen complaints, and generally put in a day's hard work on Sunday gratis. In the end, Langley's sole application had to be accepted. As Langley lived furthest away from the station except one, the post-office had but a single



"The men divided into two parties, and started round the house. . . .

customer, all the rest finding it easier to send direct to meet the train. This showed great perspicacity on Langley's part, because shortly afterwards the one customer went away, and then he—Langley—scored the post-office furniture, mail-bags, and mailboys, and received no letters at all except his own. Mrs. Langley found the scales

exceedingly useful for cooking, and the mail-boys even more useful for looking after her children, while Langley did all his corresponding on post-office paper, and was gaily hailed as Postmaster-General by his neighbours. As he and his wife were both general favourites, no one minded in the least, and certainly it was better than losing



. . . Just as they reached the two ends of the verandah, there was an extra long rumble."

their post-office altogether, because no one would be burdened with it.

But it was a later Farmers' Association meeting we have to deal with—the last one before Christmas. Mrs. Henderson was always ready to make a speech, if they gave her the chance, and upon this occasion she seized a hopeful opportunity to inform the

assembly that she saw no reason why, since they were all doing their best to serve the Empire by taming the wilderness lands—a favourite expression of some Rhodesian writers which she had aptly annexed—they should pass a gloomy Christmas on account of the War. "It isn't as if we could go to the Front," she declared, "or help anyone

anywhere by being glum and dull. On the whole, we may be more useful in the general scheme by being merry "—which was a very commendable dictum on the part of Mrs. Henderson—"and I suggest that we all endeavour to spend a pleasant Christmas. My husband and I will be pleased to see any of you to lunch at one o'clock on the twenty-fifth, if you happen to have nothing more attractive to do."

Dicky thumped the table and declared: "Bravo! You're absolutely top-hole! And do let us have another impromptu big-game

hunt in the pantry."

"You will have to pay for the new mosquito-proof wire netting if I do," she told him, "and probably a few new dishes. I wonder Mrs. Beckett doesn't make you

pay."

In the end, her hospitable invitation was accepted by half a dozen members most gratefully, the others having planned to go to town; and we may here state that the Christmas dinner was a great success, and everyone tried to be "merry and bright," because it is wise for dwellers in monotonous solitude to seize all such occasions for their minds' good.

But it was the infection of her spirit, and the subsequent supper-party on New Year's Eve, given by the Hon. Dicky and young O'Meath in unison, that dwelt longest in the minds of that plucky little community on

the outskirts of civilisation.

They planned the daring venture together, determined not to be outdone by their neighbours, and decided to give their supper at young O'Meath's farm because it was the most central. Then they met and pored over a cookery book, quite determined to establish a record in New Year's suppers.

This they most certainly did.

First of all, Dicky having received a Christmas cheque from home, they bought a turkey for twenty-one shillings. They bought him alive in the market, the day before Christmas Day, when turkeys were going cheap, and within the next hour they nearly lost him for good and all. never was a turkey before with such an instinct for exploration. He deluded them and their boy a dozen times. First they ran him to earth in the Bank, calmly pecking at a discarded envelope, with intervals of gobbling at the clients and clerks, who were quite at a loss to know what to do with him. Next he strutted into the General Post Office, as if he had come to post himself as a Christmas present, and, though speedily

captured there, managed to slip away once again, and this time to hold up the Administrator's motor by making a speech on turkey grievances from the middle of the principal Shortly after he bolted for the station, as if to catch the home mail, and Dicky and O'Meath began to grow hot, and cross, and breathless keeping time with him. Then he grew hot and angry, too, and flew at the Resident Commissioner's wife, harmlessly going about her Christmas shopping; and what that lady had to say on turkeys in general, and this one in particular, persuaded them to shut him up in a packing-case as speedily as possible. From the railway he travelled the twenty-five miles to the farm roosting on a nigger's head, after which he was so stiff he could not stand. This made them foolishly unwary, for he recovered his power of locomotion unexpectedly, and went off across the veldt alone. Several hours of agitated search positively aged Dicky, who had paid for him; but they found him at last, comfortably asleep within fifty yards of the house, while they had been ranging in a mile circle. By the time New Year's Eve arrived, they distrusted him as much dead as alive, and decided to start cooking him in the morning, on the theory that an overcooked bird was better than none at all.

Their incursions in the cookery book had a good deal bewildered the whole household; but after planning their plum pudding, and having bought a bottle of cheap brandy to put some into it, they decided upon a second sweet, called Naumberg cream because its chief ingredients were sour cream and brandy, and they had both in abundance.

Their pudding was generously flavoured with both black and white fingers, none too, clean—in fact, the black fingers were fresh from trimming paraffin lamps without a wash. But Dicky cheerfully said: "Let's put in double the quantity of brandy, and no one will notice the paraffin flavour"; and O'Meath warmly seconded. Then they came to the Naumberg cream. "One pint of sour cream," sang out Dicky, adding: "Golly, and think of all the sour cream we've chucked away! Who'd ever have thought of making puddings with it?"

"Half a pound of castor sugar," he ran on. "Haven't got it. Shove in the other stuff."

"Seven leaves of gelatine. My godfathers!

Why, we forgot to buy any!"

"One of Nelson's jellies will probably do just as well," said O'Meath cheerfully. "There's an old one here—been lying about for two years. A jolly good chance to use it up. We can easily wash the dirt off it."

"You're a positive genius!"—from Dicky admiringly. "The last item is half a wine-glass of brandy. What a ridiculous scrap! Beat the sour cream with sugar till thick, melt the gelatine, add a little water, also brandy. Why, it's as simple as A B C, and I'm sure it will fairly knock them! Hurry up and mix it."

O'Meath got on very creditably till he came to the brandy. "Did you say half a

pint?" he inquired somewhat hazily.

"Yes," answered Dicky, busy poking the turkey about in the oven, which was a very tight squeeze, and paying little heed.

So O'Meath carefully measured half a pint, and, be it noted, the brandy was of a very

cheap, inferior, fiery brand.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Beckett, and Macpherson, were the guests at their supper-party, and both the ladies were immensely interested and amused to observe the preparations the two young bachelors had made for their reception. As there were only two bedrooms, the best one was assigned to them, and the men all shared the other Various odd bits of curtain, of the native store variety, and coloured silk handkerchiefs had been added to the ladies' room by way of adornment, and also privacy, for its doorway and windows opened in a very unabashed fashion upon the world at large. Odd bits of crockery stood upon a packingcase by way of a washhand stand, and a little cracked glass hung over it for a mirror. But they were all in happy-go-lucky spirits to suit their environment, and even the dour very nearly smiled when described how they had laboured over the cookery book, and had a really first-class surprise repast in store, and also how the migratory turkey had nearly migrated out of reach altogether.

The first "danger signal," as one might call it, came when the cook-boy, instead of proudly marching in with the turkey held aloft, as the two hosts had pictured him, lurched through the doorway with a sorry black object sprawling across a dish. turkey, truculent to the last, had contrived to black himself generously and to strike an attitude undignified in the extreme on his His legs had the appearance of a signpost, and as the boy made a wavering line for the head of the table, one of them caught in Mrs. Henderson's hair, and she nearly had the blackened turkey embracing her from behind. Young O'Meath scolded the boy

for his stupidity, at which the boy grinned very foolishly, and more or less shot the dish down in front of him, rather as if thankful he had not missed the table altogether.

"What's up with Ginger?" asked Henderson, while the two hosts eyed their head

factotum a little nervously.

"I suppose you didn't leave the brandy bottle about?" suggested Dicky to O'Meath.

"No fear. I locked it in the store. I'm afraid the turkey looks rather as if he wanted a bath," he added politely to the guests, "but I'll soon scrape him clean. Anyhow, it is the next course that is our chef d'œuvre."

"Naumberg cream," put in Dicky ecstati-

cally. "It's a perfectly ripping sweet."

Both their faces fell a little, however, when they found the cream had refused to set, and the cook-boy had spread it round the pudding.

"I dare say it will taste the same," O'Meath said, "but we had planned a beautiful

shaped thing."

"But it will make an excellent sauce," cried the ladies. "How clever of you to

manage sauce as well as a pudding!"

Thus encouraged, Dicky gave liberal helpings with each slice of pudding; but he dispensed with Ginger's attentions, as that worthy seemed disposed to catch everyone on the side of the head with any plate he was handing, only grinning foolishly when rebuked, and Dicky was afraid he might disturb the prevailing harmony by kicking him out of the room.

However, it was a very merry party, though after the first spoonful of the boasted sauce, Mrs. Henderson put her spoon down suddenly and looked uncomfortable.

"Anything the matter?" asked Dicky

cheerily.

"Well"—slowly—"I don't think this is quite a teetotaler's sauce."

Mrs. Beckett tasted hers and remarked drily—

"I'm quite sure it isn't."

Dicky immediately helped himself to a

spoonful.

"Oh, Christopher!" he exclaimed. "No wonder Ginger is shaky on his pins. He's been tasting this stuff, you bet. What on earth did you put into it?"—to O'Meath.

"Only what you told me—the sour cream,

the sugar, and half a pint of brandy."

"Half a pint!" chimed in Mac. "I say, laddie, can I have a second helping?"

"Half a pint!" echoed the others, in voices of mingled horror and amusement.

"I told you half a wineglass," declared

Dicky. "You must be a silly ass! Now you've spoilt the whole blooming show!"

O'Meath tasted the sauce in his turn, and began to laugh. "I wonder we're not all under the table," he said imperturbably. "What a lucky thing we found out in time! Shall we give it all to Mac?"

"No fear! We don't want him singing Blue Bells of Scotland' all night. Let's

give it to the dogs and cats."

Accordingly the precious Naumberg cream was carefully scraped off the pudding, and the cats were invited to have first lick. very little they showed signs of uneasiness, and the dogs, waiting round in an alert ring, were allowed to go in and finish. idea uppermost in each dog's mind was to get more than the other fellow, they swallowed it down without stopping to consider, and their antics later on were like the cookboy's, only more so. The greyhound put his foot down on a little kitten and kept it there, apparently not knowing what he had done, nor why the mother cat should suddenly fly at him. Then he made for the door and ran his head into the door-post, which caused the little fox-terrier, very unreasonably, to bite him at the back. The greyhound tried to snap in return, but only succeeded in showing his teeth rather foolishly, and finally ambled off into the dark. The fox-terrier and the Airedale, later on, were found fast asleep on the kitchen floor with Ginger, amid a horrible medley of dirty plates and dishes, potato peelings and cabbage stalks.

Meanwhile the supper-party ate up the entire pudding, and drank many toasts to the Army and Navy, King and Country, absent friends and Empire, etc., and at twelve o'clock duly joined hands and sang "For Auld Lang Syne" in the most approved

fashion.

Then, with many hearty hand-shakes and New Year's wishes, they all retired to bed.

It was about four o'clock in the morning that the first alarm came. Mrs. Henderson, in an uneasy sleep, heard a hollow thud that suggested an explosion, and sat up in bed with a bewildered feeling that some enemy was attacking the house.

"Did you hear?" she asked Mrs. Beckett

nervously. "Such a queer noise."

Almost immediately there was a horrid long rumble and another bang, and Mrs. Beckett likewise raised an agitated head. "Could it be a Zeppelin right over here?" she asked, in a frightened voice.

"I can't imagine," Mrs. Henderson

answered, and they both waited in taut silence. Again came the long rumble, a louder bang, and the verandah shook. They both gasped in horror, and were thankful to hear the sound of voices in the next room.

"Sakes alive," they heard Mac grunt, "who's throwing bombs on this peaceful

spot?"

A waiting silence followed, and then the long rumble and again a bang. Dicky apparently sprang up, and an anxious colloquy followed, during which they only heard such words as: "You take the rifle; I'll have the gun." "Give Mac a thick stick; he's not safe with firearms after all that Naumberg cream." Then Henderson's voice: "I'll have the Colt's revolver, and Beckett can take the Mauser."

Once or twice the rumble and the thud sounded again, but no one had the least idea what it could be. Stories of leopards after dogs, and man-eating lions springing into railway carriages at railway sidings, passed through their minds, and magnified themselves, in comparison with how each member of the jovial evening had overeaten himself, though, lest any should take it as an affront, it should be understood that only the Hon. Dicky and Mac had transgressed in that respect. But so it was just these two who heard the sounds first, and by the time the others were fully awake, they had persuaded themselves that the thuds were explosions, or, at any rate, loud enough to be, and something quite untoward, and likely to be extremely. unpleasant, was in being round the side of the house, where a long verandah had been used as a receptacle for many things. Dicky thought it was a leopard after the dogs, and Mac was certain an enemy aeroplane had reached the ranch, and they were being bombed.

Young O'Meath, who, like many Irishmen, scarcely knew the meaning of the word fear, was for marching round at once to investigate, but Mac insisted they must make a concerted attack, all properly armed.

By this time the two ladies, too nervous to remain alone, had hastily dressed and come into the sitting-room to join the consultation, where the men, in various stages of deshabille, were deciding what to do. An ominous silence had lasted for some minutes, and the nervous among the party kept glancing sideways towards the door, wondering what terrifying monster might presently appear.

Finally, armed with rifles, guns, revolvers, etc., the men divided into two parties, and

started round the house in two directions, creeping cautiously in the darkness. The lantern was left with the two ladies, with instructions to bring it immediately they called.

A scrap of a moon just setting gave them light enough to find their way, but, lest they should inadvertently fire into each other, no one was to aim anywhere but away from the house into the open, supposing

anything attempted to run away.

Just as they reached the two ends of the verandah, there was an extra long rumble, ending in an extra loud bang, and all the verandah shook. Each man muttered an exclamation under his breath as, with loaded weapons in readiness, they peered into the And there, sure enough, was a large dark object. Evidently hearing them, it stood still to listen. In the gloom they could see the baleful gleam of two eyes; but it made no effort to run away, and each man's blood ran cold as he believed it preparing to spring. As had rather been foreseen, Mac lost his head first, having made a real Scotch New Year's Eve of it, and not yet had time to thoroughly recover.

Throwing down his stick, he suddenly grabbed Dicky's gun from his hands and fired at the two points of light. The two ladies in the sitting-room turned pale and gripped at chair-backs for support. They felt they were "in it" at last. The men all waited breathlessly, while Dicky grabbed his gun back again, exclaiming: "You idiot, Mac! Heaven only knows what you've done

now!"

A second later a black object lurched forward, and the firearms were raised.

But in that second O'Meath, who had ventured nearest, caught the ominous

outline of horns, and in an agitated voice shouted—

"Don't fire—don't fire! It's one of my

cows! Fetch the lantern."

Dicky dashed off, and a few minutes later they all stood round while O'Meath tenderly felt his favourite cow all over, to make sure that she was not hit by Mac's wild shot in the dark.

"But how could she make such a dreadful noise?" asked the ladies, who had now

ventured to join the group.

"I've just been having a look," said Henderson, "and we've to thank O'Meath's untidiness for a very disturbed night. Would anyone else keep empty oil-drums lying about on his verandah? The cow seems to have knocked over two, and whichever way she went she rolled one of them up against a verandah post."

They all laughed heartily at their scare,

and Dicky declared-

"It wouldn't have been half a go if we'd shot O'Meath's best cow, would it? I'll lay old Mac would have done, if he hadn't been shaking with fright."

"Do cows usually stroll about on your verandah in the night?" asked Mrs. Beckett.

"I took her calf away to-day," O'Meath explained. "She was out looking for it, that's all, poor dear!"

"I thought it was bombs and Huns," put

in Mrs. Henderson.

"And Mac thought the De'il had come for him at last—didn't you, Mac? Hoots, mon, 'twas a wee slipit near shave that time, eh?" And Dicky clapped him boisterously on the back.

"If you ask me," said Mac drily, "'twas your Naumberg cream—warping our diges-

tions."

THE SILVER BIRCH.

ON the high moorland over the sea I laid my hand on a birchen tree.

Lo, it trembled under my fingers

As a belfry shakes to the chimes of the ringers!

Sorrow plucked at the heart of me,

I laid my cheek on the birchen tree

To that smooth bark my lips I pressed,

That silver stem was cold on my breast—

Then spake she to me, without tongue:

"I was yours when the world was young!"

THE GAY HAZARD

IV. THE SKIPTON FIGHT

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram



ISTER of Listerhall came home in high good temper. He had had a good day's cub-hunting, followed by a keen and pleasant fight with naked fists. The Feud was up again, and battlesongs of old were

stirring at his heart. Moreover, Dick Mortimer had given him a lover's message

for his daughter.

Lister had a face rather the worse for wear, his body ached with the divers hardships he had gone through, but his heart went lightly; and that is all a man need care for in a muddled world.

When his horse was safely stabled, he went indoors with a limping gait that made

a pitiful attempt at buoyancy.

Janet was in the hall as he came in. She had been making pretence that she was glad Dick Mortimer had gone out of her life. It was good to be free of heart again. Liberty was happiness, surely, and all her world was full of song. To be chained to a roysterer, who duelled one moment, and the day afterwards went finding pretty eyes at the Beamsley Hospital—she was well quit of the adventure. Indeed, there was a close likeness between her mood and Dick Mortimer's. Dick was riding an uphill, heathery track at the moment, had she known it; and he, too, was praising loneliness and freedom.

"I've had the day of a lifetime, Janet," said Lister, breaking in roughly on her

thoughts.

"So it would seem, father," she answered, with the quiet raillery that was a sign of their good comradeship.

"Oh, I'm a bit damaged, but that is all in the game. I met Dick on the way home, and he sent a message to you, though, by his own confession, he'd seen you a half-hour ago."

The rose stole into her face against her will. It was not so good as she had fancied, somehow, to be free. "What was the message? A foolish one, no doubt, if Dick

sent it."

Lister was grave and magisterial. He had gathered that this slip of a girl had flouted Mortimer in the hour of peril, and it seemed to him that a little discipline would be wholesome for her waywardness.

"He said he was married, child."

She was of the old breed, after all. The blow, though her father did not guess it, was sharp and agonising; but a quick, courageous pride came to her aid. "Poor Dick! I trust she is not a fool, sir—two under one roof would be disastrous."

So Lister, still bent on teaching her a lesson—still fancying that a man can shepherd the way of a young maid's heart—enlarged upon the happy look Dick carried. He had never seen the lad so blithe, and dominant, and at peace with all the world. But then bridegrooms always had that air.

"He was clean daft, girl, I tell you—said she was the comeliest thing he had met in life—that her breath was sweet as heather. Oh, the witchcraft of it all! I was young

once on a day, and I remember."

"Did he say that her hair was hideously red?" asked Janet, with cold and merciless

precision.

"On my honour, I forget. What with figures of one sort and another—I shall never forgive that bailiff of mine for absconding—and lovers' arithmetic, of hair and eyes and the mouth like Cupid's bow,

an old man grows bewildered. I don't recall, child, that he said her hair was hideously red."

"He wouldn't, father. He told you that it was russet-brown, or russet-gold, or any excuse for the plain fact that it was red."

She was all dignity, and ice, and delicate contempt. Lister was a little afraid of her in this new mood; she disturbed his cheery outlook on life and on the supper readying for him.

"A man must choose his own wife, after all. It has naught to do with you or me, child."

"Nothing at all, sir. It seems a pity that Mr. Mortimer should stoop so low; but that is his concern."

"Entirely. And he's not one to let another choose his road for him."

Janet had carried herself bravely enough till now; but something in her father's rollicking laugh, his carelessness of what she felt and suffered, disarmed her suddenly. Strive as she would, she was shaken by a storm of grief. "Oh, I am sorry, father," "All men worth their she said presently. salt hate tears. It was only—only that I loathe Dick so entirely, and he was so good a friend before he took to wine and duelling."

Lister found heart again. He was too old in experience to claim knowledge of women, but it seemed fairly sure that this girl of his cared for Dick Mortimer. And, if she cared, an old dream of his was on the way to fulfilment.

"It was not the maid at Beamsley he married, child. Dick was never one to steal

another man's goods."

The relief was so instant that Janet felt all the east wind leave her and charity return. "Oh, I am glad. And, of course, the girl is pretty—a charming, elf-like thing. man is good enough for her, I hope.

She went about the room in the odd way of women when they have trouble at the heart, putting trifles right that were in their

proper place already.

"Dick Mortimer is good enough for you, my girl," said Lister bluntly, "if he comes safe through this blithe hunting-time."

"But if he is married already?"

asked, all her doubts returning.

"Oh, be rid of nonsense, Janet! known Dick since he was in the cradle—a plump, healthy rogue he was, though lean enough these days—and I've watched him grow into love for you, a daft and pleasant loving, made up of—of all that used to blow about a man's love for a woman."

A great hope came into Janet's eyes, and into her throat a little sob. "That was all fancy," she said forlornly. "He taught me to care for him-and he forgot. All men forget. It is their trade."

Lister understood that he had carried discipline too far. "Child, have they not told you that the Feud is up? They hunt Dick Mortimer as they hunt the fox. He will not get to France because he has an old wife who keeps him to the home country—a wife centuries old, to my knowledge."

"Is life all a jest to you, father?"

"When I can find one, my tragic lass. But this wedlock of Dick's has a grave side He is blood of the old blood, Janet bone of the Norton bone—and his wife, I tell you, is the Feud. She shares his ridingsin and ridings-out. If he sleeps in a hayloft, or the heather, she's by his side. I saw the look in his face just now, and I know."

And now Janet's untried girlhood was shaken by a tempest. Swift happiness, because he had given his heart to peril, not to another woman; sharp compunction that she had sent him out on this adventure without a Godspeed; dread for his safety, and a sick foreboding that he would be killed in fight—the turmoil of it all was so bewildering that she gathered the little strength left her and smiled as if she, too, were full of joy in life.

"Dick was always a little mad, sir, and surely this is the oddest marriage ever heard Men have chosen elderly brides, and will do again, no doubt; but one centuries old—he must have disturbed the mould in

some old churchyard to find her."

"Oh, you're wrong, child. Dick learning what every man learns, soon or late. Love is well enough, but salt of the ancient fights is better. I'm younger by ten years myself since Dantry and the rest are up against us. We'll give them a gallop or two."

Something older than the Feud, something primeval and no way to be denied, sobbed at Janet's heart. "Whenever you talk of-of mother, it is always of lavender you speak the fragrance of her quiet gentility, the peace

she brought into your life.

Lister's eyes grew soft. "I won that ease, baby, after a long, red fight was ended -fight with myself and the world-battle against odds in the stark open. But I claimed her at long last, and found my peace."

The hour was theirs. Out of past comradeship, from the present danger and the turinoil soon to be, their sympathy ran out and met.

"If Dick could ever care for me-with the long and steady caring—I'd have no fears again."

"You'd have twenty, Janet, where there was only one before; but the whole brood would be well worth while. Eh, to be young

again—just to be young again!"

He glanced at her by and by, and saw that she was kneeling by the hearth, her eyes busy with dream-pictures painted by the glowing logs. That had been her mother's pastime. How like the dead wife this child was, with her slender, graceful head bent low toward the blaze—how like she was!

Lister wondered if he could tell her what all their world knew, except herself the true cause and beginning of Dick's exile. And again some scruple intervened. Somewhere at the core of his big body there was a quick and tender fire of chivalry toward all women. At times the fire burned low, when he was brought face to face with some amazing weakness, or daft waywardness, or petty gossip of the sex; but when one of them was slighted, by a glance or a word, the flame leapt out for guardianship.

"What are you seeing, child?" he asked,

drawing her to his knee.

"A lonely horseman riding lonely roads."

"Well, he's lucky. He cares for nobody, if he's lonely, and rides light. And the roads are full of witchcraft, Janet. I was breeked there was never such a hale October. A touch of frost in the air, and crimson on the woods, and the keen, nutty scent of it all—I am not for pitying Dick Mortimer."

"Nor I," said Janet, with quiet irony.

"It is myself I pity, sir."

It seemed to Lister, after he had laughed away the irony and soothed the tears that followed, that it was not the moment to explain how her name had been bandied among the wine-cups, one night not long gone by, and how Dick Mortimer had taken up the gauntlet. If he, with his bulk fed by field sports and much wine, could be so sensitive about the matter, what must she feel if he told her?

So he let his chance go, not guessing that what women feel in emergency, and what men think they will suffer, are diverse as the poles.

"Best get to bed, baby girl," he said: "Sleep cures a lot of fears and lovers' ailments." 19 years were to up once warring "But I-I hate him, father!"

"Good," he laughed, in his easy-going way. "It's the same thing as loving, Janet, if it hates with tears in the eyes and a sob in the throat. Dick would be glad if he knew "

Dick Mortimer himself had reached the cottage known as Bramble Cotes. It showed grey and peaceful; house, and chimneystack, and the peat-smoke rising lazily into the windless air, were just part of uplands and the everlasting peace. A lean, shaggy dog flew out at him as he dismounted: but Dick had a way with four-footed beasts, and by the time that Dan the Shepherd came into the mistal-yard, the brute was fawning to Mortimer's hand.

"Give you good day, Dan."

"And good day to ye, Mr. Mortimer. Are you lost, like, at the end of a huntingday?"

"Just that, Dan, except that it's the beginning of the hunt. Did you ever hear

of the Feud?"

"Aye, time and time." "Well, it's up again."

The shepherd picked up a straw and began to chew it tranquilly. But there was a gleam in his eyes—grey-blue eyes that seemed to have captured the hue of Wharfedale skies when storm beats up against the sunlight.

"How should that be, sir?"

"I've killed a man in open fight."

"Oh, ay! The gentry must have their diversions, like. Who might it be, sir, that you killed?"

"Mr. Underwood of Scarcroft."

"Small loss to the Dale, I reckon. shall miss him about as much as we miss a flea-bite—naught o' consequence, but glad to be rid of it, all the same. Besides, his folk were Clifford's men, and always have been."

Mortimer looked at this man. The patient gravity, the slow stillness, that come from tending sheep on the high pastures, were gone. He was alert and happy.

"Dan," he said, "it's good to be alive."

Men like to believe that they are masters of themselves; but there are times of stress when the curtain of this day's vanity is lifted, and they look down the generations of the forefathers who loved and hated. sinned and fought and travailed, and mapped the road for those who follow them.

These two-shepherd and gentle-bornwere comrades bound together by ancient They remembered, as if it were yesterday, how the Nortons rode for Mary



"Mortimer watched the bacon's progress with an attentive eye."

the Queen in the forlorn and gallant hope. They recalled how that adventure ended, and the names of those who were gibbeted on many pleasant village greens. They were not of yesterday, and this land of Craven was peopled by ancient ghosts who came about them soon as they heard the trumpetnote of feud.

Dan's eyes were on the hills that strode up into the soft, fleecy mists. And all the quiet joy of sheep-tending was over and done with, for up the slopes, and high into the blue-gold wonder of the sky, he heard the trumpets sounding.

"It's good to be alive, sir," said the shepherd. "Just step indoors, and there's shelter and plain victuals for you till they're

tired of hunting."

And now compunction—the bane and blessing of his random life—came to Dick Mortimer. "Oh, ride steady, Dan. They are set on taking me, and there's no need for you to share the hubbub. It will be no frolic, I tell you."

"I'm hoping not. It seems a fairish while since there was aught doing, save a fight now and then on market days in Skipton, just to keep heart alive in yond ancient quarrel. And we always worsted the Clifford men at them times," he added, with a quiet chuckle.

"But, Dan, you have your quiet life, and your sheep to see to, and your bit of a homestead. If they take me here, you'll change them for the inside of a gaol."

"My ewes and my quiet life can bide, Mr. Mortimer," said the other dryly. "I'd swop the lot for one running fight in the heather."

They watched the sun's down-going into a misty bed of bronze and saffron—heard night, the strong and tender-hearted mother, come over the hills with her cradle-songs, soothing moor and fell and wooded valley to forgetfulness of travail. But night could do nothing with these two, so far as peace went. About them, in ever-gathering companies, came the ghosts of those who had fought—those who had been hunted, or had galloped in pursuit—from stubborn end to end of this long Dale.

There was war again, and spirits rose from tranquil graves, intent on heartening these two for the conflict. Dan the Shepherd had lived with silence and the hills for company, and had learned that knowledge of the over-world which comes to lonely men. Dick Mortimer had shared to the full the life down yonder, had diced and danced

and jested; but always at his heart he had kept the little flame of poetry alive, and for this reason he was the equal now of Dan the visionary.

They stood at the gate that guarded the croft from the wild lands beyond, and they shared the self-same vigil. Clifford pomp and insolence and pride of gear seemed to come riding up against the Norton folk, and there were battles against long odds, swaying one way and another. And the battles died away and ended, and instead there was the noise of carpenters who were busy rearing gallows on many a village green.

An owl hooted suddenly, and Dan the Shepherd laughed. "She's for hunting vermin, Mr. Mortimer. So are you and me. Step in, and we'll quit our dreaming and fry some bacon. There's a cask of rum,

moreover."

"That's good news, Dan. I never cared for drowning a good meal in water."

"Water is good for the land, sir, and for cattle and such like, but it's no drink for Christian decent men."

They went in, and Mortimer watched the bacon's progress with an attentive eye. Danger always whetted his hunger, and this upland air was keen. The room was oddly pleasant, and the smallness of it made the most of the fire, that sent out a mingled fragrance of peat and wood and fir-cones. It was good to be out of reach of the nipping night-breeze, good to be his own man again, without a care for Janet, and to know that supper was near at hand.

When the meal was over, and they sat beside the fire, each with a mug of rum and water at his hand, Dan the Shepherd drifted into talk of ancient days. The fret of war to come was in his blood to-night, and he returned by instinct to the lustier days. And in this he had the advantage of his guest, for the Mortimers had been settled in the Dale no more than a century or so, but Dan's folk had been here since Kit Norton rode for the Queen of Scots over hill in Yoredale yonder.

Dick Mortimer could only wonder, as he sat and listened while the man's eyes grew bright with tales of fight and foray long ago. He could not read, this shepherd, and by that token could not lie when he talked of happenings known to the gentry only by way of the printed book. By word of mouth the stories had been passed on, unvaried, from father to son of a line that bridged the centuries; and the salt of life was in them all, as if Dan were riding a mettled horse

over lofty hedges. Loathing of the Cliffords, glee that Kit Norton had rescued the Queen—if only for an hour or two—tales of the after-fights that lingered till they grew to tame battles with naked fists in these degenerate times—Mortimer listened to them all as if Dan were a wizard who unrolled the deeds of many hundred years.

"Men talk o' peace," said the shepherd, "and tell us the old, bad days o' bloodshed are done and overed with. Well, they may like to think it, but I know better. Just look at me, Mr. Mortimer. Before you rode up with your tale of what's doing, I could have ta'en oath I was varry weel content to have my bit of a farm, and the sky over me, and chatter of grouse i' the ling. And now I'm full o' dreams—full o' them, as an egg is full o' meat. I want to be young again. I've forgotten all about sheep-tending."

He stirred the peats with an impatient foot, and threw fresh fir-cones into the fire's heart, and watched the flame blow ruddy up

the chimney.

"Ay," he said, his voice sharp with passion and regret, "so the fights used to blaze, once on a day—quick at the uptake. And now I'm old, and there's naught left me save to keep ye snug and safe here while the hunt is up."

Mortimer laughed. Whenever his feelings ran too deep, he hid them under the easy-going levity that had given him his passport through the Dale as a good-natured, pleasant sort of wildling who was no man's enemy but his own.

"So Mr. Lister of Listerhall is right, Dan, when he says that we live in orderly, quiet times; but scratch us and draw blood, and the blithe savage shows, naked as when Cain slew Abel."

"Eh, just that. I haven't Mr. Lister's gift o' speech, but he's right. He has a way o' seeing life as it is, has Mr. Lister, and

always had."

The shepherd threw more fir-cones on to the hearth, and warmed his old hands at the blaze. "That's like the heart of a man," he said. "The peats burn low and steady, and they fancy all is quiet; but give 'em fuel, Mr. Mortimer, and see how straight the fire goes scummering up. There's two things you can never tame this side o' the grave—the heart of a man and the heart of a woman. Both o' the twain are queer, unchancy things, and they're apt to take fire, like, at a minute's notice."

And flame burned suddenly at Mortimer's heart—a flame that burned and seared. He

remembered Lister's daughter, who had been kind before the hunting-days came in.

"The heart of a woman, Dan," he said, with an easy laugh, "is worth about as much as a straw blowing in the wind. Blow east, it bends—or west, it bends. Give me the man's heart, that cares never a tinker's curse for the set o' the wind."

So Dan the Shepherd knew that Mortimer was wading deep in love for some hussy or another. It is only thwarted lovers who find it worth their while to jeer at women; and this Dan understood, because he had been thwarted long ago, and had taken to the peaceful road of sheep-tending instead of the marriage he had hoped for. And he had found a ripe thankfulness for the escape, soon as the first soreness wore away.

"Well," he said, after a long reverie, "I never reckoned myself a prophet, but I've been fairish near the mark about this blood-letting. I've had many a bit of a difference with my neighbours, time and time. They said it was all law-suits these days when men differed, and never a chance of t'other decent, honest sort of fighting again. And I said, 'Bide ye now, neighbour folk,' said I. 'No sort o' law—and never a lawyer of them all—has found wit to cage a cock-grouse o' the moors.' The Feud's like that, I always told 'em. It can bide and bide under a clump o' heather till it hears the mating-call."

Dan's claim to prophecy was strengthened on the morrow, though he did not know it, as he went about the high pastures, shepherding the ewes down from the heights that would not be so warm and tranquil presently, when the first of the November snows blew down from Oughtershaw and Buckden and pleasant Amerdale.

It happened to be market day in Skipton, and the wide High Street was packed with cattle, sheep, farmers who rode and others who went on foot. There was a great din of barking dogs, and ewes that bleated with longing for the pastures they had left, and

shouts of men.

Into the turmoil of it all rode Deveen, with Dantry and others of his intimates. They made way through the press, not by good-will of the crowd, but by sheer insolence and weight of horseflesh. And the lane they made for themselves was bordered on each side by ridicule.

"Mr. Deveen's jaw seems swollen," said

"Ay," laughed another, "and I like black eyes in a woman, but Mr. Dantry is not so pretty-come-kiss-me as he was." Deveen turned right and left, and scowled on them. It was well enough to laugh at others, but derision toward himself was a matter that bit deep.

Dantry came better out of the adventure, for he was apt constantly to show himself less of a fool than appearance warranted. "Pretty-come-kiss yourselves, you louts," he said tranquilly. "We've all kissed, time and time, and been the better for it."

A laugh went up, but it died away, and again the storm and unrest of the days to come gathered round these yeomen, farmers, hinds, who forgot that they were here to drive hard bargains and bleating sheep, and remembered only that the tale of yesterday's fight among the gentry was mounting to their heads like wine. Blood had been spilled yesterday on some roadway near to Beamsley, and the savour of it touched the manhood in them all. It was no time for banter.

A joy in hazard, a sense of battle soon to come, swept like a wind from the cold and rugged North into the routine of their lives. War, the searcher of men's hearts, was abroad in Skipton's comely High Street, with its Castle gateway and the long, quiet church looking down on the eternal struggle between the lust of battle and the still, strong hope of peace and betterment.

When Lister of Listerhall, with three friends, came riding up the street, word passed from mouth to mouth that the great gentleman was following the rabble-gentry known to them as Deveen and his intimates. The Dalesmen like to seem slow-going, a little cautious and a trifle dull of wit; but their judgment of a man is shrewd, and their knowledge exact of what makes for gentryhood. For this reason Lister had no need to force his way through the crowd with oaths and horse-hoofs. They made a lane of honour, and cheered him as he passed.

"Good luck to ye, Mr. Lister," said a sturdy blacksmith. "You come from a court o' magistrates, I reckon? It's Petty Sessions day."

Lister turned with his jolly laugh that put all the world to rights. "Yes, friend. There were three of us on the Bench—the two who are riding with me and myself. As for the Clifford men, they hadn't pluck to show their damaged faces."

So then the crowd saw that Lister and his triends had been scarred, too, by yesterday's battle. The marks were evident. But they did not jeer.

"We had a few poachers up for judgment,"

said Lister, his big body swaying on a horse big and good-natured as himself. "They'd been taking conies and a hare or two, and there was some talk of deer made into venison. But, friends, the game had all been stolen from what used to be Clifford lands, so we dismissed them with a caution."

"Without a caution, Mr. Lister," said the blacksmith. "A nod is as good as a wink any day; and we know the Feud is up again, thanks be."

"My friend," said Lister gravely, "I am a magistrate, pledged to law and order."

"Ay," said the blacksmith sturdily, "but till you die you'll be Mr. Lister of Listerhall, and that bites deeper than the law."

"Law?" chuckled an old shepherd.
"I'm old enough to mind the last big stir
there was in the Dale. I had a bit of a
hand in it myself; and it all began in
Skipton Street, when th' magistrates picked
a quarrel among themselves as they came
out ρ' Court House."

By instinct they knew what was to come. Deveen's insolence, Lister's heedless talk of deer taken on Clifford lands, both pointed the one way. So the press followed them, till they saw Deveen check his horse in front of the Castle gateway. With mockery of a usage long since out of date, he lifted his hand for silence and cried, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! And then he laughed, for at this hour of the young morning he had cracked a bottle or two already.

"Hark ye, Skipton folk," he went on.
"Ye see Desormais yonder, carved in stone?
It means 'henceforth,' they tell me, though
I'm not skilled in outlandish tongues.
Henceforth, I say, we hunt Dick Mortimer
till we take him, live or dead. There are
plenty of farmers here from Mortimer's
country. Let them heed that he's wanted
for the murder of a man."

"Give you the lie," said Lister cheerily.

"He killed him in fair fight. You were ever a liar, Deveen, by your leave."

And now swords were out; and while those near watched the dismounted gentry make forward, three against three, the subtle flame of war ran down the street. The heather was fired again, and the winds of centuries were fanning the bright flame. All up and down men got to fisticuffs, in among bleating ewes and the cattle that ran wild at scent of bloodshed. Most of them knew by fixed habit which side of the quarrel to choose; the rest went into it at haphazard, just for the pastime of giving and receiving blows. And the uproar of it could be heard

in every lane and byway of the town, so that folk came pouring into the High Street till there was no longer any space for men to fight in.

On that day, near to nightfall, Dan the Shepherd was in the croft, tending his fowls

"Nay, I've been in Skipton, and I was bidden tell ye on my way home that it's all abroad again."

"What's abroad?"

" Fighting.'

Dan took a closer view of him and

laughed. "'Twould seem so, lad."

"Well, I downed a few odd Cliffords, and a bruised face I never mind, shepherd."

"Happen Nancy at Brigg Farm will

 $\mathbf{mind.''}$

"Who telled ye that I care for Nancy?"

"Twenty signs in a day. I'm old, and I know. Eh, you daft young fool, go courting while you can."

So Jonathan laughed, because that fight at Skipton was with him like a pibroch, and Nancy would be well enough when easy days returned. He told how the gentry had set the fire alight, and how plain farmer-folk had got at it with their fists all up and down the High Street.

"It was a bonnie bit o' frolic while it lasted," said Jonathan, with a wide grin, "and there's more to come, so they say."

The younger man grew silent. intent on seemed reading signs of to-morrow's weather in the glory of the western sky.

"There's "Well?" asked the shepherd. summat on thy mind, lad. Best shift the load from a head none too strong at any time."

"It's stronger than Clifford fists, any-I learned that much to-day. Ay, and I learned a li'le bit more."



-Mortimer out for a gallop up the hills, because he could not rest at home-when a big-bodied lad came riding out of the misty No Man's Land below.

Coming to steal a "Well, Jonathan? poor shepherd's eggs?"

"We'll come to it if it takes till Judgment Day," snapped Dan, impatient of a second pause. "We'll come to it, as the man said when he looked for a sixpence in

a haystack."

Jonathan glanced left and right. With revival of the Feud had come renewal of the instinct to keep watch and ward against hidden enemies. "It's this way, Dan. The gentry had their frolic in Skipton, and a lot o' blood was spilled by us plain farming folk. When we'd had enough o' fighting, and went to the taverns for a sup and a bite, we fell to wrangling with our tongues, and durned if the Clifford lot didn't let the weasel out of the bag."

Still glancing this way and that, in fear of prying ears, he told how a plot was abroad. Linthwaite, Dantry, Deveen—all owned wide lands, and their tenantry were pledged to a great hunting. Mortimer had passed his word that he was to be found somewhere in the home country, had challenged them to find him, and they knew him, they had said, as one of the queer sort whose promise

was their bond.

The shepherd's eyes brightened as he listened to this re-told gossip of farmers drinking ale in Skipton's taverns. They had made no secret of their plans. first of the dawn on some near day every man of Linthwaite's and the rest was to ride, if he owned a horse—if not, to beg, borrow, or steal one-or, failing that, to come to the meet on foot. And they were to make a ring about the Beamsley country, to go this way and that, until they drove their quarry into the open and took him there.

"Thank ye, Jonathan," said Dan, as the other jogged forward, tired on a tired horse.

"It's very pleasant news ye bring."

The lad drew rein and glanced over "I'd give a lot, shepherd, to know shoulder.

where Mr. Mortimer is hiding."

"Wouldn't ye, now? And wouldn't Shepherd Dan? "Twould be easy to warn him if one or t'other of us knew where he ligged to-night."

"Well, news will find him, wherever he is. He has a friend in every quarter of the Dale, has Mr. Mortimer. Good night, shepherd. I reckon there's another rare day o' weather brewing up, judge by the look o' sundown."

At Listerhall the same ruddy gloaming was flooding the October garden, with its blue Michaelmas daisies holding the autumn's last forlorn hope against the spite of winter. It flooded, too, the room where Janet sat drowned in misery. She had come up to change her riding-gear, after a long scamper over the hills, and she told herself that this weariness of heart and mind and body was no more than fatigue. Cold water and change into some becoming frock would alter all her outlook on the world.

Yet she sat in the window-seat and watched the misty night steal up across the crimson banners of the sunset, and did not seek relief from the darkness that was closing round the chamber. Somewhere beyond those shrouded hills Dick Mortimer was carrying his life in his hands, and, of course, she had never cared for him. Yet he was likeable, in his daft way, and part of her girlhood's days, and it was foolish of him not to get across to France, now that the

Feud was up again. As she sat there, Dick's weaknesses grew remote and shadowy, his danger very real and She found the vision denied her in the easy days—saw the long hill-tracks winding up into the desolate lands where grouse and curlew had their home, and knew that he rode lonely, careless of his life, because she had willed it so. She recalled the eagerness of his coming, not long ago, and her own disdain as she turned to feed the peacocks on the lawn, remembered the click of the gate as he rode out, and the sound of galloping hoofs.

"Why was I born?" she asked, with the passionate simplicity that had not learned as yet to ask no idle questions of destiny.

And she longed to die, with extreme and piteous desire, until Laura, her maid, came in with lighted candles, and brought her from her knees.

"What—sitting with dreams, your mistress?" said the maid. "Mr. Lister is asking why you will not come down to help him with his bailiff's figures, as you

promised."

"Did I promise, Laura? I forgot, then." The girl was mistress of herself again, with something of her father's humour and stiff pride. "I was looking at the sunset, and thinking that the old country superstitions oh, they're true. Peacocks' feathers are not lucky."

"But, mistress, haven't I said so over and

"And, of course, the birds that carry them are ill-omened. I was feeding them whenwhen the end of the world came to me, Laura, I couldn't tell you why."

Laura, devoted to the mistress, knew why, and she found pluck—as no one else had done—to tell her the way of Dick Mortimer's duel and his banishment. She told how the countryside—the decent half of it—was caring for his safety as if there would never be another like him in the Dale; told how news was brought by the carrier from Skipton, an hour ago, that there had been a bonnie fight in the town, and all the Dale out for the hunting or the saving of Dick Mortimer.

"But, Laura, he said that it was an affair

of wine and folly."

"He would," assented Laura sharply. "He keeps his heart safe under his sleeve, and I've a fondness for that sort. My own lad is like that—hides all his own troubles, he does, till I see him growing lean o' body and fitful in his temper. Then I ferret them out, and he kisses me, and all the world to rights again. But the gentry cannot be so simple in their ways as we."

Janet laughed for the first time since she fed the peacocks and heard Mortimer ride up the lane in search of hazard. It was her father's laugh, but softened and musical, as

if it came from far away.

"That is our hardship, Laura—we cannot be so simple. But he fought for me? me again that he fought for me."

"And killed his man—at least, he's dying

fast, so the doctor says."

Janet saw those forlorn hill-spaces now with a clearer vision. Her man was riding into exile for her sake. All joy and pride in life were summed up in those two words "her man." He had fought for her, and he cared, and the world was a good place

"All the Dale goes hunting him?" she said at last. "Let it hunt. He knows the byways, Laura, and he goes armed. Why

should we fear for him?

"I've no fear at all, mistress."

"No," said the other, with sudden petulance, "you need have none. It's easy, girl, to be brave when others have the suffering."

Laura, as it chanced, had overlooked and overheard the quarrel not long ago, while her mistress fed the peacocks. She had heard Mortimer's sharp closing of the gate when he rode out, and had listened to Janet's quiet sobbing as she came indoors. servants are often good watch-dogs, but women seldom; and Janet's maid was beyond price because she wove no gossip from the things she saw and heard, but remembered them only because they might serve to help her by and by in guardianship of a wavward mistress.

"As for me," she said, "whenever I pick a quarrel with my man—it's nearly always the woman's side o' things that hatches these troubles o' the temper—I let him go. And I'm very cold, and hate him dearly till I hear the gate close behind him."

Janet fought with her pride, but tears conquered. "We are just women together, my girl. So I felt when my own fool rode out and left me lonely. They are all alike, these men. They feign a heartache, and say good-bye, and begin to hum some ancient song of freedom soon as the gate is shut behind them."

"Not just alike," said Laura, with her tart good humour. "The men o' my station in this queer, contrary life—they shut the gate with a bang that goes near to bring the hinges off. The gentry-sort close it with a

gentler kind o' temper."

"But it means the same. Oh, I'm awake at last, Laura. Women who love, and men who care—there's no difference of station. It is just that we care—we care—and,

Laura, I have lost my pride."

"Very good for your health, mistress, so long as you don't lose it for long. And, to be sure, Mr. Mortimer is safe enough. He has the rowan luck, and always had. His old nurse was gossiping with me only yesterday, and she had a deal to say about 'Master Dick.' He did all he could, as a boy, to get himself drowned, or shot, or killed at hunting, but he just couldn't, The good fairies rocked his somehow. cradle, so old Nan told me, though nobody believes in fairies nowadays."

"Do they Janet's eyes grew bright. Here's one true believer. Listen, not? My man fought for me, and he cares. He's in danger, but he cares for me; and I tell you there's a fairy perching on my shoulder—a little thing in Lincoln green,

who sings me up the hills."

"As for that, I can't see or hear him, but I take your word for it, mistress. What is the song about, if a plain lass might ask?"

"About a ride to-morrow. I'm to take the little, brown mare, it seems, and to find Mr. Mortimer, and warn him that the hunt is up."

"Small need. Every mile o' the road he'll meet that warning from one good

friend or another."

"But will not heed it. Laura, I banished him afresh just now, and I am sorry—and and there's no warning he will ever heed but mine."

"Aye, true. If your little finger ached,

he'd think the end o' the world was come. It's wonderful how careless a man can be—drinking here, and galloping there, and a pair of eyes asking him at every turn to give up his liberty—and yet there's only two eyes in all the world that can bring him down from saddle."

"He'll not need to get down, girl. I

shall be mounted, too."

Janet was standing to her full height

now. Pride in her man, pride in the love she had for him, made a beauty round her that even Laura, partial to the mistress, had not seen till now.

"There's our trouble," said Laura by and by. "You can send a man out, and hear him slap the gate to, but if you don't run after and call him back just then—well, he's hard to find—he's very hard to find. I've a lad of my own, and I know."

A further episode in this series will appear in the next number.



ENTRENCHED.

HERE are the broken limbs of summer gladness,
His coat, his withered hands, his clouded eyes;
Scattered and spent his whimsical young madness,
Silent his song beneath the heedless skies.
No heart is here to hold his ways in keeping,
No hand to shrive him but the driven rain;
And honour brings him nought, but only sleeping.
This is the end," I said, and wept again.

Then on my plaint a voice broke brave and clear
As trumpets in the morn: "Away with grief!
Like a lone warrior, trenched and chill and drear,
Winter fights on to sunlight and the green leaf.
Deep in the mire his tireless preparation
Pulses unseen from bulb to throbbing bud.
Though the great winds are loud with desolation,
Dim fires are stirring round the year's young blood.
A little time—and then the first quick flaming,
Silver and green on helm and spear and lance.
Toil-stained and grim, intent on joy's reclaiming,
Winter makes ready for the great advance."



DAR-ES-SALAAM: THE CAPITAL AND THE CHIEF PORT OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA, NEARLY OPPOSITE ZANZIBAR.

Photograph lent by Mr. Leo Weinthal, F.R.G.S.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA

By SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

TETWEEN the British and Portuguese possessions of Mocambique and Nyasaland on the south, and British East Africa on the north, lies a vast area of East Africa which, since 1890, has been under the German flag and recognised internationally as German East Africa. In many ways this is an extremely interesting portion of Tropical Africa, the historical and zoological interest of which is probably only slightly revealed, while the mineral wealth, the vegetable products, and commercial possibilities are much underestimated in Its coast became known to the value. intelligent Caucasian peoples of history at an earlier date than any other portion of Tropical Africa (unless, maybe, Hanno's Carthaginian voyage to Sierra Leone really took place in the sixth century before Christ, and was only one of many other sea trips made by the Carthaginians or Phænicians southwards from Morocco). Probably the first men of Caucasian race—other than the prehistoric Neolithic wanderers from Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan—who sighted the Indian Ocean coast of East Africa were the Phœnicians. The Phœnicians themselves seem to have originated in the lands bordering the Persian Gulf; but after they had founded merchant States on the coast of Syria, and had entered into friendly relations with Egypt, they constructed

vessels in the Gulf of Akaba, and traded up and down the coasts of the Red Sea. Finally we may assume that they emerged into the Indian Ocean in the Gulf of Aden, and coasted along Somaliland. About 600 B.C. —according to an Egyptian tradition gathered up by Herodotos—two Phænician vessels boldly attempted and carried out the circumnavigation of Africa, returning to Egypt through the Mediterranean. Phænicians, no doubt, instigated merchants of South-West Arabia to open up trading relations with Somaliland and East Africa. At any rate, we find in actual history—the history and geography compiled by Græco-Egyptians—that in the opening years of the Christian Era certain cities between Mokha and Aden had founded trading stations on the Zanzibar coast. There are allusions to islands and islets and river mouths and capes which suggest not only that the Southern Arabian ships had reached Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam, but even that they had penetrated to the great island of Madagascar.

This ancient history of East Africa is linked up with the problem of Zimbabwe. Were the gold-mines of South-East Africa discovered and worked by Arabs or Phænicians, or some other Asiatic people before the Islamic period—which, so far as East Africa was concerned, began in the

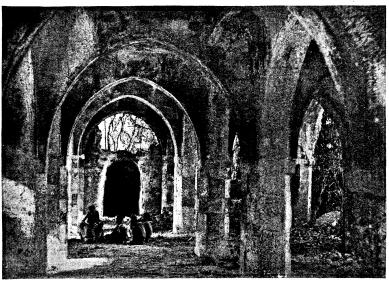
eighth century of the Christian Era-or do these remarkable stone buildings, these elaborately constructed mines, date farther back than about eleven hundred or one thousand years ago? My own impression is, even if the Phœnicians had done no more than make a few bold voyages out into the Indian Ocean, that some two thousand years ago the great trading cities of South-West Arabia had got into touch with Somaliland, and earlier still had sent potent armies of colonists to settle in Abyssinia and Ethiopia, the Gala country to the south of Abyssinia; that the dynastic Egyptians had indirectly extended their influence and their civilisation far south into historic accounts of Arab trading expeditions to East Africa. These did not take on a very influential shape until the twelfth century, when, owing to a variety of causes still very obscurely described, there settled on the Zanzibar coast not only the Arabs of South-West Arabia and the Persian Gulf. but Persians from Shiraz. This Persian civilisation, established at places like Lamu, Mombasa, Zanzibar, and Kilwa, was of a most marked and influential kind. As these Shirazis were not followed up by large numbers of Persians, and as they professed at any rate one form of the Islamic faith, they began to merge before long into Arab enterprise and Arab sultanates, though some-

times remaining a caste apart. At a later date they were even reinforced by Moorish refugees from Spain, who brought a few European notions with them to East Africa.

The first really powerful and noteworthy Arab States which came into existence on the east coast of Africa were founded at Kilwa, north the Ruvuma River, and at Sofala, to the south of the Zambezi, near the modern town The Sofala Beira. obviously colony

was established for reviving and carrying on the gold trade with South-East Africa. The Kilwa sultanate probably flourished on the slave trade and the trade in ivory; but it also acted as a depot from which the gold of Sofala was re-exported to Arabia. Handsome mosques in the Saracenic style arose at Kilwa and other places on the Zanzibar coast, though we have no evidence that such stone buildings were erected at Sofala. Pre-Islamic, however, in all probability, were the peculiar round-tower minarets of the East African coast, not unlike the round towers of Ireland, and, no doubt, of Phœnician inspiration. It is the presence of such buildings in such ruins as Zimbabwe

which makes the logical mind revolt at the



THE RUINS OF A GREAT MOSQUE OF THE ELEVENTH OR TWELFTH CENTURY, AT KILWA.

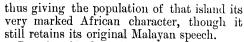
Photograph by Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G.

the Egyptian Sudan, almost to the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza, before Egypt itself came under Persian rulers; and that, similarly, they had sent repeated expeditions to Somaliland and round Cape Guardafui. In short, I believe, if it were possible to travel back on a time machine nineteen hundred years, we should detect already founded a few Arab trading settlements on the Zanzibar coast, as far south, perhaps, as the island of Zanzibar itself, and note that these Arabs had a great deal to do with the building of Zimbabwe and similar stone-built cities in South-East Africa.

Certainly, as soon as the first convulsions of Islam had subsided—that is to say, in the eighth century of the Christian Era—we have

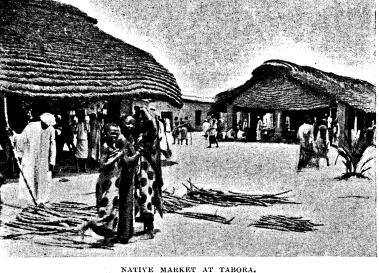
idea that the Zimbabwe civilisation was originated by negroes, whether Bantu or Sudanic.

By the opening of the fifteenth century



But in the last years of the fifteenth

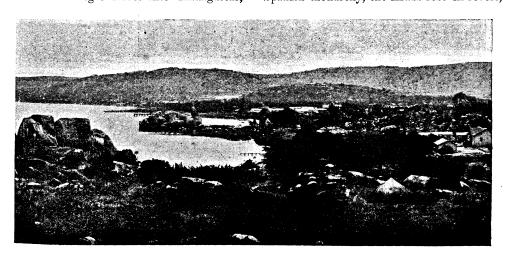




the Arabs virtually ruled all along the coast of East Africa from Sofala on the south to Somaliland on the north. Their settlements were in constant contact with India, the monsoon winds favouring the sailing voyages to and fro. They colonised a good deal of the coast of Madagascar, and from about nineteen hundred years ago onwards to the nineteenth century they imported enormous numbers of negro slaves into Madagascar,

Each one of the noteworthy Arab settlements became a Portuguese town, this occupation even extending to places like Aden and Maskat, on the coasts of Arabia. The Portuguese were only checked in their conquest of Arabia by the Turks, who met them at Mokha, "where the coffee came from."

But when, in the seventeenth century, the Portuguese power was eclipsed by the Spanish monarchy, the Arabs rose in revolt,



MWANZA, AT THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Two photographs by Frank H. Melland, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

and a new Arab element came on the scene. The vigorous, hardy, warlike Arabs of South-East Arabia supplanted those of South-West Arabia, and eventually the Arabs of Oman and Maskat expelled the Portuguese from places north of the Ruvuma River, and overlorded it among the anciently-descended "Persian" and Yaman Arabs at Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Lamu.

But it was not only the Maskati Arabs

—aided, perchance, by the Turks—who displaced the Portuguese: the power of this valiant little Iberian people had been rudely shaken in East Africa by a extraordinary native upheaval, which has only been made clear to us historically in recent The Portuguese, whilst they were conquering East Africa, were similarly conquering and colonising much of West and South-West Africa, especially in the coast-lands of the Congo and of Angola. But in the far interior of Angola, or in the south-west limits of the Congo Basin, there suddenly came into existence a very warlike cannibal tribe closely related to the modern Va-kioko They were people. known to Portuguese as the Jagas, Jaga being the term still used in their language for

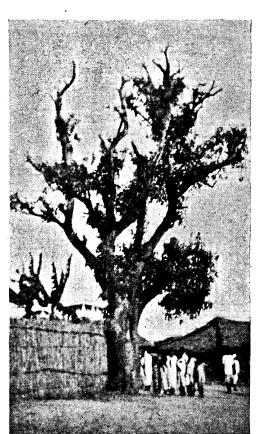
"chieftain." In the sixteenth century they were simply naked warriors with an immense love of human flesh, caring little for the risk of death, valiant with their spears, who flung themselves on the surrounding tribes, at them or enslaved them, smashed the Portuguese power on the Western Congo, and occupied much of Angola. Soon afterwards large sections of them whirled southwards to the sources of the Zambezi, overran in a year or two all Northern Zambezia, defeated,

surrounded, ate up, and exterminated the Portuguese and their allies on the Lower Zambezi, then swooped northwards between Lake Nyasa and Moçambique, and destroyed the great town of Kilwa, one of the most important places at the present day in German East Africa, and similarly the ancient headquarters of the Portuguese. Kilwa they left in ruins, and their northward course was only arrested outside the walls of

Mombasa by a confederation of native tribes under Portuguese leadership. For the amount of ground covered, and for the effects which this movement had on half Central Africa, this was one of the most surprising events in negro history. It was all over in about seventy years, but it permanently weakened the Portuguese Empire in Africa, and dealt a shrewd blow at the advance of Arab civilisation into the interior.

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m In} {
m the}$ opening years of the nineteenth century British attention was suddenly concentrated on the Zanzibar coast, in consequence not only of the British occupation of the Cape of Good Hope, but still more on account of French designs in Egypt and in the Indian Ocean, for the French still

remained in possession of Mauritius and one or two Madagascar garrisons as late as 1810. In 1804, therefore, the British Government dispatched an expedition round the Cape of Good Hope to open up diplomatic relations with the East African sultanates and the native powers generally in East Africa. The next reason for our interference arose from the slave trade, which we had decided, early in the nineteenth century, to suppress. Simultaneously there grew the intention of



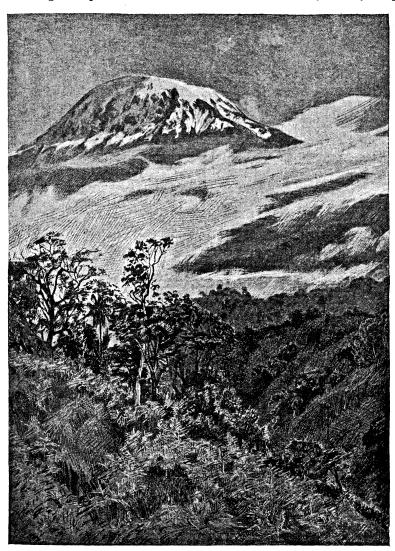
THE TREE UNDER WHICH LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY
MET AT UJIJI, TANGANYIKA.

Photograph by Miss Cara Buxton.

making an overland route to India through Egypt, due to the application of steam as a motive power, both for railways and for ships. In consequence of this, the British Government, with great foresight, took advantage of a pretext and seized the town In the 'forties of the last century we had established an important consulate at Zanzibar, an island city which already did a very great sailing-vessel trade with India.

Then followed the establishment of Church Missionary Society's representatives on the

Zanzibar coast, and their stories of wonderful snow mountains and huge lakes in the interior. These men were Germans. for the most part, and natives of the little kingdom of Württemberg. But they were in the employment of the Church Missionary Society, and were English in their sympathies and their desires to foster the creation of a British Empire in East Africa. Their discoveries, and their reports even more than discoveries—though it was thanks to Krapf and Rebmann that we first knew of Kilimanjaro Kenya — attracted European explorers to this region. An ill fate awaited the first efforts of Frenchmen and Germans, but the British shot ahead, and, by the opening of the 'sixties, had revealed to an astonished world Lakes Tanganyika, Nyasa, and Victoria Nyanza. Livingstone's journeys



THE DOME OF KILIMANJARO, THE HIGHEST POINT IN ALL AFRICA. From a sketch by Sir Harry H. Johnston.

of Aden, the most important harbour near the mouth of the Red Sea. They also interested themselves in the affairs of the Persian Gulf, and thus were drawn into relations with Maskat, the capital of Oman.

Maskat, in these days of the mid-nineteenth century, governed all the Arab settlements on the east coast of Africa.

only accentuated public interest in this region, and Livingstone was followed by the still more amazing Stanley. Commander Cameron's journey right across Africa, from the Zanzibar coast to Angola, also made a deep impression.

All through this period—from 1866 to 1887—Great Britain was represented at

Zanzibar by a very remarkable Consul-General, Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., and many other things in well-earned honours. Sir John Kirk, who is still living, still active, still keenly interested in East Africa, who had served as a surgeon in the Crimean War, and had been Livingstone's lieutenant in his great Zambezi expedition, became in course of time, through his consulate at Zanzibar, the virtual ruler over all East Africa from the Portuguese frontier at the Ruvuma River to Italian Somaliland. He was known to all the great chiefs of the interior, and he was thoroughly trusted, believed in, and followed by the Arab Sultan, or, rather, Sayyid (Lord) of Zanzibar.

The Arabs had begun determinedly to enter the interior of East Africa in the 'forties of the last century, their first object, of course, being a trade in slaves, and their secondary lure the enormous supply of magnificent ivory, for which East Africa was famous more than any other part of the continent; for it is East Africa that has supplied the largest, longest, and heaviest tusks known to proceed from any existing

species of elephant.

Sir John Kirk hoped in course of time so to educate the Arab power that it gave up slavery and the slave trade-indeed, he brought about the Zanzibar Sultan's prohibition of the slave trade, though the Arabs gave but little respect to the treaty—and through it to establish a civilised rule over all East Africa inland to the Great Lakes and the sources of the Congo. He hoped, in addition, that British influence would extend over Somaliland, continue along the south coast of Arabia to the Persian Gulf, and thence be connected with India; and his desires and ambitions in that respect have, as circumstances turned out, been largely achieved, for we are by treaty the ruling foreign Power over all Southern Arabia and in the Persian Gulf; and although we have agreed to the occupation by Italy of the eastern part of Somaliland, we control the north.

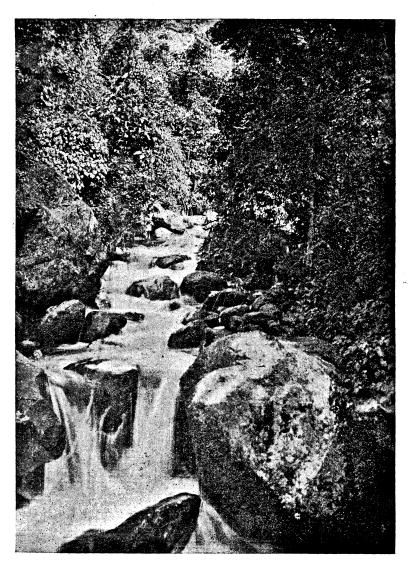
But as regards East Africa itself, Sir John's schemes met with a severe check and disappointment. He had succeeded in getting a number of vice-consuls appointed to preside at all the chief centres of Arab rule, so that they might act as advisers to the Arab governors under the Sultan of Zanzibar, and see that slavery and the slave trade were checked or put down. He had even succeeded in bringing about the dispatch of several scientific expeditions to East Africa, amongst them that which I commanded

for the purpose of exploring Mount Kilimanjaro and its neighbourhood. His methods of establishing predominant British influence in East Africa had to be proceeded with cautiously, because we were dependent to some extent on our treaty engagements with France.

France during the Second Empire showed herself very active in colonisation projects in the Indian Ocean. She had as much right to embark on such projects as we had. French explorers and historians had done much to reveal the historic past of East Africa. France was already aiming at a protectorate over Madagascar, and took a great interest in the affairs of Arabia. avoid an untimely conflict and clash of interests, Britain and France mutually agreed in the 'sixties to a self-denying ordinance that neither of them would bring under their exclusive political control either the dominions of Oman, in East Arabia, or those of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The arrangement as regards Oman persists to this day, though probably it is one that will be settled by a friendly negotiation in favour of Great Britain when the present War is over, and as against some corresponding concession elsewhere to French political interests. But whilst France and England were competing against each other by equally powerful consular establishments in Zanzibar. a third Power, whom neither of them had looked upon as a rival hitherto, stepped in and provoked the dissolution of the Zanzibar dominions.

This was Germany. Germany, as soon as she came to a consciousness of national unity, had, chiefly in connection with Prussia or Hamburg, conceived colonial aspirations. German explorers had followed up Rebmann's and Krapf's discovery of Kilimanjaro, had traced some of the rivers of Somaliland, or investigated the Kilwa coast. In 1884, whilst the present writer was exploring Kilimanjaro, there arrived at Zanzibar several mysterious German explorers, who, after travelling out secondclass on an English steamer, made a dash into the Zanzibar hinterland—the country of Usagara—and rapidly concluded some more or less nonsensical treaties with native chiefs or chieftainesses—treaties of which the negro parties understood not one word. Armed with these treaties, they returned to Berlin and obtained official recognition of their rights as promoters of a chartered company. The present writer had also, hearing the rumour of such projects, concluded treaties on and around Kilimanjaro; but these were of a more orthodox nature, and had been entered upon with the sanction of the Foreign Office. These treaties were recognised by Great Britain, and for the time being transferred broad between Zanzibar and the estuary of the Ruvuma River.

Much jealousy and friction, however, arose, which was only finally settled by the great treaty of 1890, a tripartite treaty between Britain, France, and Germany.



A RAVINE IN THE LIVINGSTONE MOUNTAINS, KINSA HIGHLANDS.

Photograph by Sir Harry H. Johnston.

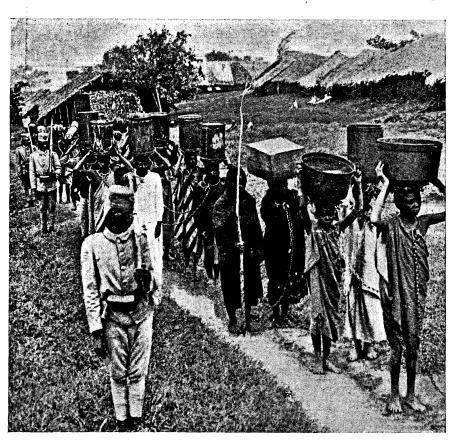
to a chartered company. By means of chartered companies, both Britain and Germany then, from 1885 onwards, proceeded to bring all inner East Africa under their control, having agreed to the rather shabby definition of Zanzibar rule as only affecting a coast-belt about ten miles

France obtained recognition of her rights over Madagascar and over the Sahara and Nigerian Sudan. Germany acquired recognition of her sway over an enormous area of nearly 390,000 square miles between Tanganyika, Nyasa, the Victoria Nyanza, and the coast, and Great Britain established

a protectorate over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, and a sphere of influence which carried her control inland from the Mombasa coast to Uganda.

Before this treaty was concluded, the misrule of the German Chartered Company had provoked a very serious rising amongst Arabs and negroes, and after this was put down, without undue harshness and with much diplomatic skill, by a really great German, Captain Hermann von Wissman.

—two hundred and eighteen miles—in the direction of Kilimanjaro. They have cleared and constructed a number of routes suited to motor traffic. They have founded several European towns and settlements and a number of native centres of habitation. They have to a great extent put down brigandage and slavery. They have developed agriculture considerably, and in a general way have improved the status and increased the principles of the native population.



NATIVE PRISONELS CHAINED TOGETHER FOR TRANSPORT WORK.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

the German Government assumed control over all German East Africa.

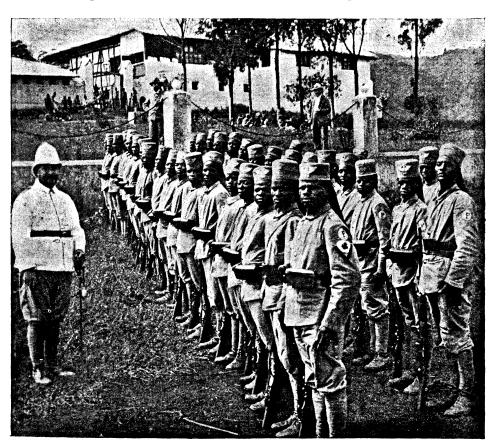
What have the Germans done since then? They have more or less thoroughly mapped out, explored, and pictured the whole of this vast region. They have built a railway some seven hundred and fifty miles long from Dar-es-Salaam to Tanganyika, to the classical Ujiji, the scene of dramatic meetings between great British explorers in the past. They have made other railways inland from Tanga

Their missionaries have done educational work similar to that of the British and French missionaries in the same region. They have not been over-mindful of native rights to land, but in a general way have treated the natives no worse, and in some respects better, than other European Powers who are attempting African colonisation and development. If German East Africa passes under another flag or other flags, it will not be in punishment for any great

fault that Germany has committed in administration or equity, and certainly not for any lack of scientific research. There has been no talent hidden in a napkin. If the Germans lose German East Africa, it will be not because of any crime in Africa, but because of their crimes in Belgium. They made unwarranted, unexpected, and utterly inexcusable attacks on the subsequently Allied Powers of the West and East. Before we can conclude peace with the German and

The salient features of German East Africa are the following:—

(1) The mountain country of Usambara, culminating in the highest point of all Africa, Kilimanjaro, with the splendid volcanic peak of Meru close by. Kilimanjaro attains, in the dome of Kibô, an altitude of nearly 20,000 feet. Mount Meru is about 16,000 feet. In the almost continuous line of the Pare and Usambara mountains there are altitudes reaching to 6,000 and 7,000 feet.



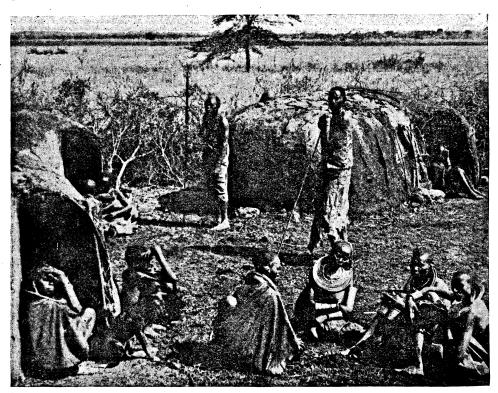
A GERMAN OFFICER DRILLING ONE OF THE NATIVE REGIMENTS.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Austrian Empires, we must have some security that we shall be able, in a measure, to recoup our finances for the frightful expenditure to which we have submitted in order to secure ourselves from conquest and ruin, and in this respect German East Africa will be a very notable asset.

Let us, therefore, in conclusion, consider its aspect and its possible sources of wealth, both to the natives and to the overruling European Power that takes it in hand. The whole of this Kilimanjaro-Usambara country, which is bounded to the west by the long line of the Pangani or Ruvu River, is remarkable for its splendid and healthy climate, its rich forests of magnificent timber, and its suitability for European colonisation—a suitability based not merely on climatic reasons, but more legitimately on the comparative sparseness or absence of a native population, at any rate in the case of large isolated areas. (2) Immediately to the

west of the Pangani River and the Kilimanjaro region there stretches, with a few breaks caused by mountain ridges, a desert or a semi-desert region of most unpromising appearance and of very few inhabitants. This desert is crossed by the southern portion of the great East African Rift Valley, a break which diversifies its surface with deeplycut stream valleys, lofty volcanic peaks, and salt or brackish lakes. In spite of the intense heat which often prevails, this is not a very unhealthy region; and ugly and unpromising as it may appear to the eye of British, established long ago, have laid the foundations of a prosperous agriculture. The Ruāji is the great river of German East Africa. Its waters are collected from a very considerable area, extending westwards almost to within sight of Lake Nyasa and to the basin of Tanganyika. The western part of the Rufiji basin is mountainous and healthy, but, except close to Lake Nyasa, it offers no scope for European colonisation, for it is inhabited by some of the most vigorous, warlike, and worthy of the Bantu negroes, speaking archaic Bantu tongues and somewhat



AN ENCAMPMENT OF NOMADIC MASAI.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

the unobservant traveller, to the geologist and chemical specialist it at once reveals great possible wealth in its deposits of salt and soda, its phosphates and its veins of minerals. (3) South of this small Sahara—which on the north-west extends to the very shores of the Victoria Nyanza—there is a region of comparative fertility, watered by the River Wami and its affluents, and by the northern branches of the great Rufiji system. Here there are mountains rising to over 7,000 feet, here there are forests, and here also missionary settlements, chiefly

civilised already by their contact with the Arabs and by their possessing in some of their States aristocracies of ancient date and of probable Gala origin. Between the Rufiji and the Ruvuma—the German boundary river on the south—the country is comparatively little known, and does not seem altogether inviting. It is not desert, neither is it markedly hilly nor markedly flat; it is monotonous and ugly—for the most part plains and plateaus covered with low scrub and coarse grass, with no rich vegetation or forests except in a few restricted stream

valleys. It is, or it was until quite recently, the great "hunger" country, a region in which the game had been killed out by natives armed with guns long ago, and where the unchecked ravages of the Angoni Zulus

conditions change. The country is well watered, hilly, fertile, cultivated and richly forested in patches, and the beautiful lake of Nyasa is girt about by splendid mountain ranges, which attain their culminating



A NATIVE PATH THROUGH A PLANTATION ON THE UGANDA BORDER.

Photograph by Sir Harry H. Johnston.

and of other predatory tribes had destroyed an industrious native agricultural population and had turned the land to utter waste.

(4) But when, in an overland journey, one begins to get near the northern and northeastern shores of Lake Nyasa, all the

altitude in Mount Rungwe, said at one time to be 10,000 feet in height, but probably a little under that figure. These mountains, volcanic in parts, with even a few slightly active craters, and consequently subject to mild earthquakes, are richly mineralised

outside the volcanic area, especially on the north-east of Lake Nyasa. It is one of the most beautiful regions of the earth I have ever set eyes on; it offers a constant succession of beautifully "painted" mountains, of soft green downs, magnificent veins of forest, dark red soil, and has a wonderfully healthy and invigorating climate. Here the native population is neither sufficiently dense nor sufficiently widespread to preclude a reasonable degree of European settlement.

(5) The basin of the salt Lake Rukwa is rather picturesque, but is hot and feverish. The vast hillock-studded plains of Unyamwezi breed a fine, strong race of men, and will turn out to be very well suited for stockrearing on a large scale, but quite unsuited to European settlement, partly on account of the pre-existing rights of the natives, and partly because the climate is hot, and malarial The coast regions of fever prevalent. Tanganyika, except in the extreme north, are also not to be recommended except as the native land of very stalwart and industrious negroes, who, properly protected from one another and from European aggression, will eventually turn out enormous quantities of trade products by their indus-The German coasts of trious agriculture. the Victoria Nyanza are very unhealthy from the European point of view, but particularly interesting, however, for their native inhabi-Here we find representatives of the Hima aristocratic caste, which is such an interesting type in Western Uganda. only part of the Tanganyika Basin in German East Africa which is attractive from the European point of view is the extreme north and north-east, the coast region between Ujiji on the south and Lake Kivu on the north. European colonisation of this region is not to be thought of to any great extent, because of the pre-existence of powerful and semi-civilised negro tribes, whose rights have always been respected by the Germans, and must be equally so by any Power which succeeds Germany in this part of Africa. There are magnificent forests to the north and north-west of Tanganyika, which are of peculiar interest to zoologists, since they contain a distinct species or sub-species of gorilla, of which a fine example may now be seen in our own Natural History Museum in South Kensington. This gorilla (Gorilla beringeri) is slightly more human in its characteristics than the gorilla of West Africa.

German East Africa has very promising indications of gold immediately to the south of the Victoria Nyanza, and especially in the region traversed by the fourth degree of south latitude. It has valuable iron ores, deposits of copper—in Irangi, and also far to the south, near the lower Ruvuma—graphite, and coal, and there are indications of bitumen in some parts not far from the Kilwa coast. Much as that phrase has been abused, it may be called "a country of immense possibilities" under good government. But it is a country that must be developed in the main by, and in the interests of, its ten millions of inhabitants, who are, for the most part, absolute negroes, with a veneer of Arab civilisation and a strain of the Gala and the Nilotic negro in the north. Physically, they are amongst the finest peoples of Africa. The administration of the country is greatly simplified by the existence therein of one dominant, widely established language— Swahili, the Swahili of Zanzibar, which is, fortunately, the easiest to learn and to pronounce of all African languages.

TUSCAN STORNELLO.

WHEN I am dead, oh, bury me in flowers
And hide me not in cold earth's cruel sod!
But bury me beneath the rosy bowers
Where once we kissed and vowed our troth to God.

Ah, lay me out where winds of Heaven are free,
That still may bring your kisses home to me!
Ah, lay me down where soft the gentle rain
May fall on me like tears of yours again.

WITH THE COLOURS

By MAY KENDALL

Illustrated by A. Gilbert



UTH had won a prize at last in some paltry postcard competition — she could never rise to the sixpenny ones. It was a prize of two guineas, and it was really in answer to prayer, though even in her prayers

she had resisted the temptation to hustle. She had told God just why she wanted it—to send a parcel out to the Front—and she had explained that Dick was really such a saint that no parcel could be too good for him. But she had never hustled, and now the prize had come. She paused more than once, in her mental calculations of its outlay, to say "Thank You."

Of course, she had scrimped and saved to send the local paper and an occasional ounce of tobacco, but a real parcel had been beyond her. She had hoped and waited and competed—on postcards—month after month, but now she would send off her gift that very day. She was overworked, as usual; but if she had to sit up all night to recover lost ground, it should be sent. And what a parcel it should be! Once again she blessed the unseen powers, which might only have sent a single guinea, and had sent two.

There stole gently to the outer door of her consciousness the memory of the fact that she needed new shoes. Hers let water in. But she only barred the door with a comfortable sense of security. To be sure, Dick would have told her to get the new shoes first; but he wasn't there, and to alienate five or six shillings from his parcel would be impossible and absurd. Besides, her feet only got wet when it rained, and it hadn't rained for a week. She smiled beatifically, and put on the veteran shoes, lacing them with the encouraging suggestion that they

might possibly be soled and heeled, if not next week, the week after, and went out. She had no banking account, but any of the tradesmen she dealt with would change the cheque for her.

Ruth was a dressmaker in a small way, one who to some extent made up in toil for what she lacked in talent. Still, she could have lived in comfort if her derelict father had not absorbed the lion's share of her earnings, just as Dick's widowed mother had absorbed the lion's share of his. For Dick, like herself, was a predestined door-mat.

It was five years since they had become unofficially engaged to each other, these two kindly, unselfish, industrious young people, with a positive genius for being exploited by humanity, but with no other genius. The poor little engagement, with its cheap gifts, its cheap pleasures, that had to be so carefully contrived, and often pleaded for, at the risk of grave home annovance—how much joy it meant, and how much solid satisfaction! After all, they loved each other, and they belonged to each other. One day, when their respective parents had come roundpossibly in four years, when the first Old Age Pension was due—they would make a small tangible home for each other. Meanwhile, I was inclined to think, whenever I met the two on a tram-car, in the sixpenny seats at a concert or a lecture, or merely wandering along the river bank together, that they looked much happier and even more at home than the majority of people. came the War, and Dick was one of the first to enlist.

It rather surprised me, for he was the gentlest, most tolerant of souls. But he and Ruth had become obsessed by the spectacle of Belgium, and the sheer devotion of them did the rest. She could have kept him back, but she did not. It belonged to her order of things, which had always been based on sacrifice, that she should set him free, though it certainly seemed terrible to

her that he should have to kill other men.

"Men that mean as much to some girl as Dick does to me," she said confusedly. "I can't make out why Christians can't band all the world over to be martyred. We can band together to get our wages raised——But, as things are, Dick couldn't see his way out of it, and, anyhow, if he has to shoot people, he won't hate them. He'll know they can't help it any more than he can."

I agreed. I could not, under any circumstances, imagine Dick "seeing red." His one remark to me about the War had been: "Funny thing. They gave us all our divinest music, and now they seem to want They must have gone to wipe us out. dotty, poor beggars!" But he was one of the men who instinctively, without, perhaps, formulating their attitude, look upon sin as a tragedy which may depress or appal them, but cannot make them hate. He was capable, in a peculiar degree, of somehow isolating the soul of the worst evil-doer from his evil doing, and, with a certain awe, regarding it as a victim. It was strange waste of saintly stuff that sent Dick out to fight, and yet— I don't know.

When I next saw Ruth, I did not speak to her. It was the day, though I was not aware of it, on which the prize had come, and she was gazing, almost with a look of adoration, into a tobacconist's window. I suppose that she might be described as a shabby, insignificant, anæmic little person; but just then she was beautiful, with the beauty of the devout lover, of the giver who withholds nothing—timeless, unforgettable.

Ruth had fastened up her parcel. I forget all its contents, but there were biscuits, and chocolates, and dates, a magnificent cake, and socks and pocket handkerchiefs, and, well partitioned off from the eatables, half a pound of tobacco and a large box of cigarettes, the special brand of cigarettes that Dick had too seldom sampled, but which his soul loved. The lid of the light wooden box was nailed down, the box was wrapped in a magnificent sheet of brown paper, and tied with cord. Ruth was beginning to write the address.

She stopped suddenly. It was as if Dick himself had quietly entered the room. She knew with perfect certainty that the parcel would never reach him, and yet she was so conscious of his unseen presence with her, and his unfailing love, that she felt no

pain, but such gladness as she had never experienced before. Death didn't countonly love counted . . . The agony of definite knowledge, the torturing regret over the prize that came too late, the learning to live, and living, without Dick's tangible companionship—all these were yet to come. . . . The ecstasy faded slowly. She heard a newsboy, fleeter-footed than the rest, shrilling in the street, and then a small blizzard of newsboys tossing the latest cry from one to the other "like a glee," as Dick And he had also said: "Anyhow, the newsboys were having the time of their lives." There was some fresh disaster; but though she took one quick step towards the door, she did not open it. She knew quite well that it was too early to have news in the paper of Dick, and just then other happenings interested her not at all. went back to the parcel and finished writing the address. Then, with a steady hand, she added in the corner: "If missing, to be given to the men of his platoon." She looked at her wrist-watch — Dick's most valuable gift to her. There was just time to go to the post-office before getting tea ready for her father.

A week later all Dick's friends knew that he had died—characteristically—in trying to drag a wounded German into shelter. A few people tried to condole with Ruth, but her gentle response left some of them with a puzzled conviction that her love for Dick had been superficial. His mother, steeped in tears and crape, excited much wider sympathy.

I met Ruth last some weeks ago, and I was glad to note that she was not wearing mourning. She had on a familiar shabby grey gown, but her face had altered. Certainly she looked older, but there was something more. I don't know how else to express it—the character of her hope had

changed.

"Well?" said I.

"Well?" said she, and her eyes twinkled just as if Dick hadn't died. Then she began

to talk hastily.

"I'm thankful that he went before the Lusitania," she said. "It would have bothered him so—and the gas—and I think going on killing people would have broken his heart. It's better as it is."

"But wouldn't you rather have gone first?"

"My goodness, no!" said Ruth. "To leave him with no one to come back to but my father and his mother—not that I am saying a word against them——"

Her eyes met mine, and we smiled sympathetically.

"To run between two houses, cheering up first one and then the other——"

women than even to the best men. Anynow, it keeps me sane."

I glanced at her, and looked quickly away again. I wasn't going to tell her platitudes



"She stopped suddenly . . . she was so conscious of his unseen presence with her."

"As you do."
"But I'm so used to it," said Ruth. "I think such things come more naturally to

about not having really lost him. She knew all I could tell her. We walked on in silence, and then she said"You think, don't you, that when people get to the other side, things aren't so terrible to them as they are to us here? Dick won't see all the horror as we do; he'll see it working out—some glory——"

Her voice broke.

"I don't think," I said curtly; "I know

he will, and so do you."

There was another pause. I kept my eyes away from the fear in her face—the elemental fear of one who for a moment has lost faith, and is terrified, not for herself, but for one she loves. When she spoke again, she had fought it down.

"Yes, I do know," she said simply, "but

sometimes I lose hold, and then it's ghastly. But I don't mind if he's all right. I think there isn't any horror we couldn't stand if the people on the other side only saw us coming nearer, and didn't know what the road was like."

"It will be rough walking," said I, thinking of the two houses which between

them mapped out Ruth's future.

"Oh, never mind," said Ruth. Involuntarily her hand caressed a cheap little badge. She wore it almost out of sight, but it was the badge of Dick's regiment.

"You see," she said, "I'm with the

Colours,"



IN BATTLE.

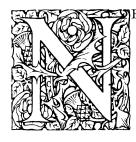
XALTED above mortal things In the battle-line the soul has wings, Beholding as from far the field Where men their ready spirits yield; Whence she, too, may this moment take Swift flight, and from Earth's fetters break. She did not know that she could rise So high, did ne'er in thought devise So fair a finish to her course: Did ne'er foresee so sheer a force Of vision, such indifference To the bare facts of flesh and sense. She did not deem that she could burn With such pure fire, so simply turn To deathwards, without halt or fear; Would find such inspiration here In battle, by so short a road Enter the City of her God.

EDGAR VINE HALL.

THE UNSPOKEN WATER

By LAURENCE NORTH

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



VER before had Jessie Baxter meddled with the unseen powers that were in those days always present to the imagination of the Northern fisherfolk—always present, but always held aloof by a

religious awe, for the lesser gods of the shore and the countryside lay under the Simple and benevolent ban of the kirk. as might be the rite Jessie was determined to perform, under the early spring moon, by the edge of the whispering waters of the Bay, where the Downies Well tinkled in happy music from the turf to lose itself on the beachward pebbles, it held the girl with a great fear, for she knew that the fairies were "unco' fowk," dwelling next door to the kingdom of Satan. Good might come of it, or maybe no. If the spell worked its promised healing, she herself might be What heavy price might she not pay for trying the charm of the Unspoken Water?

She knew by heart the simple ritual. Often had her grandmother, with hushed voice, told her how the mystical gift of the Downies Well was to be won, but none within living memory had dared to make the trial. It was no canny—only to be used when all human aid had failed, and even then at sore risk to the soul. But now that time had come, if her sister's bairn was to live. She had hinted that Maggie should try the Unspoken Water herself, but the young mother shivered and bade Jessie hold her tongue. It was tempting Providence. If the child had more days, it would be spared;

if not, the Lord's will be done. The wee folk of the haunted well were no to meddle wi'. "So, 'old your tongue, me dear," Maggie bade her, in the fishers' musical, kindly speech, with its dropped aspirates, its smooth sing-song cadences, so unlike the rugged Doric of the landward folk around them. For the fishers of the North-East were in those days a race apart—part Celtic, part Norse or Norman-French, a peculiar blend, a peculiar people. Nowadays the inroads of Southern trawlers have robbed them of their racial mint-marks, just as, a little earlier, progress, easier travel, and popular education blurred their tongue and taught them to despise their picturesque dress. But Jessie lived before the high white mutch, the short blue petticoat, the flaming shawl, and the huge creel had vanished from the market-place of the white city across the river. Steamships had hardly hove in sight, the railway was not even a dim rumour beyond the low hills to south-The fishers were still the fishers, resident aliens, useful, looked at a little askance by burgher gentility as something, all its instances of simple piety, For the Saxon lowlanders of town and inland countryside held small truck with the gentle superstitions of those seaharvesters, their neighbours.

St. Fithak's village lay at the river mouth, under the shelter of a southern ridge that ended eastwards in a promontory bastioned with tumbled bluffs, offering angry death to any poor craft cast ashore there by wintry gales. Across the narrow estuary towered a growing city, whose pride narrowed seaward to the grey, stern line of the North Pier, Smeaton's work, that gave the shipping some peace from the treacherous cross-currents. Beyond it stretched green links fringed with a league-long bow of golden sand sweeping

north-east and still north-east to the Bullers and misty Buchan Ness. Across the water to St. Fithak's quiet moorings came, every working day, the incessant music of the ship carpenters' hammers, framing heart of oak into the famous vessels of the port. cheery, clean time, soon to vanish before the harsh din and grime of an iron age. Fithak's, almost immobile herself, watched the great town grow. As yet her own quietude was unthreatened. Her few redtiled houses nestled under the brae-face, careless of progress. Her nets and lines, her good sea-going boats, were all she asked of this world's gear. And across the ridge, on the shores of another and a smaller bay, where the ruined kirk lifted its belfry, still vocal for burials, against the line of ocean, the fisherfolk had their God's acre and their haunted spring.

It was the last night of March, 1813. The young moon had crept some way up the sky, leaving a long trail of silver on the waves, when Jessie set out on her errand of trembling. She climbed the brae and began the long descent into the further valley. Oh, it was eerie, eerie, the broken kirk so ghostly in the half-light, the huddled graves ready to yawn at her with sheeted terrors. But the landward breeze blew sweet and wholesome with its waft of heather and pine, the gentle onrush and backdraw of the waves upon the shingle came up with a reassuring song. She took courage, pulled her shawl closer about her, and stepped out as bravely as might be.

"What was that?" She started and smothered a cry. Only two figures at the dyke-side, a lad and lass courting. She knew them. It was Sandy Guyan and Mary Main. They drew apart and flung her a greeting.

"A bonnie nicht, Jessie. Whaur are ye

aff til, yer lane?"

But Jessie, her face white and set, passed on without a word. The fairies' law must be kept, if Maggie's bairn was to have their help.

"We're 'igh an' michty the nicht," Mary Main laughed to Sandy. "She's no seein's. But I ken fine whaur she's gauin'. I saw 'er ain lad doon bye, Andra Elshender, frae the 'E'll be waitin' on 'er. But she micht 'a' bin ceevil, onywye. We're nae jist dirt a'tegither."

Sandy grunted. He did not care; he had more pressing interests, and the happy pair returned to their own concerns. Jessie held on her way, and, as she moved, a faint jingle of silver kept the rhythm of her footsteps.

It told of the sacred things she carried for her simple mysteries—a tin pail in the bottom of which danced a new shilling, one of the few she owned.

Terror gave place to hope as she drew near the Downies Well. She was doing right. Why not use the means the unseen powers offered to poor folk in trouble? The doctor had said he could do nothing for Maggie's child; the minister had prayed his prayers. the bairnie dwined and dwined, and naething did it ony gweed," Jessie would have told you, in her own gentle speech; "it just murnt and murnt, and was wastin' awa till a shadow." She knew what her less imaginative or more sternly scrupulous sister did not know, or would not own—that that meant but one thing. The fairies had gotten 'old o' the lammie. The ill the fairies had wrought only a fairy spell could cure.

She knew not that a good two centuries before her day, as the kirk records tell, "it was ordaint be the haill Session in ane voice that whatsomever inhabitant within this burgh was found going to Saint Fithak's Well in ane superstitious manner, for seeking health to thameselffs or their bairnes, shall be censured in penaltie and repentance." And if she had, the day of public rebuke in church had all but gone by, so she need not have feared the stool of repentance. even the dread of subtle calamity to herself had vanished when she reached the well-side. The spice of adventure had its charm. forgot the loneliness of the spot and the hour; faith filled her heart. Already she saw Maggie's child restored to health and strength. And no one need ever know, unless she had to tell Maggie. But she hoped, with luck, to work the charm unseen. That secret she would hug for ever to her own warm breast, and maybe one day some bairn of her own might need like succour. She smiled at her happy dream under the young moon, which she fondly believed was the only witness of her pious impieties.

Kneeling beside the murmuring water, that seemed almost noisy in the silence, she began her ritual. First from her bosom she took two "sheaves" (slices) of fine white bread and laid them with reverent hands upon the turf, for a meat-offering to the good folk. said no prayer, but kept her lips tight pressed, as if in fear of some involuntary Then, taking her pail, she held it beneath the runlet, and peered at the silvery thread of water as it fell upon the shilling. By the turning of the coin she would know the infant's fate. If it showed "heads,"

that was good news. But "tails" meant doom. Heads it was! She checked a thankful cry none too soon, but still in time.

The pail was full now. Jessie rose and stood for a moment gazing out to sea. moon saw a full-bosomed, lithe figure of a lass, very lovely, with the beauty of the dark fisher type, the Norman type, small, chiselled features, proud lips, and lustrous eyes with something elfin in their wonder. Seawards she looked and sighed, for the treacherous, calm bay spoke to her of separation. morrow the whaling fleet must sail, and one ship would bear her heart on board. To-night she should have kept a tryst, but the desperate case of Maggie's bairn had intervened. Later, perhaps, when mission was done—— God grant Andrew did not come to her now.

A great sob shook her. She was overstrung. She glanced backward, fearing what she might see, what might not lay hold of her as she sped away, away, past deserted kirk and resting graves. She felt she was followed, followed. Something—she knew not what—was stirring in the lonely valley. No, it was only the wash of the waves, the sigh of fitful night winds in the grass. Home, home, with

flying feet and in holy silence.

But not the moon alone had seen Jessie at her eerie work. Her sense of an unseen watcher had not erred. Crouched behind a whin bush, Andrew Elshender, mistrysted and secretly pursuing his love, had seen all with strange misgivings. For Andra was not of Jessie's own people. Early sent to sea, he had his own share of sailors' superstitions, but he was town-bred, and knew little or nothing of the ancient freit of Downies Well. Such witchwork was uncanny. Perchance it was some charm for his safety at sea, well-meant but perilous. could bring him no good. And his mother, who had no favour for his fisher-sweetheart, had called her once that witch lass. Now, his mother was a skeely woman. Maybe she Stories had come down from their forbears of terrible witch-burnings on the Castle Hill lang syne. Some said the evil art lingered on still, although its votaries were hunted no more. Mistress Elshender had said "witch lass" only because she disliked Jessie's dark and elfin beauty, but what was the sailor lad to know? And now he had seen for himself queer doings beside the well. It boded no good.

He must speak to Jessie, challenge her, hear her defence, if defence she had. Tomorrow he would sail; he could not leave with this load unlifted. How fast the lass was going! But he knew a cross-path that would bring him up with her, if he ran. The way, a dry watercourse, was rough and stony; he plunged, tripped, tore through whin bushes, careless of bruises. Surely some ill power had given the lass wings. But now he was gaining; yes, he would catch her yet! He bore down, made the main road and stood waiting and breathless. She came on, through the moonlight, with a swimming motion, surely not of this world. Would she go by him like a wraith, melting through his detaining arms? What if she were already dead, stricken suddenly since morning, and this were but her shape?

"Jess—Jessie, what de'il's cantrip's this? Oh, Jessie, speak! Are ye alive or deid?"

He held out a hand. The flying figure eluded him. For a moment dark, startled eyes met his, and he thought their look had something of agonised appeal, but from Jessie's locked lips came no word. She had given no sign that she knew him. She was fey, fey. One of them must be near to death to-night. In his amazement he let her pass. She was gone. He did not follow further.

What if she was faithless? Some other lad, perhaps, had caught her fancy. Maybe she had been trying a love-charm to win the new sweetheart or destroy the old. And he was for the sea to-morrow! No, she had not meant it kindly, for then she would surely have spoken. But never a word, and this to him— to him, of all men! Well, if it was only a woman's whim, he would teach her a lesson. He would not fleech her favours, not he. Off to sea, then, and by the time he came back she might have come to her Oh, Andra was not a lad to be played fast and loose with! He would punish her. If she was not a witch and faithless, she would greet her e'en oot or The cutty, the Deevil's she saw him again. buckie, the ill-tricket limmer! He grew violent in speech, as is the way of men who follow after the sea; he growled to the quiet night and made his sullen way to the ferry.

Then his mood changed. He would try to see her again. But first some heartening. Petrie's Inn stood handy, a couthie light shone in the window, a sailors' chorus was trolling within. Blithe lads were there, taking a friendly gill before they left for the Far North to-morrow. Andra would have a gill, too, and then seek Jessie again, late though it was. He entered, messmates roared a welcome, the smiling hostess bade

him sit in aboot. He had money in his pocket. It was glasses round. Andra grew warm, vainglorious; Jessie and her cantrips, the company, the blinking ingle, receded in comfortable confusion. When, long after midnight, the ferryman put him and others ashore on the town side, Charon swore to his mate that some lads he kent wouldna freely be fit tae sail the morn.

But of these things Jessie happily, or unhappily, knew nothing. She had her own heartache, that no assurance of a kindly act performed could cure. To pass by Andra in silence had been agony, but to speak would have been to spoil all. For she who carried the magic water must never open lips until all was duly done. And surely —surely he would not take offence. explain. He would understand. Meanwhile, to finish her task; it could bring no further ill. This suffering must atone for any sin, if sin there were in the heathenish act. She sped on to her sister's cottage and lifted the latch.

Maggie, anxious-eyed and tearful, was bending over the cradle alone; her man was out with the boats. She met Jessie with a queer, questioning look.

"Na, what hae 'e in the pailie, Jess?"

she asked.

But Jessie laid a finger on her lips.

"'E dinna mean to tell me—'e hinna been—— Oh, Jess, it's nae canny! Tell me——"

She broke off, warned by Jess's eyes.

The women faced each other in tense silence, Jess calm and determined, Maggie tremulous and fearful. The mother struggled with her scruples. It was the last chance. Hope, however faint, won. Yet she feared to break the spell of the Unspoken Water even by a sign of consent. She sat down at the fireside and sobbed. Her heart, if not her lips, prayed that there might be no sin or judgment for sin in what was toward.

For Jess was kneeling beside the cradle, gently touching the child's hands and forehead with a little of the precious water, won at greater cost than she had counted when she set out on her moonlight errand. She watched with strained eyes for the working of the miracle. With the touch of the fairy water upon the infant's brow, the ban of

silence was removed.

"Look, Maggie, look!" she cried. "'E's easier a'ready, the dawtie! Come, me dear, look and see if it's no as I'm tellin' 'e!"

Maggie shook her head, but looked, and looked again. Could it be? Yes. The

shilling had spoken true; for the first time in three days the child was sleeping naturally. The little restless hands had fallen easy on the cradle-clothes, every moment was bringing a deeper, a more regular breathing. Maggie, though this was her first, had seen much sickness among neighbours' bairns, and she knew that this was "the turn"—it meant life.

Emotional, like all her race, she flung herself into her sister's arms, crying: "Oh, Jess, Jess, bit we manna tell onybody, me dear! Gif the minister kent—""

"'E'll never ken," Jessie almost stormed; "it's none o' is business. But, oh, I'm glad I gaed! Oh, it was eerie, eerie, though! I was sair flyt, oot-bye at the wallie thonder."

"I couldna 'a' daen't, Jessie lass, though

it wis for ma nain littl'in."

They clung together and kissed with happy tears.

"Thank God an' the wee fowk!" Jessie said, with a sturdy service of both powers.

"Whist, whist!" Maggie whispered, flinging a terrified glance at the cradle, and making what she had often seen the Catholics of their community make—the sign of the Cross.

"Ye needna bide wi' me the nicht, Jess. I'll manage fine wi' the lammie ower the turn. Ye've been up three nichts noo rinnin'."

But Jessie would not leave the child to-night. She still feared a little, although hope was conqueror. And her secret heartache, lost, perhaps, for ever, called for the comfort of her sister's arms. To-morrow she would be down to the shore betimes to watch the sailing of the fleet. There might be some sign.

To-morrow dawned, big with fate for the city and the neighbour fishing village. But at first there was no hint of doom in the bright sky, the sparkling sea, the sharp, young April air. Only to eastward great white banks of unseasonable snow-cloud lay piled on the horizon, and weather-wise mariners wished the whalers well to sea.

Three tall ships, the St. Andrew, the Oscar, and the Hercules, stood out for their long voyage, proudly watched by many townsfolk on the pier and all St. Fithak's on the southern shore. Jessie stood on the jetty, all her eyes on the Oscar's deck, but no hail, no signalling hand brought her the comfort she sought.

"'E're looking for Andra, I'se warran'."
At the waspish voice, Jessie turned and met the mischievous eyes of Mary Main.

"Mebbe aye and mebbe no."



"He caught at the swaying girl with his single hand."

"Weel, 'e'll no lik'ly see 'im. 'E'll be below, eesless. Ma gweed-brither saw 'im at Petrie's Inn last nicht, an' 'e was blin' fou, an' roarin' at's lass 'ad jiltit 'im, bit 'e didna care. Mebbe she gaed by 'im wi' a heich head an' unspoken."

"'E're gweed-brither's a leear, then!"
Jessie snapped. "Andra nivver touches the

drink, or no to be the waur."

She left the jetty, sick at heart, and went further east. The fleet cleared the bar and lay to, to drop the pilots and wait for some delayed stores.

The crowd still watched, for the vessels were long in standing out to sea. The wind, gusty now and threatening, veering from south-east, shrieked from the north-east. The clouds were banking up from a blurred horizon. The sky grew overcast, the sea leaden—all the pride of the April morning had waned. The fickle North was like to play a pliskie. A great awe and silence, a foreboding of calamity, fell upon the gazing crowds. Flurries of snow began to fall, the wind increased to a hurricane, the drift thickened, and soon it was hard even to see the ships. God send they could stand out and weather that malicious coast!

Suddenly, as a momentary thinning of the snow-flakes gave a clear view, a great cry went up: "The Oscar's drifting!" Experienced old salts saw that the sea, now heavily rolling, and the strong incoming tide were too much for her. Would she clear the point? Barely, if at all, for she was falling steadily to leeward, and at last she brought up under the rocks of Greyhope Bay. Grey hope, indeed, to her and many another good Till noon she held on. Then the storm broke in full fury; she dragged her anchors. A crash above the roar of the breakers—she was ashore, at the mercy of the waves, just too far from the land for help to reach her. No boat could live in such a sea, no rope be flung in the teeth of such a hurricane. Heartwrung, the throng on the shore caught fitful glimpses, through the blinding snow, of the last agony of fathers, brothers, husbands, sweethearts, and sons, as they clung with stiffened fingers to the rigging and sent vain cries, scarce heard amid the turmoil, to those who were powerless to aid. The Oscar went to pieces quickly. Of her crew but two were saved of forty-three.

Half frozen and blinded with flying snow and sleet, but caring nothing for her bodily misery; Jessie waited with the dumb and awe-stricken crowds until all hope had gone. Then she fought her way back to Maggie's door and fell in a dead faint across the threshold. From that oblivion she did not

return for many days.

Her first struggling memory was of two battered forms, half naked, still breathing, folk said, though in sorry case enough, snatched by strong hands from the surf and hurried to the nearest cottage. She remembered vaguely how she had pushed through the crowd and tried in vain to recognise the shipwrecked, asking questions that none heeded, if, indeed, they heard, for her words had been blown away by the tempest.

"Andra," she moaned, "Andra!"

"Whist, me dear, whist!" Maggie laid her down upon the pillows again.

But Jessie would not be still. "Wis 'e saved?" she cried. Her own voice sounded very far away.

Maggie's tears answered her. "Did ony mair win ashore?"

"Nane leevin'. But be quate, my dawtie, be quate."

Oblivion wrapped her again.

When at last Jessie began to move about-St. Fithak's, the villagers looked at herwith awe. She was with them, yet not with them. Day by day she haunted Greyhope Bay, looking vacantly seaward, searching the floating fringes of wrack, murmuring to herself: "The Unspoken Water, Unspoken Water! I brought it on 'im, I brought it on 'im!" Of those who heard her only Maggie understood, and she kept her own counsel, suffering, too, in her degree. Her bonny bairn's life had been dear bought, but she had him, and her mother passion set less store by the death of strangers. In time she forgot, but Jessie was an unending sorrow as the years drifted away and brought no change. "Feel (foolish) Jessie Baxter," became a byword. But she was kind and Only to her little nephew she showed dislike. But the village boys did not torment her. She was left to go her own way in peace. Andrew's body had never cast up on any tide.

The seasons went and came. The second summer brought news of Waterloo and lasting peace to Europe, long distracted. Buttered soldiers and sailors, set free from long durance in French prisons, crept home to their native North; the great century settled into her stride of progress, and still Jessie haunted the rocks, looking for one who never came. Maggie watched her, and prayed for the return of reason. She was tired praying. A wild notion had taken

hold of her. It was sin, but maybe—maybe it was the way of hope. What had cured one might cure another. She had proved the efficacy, and at last her scruples went down.

Late on a September evening Maggie slipped out of the house and sped away up and over the hill. The terrors of the lonely valley beyond assailed her as they had assailed Jessie on her night of fate. But she held on past the kirk and lone kirkyard, out to the haunted spring, that would see again, for perhaps the last time, the ancient rites of natural magic. The omens were good.

She made haste to be gone. Someone was coming up the road. She must not be caught. It might be a friend and talkative. She had risked too much to let the spell of the Unspoken Water be broken by a word. But the stranger walked fast. He overtook her. Her heart beat. No, he passed without a Thank God! A cloud drifted away from the moon; in the clearer light she looked at the passer-by. A one-armed man, some soldier or sailor home from the wars. He had tramped far, poor ragged chiel; for all his determined speed he limped painfully. But his pace did not last. He halted, reeled in his effort to move on, and then, lurching, fell by the wayside. Drunk, likely.

Maggie's humanity would not let her pass. She came up and stooped over the fallen No, not drunk, no sign of that, only sair forfouchen. She looked closer at the face in the moonlight, and terror loosened her limbs. But this was no drowned and dripping corpse. She gave a long cry and called a name. Then she sank on the ground, weeping. The spell of the Unspoken Water was undone. But it might still serve. Perhaps—oh, wonder—its miracle was already wrought. Taking up her pail, she splashed a little water on the man's face. He stirred; she forced him to drink. Reviving, he struggled up on his single elbow. His senses come back, he spoke. "Maggie, lass!"

"Are 'e leevin' sowl or ghaist?"

"Hoots aye, wumman, leevin' eneuch!" His laugh banished the eldritch fancies of the place, the hour. She ran back to the well, brought the now useless fairy bread, and made him eat. They fell to talk. Long they sat beside the sighing sea, and Maggie heard the stranger's story with fearful joy and wild hope. He had less joy of hers, all but her unravelling of the dreaded witchdoings at the spring. Jessie was innocent, then, and faithful. He took heart of hope.

At last they rose. He had told all—how

on that night, while he and his mates, on landing from the ferry, made their unsteady way up-town, they had fallen at a corner into the hands of the press-gang. He had small remembrance of anything but a dreary awakening in prison. Then came a hurried secret shipment to a naval depot, and subsequent disablement, without glory, in a minor affair with the French frigate Clorinde at the tail end of the war.

"Noo come," Maggie said at last, "an' we'll see."

But the night still held strange happenings. Up the rough road, with a quick, skimming motion, came a woman. She drew near. The man pointed at her in amazement. "See, see! That was the way she gaed lang syne!"

Maggie drew back trembling as the woman flitted past with unseeing, far-away eyes, one admonitory finger pressed to her lips. As she moved, a silvery tinkle went with her.

"She's gaun thonder!" Maggie whispered.
"Come on! Mebbe she'll dae hersel' a
mischieve. She wis dowie the day. I'm
feart whiles we'll get her amo' the rocks
yet."

But the figure slid through the moonlight, away from the water, and held over towards the Downies Well. The others followed, wondering, curious, alert, going as softly as they might, stalking their quarry warily, ready to avert mischance, if such threatened.

At the well Jessie knelt down. They saw her lay out her offering of fine white bread and watch the water trickling on the silver coin. A great cry rang through the night, then a wailing voice: "Oh, A've broken't, A've broken't! The watter's no unspoken!" She fled away towards the sea.

"Rin till her, rin till her, man! It's but ae sicht she needs. Mebbe ye can bring 'er back till's like hersel'—wha kens? Bit rin, rin!"

Maggie's breath came fast as she watched the race of life and death. Jessie reached the water's edge, clambered upon a slippery rock, and swayed for a moment over the black pool on the seaward side.

Then Maggie found her feet and ran too, with bursting heart. What was she thinkin' o', nae tae mind 'at the poor chiel had but ae airm, and him hardly fit forbye even to rin, that sair-made as 'e was. He wud be nae eese ava', for Jess was strong—strong. She stumbled over the uncertain shingle, slipping, recovering, on, on, her eyes strained upon the two figures ahead.

Now he had made the boulder. He sprang to its flat ledge, slipped on the clustered seawrack, found his balance again, and, calling with fierce passion, "Jess, Jess!" moved between her and the sea, and caught at the swaying girl with his single hand. She turned at the voice and looked—for ages and ages, Maggie thought—at the man.

"Andra!"

Maggie watched the lovers only long enough to be assured that the danger was

past. Full of wonder, she retraced her steps to the magic well, and sat down there to await, with what patience she could, their return to remembrance of her and of worldly things. The moon was near its setting when they came, hand in hand and bashful and now, in the presence of another, dumb with joy. But in Jessie's happy eyes, to which the light of reason had come back, Maggie, after one long, questioning look, read a new fulfilment of the Unspoken Water's kindly spell.



THE KHAKIS.

A LONG they go! Along they go!
I gaze on the boys in the street below,
On ev'ry face—the pride of the race—
There's health, there's vigour, and manly grace;
In the swing ahead, and the martial tread,
Of the boys a-leaving to face the foe.

Along they go! Along they go! I sweep the mists from my eyes, and lo! In the van ahead, with his martial tread, There marches a figure I know and dread, For I've seen his face; and in many a place The boys will meet him, I know, I know.

Along they go! Along they go!
Alas, for the limbs that are old and slow!
For the fancy plays, and mem'ry strays
To the vanishing vista of happier days,
When I marched along, with a careless song,
Like the boys now leaving to face the foe.

GERALD LYTTON,

1st South African Infantry

CORNWALLIS AND ME AND FATE

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Charles Pears



OCTOR DUNSTON
was always awfully
great on the classic
idea of Fate. He
made millions of
efforts to make us
understand it, but
failed. Blades said
he understood it,
and so did Abbott,
and, of course, the

Sixth said they did. But they always pretend to understand everything, including the War. Fate is the same as Greek tragedy, and a

very difficult subject indeed.

Anyway, Cornwallis and me couldn't understand Fate, or how it worked exactly, until that far-famous whole holiday and the remarkable adventure which made Cornwallis and me blaze out into great fame, though only for a short while. As long as it lasted, however, the fame was wonderful; for the sudden, curious result of being somebody, after you have for many years been nobody, not only leaves its mark on your own character, but quite changes the opinion of other people about you, and also the way they behave to you. Enemies slack off and even offer to become friends, and people who have been your friends when you were nobody, redouble in their affection, and even get a sort of feeble fame themselves, owing to being able to approach you as a matter of course and not as a favour.

All this happened to Cornwallis and me; and though fame is said to have a very bad effect on some people, and make them get above themselves, like the Germans and Austrians, for instance, in our case, though dazzling in its way, the fame died out almost as quickly as it sprang up. In fact, to show you what people are, and what envy

may do, just as Cornwallis and me began to sink back into our usual obscurity in the Lower Third, some beasts, such as Pegram and the master, Brown, said in public that the whole excitement was a mild attack of hysteria and utter footle, and that neither Cornwallis nor me had done anything but make little asses of ourselves, and that it was all pure luck and not fame at all.

But, anyway, the adventure did this for Cornwallis and also for me—it explained what the Doctor really meant by Fate; and afterwards we were always tremendously keen about Fate, and spoke well of it. though before, it had, if anything, rather bored us, because, at the age of ten, your fate is generally so far off. Until the great adventure I can't honestly say I had seen Fate bothering about Cornwallis, and he had never seen it bothering in the least about me; but afterwards, having, as you may say, got thoroughly to understand its ways, and its special interest in us on a very important occasion-in fact, what you might call a matter of life and death—we always felt a sharp interest in it, and often noticed little marks of Fate at work both in school and out-sometimes for us and sometimes for other people. Not, of course, always for us, because, as Cornwallis said, and I agreed, we weren't everybody, and when it came to prizes and getting into "elevens," and other advantages, Fate undoubtedly favoured various chaps at our expense. But as I pointed out to Cornwallis, after saving our lives in a very ingenious and unexpected way, no doubt it had done enough for us for some years, and intended to give us a rest. We both saw the fairness of this, and did not complain in the least at our rather bad failures in the Lower Third afterwards. But, curiously enough, Doctor Dunston,

though so well up in Greek tragedy and the ways of Fate as a rule, missed this, and said our reports were a scandal and a source of the utmost discomfort to him, and far from showing our gratitude to Fate as we ought to have shown it after the terrible affair of "Foster Day."

"Foster Day" was an important day at It arose from the mists of antiquity, as they say, because among the first pupils old Dunston ever had, when he started Merivale, was a chap called Foster. He was very rich, and his father lived at Daleham, on the sea-coast, and had a mansion and thousands of acres of land running down to the sea. This Foster seems to have liked the Doctor, and been a great success at Merivale; and his rich father evidently liked the Doctor, too, and so, when young Foster had the bad luck to fall for his country in the Boer War, the rich father Foster built a beautiful and precious chapel to his memory at Daleham, and had his soldier son carved in pure marble and put in the chapel. It was known as a memorial chapel, and simply couldn't be beaten in its way. And, not content with doing this, the rich father arranged with Dunston that fifty boys from Merivale should once every year come to a service in this chapel, and, after the service was over, be entertained in his grounds and on the sea-shore with games and luscious The Doctor fell in with this foods. excellent plan readily, and now for some years, on the seventh day of July, which was the day the splendid young soldier Foster had fallen, fifty chaps from Merivale drove over in brakes to Daleham and attended the memorial service, and sang a hymn, and afterwards enjoyed themselves in the spacious grounds and on the beach. For though not actually belonging to the rich old Foster, the beach finished off his estates, and so he had a special sort of right to it, and had built a boat-house, where he kept a steam launch and other vessels.

The day came round as usual, and, by rather exceptional luck, Cornwallis and myself got into the fifty, for nobody was barred, and it was always arranged that a certain number of chaps from the lower school should join the giddy throng. So we went in white flannels and the school blazers, little knowing what lay before us.

The day was slightly clouded by the fact that Brown was the master who took us, for Brown loves to display his power before strangers, and make us look as cheap as possible in order that he may shine. But the great Mr. Foster—though what he had done that was great I don't know—saw through Brown with ease, and told him we must do what we liked, and have a good time in every way—not, in fact, hampered by Brown

After the service in the chapel, where some good singing was done by us, and a clergyman preached a rather longish sermon on duty and so on, the solemn business of the day began, and we had an ample meal. When I tell you that there were enough raspberries and cream for all, I need add no more. If all those raspberries had been put in one pile, we should have had "no small part of a mountain," as Virgil so truly says.

The great thing after dinner was to go and bathe and ramble on the shore. This was the time that Brown could be most easily escaped, and as he had to keep his attention on the chaps who went swimming, those who did not were able to enjoy themselves in various interesting ways.

The tide was out, and, by a little dodging behind rocks, Cornwallis and me, who did not bathe, were able gradually, as it were, to slip out of the danger zone, which we did do. A magnificent and interesting beach spread out before us, and we decided to explore it. So we retreated fast for some distance till a cliff jutted out and entirely concealed us, and then we went slower and explored as we went. Cornwallis had a watch, and as there was no serious work on hand till tea at five o'clock, we had more than two hours.

We did some natural history, and found small pools full of marine wonders, such as sea anemones and blenny fish, which in skilled hands can be made as tame as white mice, and can live out of the sea between tides. We also collected shells, and, much to my amusement, I collected one shell which I thought was empty, until I felt a gentle crawling in my trouser pocket, and discovered that a hermit crab lived in the shell, and was frantically trying to escape. This, of course, I allowed him to do, and no doubt he is puzzling to this day about what happened to upset his usual life.

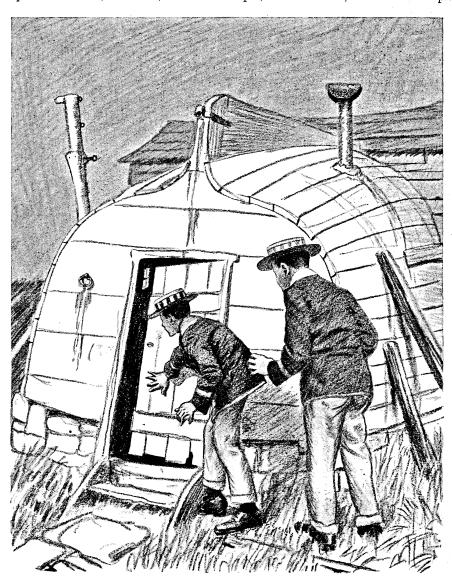
On we went, and then the beach got narrower, and I said it was natural, but Cornwallis thought not. He thought the tide was coming in, which would account for the increasing narrowness of the beach.

I said—

"In that case, Cornwallis, we had better go back, because you can see, by the marks on the cliffs, that the tide will come here in large quantities, and, in fact, the water will be jolly deep."

And Cornwallis said he supposed it would. The time also was getting on, and we found it was past four. But, of course, we meant

and very steep; but ahead of us was a ledge of rock half-way up the cliff, and on it a mysterious little house made of bits of old boat and painted with tar. It was extraordinary to see such a thing in such a lonely spot, and Cornwallis, who is rather suspicious,



"It seemed to belong to a mariner of some sort."

getting back fast, with an occasional run, and had allowed half the time to get back that we allowed to go out.

We were just turning, after going a few hundred yards farther, when a most interesting thing appeared. The cliffs hung over rather, and were made of red sandstone, owing to the War and being a Boy Scout, wondered if it was all right. Because, if you are once a Boy Scout, as Travers Minor pointed out, you are always a Boy Scout, and though you may not be scouting in a professional sort of way, yet, if anything peculiar happens, or you get a chance of

doing good to the country, you must instantly look into it.

So Cornwallis decided to go and examine this queer shed, and I went with him. The door was open, but we saw no signs of life. It was a solid building made of heavy timbers, and there was a padlock on the door. Inside was a pleasant smell of tar and cobbler's wax and fish. It seemed to belong to a mariner of some sort; but, on the other hand, what mariner could possibly want to make his house in such a weird spot? There was no bed or washing basin or chest of drawers, to show that the stranger lived here, but there were many interesting things, including a lobster-pot, a telescope, and a large lantern of the sort used on board ship.

I saw nothing peculiarly suspicious, but Cornwallis did. From the first he took rather a serious view of it, and when he found a green tin full of petrol, his face went white, and he said it was Fate.

I said—

"What the dickens do you mean, Cornwallis?"

And he said—

"I mean, Towler, that this is the hidingplace of a German spy. There's a telescope with which he picks up periscopes, and there's a lamp, with which he signals to the submarines by night, and there's the petrol he takes to them to replenish their tanks. And this shows the Doctor was right: you can get Fate in real life as well as Greek tragedies."

And I said—

"But the prawn-nets and fishing-lines and corks and paint, and so on?"

And he said—

"These things are merely blinds to distract the eye from the others."

So I said—

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

And he said—

"I am going straight back, and after tea, or even before, I shall tell the great Mr. Foster there is a pro-German traitor under his cliff, and offer to show him the way to the spot."

"I'll help," I said. "But the thing is to be careful, and surprise the spy at his work."

Just as I said these words, curiously enough, the spy surprised us, and we found ourselves in a position that wanted enormous presence of mind. Suddenly we heard the sound of heavy feet outside, and as there was only one way up to the hut, it was clear we

could not escape without being seen. And if seen, of course, our object was lost, for the

spy would make a bolt of it.

The question was where to hide, and, by the best possible luck, there was a chance to do so. A big tarpaulin hung on a nail on the side of the hut, and it was of great size, and came nearly to the ground, while at its feet was a seaman's box. Owing to the fortunate smallness of Cornwallis and me, there was ample room for concealment behind the tarpaulin, and our feet were hidden by the box. So we got behind it and hardly dared to breathe, though, just before the traitor came in, Cornwallis had time to whisper to me—

"If he's come for his tarpaulin coat, we're done for, and he'll very likely kill us!"

And I whispered to him—

"Be hopeful. Fate may be on our side, and it's not the weather for a tarpaulin coat,

anyway."

Then the spy came in, and though I was not able to see him, Cornwallis, by a lucky chance, got a buttonhole of the coat level with his eye, and saw the fearful spectacle of

the spy.

He was a dreadful object, with wickedness fairly stamped on him, so Cornwallis said He was a big man with afterwards. humpbacked shoulders and a cocoanut-like head, far too small for his body and legs. He was grey, and had a shaggy beard and a wide mouth that showed his teeth. These were broken and black. His nose was flat and small, and his eyes rolled in his head as he looked round his hut. They were black and ferocious to a most savage extent. kept making a snorting sound, which was his manner of breathing. He wore dirty white trousers and a jersey, and upon his feet were dirty canvas shoes. He had no hat, and he didn't look the sort of person that Fate would be interested in. But you never know. He suspected nothing, and had not seen us come in, which was the great fear in my mind.

The creature did not stop long, yet long enough to give himself away for ever as a spy, for he took one of the green tins of petrol, and then, saying some English swear words to himself of the worst kind, went out and slammed the door behind him. We nearly shouted with joy, but a moment later our joy was changed into the most terrible sorrow, because the spy fastened the door behind him. We heard a chain rattle and a padlock click, so there we were, entirely at the mercy of a creature evidently quite dead

to pity in every way. This was, of course, Fate again, as Cornwallis pointed out.

There was a window about a foot square high up in the roof of the hut, and when the spy shut the door and locked us in, everything became dark excepting for the light from this narrow window. Therefore, when we were sure our enemy had gone, and there was not a sound outside, I got on to a table, and Cornwallis climbed on my back, from which he was able to look out through the window. Luckily it faced the sea, and Cornwallis reported that the sea had come a great deal nearer, and that the spy was only He stood on a sort of about fifty yards off. pier of rocks, and was pulling in a rope to which was attached a small motor-boat.

Then naturally I wanted to get on Cornwallis's shoulders, but he told me not to move for a moment. Then he said that the spy had got into the boat and was evidently going to sea. And then he said he had gone.

I next climbed on to Cornwallis, and so proved the truth of his words, for I distinctly saw the motor-boat speed off with the spy in it. I also saw that the tide had come in, and soon it was actually beating against the

rocks twenty-five feet or so below us.

When the motor-boat had disappeared in a westerly direction, Cornwallis and me got down off the table and considered what we

ought to do.

"The first thing is to make every possible effort to escape at any cost," I said. But he said that he had already thought of that, and felt pretty certain it was beyond our power. The window seemed the only hopeful place; but it was made not to open, and the glass was thick, and Cornwallis said we couldn't have got through the hole, even if there had been no glass. But I said—

"It is well known, Cornwallis, that if a man can get his head through a hole, he can

get his body through."

And he said—

"It isn't well known at all. You might, because you have got a head like a tadpole, but I couldn't."

I said I was sure I had read it somewhere, but, anyway, it didn't matter. We examined the hut thoroughly, and found it was only too well and solidly made. We were utter prisoners, in fact, and, owing to the spy not knowing it, might very likely be left to die of starvation. He might even have gone to Join a submarine, and never come back.

"Perhaps he does know we are here all the time," said Cornwallis. "Perhaps he spotted us, and pretended he didn't. In that case he may have locked us in deliberately to starve us, not caring to waste a shot on us."

This thought depressed us a good deal, and presently the sun sank and the light began to fade, and a sea-gull that settled outside on the roof uttered a melancholy and doleful squawk.

Of course, we were far from despairing yet, and Cornwallis made a cheerful remark, and reminded me that if we had eaten our last meal on earth, at any rate it was a jolly good one.

And I said—

"There may be food concealed here, for that matter. We'd better have a good hunt, and look into every hole and corner before it is dark."

This we did without success. There were many strange things there, including pieces of wreckage, a bit of an old ship's steering-wheel, and a brass bell with a ship's name on it. But there was nothing eatable excepting some fish to bait a lobster-pot; and the fish hadn't been caught yesterday, and we had by no means reached the stage of exhaustion in which we could regard it as food.

Cornwallis said-

"As a matter of fact, our great enemy will be thirst. I am frightfully thirsty already, for that matter."

And I said—

"So am I, now you mention it."

As the light died away, we held a sort of a council, and tried to decide what exactly was our duty—to England firstly, and to ourselves secondly. We talked a good deal, until our voices grew queer to ourselves, and it all came back to the same simple fact—our duty was to get out, and we couldn't.

Then I had the best idea that had yet

come to us.

I said—

"As we can't get out, we must try and get somebody in the outer world to let us out. The only question is, shall we attract anybody but the spy if we raise an alarm?"

Cornwallis said of course that was the question; but it didn't matter, because we

couldn't raise an alarm.

I said—

"If we howl steadily together once every sixty seconds by your watch, like a minutegun at sea, somebody is bound to hear sooner or later."

And he said—

"Far from it, Towler. We shall only tire ourselves out, and get hungry, as well as

thirsty, for no good. Our voices wouldn't go any distance through these solid walls, and, even if they did, we are evidently in a frightfully lonely and secluded place, miles and miles from civilisation, else the spy wouldn't have chosen it for his operations."

I admitted this, but we did try a yell or two. The result was feeble, and I myself said that if any belated traveller heard it, he would only murmur a prayer and cross himself, and hurry on, like they do in books. Then Cornwallis decided to break the window. He didn't know why exactly, but he felt he wanted to be up and doing in a sort of way. Besides, it was beastly fuggy in the spy's den; so we broke the window with a boat-hook, and I got on the shoulders of Cornwallis and had a good yell through it, but no answer came.

Then another idea struck me, and it was undoubtedly this idea that saved the situation. We got the old ship's bell and hung it up on a rope as near the window as possible, and hammered it with the boat-hook, taking turns of five minutes each.

This created an immense volume of sound, and though, of course, it was more—far more—likely to bring the spy back than anybody else, we had now reached a pitch of despair, and would have even welcomed the spy in a sort of way. Cornwallis from time to time still worried about our duty, but I had long passed that, for it was nine o'clock. So at last I told him to shut up and hit the bell harder.

It was now quite dark, and from time to time heavy drops of rain fell through the window. The sea-going lamp would have been very useful now, for we might have signalled with it; but though there was an oil-lamp in it, we had no matches, and it was therefore useless.

Then, in a lull, when I was handing over the boat-hook to Cornwallis, whose turn it was to hammer the bell, we distinctly heard the stealthy sound of the motor-boat returning, and Cornwallis, mounting my shoulders, and nearly breaking my neck in his excitement, reported a red light below.

Then he heard several harsh voices.

Cornwallis said—

"We are now probably done for, Towler. The spy has evidently been to a submarine, and he's heard the bell, and you can pretty easily guess what submarine Germans will do to us. In fact, our Fate is right bang off."

I said---

"Surely they wouldn't kill two kids like us?"

And he said-

"Killing kids is their chief sport. They can't be too young—from babies upward."

So it looked pretty putrid in every way, and it wouldn't be true, and it wouldn't be believed, if I said Cornwallis and me weren't in the funk of our lives.

But the awful moments didn't last long, for, almost before the padlock was undone, what should we hear but the familiar yelp of Brown!

Our first thought was that the crew of a German submarine had also got Brown; but even in our present condition we felt that was too mad. All the same, when he actually appeared, with two other men and the spy, he looked such a ghastly object, and was so white and wild, that it seemed clear that he was in a mess of some kind.

What he said when we both appeared in

"Thank God!"

For the first and last time in his life he was apparently glad to see us. But after this expression of joy, he instantly became beastly, and, in fact, so much so, that a man behind him, who did not fear him, told him not to talk so roughly to us at such a moment.

This man turned out to be no less a man than the great Mr. Foster himself, and he explained to us that we had put everybody to frightful anxiety and distress, and that, in fact, he had feared the worst.

This much surprised us, and what surprised us still more was Mr. Foster's attitude to the spy, for he called him "Joe," and treated him in a most friendly manner.

We all went back to the motor-boat, and while it tore away to the landing-place under Foster's beach, we told our story. During this narrative, which was listened to very carefully, the man called Joe made several remarks of a familiar nature, which showed he was not in the least afraid of anybody, and we found out later that he was an old and trusted servant of Mr. Foster's, who lived at Daleham, and who managed Mr. Foster's motor-boat, caught lobsters for him and fish of many kinds, and was, in fact, a sort of family friend of long standing. It was admitted, however, that Joe was very queer to look at, and also odd in his ways. This arose entirely from his peculiar Fate, because Fate had had a dash at him too, and when a young man, he had once gone out fishing, and returned to find that during his absence his wife had run away for ever with another

mariner. This was such a surprise to him that it had quite turned his head for a time, and, in fact, he had been odd ever since.

Having told our tale, we ventured to ask why everybody had feared the worst, and Mr. Foster explained the situation, and showed what a splendid and remarkable bit of work Fate had really done for Cornwallis and me.

He said—

"What did you intend to do when you left Joe's hut?"

And I said—

"We were going to tear back along the beach, sir, and give the alarm, because we thought he was a pro-German spy."

Joe gurgled at this, but did not condescend

to answer.

"And do you know what would have happened in that case?" asked Mr. Foster.

"You would have explained to us that we were on a false scent, sir," said Cornwallis.

"No, my child, I should not," answered Mr. Foster, "for the very good reason that I should never have seen either of you again alive. Nor would anybody else. If you had started to go back by the beach, you would both have been overtaken by the tide and most certainly been drowned."

"Crikey!" said Cornwallis under his

breath to me.

"Yes," continued the good and great Mr. Foster, "if Joe here, quite ignorant of the fact that you were trespassing in his store shed, had not turned the key upon you both, you would neither of you be alive to tell your story now."

Somehow we never thought we were trespassing, but doing our duty to England. It just shows how different a thing looks from

different points of view.

"You ought to be very thankful," said Mr. Foster, "and I hope this terrible experience will leave its mark in your hearts, my boys. You have been spared a sad and untimely death, and I trust that the memory of this night will help you both to justify your existence in time to come."

We said we trusted it would.

Then Brown, of course, put in his oar.

"And if you had used your eyes, Towler and Cornwallis, as I have tried so often to make you," he squeaked, "you would have seen a notice on the cliff warning people not to go beyond a certain point, as the tides were very dangerous."

"We were studying the wonders of Nature, sir," I answered, in rather a sublime tone of voice, because this was no time for sitting on Cornwallis and me. And just then the motor-boat came to shore, and it was found that we could catch the last train back to Daleham. So we caught it. Of course, all the other chaps had gone back in the brakes ages ago.

Mr. Foster blessed us, before the train started, in a very affectionate and gentlemanly way; but Brown did not bless us on the journey back. In fact, he said that he should advise the Doctor to flog us. We preserved a dignified silence. He couldn't send a telegram on in advance, as the office was shut, and therefore, when we arrived at Merivale, it was rather triumphant in a way, and the news of our safe return created a great In the excitement, food for us was overlooked entirely, until Cornwallis told the matron we had had nothing to eat since Food was then provided. Doctor said very little until the following day, and then he told the whole story to the school after morning prayers; and not until we heard it from him did we realise what a good yarn it really was.

But nothing was done against us, much to Brown's disappointment, and from the way he hated Cornwallis and me afterwards, I believe he got ragged in private for not

keeping his eye on us.

We wrote a very sporting letter to Mr. Foster, and said we should not forget his great kindness as long as we lived; and we also wrote home and scared up ten pounds for Joe, because he had locked us up and saved our lives. It was an enormous lot of money, and far beyond what we expected. My father sent five, and the mother of Cornwallis also sent five; and Cornwallis truly said it showed that my father and his mother must think much more highly of our lives than they had ever led us to believe.

In fact, so excited was the mother of Cornwallis about it that she couldn't wait till the end of the term, but had to come and see him and kiss him, and realise that he was still all there. But my father waited till the end of the term for me.

He is rather a hard sort of man, compared to such a man as Mr. Foster, for instance; and when I did go home and explained all about what Fate had done, he said he hoped that I would not give Fate cause to regret it—at any rate, during the summer holidays.

THE PRETENDERS

Bv CHARLES D. LESLIE

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



please give the first name a French intonation, for Monsieur Tell was half French, half Swiss—the proprietor of the Sea View Private Hotel. stood on the threshold of that

popular, well-managed establishment with the air of one who believes, with Browning, that all's right with the world. The hotelkeeper was a man of moods. Though always urbane and polite to his guests, he sometimes superadded a certain melancholy dignity to his mien. To-day he positively beamed on Mr. and Mrs. Stannard, his latest patrons, as they came up the steps, bowing to the lady with foreign grace.

"You 'ave 'ad a good game, I 'ope?" he

"Oh, so, so," replied Mr. Stannard, who generally spoke for both, resting the two bags of clubs he was carrying. "Fact is, we found the company on the links rather mixed."

The fact was that the Stannards were both beginners. On crowded links, like those at Seacombe in August, beginners are not popular; and Mr. Stannard, who had a high sense of his own importance, objected to be hurried because other players were waiting to get on the green. He was still ruffled in temper.

"Ah, so!" murmured Monsieur Tell sympathetically, and then: "I've 'ad to rearrange the tables in the dining-room to-night. I've 'ad to put anozzer couple at

your table."

"Ah, but look here," protested Mr. Stannard, "I bargained for a table for our two selves—we don't care to feed with anybody."

"But you will like dese people; dey

are a most charming couple—Mr. and Mrs. Travers."

"Well, we may," cautiously answered Mr. Stannard, "but it's not likely, and, if we don't, you must give us a table to ourselves to-morrow, Monsieur Tell. I insist on that."

With a bow, the manager gracefully and

silently yielded.

In their bedroom Mr. Stannard took particular care over the nice arrangement of his black tie; he also, when quite satisfied with his own appearance, looked his wife over carefully before permitting her departure. Minnie Stannard was a gentlevoiced, engaging-looking young woman, with nice eyes, but she had no particular gift for making the best of herself; she lacked the air and the savoir-faire he had always intended to secure in a wife. Fortunately, there were compensations: Minnie was docile, and thought the world of him.

"Be courteous to these people," he told her, "but no more; they'll probably not be worth knowing. At any rate, follow my lead."

Minnie meekly assented—she never dreamt of doing anything else. Yet her first glance at the couple they found at their table, at the soup stage of the menu, made her think that even her critical husband could not condemn these Traverses. They were a young couple, good-looking, wearing their clothes with distinction, their manner at once pleasant and self-possessed. They bowed to the Stannards and went on conversing with each other, discussing Seacombe and its attractions. Presently, when Mr. Travers wondered if boats were to be hired for sea-fishing, Wilbur Stannard, having decided that the speaker, whose dinner-jacket was as well cut as his own, his tie equally impeccable, was worthy to converse with, gave the information in his best manner.

"Do you fish?" asked the other, after thanking him. He had a charming smile,

Minnie thought.

"No; the sea upsets my wife." Stannard suppressed the fact that it also upset him.

"I can sympathise with you," said Mrs. Travers to Mrs. Stannard. "The sea can't be too calm for me when I'm on it."

The conversational ice thus broken, polite small-talk followed. At the coffee stage it turned out that both men played billiards, and would like a game. So they adjourned to the billiard-room downstairs, and left their wives in the lounge to improve their knowledge of each other.

"He plays a good game, but I just beat him," said Mr. Stannard some time later to his wife, in their bedroom. "Three hundreds we had; twice he was ninety-five, and the last game we were ninety-nine all." Stannard was jubilant at having had his

evening's amusement for nothing.

"She's very nice," said Minnie from her bed. "And fancy, she was married last January, too! I half suspected she was a bride, and, funnily enough, it seems she thought the same of me. They come from North Hampshire, she told me, and he's a

land agent.'

"Yes, so he told me. Lives in a little country town called Bellairs, and manages various estates in the neighbourhood. They are quite good enough to know—at least, while we're here. But we must be on our guard, Minnie, not to become too intimate with anyone whose acquaintance we make at this place. Hotels swarm with adventurers and adventuresses. Take this Travers and his wife. He says he manages several big properties, but that's an ex parte statement—" Stannard paused, and added: "You know what that means?"

"No, dear," confessed Minnie sleepily.

"It's Latin," kindly explained her husband, "and it means that it's a statement that's uncorroborated—we've only his word for it. He may just collect a few cottage rents, and make a livelihood by growing cucumbers. People at hotels are very fond of pretending to be what they're not, giving themselves considerable rises in the social scale."

This was quite true, but Wilbur Stannard was quite unconscious that he belonged to the class he reprobated. He was in Government employment, and looked it. He had cultivated and achieved an official air good enough to do credit to a Cabinet Minister. Unfortunately, his status was no more than that of a clerk in the Admiralty. But no stranger ever guessed that from his conversation when he spoke of himself and his work. At that moment Antony Travers

was telling his wife that Stannard held an important position in the Admiralty. "Rather a prig, but I like him," he said.

"His wife's nice," said Mrs. Travers.

Wilbur Stannard made it a rule, wherever he was, to know only "the best people"; and, critically examining the guests at the hotel next day, he decided there were several people better worth knowing than the Traverses, though he made no demand to the manager to have them moved from his table; but certain tentative advances towards a rich middle-aged couple who had brought their own car, and an Army captain and his sister, a widow, who dressed very smartly, were, to put it mildly, not met halfway. He consoled himself by thinking it was Minnie whom they didn't think worth knowing. On the other hand, the Traverses attained an immediate popularity, and that without the smallest effort on their part. Wilbur Stannard couldn't understand it. But he was flattered to notice, as the days went on, that this sought-after couple were more intimate with Minnie and himself, and preferred their society to that of any other of the guests. The chief bond between the men was billiards—they were very evenly matched. The wives were drawn together partly by the husbands' desertion to the billiard-room, partly by the similarity in age and their equal status as matrons of a few months' standing, partly, too, perhaps, by their extreme dissimilarity in disposition, for Mrs. Travers was not in the least shy, and gave the impression of having been a spoiled girl before she married.

They were a light-hearted couple, and seemed to find life at the Sea View Hotel a

huge joke.

The fishing proved comparatively disappointing, and the Traverses turned to golf, which they both played brilliantly. Wilbur Stannard rather resented their skill, though they gave themselves no airs on this head, and did not disdain a foursome with Minnie and himself. And so the two couples more and more spent their days together.

But it was impossible for a serious, well-conducted husband and wife whole-heartedly to approve the Traverses. They confessed that money was scarce with them, but were undoubtedly extravagant—at least, Mrs. Travers was. She ruined a silk blouse by going fishing in it, because it was too much trouble to change, and the splendour of her intimate garments made Minnie half envious, half shocked. And then came the affair of

the hat.

The four of them had been for a stroll in the town, between tea and dinner, and came upon a hat shop where a sale was advertised as "on." The ladies naturally stopped to look, but Mrs. Travers, not content with looking, announced her intention of buying a certain chapeau decked with gulls' wings. "I must have that," she exclaimed. "Only fifteen shillings! Tony, give me the money."

"Angel-child, there's no money for hats,"

he told her.

"Tony, I must have it."

"There's no money for hats," he repeated.
"Do remember we've only got a certain sum to spare till we get home again."

"I don't care," obstinately declared the

lady; "I simply must have that hat."

"You won't get no money out of me for hats," drawled her husband, assuming a country accent—"naught, naught!"

"Oh, Tony, I want it! Tony, you're treating me abominably! I'm sure there are not many wives who'd put up with your ridiculous—"

"There are not many wives who'd make themselves so ridiculous over a twopenny hat," he interrupted. "Don't be a little fool! Be reasonable."

It is never wise to tell an angry woman to be reasonable. Mrs. Travers, after a furious look at her husband, charged across the street straight towards a jeweller's opposite—a jeweller's and something else. Over the door three brass balls discreetly hung. Mrs. Travers vanished into the shop. Antony gazed after her, apparently unruffled.

"What is the subtle connection between feminine heads and feminine hats?" he asked. "Why do women make fools of themselves—— Your pardon, Mrs. Stannard. I'm sure you wouldn't do such a thing, if

your husband denied you a hat."

"But what is she doing?" asked the

bewildered Minnie.

"Pawning something. Not, I trust, her wedding-ring. No, I think she's wearing the emerald ring I gave her years ago."

That pawnbrokers existed Minnie was aware, that ladies occasionally raised money on their jewellery she also knew, but that a lady needing fifteen shillings should straightway walk across the road to a pawnbroker's and pledge a ring openly and in broad daylight, was something quite outside her experience of life. She could find no words to meet the situation. Dumbly she appealed to her husband. He also was shocked, but concealed it in his best official manner.

"We'll go on, I think," he said to his

They moved on accordingly. Travers accompanied them, conversing carelessly, but he was angry with his wife—Minnie could see that. Out of the tail of her eye she spied the hat-possessed Mrs. Travers cross the road again and disappear into the

hat shop.

The hat arrived after dinner that evening, but Mrs. Travers had already repented, made peace with her husband, and lightly apologised to the Stannards for losing her temper. Nor did she wear the chapeau for which she had temporarily sacrificed a cherished gift of her husband's, giving it, without opening the box, to the chamber-maid

"I got five pounds for the ring," she told Minnie, "but I had to give Tony the balance and the ticket before he'd forgive me." But she was really unrepentant, and told the story as a joke to a circle of her own sex in the lounge that evening. And everyone was shocked, partly at her conduct, partly at her frankness in confessing it.

"My dear Mrs. Travers," said one matron primly, "forgive me for remarking that I think you must have been rather badly

brought up."

"Well," said Mrs. Travers, defending herself obliquely, "Tony knew exactly what I was like before he married me. Nothing I

do can surprise him."

The ladies forgave Mrs. Travers, but she evidently didn't care a straw if they forgave her or not. Both husband and wife, indeed, seemed utterly indifferent of what people thought of them. They didn't like the Shorts, the motor-car owners, and the easy hauteur with which they repelled their advances amazed Minnie, who never before had seen wealthy people who owned their own car rebuffed like persistent tradespeople.

Wilbur Stannard wondered what the social status of the Traverses was in Bellairs; there are land agents who move in county society, and there are land agents who rank rather lower than bailiffs. He found it difficult to place them. They never talked of their neighbours or their home—in fact, they said next to nothing about themselves. This rather confirmed his original suspicion that they were, if not adventurers, pretenders.

Like all civil servants, Wilbur Stannard got four weeks' vacation, which he intended Minnie and he should spend at Seacombe. The Traverses, it turned out, were only there for a fortnight, and as the second week of their stay drew to a close, mutual polite regrets at the approaching severance were uttered. This was at dinner. Subsequently the Traverses held a brief colloquy with each other before the two men began their usual duel at the billiard-table. Later, while the wives, in the lounge, sat listening to the usual music in the adjacent drawing-room, Mrs. Travers said—

"I happen to know Tony is asking your husband if you two won't spend the second fortnight of your holiday at Bellairs with us. I hope you'll persuade him to accept. I'd like awfully to have you. We live quite unpretentiously, but we'll do all we can to make your stay pleasant. Our garden is looking well just now, and I think I can promise you a motor drive or two."

"I'd love to come," said Minnie, but hesitated. Would her husband condescend to accept the hospitality of mere hotel acquaintances? Yet the invitation seemed to show that the Traverses had nothing to conceal, that they were "all right"—a fact he still seemed to doubt. Later, in their room, she wakefully waited for him.

"Yes," he said, when he arrived, "Travers did ask us, rather to my surprise. I said I must consult you, but I've been thinking, and I've decided that I don't mean to accept."

"Oh, but why, Wilbur? I want to go. And we should save money," added Minnie, advancing an argument which would, she thought, appeal to her husband. He smiled in his superior way.

"I doubt it—I very much doubt it. Superficially, of course, we'd save a fortnight's hotel bills, less our railway fares to Bellairs and a few minor disbursements. But I'm one of those people able to look beyond the immediate present, and I see various drawbacks. I fancy we should find it very dull. I augur, from what Travers said, that they can offer us no society."

"But I don't want society. There's a garden, and I'm sure Mrs. Travers will make us comfortable and at home."

"I doubt that. Her intentions may be admirable, but I'll bet she's a bad house-keeper, and, if we accept, we put ourselves under obligations to people we know very little of—obligations that will have to be worked off. We should have to ask the Traverses to visit us in London."

"I wouldn't mind having them."

"Visitors are a nuisance in our small flat, and an expense."

"But you're out all day."

"And there's another thing—the Traverses

are poor, worse off than we are. I fancy they're living beyond their income. Travers may want to borrow money of me, and that would not be pleasant, because I should have to refuse. No, Minnie, it won't pay us to accept, and that's the long and short of it."

"But I want to go," pouted Minnie, unconsciously imitating her new friend.

"My dear Minnie," said Stannard kindly, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I've thought the matter over carefully. Forgive me for pointing out that with my superior knowledge of the world, and of men and women, I am the better judge as to the wisdom or unwisdom of accepting this invitation."

Minnie was silenced. She was unconvinced, but recognised there was no more to be said.

Wilbur was unanswerable.

"But what are you going to say to Mr. Travers?" she asked him next morning. "They'll certainly feel hurt at our refusal. What excuse can you make?"

"I think, my dear, you may safely trust

my diplomatic tact," he told her.

At the breakfast-table he declined the Traverses' invitation with an eloquence and skill which at least satisfied himself as he spoke. They deeply, very deeply, regretted that they had to refuse their new friends' kind invitation. It would have given them much pleasure to stay at Bellairs—they would have liked nothing better—but, before leaving London, the doctor had specially ordered sea air for Minnie, and they dare not run counter to his order, and so, to their loss, they must deprive themselves of the attractive prospect so charmingly proffered.

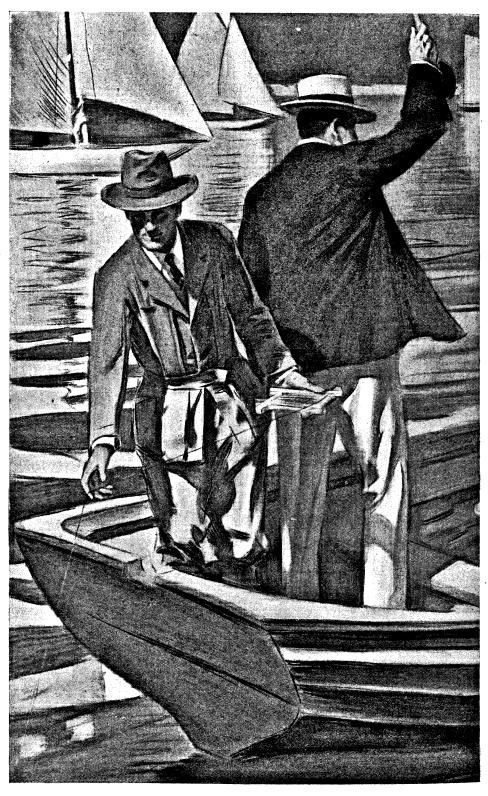
The Traverses accepted these regrets in the most courteous manner, handsomely insisting that the greater loss was theirs, but Stannard felt conscious that something was wrong in the atmosphere. Of course, Minnie, with her hopeless lack of savoir-fuire, failed to back him up, sitting silent and constrained, and quitting the table noticeably early. When later he found her in their room, putting on her hat, he commenced a mild reproof, but she interrupted him more tartly than ever in her life.

"You might have invented a better excuse. You know very well Doctor Pritchett says the seaside doesn't suit me, though I think he's wrong."

"But they don't know that."

"Yes, they do. I told Mrs. Travers what he said the other day."

"Why didn't you tell me?"



"The fishing proved



comparatively disappointing."

"How should I know what particular lie you were going to invent? I'm ashamed to meet Rose Travers again. I'm going out for the day with Mrs. Romily."

"With Mrs. Romily?"

"Yes; she and the Captain and another man are motoring to Biddlecombe. a spare seat in the motor, and she offered it

Stannard was left gasping. She'd never even asked his leave first. His unlucky blunder had shaken her belief in his infallibility.

He spent a rather dull morning in the verandah overlooking the sea, with cigarettes

and newspapers.

At luncheon the attitude of the Traverses was chilly, even glacial. He gathered, from their conversation, they were leaving that afternoon, not the following day, as originally planned, and that they were going home by motor, though Bellairs was quite sixty miles away.

They left, in fact, shortly after lunch. Stannard saw them come out of Monsieur Tell's private room, and, accompanied by the manager, pass through the vestibule. He made an attempt to advance and take a friendly farewell, but their curt bows as they

went by checked him.

He strolled to the entrance and looked down just as the car was starting. It was a big car de luxe, with a footman seated beside the chauffeur, and so large that Mr. and Mrs. Travers seemed almost lost in it. They were taking a smiling farewell of Monsieur Tell, bowing low before them. Stannard stared, bewildered.

"Why," he exclaimed to Monsieur Tell, now ascending the steps, "that was a ducal

crest on the panel!"

"Yes," was the reply. "It is one of the cars of the Duke of Bellairs, and that was the Duke and Duchess."

"Rubbish, man!" burst out Stannard

impulsively.

"No, Mr. Stannard, not rubbish. I vos head valet for many years to the late Duke.

I 'ave seen the present Duke grow up—I know 'im as well as my own son.

"But—but what has he been doing here,

pretending to be a commoner?"

"It pleases 'im. 'E is a democratic Duke. Always 'as 'e made it a rule to spend some weeks in the year incognito. 'E likes to mix as an equal with the middle class. 'E says it does 'im good to be a plain mister sometimes, and 'e insist dat the Duchess do the Dat is why dey come to me as Mr. and Mrs. Travers."

The Duke and Duchess of Bellairs! And he had repulsed their overtures, refused their invitation! He couldn't keep the tragic secret.

"They asked us to stay with them."

"Yes, and you refuse. Dey tell me. is your loss, sir."

"But I didn't know!" wailed Stannard. "You might have given me a hint!"

Monsieur Tell protested with hands and shoulders.

"'Is Grace desired me to keep 'is secret, respect 'is incognito; naturally I obey. repeat, it is a pity. Dey like you and madame, dey meant to give you a pleasant surprise, but you tink dem not class enough to visit because dey say dey live very quietly. Dey are annoyed, naturally."

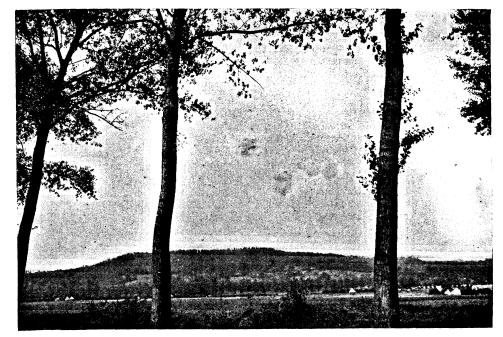
Wilbur Stannard groaned like a man with The realisation of what he had missed enveloped him. Fancy returning to Whitehall, and casually mentioning to his fellow-clerks that Minnie and he had spent half their holidays at Bellairs Castle as the guests of the Duke and Duchess! To have had such a chance and spurned it! He could But for his passion have kicked himself. for looking beyond the immediate present, Minnie and he might have been in that car de luxe, speeding to the castle. He had always prided himself on his caution, but he saw it was a virtue which can be carried too far.

And what would Minnie say to him when

she learned the truth?

"Well, anyhow, I was right—I knew they were pretenders," said Stannard.





"THE CHAVONNE RIDGE COULD SELDOM BE 'SNAPPED' WITHOUT A FEW MELINITE SHRAPNEL RUDELY INTERPOSING."

WITH A CAMERA AMID THE SHELLS ON THE AISNE

SCENES PHOTOGRAPHED AND DESCRIBED

By FREDERIC COLEMAN, F.R.G.S.

N September, 1914, I was attached, with my motor-car, to the Headquarters Staff of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Brigadier-General H. de B. de Lisle, C.B., D.S.O. — now of much higher rank commanding. My duties were, among other things, to drive the General wherever he wished to go. We had led the advance from near Paris, across the Marne and over the Aisne, and were busily engaged in holding what we had won. The Germans were hammering relentlessly on our thin Our troopers, dismounted, were in the front trenches, and frequent visits to the forward positions with de Lisle gave me ample opportunity now and again to obtain an unostentatious snapshot in positions where no other camera was likely to penetrate.

The Aisne from Bourg to the westward ran through picturesque surroundings.

Many a picture of rare beauty was to be found along its banks. The heights rose abruptly from the river valley. Threading the rude tracks that led up their sides, some of the roads almost impassable for the car, one was constantly under German shell-fire. The enemy guns, in great preponderance of numbers to ours, meant business in those September days on the Aisne.

Along the Chavonne and Soupir ridges shrapnel and high-explosive were hurled at the hill-tops by scores. Many an hour I spent watching the shell-bursts, twenty to thirty at once. Salvos of sixes and dozens burst together all day long in the tree-tops. Thick clouds of greenish yellow massed and drifted in the clear light. It rained much of the time, but on some days an early sun, fighting its way through heavy clouds, would paint the floating smoke-balls a soft heliotrope.

One big ridge to the north of Soupir was covered with thick woods, in which shells fell incessantly for hours each day, long after all of our troops had been moved well away from it.

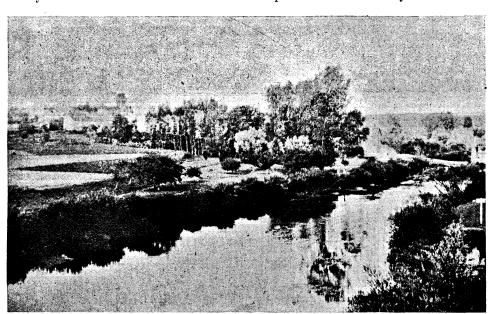
The famous Chavonne ridge, that saw such splendid fighting on the part of the Grenadier, Irish, and Coldstream Guards, could seldom be "snapped" without a few melinite shrapnel rudely interposing in such fashion that their lemon-yellow patches of whirling cloud appeared on the plate.

One morning my route lay up the steep mountain road to a point close behind our trenches on the crest. The General was in a hurry. Our shells screamed over our A bit further up the slope the General left the car. Increasing shrapnel-fire made the echoes resound. Shells burst so near that hot bits of shrapnel fell into the car. One shell hit a near-by cottage, and tiles showered down it in armfuls, some bits rattling against the metal panels of the car body.

As I waited for de Lisle, the 2nd Life Guards came up and occupied the first reserve line, piling into hastily-improvised

trenches filled with straw.

Then came a German infantry attack in front, to be stopped before it was fairly under weigh by heavy fire from our own 18-pounders. The enemy had howitzers



"MANY A PICTURE OF RARE BEAUTY WAS TO BE FOUND."

heads, and enemy shells as well, the latter bursting in all directions, in front of us, behind us, on every side.

A momentary stop found me beside a cottage used as an improvised dressing-station. Worn-out men, bandaged, were sitting about it, heads drooping, broken, weary, many in awful pain, yet not a word of complaint. Coldstreams, Irish Guards, and Connaught Rangers were among the wounded.

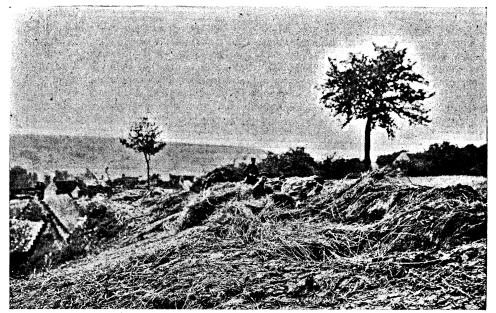
The Irish Guards had suffered heavily in taking the woods. Four of their captains were killed, they said, and one wounded, and a subaltern wounded as well. Lord Arthur Guernsey and Lord Arthur Hayes were among their dead.

galore in those days on the Aisne, but our guns were of the field type, for the most part 13-pounders and 18-pounders. We had a few batteries of howitzers and heavier guns at one point and another along the line, but our main dependence was on artillery of lighter calibre.

For an hour a couple of batteries behind me tore holes in the air above with increasing fury. The good work told, and its object

was at last accomplished.

Back came the General. I took him down to the commander of the batteries that had been so destructive to the Huns, and heard words of praise bestowed lavishly. In a long row, under a fringe of trees, the field-pieces were still firing spasmodically.



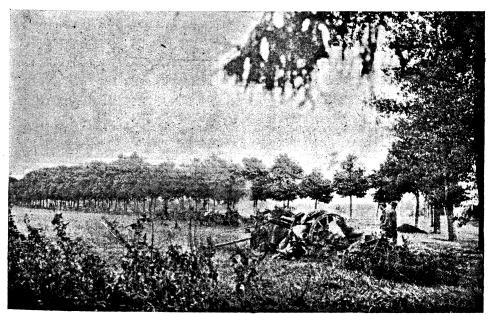
"HASTILY-IMPROVISED TRENCHES FILLED WITH STRAW."

We left to go to a near-by village, and the enemy hurled a nice collection of projectiles just behind the battery, not many hundred feet back of us as we sped away.

German aeroplanes were active, and many a good field-piece was put out of action in those days—aye, and many a good gunner, too. I saw one 18-pounder that had its recoil chamber smashed by a direct hit from a "Black Maria," as the men called the big

howitzer shells. Three men were killed and a fourth was wounded by that shell.

Our batteries were watched by others than air scouts at times. One battery commander was ordered to move his guns to another position and go into action at once. He ordered up the gun horses, but the moment they made an appearance in the vicinity of the guns, a hail of shrapnel fell over them. Back the horses were rushed to the cover



"IN A LONG ROW, UNDER A FRINGE OF TREES, THE FIELD-PIECES WERE STILL FIRING SPASMODICALLY."

of the river bank. Fifteen minutes later they were brought up again, and again the Germans showered shell about the battery. After a wait of twenty minutes more, the battery commander ordered the horses up for the third time. The moment his men followed his instructions, they were shelled and driven back as before.

This puzzled the gunner officer. Our troops held the ridge above him, and no enemy position was in sight from the spot occupied by the guns. A village lay on the hillside in front. Taking a couple of men with him, he searched the houses. In a cottage far up the rise he found a strapping chap in peasant garb, who proved to be a

surface with great rents into which one could put a gun team.

The Germans did not always have such fine targets for their gunners. One morning a sudden burst of sun from behind a bank of cloud found a couple of officers on the ridge just back of a line of trenches, lying on the grass, enjoying a respite from the usual sodden weather and overcast skies. Together they gazed on the panorama spread below. The valley of the Aisne was an entrancing sight. Here lay this town and there that, some smashed by shells, some practically unharmed.

As they looked down the wooded hillsides into the lower land toward the river, one of

them called out: "Look! A helio!"

From under a hedge back of Moussy came the flash, flash, flash, in regular intervals. A junior signals officer tried to read the message. Once he said he caught a word, but for the most part it was Greek to him. "Must be some fool sort of code," he confessed. "I never saw anything like it before."

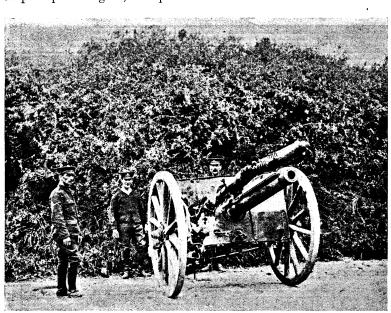
As they watched it, the Germans saw it, too. Bang! went a big black "Jack Johnson" not far from the spot. Smash! came

spot. Smash! came Still the flashes twinkled from

The two first shells were forerunners of dozens, that crashed through the hedge and into the turf all about the tiny centre of light. Black shell-clouds showed all round that field and the next. Soon the sun crept behind a cloud, as if intent on protecting the object of the Huns' iron wrath.

Next morning a brief ten minutes of sun caused eyes on the ridge to wander valleywards again. Sure enough, a couple of flashes, intermittent and apparently quite without cohesion, came from the spot at the hedge-side.

Soon the enemy howitzers played on the vicinity again, fiercer than the day before.



"ONE 18-POUNDER THAT HAD ITS RECOIL CHAMBER SMASHED BY A DIRECT HIT."

another.

the surrounding green.

big German guardsman. In a lean-to beside the hovel the spy had concealed himself for days, lying at the end of a telephone wire that led over the hill, past our front line or under it, and into the German trenches. The gun horses had been brought up in front of his very eyes. When he gave the word by telephone to the German guns, they banged away until he told them that the target was withdrawn.

After this discovery, to execute the spy and shift the battery was but a matter of moments. Our guns were moved not a second too soon in that instance, for before they were far away a battery of big enemy howitzers was turned on the field they had just left, and in a short time had torn the

After the sun had gone from sight, they kept up their bombardment of the unfortunate spot for half an hour. Dozens of shells fell thereabouts, then scores on scores. A signals officer on the crest, watching the play, murmured: "What idiots our helio lot were, to choose a spot in plain sight of those Germans on the far ridge!"

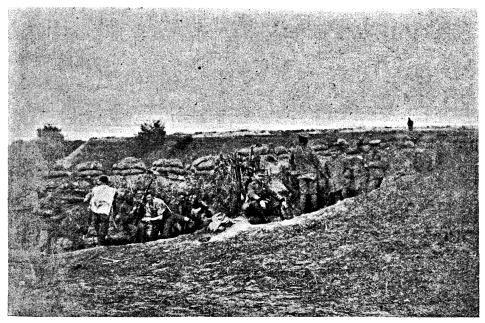
That afternoon a staff officer from our lot had a journey to make which took him to General Monro's headquarters near Moussy. His work done, he continued a few hundred vards, and sought the spot that had suffered

the awful shelling.

It was not hard to find. The hedge was smashed in places. A tall tree was knocked

discovered the cause of all the trouble. There, caught on a twig of the hedge, swinging lazily in the wind, was a bright-bottomed empty sardine tin, thrown carelessly aside by some satiated luncher. The sun, catching the bright bit of moving tin, had made of it a tiny reflector. Surely, never had so insignificant an object, or one so intrinsically worthless, caused the Huns so great an expenditure of costly ammunition.

Major Budworth and "H" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery joined the 2nd Cavalry Brigade while we were resting at Longueval, a village south of the Aisne. At dinner that night General de Lisle said that he, the Major, Captain Skinner of "H"



"THE SUGAR MILL BARRICADE HAD SEEN HEAVY FIGHTING."

down near by. Great black holes were torn in the green fields. On one side of the hedge lay a dead cow. No sign could be seen of the helio party. This was hardly surprising, as for over half an hour shells had fallen all about the flickering light until it seemed no man could live thereabouts.

The staff officer strolled over to a battery position not far distant, and asked for news of the signallers. The gunners had wondered at the heavy shelling, not many hundred yards from their funk-holes, but had seen no human beings near the hedge, before or after the bitter bombardment.

Nonplussed, the officer walked back to the devastated area, and, just as he was leaving,

Battery, and I would next morning take "a run round," visit our gun positions past and present, and "show the Major what German shell-fire was like." From experience I knew that meant we would more than likely go "looking for trouble."

Heavy cannonading continued throughout the night—"promiscous," one of the troopers called it. Seemed wasteful, but at the end of two weeks of it the British Army had suffered over 3000 casualties from the shellfire alone.

Our men were learning to keep to cover, and our batteries had learned to well disguise themselves. The "heavies"—what few we had of them—were made to look like sheds or

haystacks, when concealment of the battery was impossible. These tricks our gunners learnt from the enemy, who was a past master at such contrivances.

After doing the rounds of the guns, our party visited the trenches above Troyon. Serracold's battalion of the 60th Rifles and Steele's Coldstreams were in front that day. Their Brigade Commander, General FitzClarence, had his headquarters in a picturesque cave in the rocky side of the cliff.

The Sugar Mill position, so called from a huge mill above Troyon, since destroyed, that had been taken and retaken a dozen had, a few days before, sent by me a case of most welcome provender to Serracold's mess, and, in consequence, I called to sample the goods.

"We will get out of this to-day, sure,"

said the Colonel.

"I think not, sir," I replied. "I have heard nothing of a change so far this morning. Why do you think you are to move?"

"Because we have just finished the construction of the first good, dry shelter we have had for some days," was the answer. "I'm sure this is so perfect a spot now, that we are doomed to be sent elsewhere,



"COLONEL SERRACOLD'S PALATIAL QUARTERS TURNED OVER TO HIS SUCCESSORS,"

times, and had afforded the Lancashires a good chance to gain fine laurels, was our nearest point of vantage in one sector of the line.

There our barricade was one hundred yards south of the summit of the ridge, and the German trenches but eighty yards to the north of it. The Sugar Mill barricade had seen heavy fighting, but was comparatively quiet at the time of our visit, though sniper bullets occasionally sang overhead and shrapnel came past at intervals.

Tucked under the brow of the hill, not far from the front line, were Colonel Serracold's headquarters. A mutual friend and others will spend a comfortable night in our snug quarters."

I laughed at his mock pessimism, and had another laugh the next day when I learned that, sure enough, the 60th had been shifted late in the afternoon. Serracold's prophecy had come true most unexpectedly, and his palatial quarters had to be turned over to his successors.

Colonel Steele had an interesting "exhibit" at his headquarters shelter. He had been lying on his back the previous afternoon, a poncho over his knees. One of our 18-pounder shells fell short—the Germans were only some two hundred yards in



"I TOOK A SNAP OF THE COLONEL'S RUINED PONCHO, SPREAD ON THE BANK INTO WHICH THE SHELL HAD BURROWED."



"A TYPICAL CAVE HEADQUARTERS UNDER THE BROW OF THE AISNE HEIGHTS."

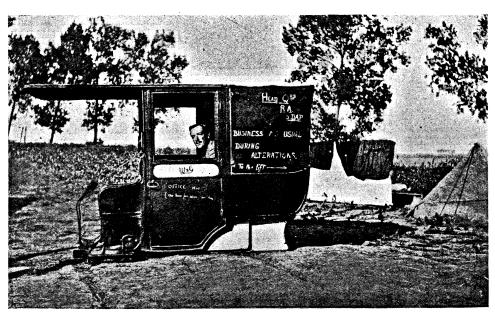
front—and, passing between Steele's knees, cut the poncho in two pieces, entered the mud bank, and providentially failed to explode. I took a snap of the Colonel's ruined poncho, spread on the bank into which the shell had burrowed.

Another photograph I took that morning showed General FitzClarence and his staff in a typical cave headquarters under the brow of the Aisne heights. Well inside the cave the Brigade staff work could be done without fear of interruption.

General FitzClarence fell later at Ypres, after less than a dozen of his officers remained out of over one hundred and fifty, and when his magnificent brigade numbered

struck the centre of the stone-paved yard of a farm where a squadron of 9th Lancers was housed. An officer was directing the cleaning of a big open space between the barns when the huge projectile fell. He and eleven of his men were killed, and thirteen others wounded. That afternoon a dozen more "Black Marias" were hurled into the town, and before night the casualties among the "resting" men were two dozen killed and over a score wounded. So the German shell-fire scored until our positions were strengthened and the shelter from bombardment improved.

We had our "days." A fresh division of the enemy, brought by train from St. Quentin



"ANY SPOT IN THOSE DAYS MIGHT BE A HEADQUARTERS."

but hundreds of the thousands who had fought so gallantly and successfully under his command to help stem the German onslaught on Calais.

These headquarters were quite comfortable. But any spot in those days might be a headquarters. I remember one that consisted of the body of a defunct "W. & G." taxicab.

That day was to provide a plethora of excitement for our little party. Shelled smartly in Vendresse, shelled again in Paissy, and sniped at here and there along the line, we returned to billets, miles in the rear, there to find that during our absence five great howitzer shells from long-range guns had crashed into the village. One shell

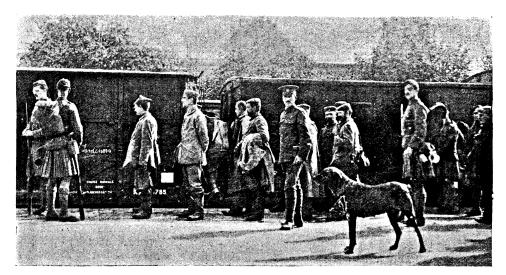
at daybreak, one Saturday, in front of Troyon, marched straight at our trenches in close formation. Our machine - guns shattered the attack in sanguinary fashion. As the light grew, many huddled forms in grey lay between our trenches and the German front line. All day they lay there. Storms of bullets from both sides swept over the dead continuously. Little bits of earth were kicked up here and there by bullets that fell short and cut the soil of No Man's Land. Shell-fire ploughed furrows in it at frequent Shrapnel bullets were sown Suddenly one of the broadcast over it. inanimate bundles seemed to come to life. It rolled over. The man inside the grey coat leaped to his feet. Hands held high in air, he ran like mad for our trench line. Over the parapet he tumbled, crashing on his head in the soft earth. Gaining his knees, hands still held above his head, a beatific grin spread over his decidedly Tentonic features.

He spoke English quite well. "I shall to England be sent—no?" he queried.

"It was too long, the time I lay out there. At first I would to stay till dark come. But my nervous, he was finished. I could no longer quiet keep—no?"

And the cheerful Hun, happy as a clam, was marched off under guard, to be turned over to the London Scottish and entrained

for the south.



"MARCHED OFF UNDER GUARD, TO BE TURNED OVER TO THE LONDON SCOTTISH AND ENTRAINED FOR THE SOUTH."

TO A DARTMOOR LAD.

THERE in the trenches, across the sea,
Do you think of this land where you used to be?
Do you dream of the moor and its great wide spaces
Under the sky, and the lonely places?

Below the great tors, hoary and old, The heather's in bloom now, the brackens turn gold. Here swiftly light cloud-shadows race over the rocks, Sheepstor and Ringmoor, Vixen and Fox.

Lad in the trenches, no need to ask
Whether sometimes your thoughts stray from their day's task.
Though fancy conducts you, I know your feet tread
Earth of this land where you're born and bred.

EDITH DART.

THE FOOL

By T. P. CAMERON WILSON

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



T seems necessary to begin by insisting on the fact that Lenton was a fool. But I maintain that he was the right kind of fool. He stood six feet two in his socks, and knew how to do things with his

hands, which were large and brown and almost miraculously strong. He had a blue eye, too, which frightened the natives when he was angry, and fascinated them at other times. For Lenton had a way with him, and that particular "way" is worth more than many brains when one is dealing with savages, who have much that is feminine in their strangely compounded natures. It is, incidentally, that particular "way" which has given power to the elbow of the British Empire in far places, be she never so blundering.

Lenton, of course, knew nothing of this. He sat, with the lamp-light shining on to those brown hands of his, reading old letters and tearing most of them into little pieces. The warm Pacific night was close round him, pressing in through the open door and bringing with it the distant roar of the surf on the coral reef below. A great jewel-eyed moth went fussily up the lamp-globe.

moth went fussily up the lamp-globe.

"Dear John," said one of the letters,
"will you have lunch with us to-morrow after
church?" He smiled a little crookedly as
he read it. It called up pictures of a squat
grey tower set deep in trees, of a path among
the barley, and a girl in white. It even called
up the hock-cup, and coffee and cigarettes
afterwards on the lawn. For such trivial
things may become sacred memories out
there. He tore the letter up resolutely and
took the next from the pile, for this was to
be a spring-cleaning rigorous and inexorable.
It was a long, absurd letter from his sister

this time, full of the rather clever nonsense that he loved. But it, too, went into the waste-paper basket. His was an essentially English collection. Nearly all the letters were from his own family, nearly all the receipted bills were for golf balls or tennis rackets or tobacco. There were no faded roses or perfumed gloves amongst them, and yet Lenton destroyed them as regretfully, as sentimentally, as any Latin wallowing among the relics of his dead passions. From one envelope a dance programme slipped to the floor, and he would not let it lie there without reading the faintly-pencilled names of his partners, or trying to recall the dance and, characteristically, the supper.

He stooped to pick it up, and stayed suddenly as though frozen there. Just within the circle of lamp-light, quite clear and distinct against the pallor of the grass matting, was a man's hand. It was within three inches of his heel—a brown hand with

broken yellow nails.

For perhaps five seconds Lenton did nothing, and five seconds is a comparatively long time for a man of action to remain inactive in the face of immediate and obvious danger. Then he lifted his foot high into the air and, with the whole of fourteen odd stone behind it, brought it smashing down on to the fingers. Almost in the same second he snatched his automatic from the table, where it lay among his papers, and slipped out of the lamp-light into the shadow.

The whole thing was done very rapidly, and by the time Tumallei, whining like a dog with the agony of his broken fingers, had scrambled from beneath the sofa and taken a step towards the verandah, Lenton was blocking the exit, and he was lost. Tumallei gave it up, sat down on the matting, and wept bitter tears over his crushed hand, while Lenton, smiling a little grimly to himself, locked the door and came back to his seat near the lamp. But first he kicked out of sight under the sofa a great



"Big fella marster Annis need not worry, for they had his enemy now."

razor-edged knife which shone up from the

gloom at his feet.

The Englishman was puzzled. He lit his pipe and smoked for a few moments in silence, watching his captive closely. decided presently that Tumallei was not mad. He was hurt and badly scared, and he was praying furiously that the "big fella marster" would not be cross along him; but he was sane enough, and Lenton could see that his cunning had not yet deserted him, and that, even in the midst of his whimpered litanies, his little yellow eyes turned every now and then to the shadows beneath the sofa, where the great knife with the pearl-shell haft lay hidden. Yet how else was he to account for this attack? He began to question the man, a lean, naked Solomon Islander, with skin disease and a broken nose.

"What name?" he asked, and put so much stern meaning into that elastic bêrhede-mer interrogation that Tumallei fell to whimpering afresh from sheer terror.

He did not know—he was drunk—it was a joke ("gammon along you"). It was anything but the truth till Lenton began to play ostentatiously with his automatic. Then Tumallei knew that his explanation must be either plausible or true, and he sat up on his haunches like a dog, and steadied himself with his uninjured hand as he spoke.

It was "big fella marster Annis," he said, who had told him to murder the Englishman, and who had not only told him, but had actually paid him to do so with biscuits, sticks of tobacco, and meat, which last item Tumallei called by the elegant title of "bullamacow." After which he began to lick the blood from his torn fingers with the air of one who had played his last card, and who took, therefore, no further interest in the proceedings.

"Hans!" scoffed Lenton, and Tumallei looked up in surprise, not understanding. "As though Hans would do a dirty trick like that! You've told your last lie, have you? Well, it's the stupidest of the lot. Get out now, and I'll consider what's to be done

with you to-morrow."

He made an expressive gesture, indicative of slit throats, stood up to unlock the door, and then kicked the howling native through it and out into the night.

He heard his terrified yelps die gradually away under the great white stars. Then he turned again to his "spring-cleaning."

Almost the first letter he picked up was from his brother, still a boy at an English public school. "I made thirty-two not out on Saturday, against Demford's—an awfully sporting crowd——" He read so far and then put the letter down. Why, Hans had been at an English public school! He simply couldn't do a dirty trick like that, even though he was a German! It was a palpable and absurd lie.

Besides, what conceivable reason could Hans have for wishing him dead? Lenton smiled to himself as he remembered that their countries were at war. For Europe was inconceivably distant from this island, which was too small to be even marked on the majority of atlases, and which, though its name had "British" after it in brackets on the charts, was completely and utterly unimportant to anyone but its Tumallei ought to be shot, inhabitants. anyhow, he decided. He fished out the knife from under the sofa and frowned over the carved pearl-shell of its haft as though he read something terrible there. He hated though he knew it was often killing, necessary.

The steady roar of the surf came up from the coral reef, and a little wind moved the flame of his lamp. He felt suddenly lonely. From his window he could see the light in Hans's house on the hill, for Hans was married, and lived on the other side of the valley. He looked at his watch, and then, on a sudden impulse. put out his own lamp and went to the door.

Ten minutes later he stood on the verandah of Hans's bungalow, and heard a voice say "Come in!" to his knock. He went in Above the bungalow the solemn Southern stars hung like clear lamps, and below, in the valley, Tumallei slobbered over his broken finger-bones.

Hans looked up from a map of the world and stared over his pince-nez with just a trace of embarrassment on his face. was nothing essentially German in his He was short and grey and appearance. astonishingly solemn, and his mouth was hidden by a ragged curtain of a moustache. No one had ever known him by any other name than Hans, except the natives, who called him Annis. His wife was pale and compact and very silent. Lenton found them both a little depressing, as a rule, but to-night, somehow, they looked almost jovial by the light of their rose-shaded lamp. He came in and shut the door behind him with an obvious air of relief.

"Got sick of my own company, Mrs.

Hans," he explained. "Hope I'm not going

to be in the way at all."

"But of course not," she said, with her usual slow deliberation, as though reciting a well-learned lesson. "It is with my husband, however, that you must speak, as I was about to retire, and any breakage of the habits makes me not to be sleepy.'

Her English was a continual delight to Lenton, and he was smiling, as he held open the door for her, in a way which disconcerted her a little, though she showed no sort of emotion whatever on her broad and sheep-like She recovered her complacency a moment later when she looked at her watch and found she had retired, in spite of visitors, at precisely the right time. She was very German.

Lenton shut the door and turned round. Hans was watching him inscrutably through his pince-nez. He had one hand tugging at his moustache. With the other he beat, very gently and silently, a devil's tattoo on the map of the world. Lenton plunged into

things headlong.

"Hans," he said, "an absurd thing has happened. Tumallei came to my bungalow to-night, and---" He broke off and laughed.

The German was watching him rather

closely.

" Well?"

"He tried to kill me."

"To kill you?" Hans spoke gravely and steadily, as was his custom, and the Englishman sobered to his tone. This was,

after all, no laughing matter.
"Yes," he said. "He had a bally great He'd have done for me all right if he hadn't been fool enough to leave his hand in the lamp-light. The rest of him was hiding under the sofa." He smiled at the solemn little German, for laughter was never long absent from Lenton's blue eyes, and it seemed to him that Hans took the thing rather too much to heart. He was looking quite pinched and grey about it. Perhaps he was thinking of his wife, poor devil!

There was a moment's silence. Lenton shifted uncomfortably in his chair

and coughed.

"I smashed his hand," he said--- "stamped Tried to make the beggar explain why he'd done it. His—his explanation was a ridiculous lie, of course, but you may as well know it. He said that you had paid him to murder me."

"I?" The little German laughed. eyes never left Lenton's face, but gradually something in his attitude that was tense and expectant relaxed and fell away, leaving him even with a little smile lurking in his eves and behind the ends of his ragged moustache.

"Rot, of course," said Lenton. " Funny what piffling sort of lies they invent, isn't

it? As though-"

He laughed again and began to fill his

Hans heaved a sudden deep sigh, and his fingers ceased to beat their silent tune on the map of the world. For the first time since Lenton's entry he took his eyes from the Englishman's face. It was as though a great weight had been taken from his mind. But Lenton saw nothing of this. He lit his pipe and leaned back in his chair, while the German fetched glasses and a bottle of

whisky. The two of them drank in shence. "So," said the German presently, "you think that I should not pay this Tumallei to But why not? Do you murder you? forget, my friend, that our countries-

"Isn't it a funny thing," interrupted Lenton, ignoring a humour which he found a little heavy—" isn't it a funny thing that if we were in Europe now, we should try to kill each other, probably—all day and all night long, too, with every possible kind of killing machine? And yet here—here the very idea of either of us trying to kill the other is humorous."

"Humorous?" The German shrugged

his shoulders.

"Well, let us say grotesque, then. any rate, the mere idea sounds ridiculous,

"I'm not sure that it does," said Hans. "I'm not sure that I shouldn't be doing my country good by killing you. The island would then be mine—and my country's."

He laughed quietly, as though to himself. "But, joking apart," said Lenton, "can you explain why we'd try to kill each other on the battlefield, and yet simply couldn't do so here? There's a problem for your psychological brain to solve." He sipped at

his whisky and smiled quizzically.

"It only seems grotesque or impossible," said the German, "because we are thinking selfishly and not nationally. If either of us was great enough to sink his own personality utterly for the good of his country, he would murder the other. It would be only a little patriotic duty." The professor, who is hidden somewhere in every educated German, had come suddenly to the surface in him.

"Possibly you're right," said Lenton,

puffing thoughtfully at his pipe. "But neither you nor I could do it, and, if we did do it, we'd do it ourselves, and not pay others to. That's where Tumallei came a cropper. He lied from the native's point of view, not understanding that no European would do things just in that style."

"Why are you so certain that no European

would pay another to kill his enemy?"

"Well, no *Englishman* would, Hans, and you're more than half English, you know, so we're both fairly safe. By Jove, if a friend of mine did a thing like that——"

" Well?

Lenton shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he said. "I think I should feel he was—a damned soul!"

There was a moment's silence. The German sucked at his pipe.

"Just because he broke a law in some

obscure code or other?"

"Obscure code, your grandmother!" snorted Lenton. "Either a man's a sportsman or he isn't. And there's nothing else to be said about it. You're a funny old blighter, Hans! You always argue about mere abstract matters as if they really applied to us. As though you could ever do anyone a dirty trick!"

He stood up to go.

"Why, you were at an English public school!" he added, as he opened the door.

"I am a German," said Hans simply.

Lenton laughed at his gravity.
"Good night, old man," he said.
"Good night," said the German.

He stood there for some minutes after Lenton had gone, staring out into the darkness, with one hand resting on a crumpled map of the world.

II.

A WEEK later Lenton was lying on his back in the white shingle. Above him was the eternal blue of the sky, and at his feet the great curtain of the sea stretched out to the horizon—a deep and burning blue like the flame of a candle where salt has been sprinkled. A gull wheeled up against it, almost incandescent in its extreme whiteness, and all about him the beach glowed like hot snow.

"Nothing grey or green," said Lenton to himself, "nothing wet with decent English rain! And year in, year out, that same dumb, mad, horizon!" He looked out over the sea and tried in vain to pierce the blue glare of it and catch a glimpse of Merry Island,

which was visible, very rarely, as a dim green feather of palms against the sky.

"For two pins," said Lenton, "I'd paddle myself across and have done with this place. I want England. I want to fight. For

two pins——"

The thought had occurred to him before, and with an almost irresistible attraction, but he had dismissed it as hopeless. Not that Merry Island was inaccessible. It could, indeed, be gained with comparative ease, for a current ran westward through the calm sea like a great river through a plain. An hour's paddling would bring a catamaran into its swift influence, and thenceforth Merry Island would seem to grow clearer and nearer with startling rapidity. It was the return journey that set your muscles aching.

But Lenton had ties that bound him to the island. To begin with, he earned his living by it. They had jeered at him so often at home—told him he was a waster, a ne'er-do-well, prophesied that this venture would end as all the others had ended—in an ignominious return, and the same old request for funds. His father had said things that hurt last time, and Lenton had stuck to his cocoa-nuts and his "island produce "—which included a few stray pearls —with a grim determination that had rather astonished himself. He simply would not go home till he had made money, and he was making money slowly. Even war did not shake his purpose to "hang on and make good," for the War seemed very far and unreal, and he had all the Englishman's rather arrogant faith in his country's ability to smash half the world with one hand behind her back.

And there was Hans. Hans was a sort of partner. It needed two white men at least to carry on the work, and somehow Lenton always felt a little mean when he thought of deserting the German. He pictured, too, the consternation of "Mrs. Hans," with her pale, fat face and her Teutonic exclamations of dismay.

No, he must stick to his guns.

He turned over on to his side and looked up at the green, palm-fringed island that he loved and loathed.

His bungalow seemed half buried in vegetation, but he could just see the white wall of it through a gap in the green tangle of shrubs and creeper. It was like a pale, friendly face, he thought, staring at him. He saw a native cross the gap, and then another, and another. He sat up. It was

no unusual sight, this procession of men past his house, for they came up once a week from the store-hut on the eastern side of the island, carrying supplies for the week—a kind of black and jabbering caravanserai. But this was not "store day," and these men were moving stealthily, crouching as they went.

Lenton swore quietly to himself. He had been a fool, he told himself, to let Tumallei off. He ought to have shot him out of hand. This was an insurrection, and the

brutes meant business.

A little to his left, the green tangle of vegetation which the island wore, like an untidy mop of hair, grew to the very edge of the beach. He crawled cautiously towards its shelter, watching that tell-tale gap above him as he moved.

The sun-baked shingle burned to his touch, and he thought again longingly, even in the midst of his excitement, of England

and of dew-wet lawns.

In the shadow of a shrub he sat and swore at his own foolishness in not dealing summarily with Tumallei, and while he swore he watched the island. It lay silent and beautiful in the sun. A great red-and-gold butterfly went noiselessly past him. He heard a man shout on the far side of the hill. Down the valley that lay between his house and the German's a little stream ran, with a faint, musical chuckle, to the sea.

He tried to think, but the whole lazy, sun-soaked atmosphere of the place seemed to lay a drowsy spell on him. It was impossible to imagine that those poorspirited, bovine Solomon Islanders up there were plotting active evil. He half smiled at the thought. Anyhow, he had only to stand up and walk some two hundred yards along the beach, and there would be his catamaran, ready to take him instantly out of danger and into his heart's desire. If only—if only—

Something moved far up the valley. He saw a black, evil head peer round a bush and then draw back. And quite suddenly he realised an awful thing. They were moving towards Hans—Hans and his wife! Lenton was very white when he stood up, but his mind was made up, and there was a light in those blue eyes of his that would

have made Tumallei whimper afresh.

Tumallei was very pleased with life just at that moment. He was talking to Hans, and Hans was promising him almost untold wealth. The German had long ago given up bêche-de-mer as an almost impossible

language, but he made Tumallei understand somehow that Lenton must be killed as soon as possible. There are certain unmistakable

gestures. . .

Tumallei promised that this time he would not fail. He held up all the fingers of both hands twice, and pointed into the valley to indicate that he was not on this occasion alone in his enterprise. He also did things with his knife which made the German feel a little sick. For clever German philosophers who justify evil—and there were, perhaps, a dozen of them on Hans's book-shelves—are not always able to make it appear delectable.

"Go!" said Hans, and Tumallei turned

to go

There was a swish of branches, and up from the hollow below the German's garden came Lenton, white but very calm. Tumallei just managed to slip out of sight in time, by falling flat on to his stomach and then rolling sideways over the edge of the hill. Once out of sight, he grinned to himself, like an evil black fox, and slipped fox-like down the hillside to his waiting fellows.

Lenton saw nothing unusual about the German. He was not an observant man.

"Hans," he said breathlessly, "they're after us! I saw them pass my bungalow—about thirty of them. They were in the valley five minutes ago."

It seemed to him that the German was

staring at him rather stupidly.

"For Heaven's sake, wake up, man!" he said explosively. "Your wife—— They may be here any minute. They're out for blood, though Heaven knows what's upset them! Come!"

He took the German's arm and tried to drag him towards the house, but Hans stood there staring at him.

"You came up to—to warn me?" he said

slowly.

"Of course I did," said Lenton. He was furious at this gross stupidity. "Come on into the house. We must barricade——"

Tumallei slipped like a shadow from the shadows, and behind him came the whole foul pack, with something indescribably sinister and animal in their crouching attitudes and almost wistful eagerness. It would not have seemed surprising to Lenton had they whined, as they came, like hungry dogs.

He leapt back to the verandah, shouting to Hans as he went, but the German did

not move.

Lenton found himself fronting a circle of grinning faces and naked knives. And still he did not understand—not even though they had ignored his partner, and left him standing unharmed outside the circle.

"Hans!" he called.

The German turned and looked at him, and in the same instant Tumallei shouted out that big fella marster Annis need not worry, for they had his enemy now, safe under their knives.

And then Lenton understood.

For one awful moment he stared into those grave eyes, and saw in their depths such hells as are not dreamt of even in German philosophies, and then he acted. With one He was like a wounded bull. smashing blow of his fist he caught Tumallei under the chin and broke his jaw. slit his coat-sleeve open from shoulder to elbow, but while its owner was still smiling, Lenton wrenched it from his hand, and the man felt the razor-edge of it bite deep into the muscles of his neck. His very scream disarmed the more cowardly of his fellows, and Lenton heard them crashing through the undergrowth, and exulted.

"Play up, schoo-o-o-ol!" he shouted.

They were backing away from him now in a wavering semicircle, but the fight was by no means over. The light was beginning to go, and he knew that at any moment now it might be suddenly dark, with only the stars to see the finish.

Someone threw a knife, and it caught him

a glancing blow on the thigh.

He laughed, and leapt at the nearest crouching figure for vengeance. The man was coughing presently in the dust at his feet. And suddenly it was night, and there were stars.

Lenton, with a swift rush, gained the deep obscurity of the creeper-tangled hollow below the garden, wriggled like a snake through the undergrowth, and lay silent. He saw the stars come swiftly out of the blue night above him, and he thanked God. Of Hans he did not allow himself to think at all.

Presently he crept down the slope of the hill, pausing at intervals to listen. The beach gleamed through the palm-stems like snow in the starlight, and against the dim phosphorescent sea he saw the little shadow that was his boat.

An hour later he was laughing exultantly, like a happy school-boy, to feel the tug of the strong current below him, sweeping him westward to Merry Island.

But Hans did not know.

He went to the edge of his garden and stared down into the darkness.

"Lenton!" he called. "Lenton!"

A wind came up from the sea and moved softly about him, touching his face very gently, as a child might. But no one answered. The whole air seemed to him to be ringing still with that absurd war-cry of "Play up, school!" It brought him a hundred memories—of the crowded touchline, of mud-stained players on the field. He could almost hear the quick, joyous thud of the ball, and smell the trodden turf.

"Lenton!" he called again.

And in the silence that followed he heard the most awful sound of his life—it was his own deep, reluctant sobbing.

WATER MUSIC.

ROM the hill-places untrodden, Softer than silence, lo, The songs fall sweet and sudden Love would have us know.

Down from heights austere, Through sunlit woods and past Field and garden, here They have come at last. Pure as mountain snow— Whence their love was born— Swift is the passionate flow Boulder and tree have torn.

Clear their sound and deep, Like the waterfall, Singing, as on they sweep, "Love has made us all."

NORMAN HUGH ROMANES.

THE ALLY

By WILLIAM WESTRUP

Illustrated by Charles Crombie



HE man who had been left behind stared stolidly at the cloud of dust and sand marking the passage of the column, and troubled himself not at all about the immediate present. To a certain extent he was a hero, for

the loneliness of that sandy desert was appalling, and he was likely to be there several days before he could carry out his

appointed task.

He sat down with his back against a stunted, wind-racked thorn tree, and produced a large-bowled pipe such as his nation loves. For he was a typical German, from his flaxen hair and china-blue eyes to the soles of his clumsy feet. He sat there, outwardly placid, but inwardly raging, as his comrades ploughed through the desert towards Windhuk. Inland, ever inland they marched, while the virile, ill-fed, and ill-clad amateur army from South Africa pushed relentlessly after them.

The man left alone in that vast solitude almost wept with rage as he ran over in his mind the incidents of the past few He had seen the Union troops weeks. land at Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht, had watched for many days the unhappy Second Imperial Light Horse encamped on Whale Island. For he spoke English without the trace of an accent, and it had not been difficult to avoid detection among the everincreasing numbers of troops. He had just worn a khaki shirt, short khaki knickers and putties, and there were thousands of men similarly clad. Moreover, he knew exactly where the various units were stationed, and could always have told a plausible tale had he been questioned, which he was not. very boldness carried him through, and many of the men knew him quite well by sight, and thought he belonged to—well, of course,

he belonged to any regiment of which they themselves did not happen to form part.

Then had come the advance. The now solitary watcher had gloried in that, for the way had been well prepared, and he pictured the havoc wrought by land mines, and the wells poisoned with sheep-dip, and the weary miles of absolutely waterless desert that had to be traversed. Also there were spots naturally fortified by Nature and strengthened by men, and here the presumptuous army of the Union would be awaited and dealt with

But the advance went on. Those amateur soldiers—bearded Boers from the backveldt, young Colonial farmers accustomed to shift for themselves, enthusiastic youths from the towns throughout South Africa—declined to be daunted by the heart-breaking obstacles in their way. Many mine-fields had been located in time, and other solitary watchers, left behind to explode them at the right moment, had paid the penalty. Men wellnigh crazed with thirst had held themselves in check when the poisoned wells were encountered, and had waited till their pitiful allowance of lukewarm water, sent up from the base, had been issued to them. The infantry had marched through the desert like veterans, living on a ration cut down to a couple of biscuits a day, and asking only to come up with the enemy and have a brush with him.

So it had gone on, week after week. And the cunningly fortified places had proved useless. Always, when it seemed that at last those half-starved but grimly earnest pursuers would have to make a frontal attack against a position strongly fortified, word brought in by scouts had spoilt the carefully laid plans for their reception, and always the word was the same. Mounted troops under So-and-so had worked round behind them, and they were in imminent danger of being surrounded and forced to surrender.

So the weary retreat went on, and after it

pressed the now ragged and disreputable but still intensely game amateur soldiers.

No wonder the solitary German swore bitterly as he ran over the incidents in his mind. Three strongly entrenched positions had they abandoned without firing a shot. He thought of the work those entrenchments had entailed, and all for nothing. In each case, when they knew that the enemy in front was but a short distance away, that fateful word had come, "You are in danger of being surrounded," and back they had had to move.

But this time there would be a price to pay. The solitary watcher had seen that all arrangements were perfect, and there would be no mistake. Hitherto the mines had proved almost useless. The contact ones had failed miserably, and the men left in charge of the others had either acted too soon or not at all. This time it would be different.

He looked out over the shimmering sand and smiled grimly. There was a natural roadway between two lines of dunes and low, rocky hills, and the roadway had been carefully prepared. Not a sign showed on its soft and dazzling surface, but beneath was concentrated death for hundreds. had but to touch the switches at the right time, in their right order, and hell would be let loose. Those others had lost their nerve as the moment approached, but he would be different. He had a score to settle with the accursed British, and afterwards he could always pretend he was an escaped prisoner from Windhuk, or a member of one of the units forming the advance. He knew the ropes thoroughly well.

He walked to the brow of one of the dunes, and nodded appreciatively at the shelter that had been contrived for him. was very neatly scooped out, so as to leave no sign at all in front, and an ingenious sort of blind of tarpaulin, painted to resemble the rocks round about, and plastered with sand, could be let down at the back, so as to entirely shelter him from chance patrols and scouts that worked away from the main In front he could peer through a little opening amid the wiry desert grass, tufts of which dotted the dunes hereabouts. From that opening he could see all that was necessary for his purpose. He would wait till the leading files were over the mine nearest to him, when he would touch the first switch. The rest would close up, expecting an attack, or, perhaps, merely bewildered. Then he would use such other

switches as were calculated to work most execution, till all the mines had been exploded. There were inconspicuous stones and other trifles on that natural roadway which told him all he wanted to know as to where the various mines were concealed.

He chuckled to himself as he thought of the harvest of death he would cause. It might be that the accursed troops from the Union would appear to-morrow, or it might be in a week's time. What mattered it? His little dug-out was well stocked with provisions, he had a small barrel of water, six bottles of beer, and two of wine. Also there was tobacco in plenty, and several illustrated papers of somewhat ancient date. He would be quite happy and comfortable, and, when it was all over, he would doubtless reap the reward that would be his due.

With a last look over the abomination of desolation that encircled him on all sides, he went down on hands and knees and crawled into his shelter. The sun was sinking, and very soon the bitter wind of evening would be moaning shrilly amid the dunes; but in that snug retreat of his he would be warm enough, and it might be that even on the morrow his chance would come.

It was on the third day that they came. The German, already weary of his vigil, but still fiercely determined, had been scouting down the line of little hills on the far side of the valley, and a cloud of dust on the horizon told him all he wanted to know. With an exclamation of savage joy, he turned and hurried back to his observation post. Down the rocky slope of the hills he clattered, across that natural roadway that was so soon to be filled with dead and dying men, and so to the sand mound where he could lie snug and unseen.

But even as he was about to drop on his hands and knees to enter the shelter, he checked abruptly and hastily stepped back. There, lying right across the threshold, still but ominous in the burning heat of the sun, was a large snake. It was the first sign of life he had seen in the three days of his vigil, and he had heard many tales of what happened to men bitten by snakes. But how was he to get to his switches with that gruesome sentinel on guard?

He looked round hastily for something with which to attack it, but the soft sand was all about him. A bit of a stick would have served his purpose, but sticks are not common in the desert, and his revolver was inside the shelter.

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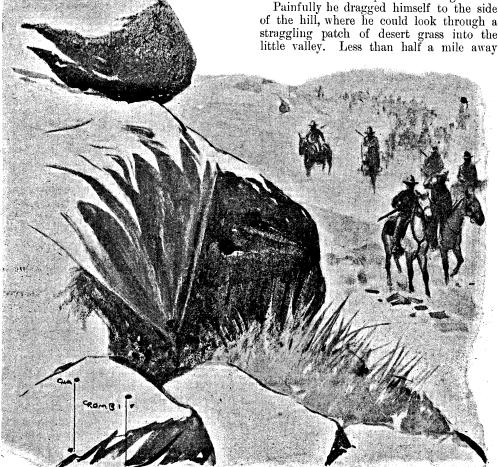
move so much and so noiselessly. There was just the faintest scratching sound occasionally, but, for the most part, it just seemed to glide and twist as though it were

He fell to cursing and raving again, beating upon the burning sand with clenched

and now this! Oh, if he had thrown that fatal rock more accurately-anything rather than what had occurred. In a little while—why, the scouts must be water flowing in a deep bed.

in the valley by now! Some of them would be sure to work round behind his little hill -he cursed them viciously, knowing the thoroughness of their methods—and he would be in full view. They would shoot him like a dog, for they seldom missed, and he would have accomplished nothing.

of the hill, where he could look through a straggling patch of desert grass into the little valley. Less than half a mile away



and it turned and struck like lightning at his bare arm."

In a little while—in a very little while—it would be too late! magnificent mines, so cunningly contrived and so potent for death, would fail in their mission. If only the snake would cease its twistings and turnings for a few seconds, so that he might have a fair chance to grasp it! It was too bitterly unfair, that's what it was! All his labour, all his solitary vigil,

he saw four horsemen on his side of the dip, and there were more on the rocky kopjes The main body of troops was beyond. coming on doggedly, formation lacking, arms carried anyhow, but always pushing on. Who were these ragged, untaught civilians that they should presume to drive before the magnificent troops of the Fatherland? In his rage he nearly stood erect to defy them, for the whole world was seething madly in his sun-tortured brain.

He checked himself with a desperate effort. Perhaps it was not yet too late. Perhaps the snake was dead or gone, and he could carry out the scheme of vengeance, after all. There was still time, and it would be perhaps ten minutes before he was in real danger of being discovered behind his little hill. If once he could crawl into his den, they could search round as they liked, for there was nothing to distinguish it from the sand all around. Had not he himself seen to its careful disguising? And they would be suspecting nothing.

The medicine of hope gave him a transitory flash of strength, and he crept swiftly to the hidden den. Within it the snakes still twisted and turned noiselessly, unspeakably evil, forming itself into strange and ever-changing shapes and figures—

figures of death.

And at that it was as though something snapped in his brain, and he snarled in a beast-like way as he lunged forward. His outstretched hand caught the writhing snake round the thick of its body, and it turned and struck like lightning at his bare arm. Twice it struck, and then, as he sought to grasp it with his other hand, its head shot up, and he felt the darting pain of its fangs in his cheek.

He released it suddenly and rolled back. Just for a moment he sat upright, a look of awful horror and anguish on his face. Then he clutched wildly at his heart, gave a little,

choking cry, and fell forward.

* * * * *

Down in the valley entrance Trooper Van Bruyn, of Somebody's Horse, reined in his tired mount and pointed.

tired mount and pointed.
"See that, Alf?" he asked.
Trooper Johnson nodded.

"Yes—vulture," he said. "Wish I was a vulture, anyhow. Better than living on two biscuits a day. We'd better go gahli" and work round a bit. If there's something dead, there must have been something alive not long ago, and something alive means the bally Germans."

So the two of them made a detour to the right, while two more rode among the dunes immediately adjoining the valley. There were yet two more on the far side, and

others beyond them again.

And in a little while they espied the figure of a man lying on his face in the sand, and advanced cautiously, rifles ready, to see what it betokened.

"Dead as a door-nail," said Trooper Johnson without emotion, when he had made a brief examination. And then: "Hullo! Here's his kennel."

He peered in and drew back hurriedly.

"Gosh!" he cried. "A whopping great make!"

"Ah!" said his half-section. "You see that this man has been bitten."

"Has he? Serve the beggar right. There's some sort of trap here, Van. Look at those switches in there. Mines, my boy; and if it hadn't been for that snake——"

Van Bruyn, peering intently within the dug-out, extended his hand, grasped the snake quickly, and jerked it out.

"You bally idiot!" yelled Johnson, jumping

wildly aside.

"Man, it's all right," said Van Bruyn calmly, as he crushed the life from the snake with his heel. "This is what you call a ground snake, and quite harmless."

"Eh? Then what about the German?"

Van Bruyn shrugged his shoulders.

"Who shall say?" he replied, tugging thoughtfully at his straggling beard. "It may be that he was just frightened, or perhaps it was the sun. It is lucky he didn't catch us with his mines, eh?"

Trooper Johnson was fiddling about in

he den.

"Regular power station," he observed.
"We'll have to check the column till some of the Engineer fellows can come up and disconnect all this truck. There must be dozens of mines."

"Yes. A fine place for them, you see—once we were all cooped up in the

valley, eh?"

"I dare say. Poisonous beasts, aren't they? But, gosh, here's a full bottle of beer! Two! And some tinned stuff. Here, Van, get at it before any of the other beggars come up. Heavens, I'd give all my back pay for this to happen every day!"

He backed out, and knocked the head off

one bottle with his stirrup-iron.

"Get it down quick, Van," he said, "and

then we'll signal the others."

He turned towards the dead German and waved the bottle at him. There was nothing contemptuous in the gesture. Death was a matter of small moment in a country such as this.

"I dare sav you did your best, old chap," he said. "Here's luck!"

^{*} Carefully.

THE BLIND SEE

By E. R. PUNSHON

Illustrated by A. Gilbert



HOUGH Chris Palmer was certainly among the most fortunate of men, though on him it seemed that Nature had lavished every gift, in making him clever, handsome, attractive, capable,

cheerful, though he was married to a woman whose face was as lovely as her disposition was sweet, though he had two as bonny little children as a proud parent could delight in, yet people often spoke of him with sympathy and pity as "poor Chris Palmer." there was one blot upon the shield of his content. His lovely and accomplished wife was blind, and, save for the first few months of her life, had never seen at all.

The gross stupidity of a nurse had cost the child her eyesight when she was not quite two years of age. No medical skill was of any avail, and doctors say that she

will never see again.

But there is a story about that. It isn't credible and it isn't possible, and no one believes it except Chris and his wife and me and—and a man who is now working out a

long term of penal servitude.

It is not a story Chris tells. Naturally, he doesn't care to be taken as romancing on such a subject as his wife's misfortune. The first hint I had of it was when he said one day, in allusion to some expression of sympathy—

"Her blindness once saved my life."

Another time something was said about it being such a pity that Mrs. Palmer had never seen the really charming garden in which their house stood, and the exquisite view beyond. Chris said--

"The has seen it-once."

No one quite liked to ask him what he meant, but afterwards our local doctor

remarked on how strange it was that Mr. Palmer would insist that once his wife had seen both garden and view.

"Of course, everyone is a bit mad somewhere," he observed, in his best scientific manner, "and that is Mr. Palmer's little delusion—quite a harmless one, fortunately."
"But," I said, "mayn't he mean she saw

it as a child? She wasn't born blind."

"No, but she was born fifty miles away, and was never in this neighbourhood before their marriage; she told me that herself," answered the doctor. "It's just a little insane spot, like the blind spot we all have." Then he grew scientific again.

I'm not a scientific person myself, and the doctor's theories only bored me. Besides, Chris didn't strike me as being insane, even in spots—far from it. But certainly his assertion that Mrs. Palmer had seen the garden and the view beyond puzzled me.

Very likely it was a somewhat impertinent curiosity that made me one afternoon, a little later—when I was alone with Mrs. Palmer in the garden, where she was giving me a cup of tea-begin to talk about the beauty of our surroundings and of the view beyond. She certainly seemed to know exactly what it was all like, as she turned her lovely sightless eyes from one point to another, and even drew my attention to details I had overlooked. It was hard to believe that she did not see what she spoke about with such feeling. Of course, I suppose that really it was nothing to be surprised at, since, no doubt, everything had been described to her over and over again. But at the same time her talk was very detailed, and had a quality of glow and vividness hard to understand. She had been blind for practically all her life—since one's memories before one is two years old hardly count in one's experience—and yet she seemed to understand light and colour in a way that people blind from birth seldom do. I think she felt this, for she said in almost the words Chris had used to me—

"You know I have seen once, though I never shall again."

I did not like to ask any questions, though my curiosity was certainly aroused. But I got Chris alone one day, and I asked him point-blank.

He hesitated a little.

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me," he said.

"One seldom does when a thing's true," I remarked.

Finally he told me, and here's the story. I believe it, as I said before; but no one else is obliged to, and there is no explanation.

Mrs. Palmer's maiden name was Joyce, and as Miss Joyce she had fully intended never to marry. Her idea was to retire into some religious community when circumstances made that possible. She was always very cheerful and happy, in spite of her affliction, and certainly her music was a great consolation. She was a wonderful player, and would spend hours at the piano, entirely forgetting, and making everyone else forget, her misfortune. Blind as she was, there were plenty of suitors for her hand; but she would listen to none of them, declaring she would inflict on no man the burden of a blind wife.

"I can bear it myself very easily," she said, "for I have so much to be thankful for, but anyone else would soon come to feel it a burden."

Then Chris came on the scene, and he set himself to win her. She refused him steadily for three years, but he knew what he wanted, and he meant to get it. In the end she yielded. She would have yielded before, I think, had she loved him less.

She had made herself quite ill, for certainly his siege had been persistent and relentless; but when it was all settled, she soon recovered her health, and in due course they were married, and came to their present residence to settle down.

I am sure they were both very happy.

In spite of her affliction, Mrs. Palmer proved herself a highly competent house-keeper, and servants—as new ones sometimes did—who tried to take advantage of her were soon disillusioned. She could tell as well as anyone if the drawing-room had been properly dusted, for instance, and it was she who first found out that the butler was indulging in sundry peculations.

She accused the man to his face, and he was rude to her, very rude. Chris was an

even-tempered man, and gentle and quiet in his ways, but that upset him altogether, though I must admit he went a little too far. The magistrates said they were afraid he had been really much too severe, and very certainly Mrs. Palmer would never have permitted him to go to anything like such extremes had she had the least idea of what was happening. But, you see, Chris smiled on the fellow and spoke him fair, and took him into the garden, well out of hearing, and then set to work and flogged him till he dropped where he stood. There is no doubt Chris went too far, and he was lucky to get off with a fine. He didn't mind in the least—in fact, he at once presented the magistrates with twice the amount of the fine as a contribution to their poor-box.

No more was heard of the butler for some time. After he came out of hospital, he sent Chris a threatening letter, which Chris threw in the fire at once, and never even troubled to mention to the police. The fellow meant it, however. He had really been very soundly thrashed, he knew the fine Chris had paid meant nothing at all, and he knew also he would never get employment in a decent house again. His face was permanently marked, for one thing, I believe, where the lash of the whip had caught it while he struggled to escape.

I suppose Chris and most other people had entirely forgotten the affair when he turned up again. It was one Sunday, and Chris and his wife were alone after their midday dinner. They dined at one on Sundays, and had a cold meal they called supper at night. Mrs. Palmer did exquisite crochet work, and she was busy with some, while Chris read aloud, and all at once, and for no visible cause, she appeared to grow measy.

She said at first that she thought there was going to be a storm; but Chris only laughed, for the sky was perfectly clear. She insisted that she could feel thunder in the air, and he went to look at the glass in the hall. He came back, and said it was perfectly steady, and that there wasn't a cloud to be seen.

Still she showed herself uneasy. Chris described to me very graphically how she turned her beautiful sightless eyes one way and another, and seemed to scent the air with her delicate, quivering nostrils as you may see a frightened deer do.

"My dear child, what is the matter with

vou?" Chris said.

She lifted her hand and pointed

"There is a man there, behind that bush," she said.

Chris turned and stared with all his eyes. "How do you know?" he said, imagining

Chris jumped up at once and walked towards the bush to which she had pointed.

As he came near, the butler showed himself. He bowed and scraped and whined,



"'Take care, Chris! He is holding an open knife behind his back!""

she had heard some sound and mistaken it, perhaps, for a footstep.

"I saw him," she answered.

At the moment this astounding statement did not, it seems, strike either her or him as in any way remarkable.

and began a long tale about being nearly starving, and would Chris give him some help, even if he wouldn't take him back.

"I certainly shall not take you back," said Chris decisively.

He knew he had given the fellow a severe

punishment, and he had it in his mind to offer to pay his fare to one of the Dominions, where he could, perhaps, make a fresh start in life. Unfortunately, he did not say so, but stood considering, while the ex-butler went on whining for help and gradually edging nearer and nearer.

"Oh, stop that whining!" said Chris

impatiently.

All the time the scoundrel was getting nearer and nearer. Chris had his hands deep in his pockets, and stood absolutely defenceless to any sudden attack. He suspected nothing. Mrs. Palmer had come a step or two towards them, and then stood still. At Chris's sharp order the ex-butler stopped his whining, but he came a little nearer yet, and in doing so, in edging round, he turned his back to Mrs. Palmer, of whom, knowing her to be blind, he took no notice. But she called out at once, very loudly and clearly—

"Take care, Chris! He is holding an open

knife behind his back!"

Chris says that still for the moment he did not think it strange, or wonder how she could tell; but the ex-butler whipped round like a flash, and he was very pale.

"How do you know?" he cried. "God,

she sees!" he screamed.

"I see the knife in your hand," she answered.

Chris saw it, too, now, and forthwith he knocked the fellow down and took the thing away from him-an ugly-looking weapon it was, too. Chris has it still, and he showed it to me after he had finished his story. He kicked the fellow off the place, and warned him that he would be given in charge if he came near again for any reason whatever. Luckily, he had no cause to feel worried about him much longer, as shortly afterwards the man was arrested on a very serious charge and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. It was only after Chris had seen the would-be murderer safely off the place that he began to wonder. Going back to his wife, he said to her—

"How did you know?"

"For the moment I saw," she answered.

As I said before, there's no explanation. The doctors still insist that she will never see again. Whether her sight was given to her for the moment by a direct act of Divine mercy, as she believes, or whether she knew what was happening through some obscure, unknown sixth sense, I cannot tell. But this I do know—that she knows what the garden is like, and the view beyond, and the play of light and shade upon the hills, and the colour of it all in a way that is very rare in a person born blind. She says, in explanation, that she has a good memory.

THE DREAMING HEART.

I'LL place you in my dreams, and you shall be Undying youth, unfailing strength to me; And all your grace and boldness gathered up, Like roses brimming in a silver cup.

Time shall not reach that vision, nor efface Its flash, its longing, from your eager face; You shall ride joyously across the years, Nor fear for me, nor learn to dread my fears.

What if the dream pass with each passing night? It shall not fade, nor tarnish with the light; Its charm shall hold me faster. Naught shall part Your youth and splendour from my dreaming heart.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

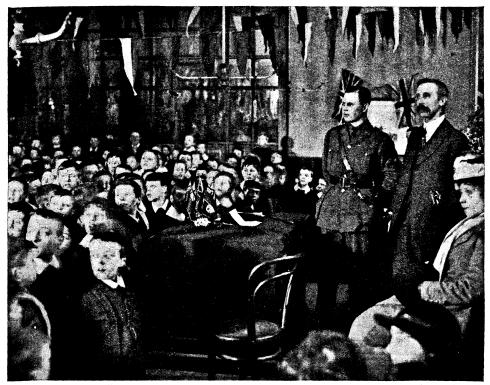


Photo by] [Central Press. LIEUTENANT LEACH, V.C., REVISITING MOSTON LANE SCHOOLS, MANCHESTER, WHERE HE WAS EDUCATED.

HEROES OF THE V.C.

FURTHER SPLENDID RECORDS OF THE SUPREME AWARD FOR BRAVERY

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

In writing of the achievements of yet a third group of heroes of the Victoria Cross, one is impressed once more with the extent to which the theme demands a special meed of sympathetic insight, for without this the reader will fail to appreciate the highest levels to which the human spirit can soar. A war of millions is this. Prodigal provision of murderous engines and shiploads of high explosive. War in the clouds, hand-to-hand killing in the wintry ditch.

War with every resource of malign science; the engineer's aid and the electrician's, besides that of every civilised calling, from miner to laboratory magician. The Royal Society is helping, so is the French Institute, the scholar, too, and the inventor. The chemist is busy with bombs, and ways and means to baffle the "green death" of poison and the fire-squirt's sheet of flame that burns men alive.

The greatest of nations, the richest in genius and treasure, are now locked in desperate conflict, and vie with one another in slaughterous devising. Bear this in mind, and let fancy conjure scenes which may not be described, as Sir Ian Hamilton hinted in his Suvla Bay dispatch: "That series of struggles in which generals fought in the ranks, and men dropped their scientific

weapons and caught one another by the throat.".

"At such moments as these," the same brilliant commander reminds us, "life becomes intensified. Men become supermen, and the impossible becomes simple." As when a boy not yet of age, and with only one companion, recovers a whole trench from the foe, blazing irresistible way from zigzag to zigzag, killing eight Germans, mortally wounding two more, and taking sixteen prisoners!

Such was the feat of young Lieutenant James Leach, of the Manchesters, who, with Sergeant Hegan, volunteered for this deadly work at Festubert, after two gallant attempts to regain our position had failed with great loss. The photograph here reproduced shows a scene which must profoundly affect the rising generation. Young Leach revisits his old school in Manchester, and hears the headmaster, Mr. A. Mercer, express his pride to the boys, pointing out the young officer as a shining example of heroic duty. "Who dies if England lives?"

Enlisting in the ranks, James Leach rose in six weeks from corporal to sergeant, and thence to a commission, crowning all with the supreme award, "For Valour." One likes the home-coming of these lads—the civic honours and presentations, the fireside fighting of their battles o'er again, though none, not even themselves, can quite analyse the supreme exaltation of battle, when Death has no sting at all, and earth smokes with blood.

"I found myself," a V.C. told me in hospital, "in a wild, roaring hurly-burly of shouting officers and cursing men. I let drive with the bayonet this way and that, but in places the ditch is too narrow, so it comes to knives and a ghastly hail of hand-flung bombs. The crash and 'c-r-r-r-rump' of shells, too—I thought my ear-drums would burst! The very ground upheaved in flame, swaying and belching black smoke and sandbags and the bodies of men.

"I got an awful thirst, I remember. My tongue rustled in my mouth like dry straw. You've no clear image while the fever lasts. There's intoxication in battle, then a sobering that makes you sick. But it's got to be done."

"It's got to be done!" That is the keynote of it all. And done cheerily, as Sir Ian Hamilton noted in the desert epic of Anzac. "The joyous alacrity with which they faced wounds and death—as if they

were some new form of exciting recreation—has astonished me." Witness Private Bam, the industrial school-boy, who, with eleven

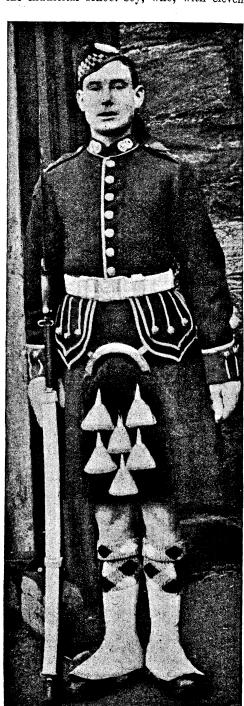


Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.

PRIVATE BAM, V,Ç.

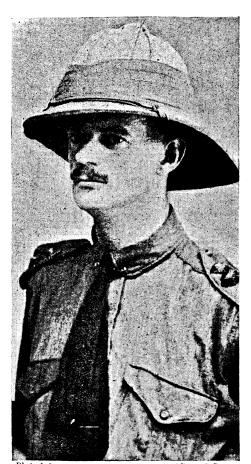


Photo by]

[Central Press.

CAPTAIN DIMMER, V.C.

others, was asked to hold a certain position at all costs at the murderous battle of Loos.

One after another these men went down, till Bam alone stood erect, fighting superbly, though badly wounded, as the sole survivor. "It's got to be done," the last man says. "My section exists no more," mourns Lieutenant J. H. Dimmer, of the King's Royal Rifles. He was machine-gun officer at Klein Zillbeke that dread October day, when the Prussian Guard rolled in on us in waves not to be denied.

"We did our job only too well when they got into us. Section and guns have gone, and I, their leader, am knocked out. My face is torn with splinters. There's a bullet in it, too, and four holes in my shoulder. . . . I don't want to come home. We want all our officers, and I'm the last one left. So I've begged to remain. I'm not blinded, nor is my jaw smashed." Picture this young hero streaming with blood from face and

body—the only officer of his battalion left alive, yet serving his gun till he, too, fell unconscious beside the brazen wreck.

Of his men Lieutenant Dimmer wrote to a lady: "They are too splendid for words!" And to save their officers the men will dare death over and over again. Here's Thomas Kenny, of the Durhams, a man with a wife and seven children, and the spirit of an heroic boy. He was out on patrol one foggy November night with his officer, Lieutenant Brown. A counter-patrol of Germans spied them and opened fire from a ditch, shooting Brown through both thighs.

For over an hour Kenny crawled through the thick mist with the wounded officer on his back, heavily and repeatedly fired upon by the merciless foe who followed. "Put me down and go on alone!" Kenny would not, although fast becoming exhausted. At last he came to a ditch he knew, and here laid his burden aside, tender as a woman with her child.

After much hunting and a hundred narrow shaves, Kenny came upon another officer of his battalion and a few men, out on listening post. He led them back to the rescue, and once more staggered on with his beloved officer—this time to safety, though followed by a large body of Germans bent upon destruction with rifles and even machineguns, to say nothing of grenades and bombs hurled at the party from a distance of only thirty yards. "Private Kenny's pluck, endurance, and devotion to duty"—his record justly says—"were beyond all praise."

But who shall record or weigh the heroism shown in this War, acts unmarked by any V.C., or D.S.O., or Military Cross? Death itself has beauty beyond words. "Thanks for the morphia," murmured Colonel Maclean, of the Gordons. "And now, my boy, your place is not here. Go about your duty." These were his last words to the loval subaltern. Those of Basil Moon (son of Mr. Ernest Moon, counsel to the Speaker) were contained in a note to Lord Robson, his superior officer. Young Moon was "sorry to be out of action." exploding bomb had blown off the lower half of this heroic subaltern's face! young Carmichael (Machine - Gun Section) his sergeant says: "He earned the V.C. fifty times over. A more gallant leader or fearless man never led on the field of battle." Yet he was but a boy of twenty-one, who left Cambridge in June of 1914.

On the other hand, Corporal John Ripley,

V.C., of the Black Watch, is a man of forty-seven—a dramatic figure high upon the enemy's parapet, directing his men in a voice of thunder through gaps in the barbed wire. Then down into the foe's second-line trench with eight followers, arranging a fire-position and blocking both flanks till all his boys had fallen, and Ripley himself was wounded in the head. There was Harlock, too, the giant gunner, and "Midge" Vickers, of five feet two, whom the doctors rejected six times for foreign service! Harlock was the big chap no hospital orderly

standing up, and his gallant action contributed largely to the success of the assault."

Deeds like this one lead the humblest to the presence of his King, who, in our photograph, is seen investing Private Ross Tollerton, of the Cameron Highlanders, with the Victoria Cross. In Tollerton's case we see "conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty," the two attributes of the perfect soldier. At the Battle of the Aisne he carried a wounded officer to safety through blasting infernos of fire which onlookers thought beyond flesh and blood to endure.



Photo by] [Central News.

PRIVATE ROSS TOLLERTON, V.C., DECORATED BY THE KING ON THE OCCASION OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

could catch, or, rather, keep when caught. Wounded again and again, he went back to his battery—until the next time. "I'm in the way here," Harlock feared at the dressing station, and edged off. "Besides, my place is behind the gun." So he disappeared—to reappear again next day with another wound, and repeat the process!

At Hulluch, Arthur Vickers, of the Warwicks, ran ahead of his battalion with reckless glee, and began to cut and hack at a perfect jungle of wire in broad daylight and the full roaring blast of artillery and machinegun fire. "Vickers carried out his work

Out of range and secure, the Highlander laid his officer down, and then, though severely wounded in head and hand, he struggled back to the firing-line, knowing our lads hard pressed and needing every rifle. When his battalion retired, Tollerton returned to his wounded officer and lay beside him for three whole days and nights, comforting him until both were rescued.

Now from the Aisne to savage Africa, with the foregoing *rôles* reversed, and the officer deliberately sacrificing his life for his wounded men. The hero is Lieutenant W. Dartnell, the first actor V.C. in our

all-embracing Army. In a mounted infantry engagement the foe got within a few yards of our men at Maktau, in East Africa, and it was found impossible to remove our severely wounded. The young Frontiersman was being carried away with a fearful wound in the leg, when he realised the fate that menaced those left behind.

Dartnell knew that the enemy's black troops murdered the wounded with every circumstance of horror. Yet he insisted upon the bearers setting him down, in the hope that he might save the lives of other helpless lads. "He gave his own life," says the prosaic Gazette, "in the gallant attempt to save others."

But of all rescues, surely the strangest was that of Flight Sub-Lieutenant Smylie, D.S.O., who was carried skyward and overseas by Squadron-Commander R. Bell-Davies, D.S.O., V.C., after the weirdest adventure.

These two carried out an air attack on Ferrijik Junction, when Smylie's machine came over a terrific fire and was brought down. The pilot planed over the station, dropping all his bombs but one, which failed

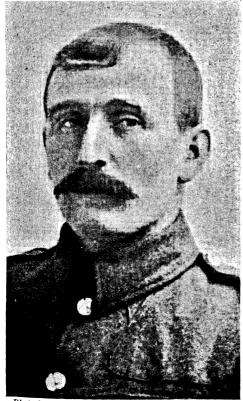


Photo by] [Central Press. PRIVATE THOMAS KENNY, V.C.



Photo by] [Lafayette.
LIEUTENANT W. DARTNELL, V.C.
The first actor to win the Victoria Cross.

to fall, and that at low elevation. Thence Smylie continued his descent into a marsh. Alighting here, he saw the one unexploded bomb, and so set his machine afire, knowing its complete destruction assured. Then he made for Turkish territory.

Suddenly Commander Bell-Davies appeared, and Smylie, fearing he'd come down near the burning machine and risk disaster, ran back and shot at the bomb with his pistol. Flames from the burning plane now brought up the enemy. What was to be done? Smylie was instantly snatched out of hiding by his friend and stowed under the cowl of Bell-Davies' machine, a single-seater with no place at all for a passenger.

Meanwhile the engines had to be kept running. As the foe dashed up, intent on killing, their catch had flown in the most literal sense. The bird-men, rescuer and rescued, were now winging triumphant way through the shrapnel puffs to their own aerodrome, a lurid flight of an hour or so with gunfire all the way. Well may the official account laud "a feat of airmanship which can seldom have been equalled for

gallantry and skill."

We scarcely realise how supremely at home our airmen are at dizzy heights, nor how amazing is the devotion and persistence in attack of this new service. "These bold flyers are laconic," Sir Ian Hamilton reminds us, "and their feats pass mostly unrecorded." It was not so with young Martin Insall's "bravery, skill, and determination" at Achiet, in France. No flight of fancy equals the bare story that brightens the lists of The London Gazette. Lieutenant Insall was patrolling in a Vickers plane with First-Class Air-Mechanic T. H. Donald, when a German machine was sighted.



Photo by] [Central Press.

SQUADRON-GOMMANDER RICHARD BELL-DAVIES
D.S.O., V.C.

It was instantly pursued and attacked with all the eagle wiles of the new game. The German pilot led his foes over a rocket battery, but, with consummateskill and daring,

Insall dived to close range, whilst Donald poured a whole drum of cartridges into the artful enemy, whose engine stopped at once.

The German now swooped down into a

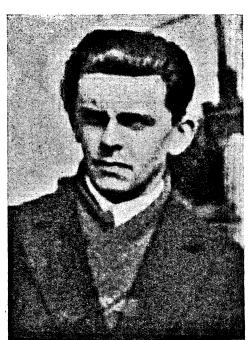


Photo by] [Central Press. LIEUTENANT GILBERT S. M. INSALL, V.C.

thick bank of cloud, with Insall in reckless chase. Again the quick-firer clacked, and the hostile plane fell heavily into a ploughed field, four miles south-east of Arras. The German victims were thus far unhurt, and now among their own friends. Scrambling out of the wreck with rifles, they prepared to fire at the furious "hawk" overhead, now diving sheerly to 500 feet, so that Donald, the mechanic, might bring yet another drum to bear upon them.

The risk was enormous, for already anti-aircraft guns had opened fire, and Insall's plane was wreathed in the white puffs that precede destruction. The Gérman air-crew fled at last, one helping the other, who was wounded. Lieutenant Insall flew this way and that out of harm's way, and actually dropped an incendiary bomb on the derelict machine, which smoked at once and burst into flame.

All this time the British airman was assailed with crashing hail from formidable guns. The Germans fired 150 shells at our persistent hero, and rifles spat at him from all sides, doing considerable damage to his machine. He now headed west, to return

home over the Gorman trenches, which were

well prepared to receive him.

Yet the young airman dived as he passed, so that Donald might blaze into the thick of the German ditch! Insall's petrol tank was now leaking badly, so he landed in a wood 500 yards inside our lines. All night these two supermen worked on the machine behind screened lights, and at dawn flew gaily home to report their weird experience.

intervals to prepare for the next throw. Out of seventy-five men near him, fifty-eight became casualties, yet this lad escaped without a scratch. "How I came out," he wrote to his father in Lincoln, "God only knows!" This ex-insurance clerk came home to gifts and addresses, bands, parades, and local honours such as puzzle and perplex these modest heroes. Alas, young Keyworth went back to meet mortal wounds, and his



Photo by]

Central News.

BOMBARDIER FREDERICK LUKE, V.C., WHO WAS DECORATED BY THE KING IN FRANCE.

Both were unhurt, by some mysterious law which confers the V.C. on the elect of men.

But talk of charmed lives! Can you see Corporal Keyworth perched on a German parapet for two endless hours, hurling bombs into their midst, yet coming off without a scratch from frenzied fire—the target of desperate men not fifteen yards off? For long-sustained coolness and courage this London Territorial's feat stands alone. Keyworth hurled 150 bombs, dropping at

last words were: "Tell 'em to come out and show their pluck!"

"Show their pluck," as all ranks did in the dreadful trenches of Le Cateau, when Fred Luke, a mere boy of the R.F.A., and Job Drain, his battery driver, saved the guns under solid torrents of lead from German hosts less than a hundred yards away. It was on this tragic day, in this same place, that Major A. L. Yate, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, led a forlorn hope of nineteen survivors ere the last of these

fell dead or maimed, with ammunition exhausted and England's glory renewed. Major Yate, terribly wounded, was picked up by the enemy, and died as a prisoner of war.

From chaplain to miner, all are on their mettle, all intent on giving their best to the nation's cause in her supremest crisis. Let us not forget the Royal Engineers, the Army's scientific branch, so gallantly upheld by Corporal Jarvis, who at Jenappes, one

smiling his thanks in his old school, where once he taught the little ones, who now crowd round whilst the Headmaster thrills them with a tale of the Hohenzollern Redoubt—that field-fortress a-bristle with guns, great and small, blue with wire, and wreathed in green clouds of poison-death. Here Dawson won the V.C. with his clear head and miraculous presence of mind.

The bravest may break down in a gas



Photo by] [Central Press.

CORPORAL JARVIS, V.C., WELCOMED HOME TO CHELMSFORD ON LEAVE, AND PRESENTED WITH A
PURSE OF GOLD BY HIS FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.

sweltering August day, worked for an hour and a half under terrific fire, in full view of the enemy, placing explosive charges under a bridge and then destroying it, to the grave embarrassment of the enemy and our own material advantage. Jarvis is a Chelmsford lad, and that soldierly town gave its hero a rousing reception, together with a purse of gold and the usual civic honours.

Another Engineer is Sergeant - Major Lennox Dawson, who in the picture is seen attack, but the ex-teacher walked back and forth along the parados—or hind wall of the trench—fully exposed to murderous fire, the better to direct his own sappers and clear our infantry out of gassed sections fatal to every living thing. Dawson seemed in no hurry, and his calm counsel saved hundreds of lives. In the German position he came upon three gas cylinders leaking disastrously, and, braving even fiercer blasts of fire, our Engineer rolled the horrible engines twenty

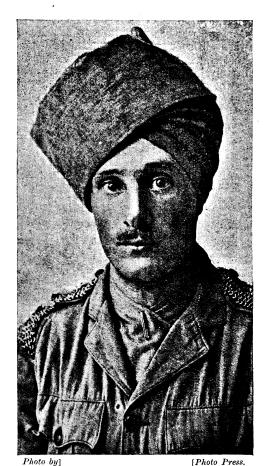
yards from our men, then riddled them with rifle-shots to let out the yellow fumes.

Dawson was himself unscathed. Strange, how one hero is taken in the supreme moment, another left to reap honour's harvest at Captain A. M. Read, of the home! Northamptons, a famous athlete, with unequalled record as a boxer in the Service, was mortally wounded as he rallied his men, scattered and demoralised by chlorine fumes, and led them back into the firing-line. "utterly regardless of danger," as his record says, encouraging the gasping, willing lads, cheering them on, though badly gassed himself and reeling with deathly sickness. So does the spirit triumph over the fainting flesh when victory trembles in the balance, and one more effort may make it sure.

As leader and soldier, Captain Read's record was consistently fine. A few weeks previously, during digging operations, he carried out of action a brother-officer who



Photo by] [Central Press. LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER BULLER TURNER, V.C.



LIEUTENANT FRANK ALEXANDER DE PASS, V.C.

was mortally hurt. Onlookers were aghast to see how both men escaped the roaring fusillade of rifles and grenades which assailed their every step.

Lieutenant A. B. Turner, of the Berkshires, died of wounds after single-handed prodigies near Vermelles, where in "Fosse 8" his bombers were badly checked and could make no headway in "Slag Alley." This lad of two-and-twenty organised a new attack, passing down a communication-trench almost alone, and raining bombs in such volume and determination that he drove back the Germans 150 yards without a pause. So irresistible was the young officer's onset that our reserves were able to advance with very little loss, and they covered the retirement of the Berkshires, thus averting a disaster.

Turner's colonel spoke of him as "the bravest of the brave." He had only just returned to duty, having been wounded by a sniper the previous month. Others emerge

unscathed, like Captain Turnbull, of the Gordons, who continued to serve his Maxim when all his men were wounded and done, himself terribly gashed in two places, and his precious gun—which is more than life to the gunner—shattered by a shell. Up rose the young giant at last, sweating and bleeding badly, and brought away the weighty weapon on his broken shoulder.

Now glance for a moment at a more "savage" sphere than France. A world-war indeed is this, simultaneously raging in three continents. In West African jungles we

It is a far cry from "jungle" officers to London shop assistants, yet Britain may well be proud of all her volunteers who uphold the flag. "I enlisted with ten others," writes Corporal Wightman, of the Gloucesters, to his old schoolmaster. "We were all at Wallis's, in Holborn Circus, and found a vast difference between counter and parapet, especially as we had to stand for hours in deep mud and water." Be sure the "Wallis Collection"—as the trench called them—became champion bombers.

Young Mariner, of the King's Royal



Photo by

[Newspaper Illustrations.

SERGEANT-MAJOR J. LENNOX DAWSON, V.C., REVISITING THE SCHOOL AT GOVAN WHERE HE WAS A MASTER BEFORE THE WAR.

see Captain J. F. Butler tackling a hundred of the foe in thick bush, though with only thirteen men supporting him. Butler defeated the overwhelming enemy, capturing their gun and many loads of ammunition. A month later, when on patrol duty, we find him swimming the Ekam River, in the Cameroons, then strongly held by the enemy.

Alone and in the face of hot fire, this typical outpost officer completed his reconnaissance on the further bank, and swam safely back, to find that two of his men had been severely wounded whilst he was actually in the water.

Rifles, crawled along through terrible wire nets of the foe and destroyed a deadly machine-gun with his bombs. Corporal Sharpe, of the Lincolns, cleared out a whole trench—a man not yet "due West," who lost his whole "blocking party," yet renewed the attack with four other lads and carried a further trench 250 yards long.

Corporal Anderson, of the Yorkshire Regiment, saved a serious situation when he led his three stalwarts against a big party of Germans who had invaded us. His three went down, but the corporal borrowed their bombs, after he had used his



Photo by] [News Illustrations.

CAPTAIN TURNBULL, V.C., LEAVING BUCKINGHAM
PALACE AFTER HIS DECORATION BY THE KING.

own. Now quite alone, he opened a rapid rifle-fire with slaughterous result. David Findlay, of the Black Watch, led a bombing-party of twelve men until ten of them had fallen. "Go back!" cried he to the two survivors, and then stooped to carry a wounded comrade over a fire-swept zone of 100 yards.

It is in scenes like these that leading tells, and here we do well to be proud of our young officers. "Nothing in our history," wrote Sir Douglas Haig to a friend, "has surpassed their soldierly qualities." His Majesty the King remembered this when pinning the V.C. upon the tunic of Lieutenant F. H. Johnson, of the Engineers. "By his splendid example and cool courage he was mainly instrumental in saving the situation" at Hill 70, though severely wounded in the leg.

Throughout the attack, though faint from loss of blood and deafened with shattering

artillery, the young officer stuck to his work and led charge after charge upon German redoubts formidably armed and armoured, belching death in ceaseless blasts. At critical times young Johnson rallied his men with ringing spirit, and by sheer energy and dash succeeded at last in establishing his part in the captured position. He now forgot his wounds, and remained at his post all through that terrible day until relieved in the evening.

The King expressed cordial felicitations as he shook hands with Lieutenant Johnson. The young officer's mother was waiting for him at the Palace gates, and here her pride found due expression as he reappeared with the magic Cross upon his breast. Young



Photo by]

[Central Press.

CAPTAIN A. MOUTRAY READ, V.C.

Johnson's escape from death was quite miraculous. Indeed, some men—like the Coldstreamer, Sergeant Oliver Brooks—have been at the Front throughout the whole campaign without receiving a single wound. The miraculous luck of Sergeant Brooks was well seen near Loos, where, at the head of a small party of bombers,

Majesty lay, after his accident, attended by famous surgeons like Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Anthony Bowlby, and Sir Bertrand Dawson.

"The King," we are told, "was lying helpless in the saloon, but yet was bent upon personally affixing the decoration." In His Majesty's state the effort required for even this small task was very great



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

SERGEANT OLIVER BROOKS, V.C., AND HIS NIECE.

he won back 200 yards of a lost trench in as desperate a pelting-match as the oozy ditch has seen.

But it is the manner of this young miner's investiture which lends uniqueness to his case. For it was a suffering King who tried to force the pin of the Cross through the thick khaki of kneeling Sergeant Brooks. The new V.C. was led to the hospital train where His

All ranks, all creeds, all branches of our Imperial Service share the same inspiration, from Lieutenant Frank A. De Pass, of the Poona Horse—the first Jewish officer to win the V.C.—to a fervid Christian hater of war like young G. H. Woolley, of Queen Victoria's Rifles, the first Territorial officer to win the greatest of all distinctions. Lieutenant Woolley is "deeply opposed to war on

principle," and was intent upon entering the Church, until his country's call swept aside all other considerations. Then behold him giving bomb for bomb in the lurid inferno, cheering his men, unshaken by machine-gun and shell-fire until successfully relieved at

ignoring the shell-hole close by, where he might have sheltered with his mates. First a bomb maimed this young lad—the youngest in his battalion—then a rifle-ball killed him outright.

As for the Cross itself, I am often asked:



Photo by] [L.N.A.
LIEUTENANT JOHNSON, V.C., LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AFTER
HIS DECORATION BY THE KING, WITH HIS MOTHER.

last. A grand democracy, too, is this imperial army of ours. Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart died in the act of saving a brother-officer. George Peachment, a humble private of the King's Royal Rifles, knelt by his company commander, trying to help him,

"Who makes it?" So rarely ordered, so individual in each case. Popular fancy sees the V.C. made at the Royal Mint, but it is not. The Cross is ordered in Bond Street of a famous firm of Crown jewellers—one of those old, conservative houses which for a

hundred years have taken orders for a sceptre, a Star of the Garter, or other insignia of chivalry.

"One Cross as before," is the War Office order, and the bronze is supplied by that

Department.

Melted in a furnace of 2000 degrees, the metal is poured into a mould of the Prince Consort's own design. Then the rough Cross is polished and chased, and the fine reliefs brought up in style that delights the numismatist and connoisseur. Then back to the War Office for inspection. Lastly comes the bar and the ribbon—red for the Army, blue for the sister Service. The recipient's name is also graved, and that of his regiment, then the Cross is ready for the investiture of the latest hero.

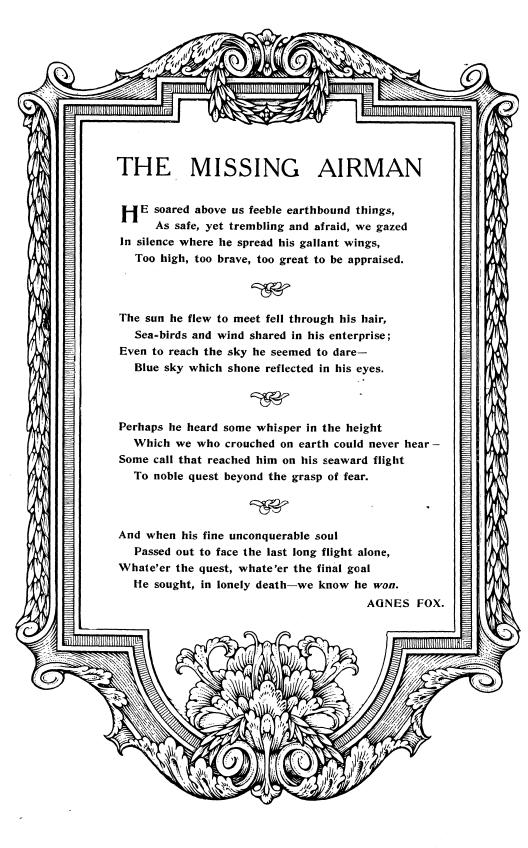
Our supreme award was unknown in Crimean days, when signal acts of gallantry were rewarded with regimental medals, often crude enough intrinsically, though highly prized by the collector. The inaugural ceremony of the Victoria Cross was an affair of State, with the great Queen on horseback in scarlet and gold, and quite a Court on the Horse Guards Parade.

The first recipient was a naval man—C. D. Lucas (afterwards Admiral), who hurled overboard a live projectile from the armoured deck of H.M.S. *Hecla* in the Baltic Sca. The Cross carries with it pensions of peculiar grade, and a saleroom specimen is valued at £50. Some fighting families, like the Goughs, hold three Victoria Crosses. Admiral Sir George Sartorius won it, so did his two sons, Major-Generals Euston and Reginald Sartorius.

Has the standard of valour increased which is necessary to earn our supreme award? Inevitably it has, for—as General Seely told the House of Commons—"the horrors of this War exceed those of any war ever previously waged."



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.



THE RECKONING

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

Illustrated by Victor Prout



CROSS the front of the smoke-stained building the name of Dougal may still be read, and there are other symbols which tell you in the best gold-leaf that here a ship may be equipped with

most of the things she needs, whether her commission be foreign service or merely a season's traffic on the coasts. Hither also a few of the captains still resort, but only a few, for this is the day of the swift life, the combine fleets, and the heavy contract negotiated from an office, often enough by a man whose dealings with the sea have never carried him any further than the Bar Lightship; and so, while the house of Dougal has gained immensely in commercial distinction, it has lost its human grip. To-day, above and beyond everything else, Dougals is a place of business, with counters and clerks and impressive ledgers and suave attention to the task of selling gear and gathering money; and no one would ever suspect its record of romance and radiant memories, or dream that once upon a time there was a snug parlour, delightfully cosy in defiance of all its bigness, at the back of the great store, where, away from the miles of cable and of cordage, the casks of paint and heaps of pulley-blocks, the clouds of ship odours and a thousand et ceteras, the master mariners really completed their landfalls and signalised their departures. Like the men themselves, Dougals belonged to a day when, instead of the Overhead twisting like a prodigious snake from the Dingle to Seaforth Sands, the vista was magnificently filled with a forest of masts and canted spars and interlacing rigging, and its romance received its deathblow when the first of the steamers made its trial trip. It may, indeed, be said that, when steam came in, Dougals went out. It went out with the wind-jammer.

About the fame of the place, moreover, there was an illimitable breadth—its name was known within the Frozen Belt and beyond the Roaring Forties. All the ports of the world have heard it, and from all the Seven Seas did men forgather—ocean warriors all—in its holy of holies, the captains' parlour behind the trading store. Here, of course, they exchanged the gossip of the great waters, and always could you count upon a crowd of gossipers, an everchanging crowd, yet ever the same, for the sea made an unbreakable link, the speech pitched in the booming rumble of the deep, and the colour always the same leathery tan, wrinkled and everlasting.

Strange beyond all telling were some of the tales that were brought to Dougals and left there, often as trifles of little account; queer also the meetings that took place within its walls, where the long arm of coincidence was stretched to an unbelievable length. To measure one of the happenings at Dougals against another and award it pride of place would be a risky enterprise; but certainly a powerful claim might be set up for the record of Owen Gibson, captain of the Conqueror, one of Anderson's famous East Indian clippers, and Martin Jacoby, of whom it was said that he changed his ship as readily as he changed his mind.

As to when the great adventure began, no man can rightly say, but it was in the year the Black Knight went down in the Bay of Honduras that Gibson pushed through the doorway and, tossing to right and left a couple of morose nods, plumped down without a word in the nearest chair—this, too, though he was but newly home from Rangoon. The circumstance would probably have passed without comment, for he had always been a bit restrained in his manner and his talk, but it was suddenly realised

that he was taking close stock of the company, glaring round with odd intentness from face to face, and at once he had every eye focussed upon him. From being a creature of indifference, he passed at a stride into the company of noticeable men. Hitherto, all that was known of him at Dougals was that he was one of the trustable company of captains, a good man with a ship, going from port to port without showiness or thrills, that in years he was somewhere about the thirty mark, freshcoloured and blue-eyed, and that in a general way he might be set down as harmless. But now he was changed; there was something almost ferocious in his manner; his very presence seemed to jar; that steady, searching scrutiny was disturbing, and every man there became a living note of interrogation. What had happened to him? He had grown waspish also, this fact being demonstrated when Captain Ben Parker begged him to tell whether he was "looking for a stowaway or a long-lost friend."

"Think I'm taking a sight of the lot of you for the pleasure of it?" he sneeringly snapped, and then, without a break, proclaimed his quest: "Anybody sighted Martin Jacoby lately — Captain Martin Jacoby, of the *Trojan?* That's the man I'm wanting. Anybody got word of him?"

"Unless I'm out of my reckoning, he was in Melbourne last time I was there, but that must be a couple of years since." This from Barlow, of the Stirling Castle, and afterwards other fragments in the Odyssey of Martin Jacoby were chronicled with a loose regard for dates. One had seen him at Madras, another at Celebes, another in the Paumotous —there was a suggestion that once in his wanderings he might have been at Cardiff, and that was all. To the rest of the company Jacoby was merely a name, or not even that. As the record expanded and then flickered out, curiosity flared up and clamoured for revelation; but Gibson closed up tightly as an oyster, and though some tried coaxing and some tried chaff, not another word about his quest did any of them wring out of him. Not that any suspected the strain of tragedy. To those who sifted the thing at all it came down to the sordid level of an unpaid debt, with Gibson as the pursuing creditor; but when he spoke again, they realised that the debt was one that no coin ever minted could liquidate.

"About Jacoby," he began, addressing himself to Dougal as he was about to leave. "You'll be having him here one of these

days. Everybody comes here sooner or later, and so he's bound to turn up. And, when he does, you might pass the word that Gibson hasn't forgot."

It is clear now that he intended to finish here, but the fires of passion were too much for him. With irresistible might they swept away his last shred of prudence, and he gave his tongue a savage run. "The dog that he is! Tell him I'm still looking for him, and it's to be his life or mine! D'ye hear? That's the message I'm leaving for him at every port of call. His life or mine, and, till I run him down, I'll make his life a nightmare! Never t' forget that I'm coming along in his wake, to have word of me at every port he touches, to learn that I'm sure as the Day o' Judgment—that's the thought I'd haunt him with!"

A sweep of the arm embraced the rest of them. "It's for all the lot," he clamoured. "There's a dozen of you, so it's a dozen chances to one that you'll meet him before me. If you do happen t' put into a port where's he's lying, just give him my best respects and tell him what you've heard me say." And then he rapped out a threat so blightingly hot, rioting with murderous hate, that even these battle-scarred sea-dogs were filled with protesting wonder, and the fear of

God gripped every heart.

It fell out, however, that Gibson's passion seemed to have burned away in this outburst, and during the month he spent in port he was more frigid than ever and remote, only unbending to ask of the shipmaster newly arrived: "D'ye happen to have spoken Martin Jacoby, of the Trojan?" or to charge the outward-bound with his message. So, in like manner, when his own turn came, he made a farewell appeal, winding up with the ship-chandler himself. "And there's Jacoby," he said. "You'll not lose sight of my message for him. This is the one place in all the world where he's bound t' turn up sooner or later, and I want him to have it."

This was a rare moment in the captains' parlour, for the two had the place entirely to themselves, and Dougal pounced upon the opportunity. "Look here, Gibson," he said, "don't you think it's time you dropped this? You're making a miserable show of yourself—giving all the sea-lawyers something to jaw about, loading their tongues with a lot of trash. Besides, it's not good for you, giving way to evil-thinking in this fashion. You've let the seeds of hate get root in your heart, and, unless you pull them up, you'll reap a

fearful harvest. I've heard men say some hot things in here, and they haven't worried me a bit, because I've known that, when it came to the pinch, it would all fizzle out in talk; but you're different—there's too much of the dead-in-earnest about you—and you're too good a man to have his life blotted for the sake of a bit of spite. I don't know what it is you've got against Jacoby, and I'm not asking to be told, but, whatever it may be, it isn't worth the price you're paying for it."

"Spite, d'ye call it?" Gibson's voice thrilled savagely. "That's your name. I've got another. I call it vengeance. I tell you I'm seeing red, and all I've said I've meant."

Angrily, without even offering his hand, he scurried away, and his tread beat firmly on the boards of the outer store; but when half-way through the place he stopped, stood stock still for a moment with downbent head, and then slowly returned, closing the

parlour door behind him.

"Look here," he said, dropping into a chair by the chandler's side, and speaking now in a heavy, doubtful fashion, "I think I'll tell you. Told no one else—not a whisper. But I—I'd like to stand as well with you as I can. You're not one who blabs. You hear a lot, but there isn't much you tell, and so—if anything happens—you'll be able to blame me just enough, not more than I've earned.

"Not more than I've earned," he repeated, talking still more thickly, and moistening his lips with his tongue. "It's not an easy thing to tell, for in a way it's doing what I hate Martin Jacoby for having done. Only it's different. The motive's not the same. And it's nearly always the motive that counts. You'll be surprised to know that Jacoby and me were lads together—chums, too, reg'lar David and Jonathan sort. think I'd have done anything for Martin, and once on a time Martin 'd have done anything for me. That was how it began —schoolmates together up in Cumberland, Allerdale - schoolmates - and we meant, when the time came, to be shipmates as well. But—before then—a nasty thing happened— I—made a mistake."

Watching him, Dougal saw his fingers clench, thick, glistening beads ooze out upon his brow, a look that was afterwards revealed as deep shame, abject humiliation, burn in his eyes. His head drooped and his voice choked.

"Let it alone," Dougal murmured.

"Never mind now. Tell me some other time, if you're set on it, or not at all."

"A nasty thing," Gibson repeated, as though he had not heard. "My soul, how nasty! No one but myself could ever tell. I—turned silly. Drifted into some shallows. And in trying to get out I—did something I shouldn't have done. It brought the law down on me, and when I did go to sea, I carried a blighting stain. I was a man with a past—a man with a mark—the mark of the broad arrow. Now you know me."

Again the horror of the memory stopped He rose and with sharp strides paced the floor, his movements those of a caged beast, a man caged by his past. "It was the sea that saved me," he began once more, when the storm had spent itself. "It gave me my chance. And I had luck. Out there in the wideness of it all, and the cleanness, I managed to lose the name—lost it altogether—and along with it the blackness of the mark, so that in course of time there was nobody affoat, barring Martin Jacoby, who could tell about it. Only Jacoby. No one else. And even Jacoby didn't seem to count, for we'd drifted apart, right out of hail, and we didn't meet again till we'd each got his captain's ticket. And, of course, we were different, not like the same pair. don't think I ever had any fancy notions about myself. I've not made any show, and I don't s'pose I've ever had much imagination; but I'd been careful—no viciousness, no extravagant habits—and, by trading a bit on my own, I'd got a nice little purse put away.

"Asfor Jacoby"—he spoke now regretfully, as one who had suffered a disappointment-"you know what he's turned out—a flashy, light-headed fly-about, one who flings his money round as fast as he makes it, and never has a penny to his name. Mischievous, too, and I dare say it was that side of him that came out on top. I shouldn't wonder if he didn't see anything real bad in what he did, but—it was past forgiveness, and I'll never forget. It was in the Solomon Islands where it happened. You've heard of White, the trader—perhaps you've heard the boys talk about his girl. Well, it was the girl. First time I put in there she'd just come back from finishing her schooling at Sydney, and—she sent me off on a new course, and I-I knew that life would never be the same again. I didn't tell her. Made up my mind I never would tell her, forthere was the past with its mark. And I kept away for a year—nearly two—and then she just drew me in. So I framed an excuse for a call at the islands, made it out that I'd run short of stores, and I broke adrift-just let myself be swept along, until one night, under the palms, with only the two of us and all the world thousands of miles away, I let my secret slip. And-eh, man, the wonder of it! Can't you guess what it I believe now that I misjudged her. Though it would have hurt her desperately, I fancy it would have been all right if she'd heard it from my own lips. But, I tell you, I was afraid. Mind, I was fully resolved on confession. You believe that, don't you? You've got to believe it. I won't have any



meant to one such as me? A girl like that all the world to pick from! And she put me before all the rest."

"What about your first mistake?" Dougal

asked quietly, eyeing him the while.
"That was it. I should have told her straight off. But I was afraid—a coward. man think me such a low-souled swab as that. But I put it off to the next voyage, and then-

"Jacoby?"

Gibson flared up hotly. "Yes. The scum! It was Jacoby. He told—everything. Raked it all out into the daylight. And now the world isn't big enough to hold him and me. So there, you've got it—everything. And I'm glad I've told. For when I find him, mebbe I'll not have the chance to explain, and, if you hear, you'll know that I had cause."

With Gibson again at sea, the old gospel "Out of sight out of mind" should once more have justified itself; but his threat in all its sinister vagueness seemed to have been caught by the winds of Heaven, and was ceaselessly tossed from ship to ship and shore to shore. Bergen threw it clean down the ocean leagues to Honolulu, Capetown dropped it on the Bund at Singapore, San Francisco gloated over it, and in Limehouse Reach and along the crumbling stairs of Wapping men made bets as to the probability of the meeting, though none risked a wager on what would happen if Owen Gibson should run his quarry to earth.

One day Jacoby himself came round the bend of the Great Burbo, no longer master of the Trojan, but of a barque about whose doings in the Southern Seas men, later on, began to tell some strange tales, and, like the rest, he headed straight for Dougals, strolling in with a merry nod and a "Cheer O, Dougal! How do, boys?" just as though it might have been but a week instead of a couple of years since he last passed through It was difficult to think of the doorway. him as ever having been a chum of Owen Gibson's, for he had none of Gibson's repose, but flashed a ready wit and a nimble tongue, and in all things was one of the men who sparkle. But it was also said of him that his eyes, though bright, were not at all disposed to meet a steady look, and that his hand had no real grip.

When the message which had been lying there for so long was passed on to him, he bristled scornfully. "What! Is that blamed nonsense here as well?"-and then made light of it, laughing loudly—too loudly, perhaps—and declaring his own anxiety for the meeting, though he left a suspicion behind that he would do nothing to accelerate it. As for the reason of Gibson's threatenings, he pronounced it "a bit of baby-house work," insisted with a sneer that the captain of the Conqueror was "a spoiled kid," but not a gleam of light would be throw on the mystery, and when the theories of the gossips were propounded, he mockingly offered them their pick. And so, in the end, he also went off to sea again, leaving everybody as much in the dark as ever—all, that is, except Dougal.

This brings us, then, to that night in

mid-winter when the Conqueror was lying in George's Dock, and Owen Gibson made one of a party of fifteen in the captains' parlour, himself sitting over in the far corner opposite the door. He had worn badly since the beginning of his quest. glance it seemed as though the years had been crowding on him more quickly than they ought, but a further scrutiny brought out the fact that it was not the years so much as the man himself—that he was soaked in carelessness and neglect. His clothes had parted with looked lost. their freshness, all his brass bindings were tarnished, a melanchely fringe drooped round his trousers, and in all things he had lapsed into a being of indifference. He was example, pitifully complete, of potential littleness of the one-idea'd man. Concentration with him had become a vice, robbing him of initiative, driving out all interest in the things which in other men kept grace alive. He had lived for vengeance, and vengeance had enslaved him, despoiled him of his soul. So long had he brooded in the silence of the sea-brooded over his own martyrdom, the crucifixion of the betrayal of friendship—that brooding had acquired the tyrant power of a master habit, and now, without a word, he sat there, sucking away at a pipe whose bowl was cold, talking little, listening halfheartedly, but unobtrusively vigilant, his watch ever on the doorway through which men came and went. And he was the first to catch the shadow as it fell.

Once more there was the tread of feet in the outer store—a cautious, faltering tread, it seemed—the door was slowly pushed open, wider and wider, outside there was an unusual pause, again that odd scraping of feet, a querulous muttering, and then a hesitating figure seemed to stagger into the light, and a startled voice gasped the name—

"Martin Jacoby!"

Across the floor a ripple of laughter swiftly sped—Jacoby's laughter, but not in Jacoby's voice—and at once the drama became impetuous, its phases swift as the beat of sea-birds' wing, so that act was merged in act, and to those who looked on, the impression was one of confusion, a triumph of chaos. It was afterwards remembered how Owen Gibson again became a living man—was galvanised into fierce activity—how the light of life flashed anew and burned with intense fury in his eyes, how he sprang to his feet, and how his hand swept with ominous swiftness to his pocket; how Captain James

Fisher kept his head, and, slipping behind the chairs, stood there on guard, intent on saving the man whose quest had ended now, intent also on saving Dougals from the stain of tragedy; how Gibson made a forward lunge, and then, as Fisher laid a detaining hand upon him, recoiled like a man who had received a blow, and, sinking into a chair, crouched forward, elbows on knees, and glared in mute interrogation at his quarry.

Apparently Jacoby was the least disturbed of the lot, and, mingled now with the spirit of fear that his coming had lashed into being, the spirit of mystery also coiled itself about them. So far he had made no move, not a There, just inside the doorway, he remained, staring with worrying persistency straight across the parlour, a stagey, inane sort of smile upon his face. Also it was seen that he was shadowed by a stranger, whose blue serge jersey with its white lettering cried "ordinary seaman" to them all. With Gibson away, there might, of course, have been no strain, but in his presence they had a chilling realisation of the risk of speech, and it was left to Jacoby to break the stifling silence.

"What cheer, boys?"he shrilled. "Are you all tongue-tied? Haven't any of you got a word? You might think we were strangers."

He made a half-turn to the man behind him. "This is Dougals, isn't it?" he demanded. "You've brought me right, Tom, haven't you?" And then he thrust out his hands, pawed the air with them, made a couple of shuffling strides. His companion gripped him by the arm, but Jacoby shook him off.

"Lemme alone!" he snapped. "Don't I know the way? Haven't I navigated this bit scores of times?"

Again he broke into that eackling run of laughter which had no mirth in it, his hands groped slowly from side to side, up and down, in and out, like a man feeling his way in the dark. In the dark! That was it. There was no other interpretation possible. Those grim, waving hands, they were eloquent as speech itself. A man's voice, pitched to a scream, proclaimed the awful fact—

"Blind! Don't you see it, boys? Jacoby's blind!"

Like a couple of plummets, Jacoby's arms dropped to his sides. He jerked round, heading up to the man who had called. "Blind! Don't you see it, boys? Jacoby's blind!" he mimicked. "Right you are, my son, first cast. Jacoby's blind! So he can't

say that he's pleased to see you, 'cause that wouldn't be true. But "—and now a fretful note crept in—"you might at least say that you are pleased to see me. Never hailed such a dumb crew in all my sailing. Seen a blind man before, haven't you?"

Thereupon, in a moment, pity achieved a magnificent triumph. Gibson and his vow were forgotten. This was the hour of compassion, and vengeance had no chance. One impulse moving them, every man sprang to his feet; but Dougal was the first to reach the wounded wayfarer, to grip him by the hand and stammer the thought that clamoured for expression—

"You've taken us all by surprise, captain. We're all mighty sorry. We hadn't heard—not a whisper. How did it happen, and where?"

"Where? In the middle of the Bay of Bengal, aboard the Fairy Queen, heading for Chittagong—that's where. How? Touch of the sun, so the doctor says. Had a bad stroke of it five years ago, and this settled me off. Been lying up at Calcutta. Had a stiff fight for it. Wouldn't believe the fussy old medicine man when he said I'd never con a ship into port again, but I've had t' haul my flag down in the end. And here I Travelled home as a passenger—saloon —first time in my cruising. Just landed from the City of Benares, and now I'm off to bury myself in the country. Thought I'd like to give you a last call before I pass on—before I pass on." He spoke bitterly, rather to himself than to anyone else. "That's it. I'm passing on, and I don't s'pose I'll ever come this way again."

Still Dougal and he had the floor to That first involuntary move · had been checked. Again the grim sense of tragedy chilled their blood and sealed their tongues, and every man hung back, nerveless and shocked. Once more Jacoby held out his hands appealingly. "Where's there a seat?" he mumbled. "Get me to an anchor. I feel lost—stranded here. Can't you see I'm like a kid?" He settled himself in Dougal's chair. His sightless eyes seemed to peer into every nook and cranny of the place; a smile, half pitiful, half mocking, played about his lips; beads, round and shiny, gleamed upon his brow, exposing the agony he was doing his bravest to conceal.

"Who's here?" he demanded. "Anybody I know? I'll bet there's some old pal in the crowd." And then a new fancy came to him, and all his mockery died. "I'll tell you what. S'pose we have the roll-call. I

want your names. Sing them out, every one of you—your names and the names of your ships, and I'll learn them off by heart. It'll be something to think of in the dark—the men I met at Dougals—for the last time. Now, then!"

From the pitiful glare of those sightless eyes they turned once more, every man of them, to that far corner facing the door, where the seeker of vengeance sat, and then for the second time Owen Gibson rose, turned to Dougal with a look which none but Dougal understood, and, glancing neither

to the right hand nor to the left, passed from the room.

"Here, hold on, I say!" Martin Jacoby pettishly cried. "No running away. I want the lot, even if we've not been introduced." But Dougal checked him.

"That's a man you don't need to worry about. He doesn't count for you. His name isn't one you'll want to think about in your country home. Besides, he's in a hurry—a desperate hurry. He fancied he'd got a reckoning to settle, and he finds the debt's been paid."



RIDING HOME.

WHO are these that go to the high peaks and the snow? Side by side do they ride, their steady eyes aglow—Gallant gentlemen, they go spurring o'er the plain,

Home from the War again.

As they pass without a sound, there is many a red wound.
Oh, pale they are and faint they are, these warriors renowned!
Yet smiling all together in the calm, sweet weather,
As they ride home together.

Where the white bed is spread, and the feast is set afar, And the welcome awaits, and the door stands ajar, Those who droop to the saddle-bow shall have rest enow—Quiet and rest enow.

Like leaves of a wood vast their numbers as they passed, Like winds in the pines their horses speeding fast; And spent with victory their haggard faces be, As they ride fast and free.

Some will meet and greet them as they leap to the ground, With soft cries, wet eyes, and fond arms around, Lead them in to begin New Life to which all loves

Home like a flock of doves!

KATHARINE TYNAN.



SERGEANT: How much leave do you want? PRIVATE: Oh-er-a fortnight.

SERGEANT: A fortnight! Better make it for the duration of the War!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

SALESMANSHIP.

By B. A. Clarke.

RECENTLY, when in Victoria, B.C., I entered a bookshop. The bookseller was perturbed. His weekly supply of English magazines had arrived at the post office, and, in the absence of his assistant, he could not fetch them. I offered to keep shop for him. A minute after he had left me, my customer entered as if propelled from a catapult.

"C. J. 73!" he gasped.

There was a silly way to talk.

I picked up the first thing on the counter. "Let me sell you a Lady's Own Journal."

"What do I want with a Lady's Own Journal ?"

I opened it to see.

"Look at this. 'A Pretty Garden Party Frock for a Missy of Fifteen.' You see that dotted line—you cut along there with a pair of scissors."

"What do you take me for?"

"Not the sort of man that would let his daughter go to a garden-party without a frock."

"I haven't a daughter."

I admitted that he couldn't be expected to make frocks for other men's daughters. believe in being reasonable.

"But the next article does concern you: 'How to Listen to Good Music'. I'll be bound you have a piano in your house. Well, some day a visitor will play some good music on your piano, and unless you have read this

article, you won't know how to listen to it."

He made some remarks that were rather rude than funny, and started for the door. I slipped round the counter and intercepted him, grabbing, as I went, the first thing that came to hand, which happened to be a back number of a paper devoted to bird life. Without a second's hesitation, he decided that he didn't need it.

"You say that because you haven't read your newspaper this morning.

"What has that to do with it?"

"A great deal. If you had read your paper, you would know that in your beautiful public gardens-admitted to be the finest in the world—there is to be an exhibition to-morrow of British song birds, which have been brought across to be naturalised in Vancouver Island. You will go-possibly with ladies-and won't know the difference between a nightingale and a Scotch eagle."

"An eagle isn't a song bird."

"You speak with dogmatism," I replied mildly. "Have you any first-hand acquaint-ance with Scotch eagles?"

He had seen eagles, and knew they didn't

sing.
"Where did you see them?" I spoke almost sternly. "I will tell you-at zoos, and, even at that, probably asleep. If you saw Caruso asleep in a cage, he wouldn't be singing. But He walked swiftly to his shelves and returned at once with C. J. 73—a box of book-keeping nibs. And I had put him down as a man of mediocre ability!

"Can I now sell you something else?"

"No, you can't. Your assistant has been trying to sell me something else. I'll have a word now with this young man in your

presence.'

"One moment," I said. "You must let me get a word in edgeways, you really must, Mr. James. Your customer has very strong views about British song birds, to which he is very anxious to make me a convert. I ask you to explain to him that my time is valuable, and



OPTIMISM FROM THE TRENCHES.

"'WE'VE got our trenches dug earlier this season, and a good bit deeper, with a lot of old brick rubbish and mortar at the bottom for drainage consequently we expect to have a better crop of radishes than last year."

would you, on the strength of that, assert that he was no vocalist? poets say?" Besides, what do the

"I am anxious to hear."

His sneer didn't disturb me.

"One of the greatest, referring to the United States, exclaims: 'I can see her like an eagle mewing.' Mewing, perhaps, isn't quite the same thing as singing, but the demarcation isn't so clear that you need call me names."

Here the shopkeeper entered.
"Mr. James," said my opponent, standing over him until his excess of eyebrow brushed the bookseller's and stationer's face, "will you sell me C. J. 73, or will you not?"

"Certainly, Mr. Stark, certainly."

that I can't really listen to him any longer."

And I indignantly left the shop.

Recently I read an article in a popular magazine on salesmanship. It said that making a sale was a comparatively small matter. The perfect salesman aims rather at keeping the customer.



SMALL Boy (handing shopman three shillings): Four sevenpenny cigars, and give me the change.

Tobacconist: But your father always smokes

ninepenny cigars.

SMALL BOY: Well, he isn't going to this time.



THE HIGHER DUTY.

Tommy: Say, George, you ought to be 'itting Germhuns wiv them little sticks.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

SERGEANT: Here, you mustn't take intoxicating drink into the guard room, NEW RECRUIT: Well, you don't call a quart o' beer intoxicatin', do you?



A DIFFICULT JOB.

IRISH SERGEANT (to restive recruits): Hould yer tongue with them feet o' yours, there!

THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE'S COMPLAINT.

When I see the lads in khaki comport themselves like earls.

And notice the attraction they have for all the girls, How all the village maidens' attention they engage, It makes me feel regretful that I am over age.

When Thomas of the Terrors comes home for the week-ends,

He's convoyed from the station by lots of lady friends:

No damsel in the district is proof against his charm— I meet him in the gloaming with one on either arm.

Ah, yes, he has a manner that no one can resist,
That's sometimes rather trying to those who can't
enlist

But still to do my duty has always been my aim, So I'm a Special Constable—that's quite another game.

When I go out at midnight upon my lonely beat,
No fluttering admirers escort me down the street;
When in the rain patrolling I walk for miles and
miles.

Or guard a bridge or gasworks uncheered by female

Don't heed the baseless rumours or fairy tales in

Of pies bestowed on policemen by tender-hearted cooks.

Or drinks left on the doorstep for constables to see.

The corporal may get 'em—they never come to me!

R. H. Roberts,

It was at the dentist's, and Smith was the object in the chair—a miserable, forlorn object to boot.

The operation was ended, and the dentist was ostentatiously cleaning his forceps.

"I must charge you a pound," he said to the patient.

The unlucky victim turned upon his persecutor. "What? A pound? Why, you promised to charge me only five shillings!"

"Yes," agreed the tooth-tugger cheerfully,

"that was my contract price."

"Well?" queried the tormented one.

"But you yelled so loud that you've scared away three other five-shilling patients!"



"What have you here?" asked the young sporting-looking fellow condescendingly of the waiter at a restaurant.

"Everything, sir."

"Everything?" said the sport sneeringly. "Let's have it, then."

"Stew for one!" yelled the waiter.



"Dear Madam," wrote little Edith's mother to the village schoolmistress, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige, Her Mother."



MORE LIKE IT.

"Look here, what on earth have you been doing to this new shirt of mine?"

"Well, sir, it was 'anging out on the clothes-line at the back, when——"
"Clothes-line at the back! Sure it wasn't the firing-

line at the Front?



THE PRESENT-DAY DISTINCTION.

HE: Am I the first man you ever loved?

SHE: Yes—all the others were civilians!



OFFICER: Don't you know better than to point an empty gun at people? STARTLED RECRUIT: But it—it's not empty, sir. It's loaded!

"DID you do as I told you, Willie," inquired the mother, "and not ask for cake a second time at the party?"

"Yes," said Willie proudly. "I didn't have to ask more than once—I got the first piece

without asking."



The native defendant who was being tried at a magistrate's court in the West Indies, on a charge of keeping a dog without a license, tried repeatedly to interrupt the legal proceedings, but each time was sternly silenced. Finally the magistrate turned to him.

"Do you want the Court to understand," he

a wife and family, and I wish you could see your way clear to give me a 'character,' sir."

The employer felt sorry for the man, and finally, after considerable deliberation, gave

him the following "character"-

"I hereby certify that Thomas Williamson has been in my employ as a gardener for twelve years, and during that time he has got more out of my garden than any other man I ever employed."



The children at the Sunday-school tea had all most remarkable appetites, and the way in which the cakes and buns disappeared was



NO SUCH INTENTION.

Brown (trying on puttees for first time): By Jove, when I joined the Volunteers, I didn't join as a snake-charmer!

said, "that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yessah, but----

"We want no 'buts.' You must renew the license or be fined. You know that it expired on January the first, don't you?"

"Yessah; but so did de dog, sah," was the

reply.



An exceedingly conscientious man was obliged to dismiss a gardener whom he had employed for years, but whom he had found to be dishonest.

"You know, sir," said the man, "that I have

surprising. One little boy surpassed the others in the amount of food he was able to consume.

"You seem to know what it is to have a good appetite, don't you, Bobby?" said his teacher. "Yes, miss," was the reply. "I have a good

"Yes, miss," was the reply. "I have a good appy-tight. When I was eating, I was 'appy; and now that I have eaten as much as I can hold, I feel quite tight."



Doctor: My dear sir, it is a miracle that you are alive to-day.

PATIENT: Yes, that's what my friends said when I told them you were attending me.

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "You get your letters home, censored, eh?"

CANADIAN: "Yes, but we just put, 'like Johnnie Walker,' then those at home know we are 'still going strong!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

Tommy: Oo 'ave you got there, Bill?
BILL: I can't understand 'is lingo, but, as fur as I can make out, 'e's says 'e's the Kaiser's mascot!

A DECLINE AND FALL.

By Charles Leslie.

THE past is the past, and the present winter has shown that among the past London features which the rising generation knows nothing of is the London fog. True, we have fogs in winter, but what pitiable, degenerate representatives they are of the dear old fogs of twenty years ago, before the County Council started abolishing them! They officiously passed bye-laws to make factories burn smokeless coal, or, rather, to fine them they didn't, and simultaneously some meddling genius invented the gas cooking stove, and the output of thick, black smoke which, as carbonaceous deposit, or whatever scientists called it, mixed with London air, made that peculiar phenomenon, the London fog, began to decline and fall.

I grant you we grumbled at it when we

had it, but then we grumble at all weather phenomena, from frosts to heat waves. Secretly—when the season for them was over—we loved them. They were so unique, indigenous to our metropolis. Foreigners and country cousins told us so, and we proudly agreed. Other cities, such as Paris and Berlin, had fogs, but always lacking the length and density and flavour of our fogs. They were as much a feature of London as Madame Tussaud's or the Monument.

What was a fog like? ask pig-tailed flappers and youths whose chins have never felt razors. In colour a beautiful yellow-grey-black, something like pea soup plentifully sprinkled with a special brand of coarse pepper. Sometimes it was nearly all pepper. It fitted over you like a loose blanket, keeping two to three feet off you as you walked. Looking solid enough to grasp, it was as elusive as quicksilver. The all-pepper variety had an acrid smell, like



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coolness and comfort when the shaving is done, and both are British made.

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

Gower Street Underground Station in its unregenerate days, and it got into your eyes and made them smart. You couldn't keep it out of the house, though you shut the door and stopped up the keyhole and put sand-

bags wherever they could be put.

The tricks it played in the streets with the people who wanted to get home! Busmen, cabmen got down and led their horses, and generally led them in the wrong direction. Bayswater buses found themselves in Brondesbury, and four-wheelers from Victoria Station, aiming at Maida Vale, struck the Albert Hall with "a dull, sickening thud." Newspaper boys stopped selling newspapers, and, carrying flaming torches, guided pedestrians—somewhere. Neophytes in the pick-pocketing

next day and asked for the return of the silver spoons and the ormolu clock, the butler said his Grace was at the Riviera.

No, we have no fogs nowadays, only apologies for them, simulacra, ghosts. They come and go before we realise they've come. Fogs came to stop in the good old days.



"Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy?" asked the passer-by curiously. "It's not raining, and the sun is not shining."

"I know," said the youth; "but when it rains, father wants it, and when the sun shines, mother wants it, and this is the only kind of weather I can get ter use it at all."



OVERHEARD "SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND,"

"And did many men join from Puddlymarsh?"

"Oo, aye, a 'normous crowd. Why, do ee knaw, there were so many they had to stop the Waar, we heaard saay, till they could provide 'em wi' musicians!"

industry took lessons in their esoteric art under the most favourable circumstances. You could gather a gentleman's watch and lose the owner all within the space of an ordinary

office room. Ah, those were days!

If all the fog stories Londoners could tell were collected, they would fill the whole of this Windson Magazine and leave some over for a future number. But possibly this would be overdoing it. It was on a foggy night that Uncle Paul—a bit of a tuft-hunter—had the exquisite felicity of sheltering for two hours and supping the Duke of Omnium, who was trying to find Omnium House, and blundered into Montagu Street. But when Uncle called

Tompkins: These high-power cars they're making get more dangerous every day.

JENKINS: Oh, well, it won't matter so much in the near future, because the doctors are going to turn out human beings with interchangeable parts, to use the cars.



"DADDY," asked little Roy, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"An optimist, my son," replied the parent, thinks the times are ripe, a pessimist thinks

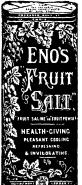
they are rotten."



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Which has now borne the Stamp of Public Approval for

OVER FORTY YEARS



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carton, 10d. If not obtainable locally, any article of the value of 1|- and upwards will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order or stamps. Descriptive Booklet, with complete list of "VASELINE" preparations, and containing many household hints, post free.

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No. 2 size, handsome bottle in car ton, with glass stoppers ... 1/6
White and Quinine Pomade ... 1/-

No. 1 size, bottle, in carton, 6d.



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FIGHTERS ON FURLOUGH MEN ARRIVING IN LONDON ON BRIEF LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

From a drawing by E. Verpülleux.

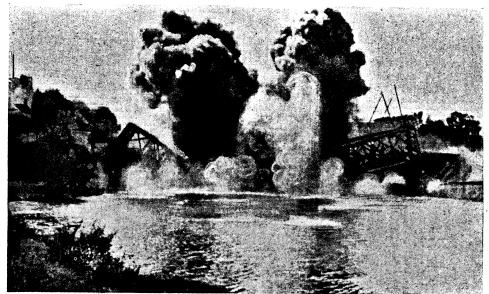


Photo by]

DESTROYING A BRIDGE BY SHELL-FIRE.

Daily Mirror.

THE EXPLOSIVES USED IN MODERN WARFARE

By the late PROFESSOR VIVIAN B. LEWES, F.I.C., F.C.S.

HE great French philosopher Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, showed that if we take a piece of charcoal and burn it in a jar of oxygen, a brilliant combustion takes place, heat is evolved, and both charcoal and oxygen disappear, and after a few minutes we find, on testing the gas in the jar, that it contains a totally different gas, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, and to which has been given the name of carbon dioxide.

Lavoisier also demonstrated that if we take a jet of the gas called hydrogen—the lightest gas known, and which on that account is used for filling war balloons and Zeppelins—and burn it in a jar of oxygen, the sides of the jar become dimmed with water, which eventually streams down the sides and collects at the bottom, and that these two gases have combined to form this new body, with evolution of so much heat that, until cooled by the sides of the jar, it is vaporous.

From many such experiments he finally 1916. No. 256.

established the fact that the heat developed by combustion was due to energy given out as the chemical combination took place, and we now define combustion as the evolution of heat during rapid chemical action.

The rate at which the burning takes place may, however, be so modified that instead of the combustion taking a considerable time and giving the ordinary phenomena of fire, the rate of burning may be so accelerated as to give explosion. We have seen that a jet of hydrogen burns quietly in oxygen and forms water; but if we mix the hydrogen and oxygen together in the proportion in which they combine, i.e., two volumes of hydrogen to one of oxygen, and then apply a light to the mixture, the combination passes almost instantaneously through the gaseous mass, and explosion results.

It is evident from these facts that in explosion we have the most rapid form of chemical action which is accompanied by the generation of great heat at the moment of explosion, and as only those bodies that give gases as products of combustion can be

 2 0

used to make explosives, we come to the conclusion that the action of the explosive is caused by the conversion of a comparatively small mass of material into a very large volume of gas, still further expanded by the heat evolved, and the gas, having to find way for itself, gives the disruptive effect of the explosion, and the smaller the original bulk of material and the larger the resulting volume of gas, the more

powerful will the explosive be.

In these cases it has been oxygen that has combined with the combustible body: but if oxygen in the gaseous form had to be used in making explosives, its bulk would render a practical explosive an impossibility. But there are certain compounds which hold oxygen in large quantities in so loose a form of combination that it can be set free and rendered available for combustion. Such a compound is potassium nitrate, which contains six hundred times its own volume of oxygen, with which it can be made to part when in admixture with a combustible substance. In gunpowder we have a mixture of 15 per cent. of charcoal, which is nearly pure carbon, 10 per cent. of sulphur ofthese — both

substances being inflammable and burning to form gases—whilst the supply of oxygen necessary for their combustion is obtained by mixing them mechanically with 75 per cent. of potassium nitrate, which not only gives the necessary oxygen in a small space, but renders the gunpowder independent of air for its combustion, so that a cartridge containing gunpowder can be burnt perfectly well under water.

Up to 1890 gunpowder was our universal explosive, being used both for driving

projectiles from the guns, and also as the bursting charge in shells; but gunpowder has the great drawback that, owing to the presence in it of the metallic salt potassium nitrate, not only gaseous products of combustion are formed, but also solid products, which at the temperature of explosion are fused and blown out of the gun in minute particles, and these, cooling and solidifying in the air, give the great volumes of smoke

that rendered gunpowder useless when rapid-firing guns began to be introduced.

As soon as the necessity for smokeless powders for the guns arose, explosives of a totally different character had to be devised. Gunpowder was a mechanical mixture of combustible materials with oxygen-yielding bodies; but as early as 1838 it was shown that it was possible to act on certain organic substances containing carbon and hydrogen in their composition with nitric acid in such a way as to form compounds containing both combustible and oxygen-carrier in such a condition of chemical combination that by heat or shock the composition of the mass could be reconstructed into gaseous products. It was discovered by a Swiss chemist named

Swiss chemist named Schonbein, in 1845, that if cotton-wool was soaked in the strongest nitric acid, or, better still, a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids, and was then drained, and the excess of acid washed out from it and the compound dried, the material had gained largely in weight, had acquired the property of igniting at a much lower temperature and of burning with enormous rapidity, whilst if such a material were enclosed in a cartridge and then fired, very powerful explosive effects followed, and under these conditions, there

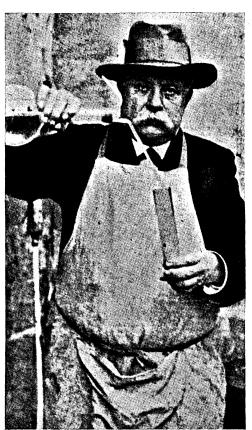


Photo bu

M. TURPIN, THE FRENCH INVENTOR, AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY.

being no solid products from the explosion, no smoke was produced.

To this substance the name of gun-cotton was given, and experiments were at once made by most of the European Powers to adapt it for use in guns; but it was found

At this time there was a great deal of scientific controversy as to whether the action of the nitric acid on the cotton was to convert it into a true chemical compound of the character of a nitrate, or whether the nitric acid was merely mechanically held by

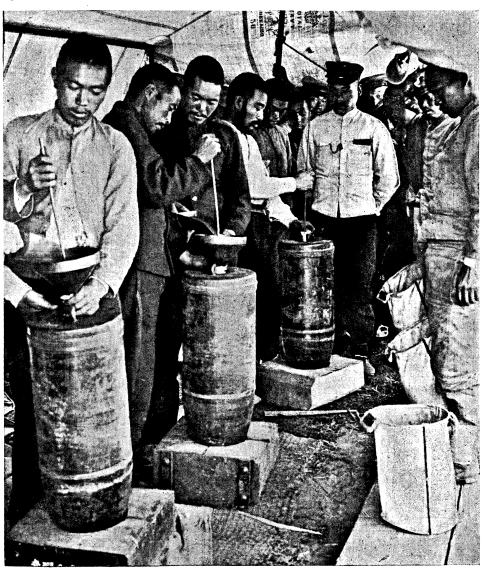


Photo by]

FILLING JAPANESE 500-LB. SHELLS.

[Underwood & Underwood.

that it occupied too large a space and exploded so violently as to throw too great a strain on the gun, whilst at the same time several serious explosions took place at the factories where it was being made, with the result that its manufacture was abandoned within two years of its discovery.

the cotton fibres. In order to clear up this point, the French chemist Pelouze instructed his assistant, Sobrero, to take glycerine—a body of the same chemical character as the cellulose of the cotton—and to treat this with strong nitric acid and sulphuric acid in the same way. Sobrero did this, and found

that the glycerine dissolved in the strong acids, but that, on pouring this acid solution into a pail of water, oily drops again reappeared, and on collecting these and drying from the water, the substance exploded with enormous violence; and so was discovered the most powerful of all explosives -nitro-glycerine.

and when it was treated with the acids, these tubes became filled with them, and no ordinary washing would get rid of these acids, which, after the gun-cotton was dried, continued to act chemically and led to explosion, but that if in the manufacture the cotton was so macerated as to leave only minute lengths of the fibre intact, and then



Photo by]

FINISHING OFF GRENADES.

It was not until 1862 that any advance was made in the use of gun-cotton for explosive work, as it was considered too dangerous to manufacture. But an Austrian artillery officer, General von Lenk, in the meantime had been making a number of experiments, and found that the early explosions had been caused by the fact that

cotton consisted of minute microscopic tubes,

the washing was continued for a considerable time, every trace of acid being neutralised by the addition of a small percentage of alkali, all danger disappeared. The late Sir Frederick Abel then introduced into England an improved process for its manufacture, which was carried out at Stowmarket, and gun-cotton became one of our safest and most valuable explosives for blasting



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

GUN-FIRE.

work, but nothing that could be done would make its action sufficiently regular for use in big guns, as, under the influence of the great pressure given at the moment of explosion, an accelerated action took place, which led to the straining of the gun.

It is required from any explosive that is to be used to drive a projectile from one of the big guns, that the explosion should take a definite time, and commence giving off gas comparatively slowly, in order to overcome gradually the vis inertiae of the projectile—that is to say, to start it moving slowly without throwing too great a strain on the gun, and the rate of burning or explosion should then increase in rapidity, so as to supply gas more and more quickly, in order to increase the pressure behind the projectile in the ever-increasing space that exists in the gun, so that, when the muzzle

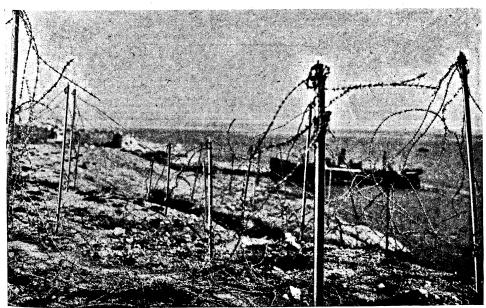


Photo by]
WIRE ENTANGLEMENT AT SED-EL-BAHR DESTROYED BY BRITISH SHELL-FIRE.

is reached, the projectile should be driven out from the gun with the highest possible velocity.

The difference between a "propellant" and a "high explosive" is entirely one of

Abel's assistants, Mr. E. O. Brown, discovered that when a mercuric rulminate cap was exploded in contact with compressed gun-cotton, the unconfined mass exploded with enormous violence, and that whereas



Photo by]

THE FALL OF A HOUSE AT YPRES UNDER SHELL-FIRE.

[Central News.

rapidity in explosion, and the impossibility of using ordinary gun-cotton as a propellant was due to the fact that, with pressure, explosion became more violent, and passed into the most rapid form, known as "detonation."

It was in 1868 that one of Sir Frederick

an ordinary train of gun-cotton would take several seconds to burn a few feet if ignited by a match, yet if compressed gun-cotton were detonated by a fulminate cap, the explosion travels at the rate of two hundred miles a minute, and there being no time for the displacement of the air, the enormous



DRILLING FOR A BOMB ATTACK.

Photo by]

[Sport & General.

BOMB CASTINGS READY FOR TURNING.

volume of gas created having to find room for itself, gives as great a destructive effect as if the gun-cotton had been tamped into a borehole in the object to be destroyed. Bodies which are capable of this accelerated form of explosion are said to be "high explosives," and unless the tendency to detonate can be overcome, they cannot be used as propellants, as there would be no time to overcome the vis inertiae of the projectile, and the gun would be either strained or burst.

Nitro-glycerine is a very good example of

macerated in nitro-glycerine, the gun-cotton was gelatinised, all structure disappeared, and both explosives became so tamed in their action that they were converted into a perfect blasting explosive, and in 1888 the mixture was made the basis of a smokeless powder far superior to gunpowder. This idea was improved upon by Sir Frederick Abel and Sir James Dewar, who found that the highest form of gun-cotton, which is unacted upon by nitro-glycerine, could be got into a gelatinised mass with nitro-glycerine if a common solvent, such as

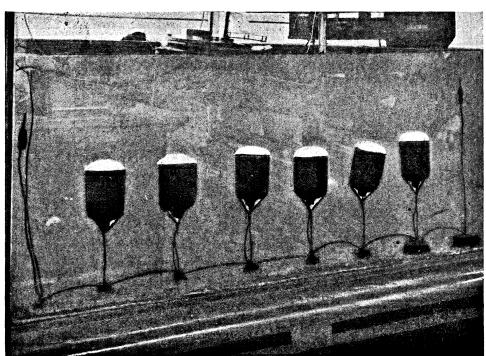


Photo by]

THE POSITION IN WHICH MINES ARE FIXED.

[Gale & Polden.

a high explosive, but practically is of no use in Service work outside the manufacture of cordite, as it is far too dangerous to handle, and, if used in a shell, would be liable to premature explosion. It must always be remembered that science could provide explosives more violent than those in Service use were it not quite as important to ensure safety for those using the explosive as to obtain destructive effects on the enemy.

Alfred Nobel, in 1875, discovered that if a low form of gun-cotton which is produced when the nitric acid used in making it is not kept up to its full strength was acetone, was used to blend them and afterwards evaporated out, and this blend, with 5 per cent. of vaseline, to increase the stability and lubricate the gun, forms our modern "propellant" cordite, so named from the fact that it is cast into sticks, rods, or cords, according to the size of the gun in which it is to be used. The Mark I. cordite first made contained 68 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and the heat of its combustion in the guns gave rise to a troublesome form of erosion, which in the South African War shortened the lives of the field guns, these having to be relined after a certain number of rounds had been fired.

This led to an alteration in the proportion of the ingredients in the "M.D." cordite now used in all arms, from the 15-inch guns of the super-Dreadnoughts to the Service rifles.

Our Allies and enemies alike use smokeless powders of a somewhat different type, made by gelatinising nitro-cotton without any nitro-glycerine, for their field artillery and rifles; but in the German and Austrian naval guns nitro-glycerine powders of much

made, are compounds produced by acting on coal-tar products with nitric acid. The black tar yielded by the carbonisation of coal in the gasworks and coke ovens can by fractional distillation be made to yield benzene, toluene, and carbolic acid, all of which can be nitrated to give high explosives capable of being detonated.

The carbolic acid yields, on nitration, pieric acid, the basis of the English lyddite, the

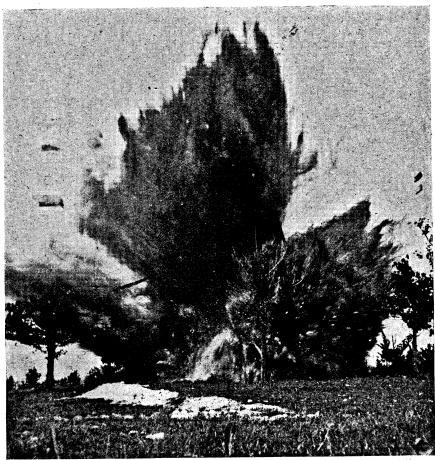


Photo by]

EXPLOSION OF A LAND-MINE.

[Central News.

the same kind as our cordite are used, as a larger charge of nitro-cotton powder has to be employed than of a nitro-glycerine powder, and this means larger chambers in the guns and larger magazines to carry the necessary amount of explosive.

The modern "high explosives," that are playing so important a part in the shells used for destroying the wire entanglements and trenches before any advance can be French melinite, and the Japanese Shimose Powder, whilst an explosive attracting even greater attention in the present War is obtained in the same way by nitration from toluene.

The lyddite shells used in the South African campaign showed great diversity of behaviour, at one time exploding with tremendous effect, and at others giving a very low order of explosion and dense yellowish-green fumes. This was due to the fact that for its proper explosion picric acid needs a powerful detonator, and fear of premature explosion of the shell in the gun prevented sufficiently strong detonators being used. Later on, the Japanese, who used picric acid under the name of Shimose Powder in their war with Russia, rendered the bursting charges highly effective by the use of a detonator of a different character, but paid the penalty of the sensitive nature of the explosive by several cases of premature explosion of the shell in the gun.

It is clear that for a successful bursting charge there are several factors even more advantages of an important character over it, inasmuch as it is more chemically stable, free from any acid reaction, and without action on metals. It is, therefore, unable to accidentally form more sensitive compounds, and although its explosive force is slightly less than that of picric acid, which exercises a pressure when detonated of 135,000 lbs. on the square inch, whilst trinitrotoluol gives only a pressure of 119,000 lbs. per square inch, yet this is not altogether a drawback, as, when used as a bursting charge, the shell is not shattered into such small fragments, and will often, therefore, give rise to more destructive effects.

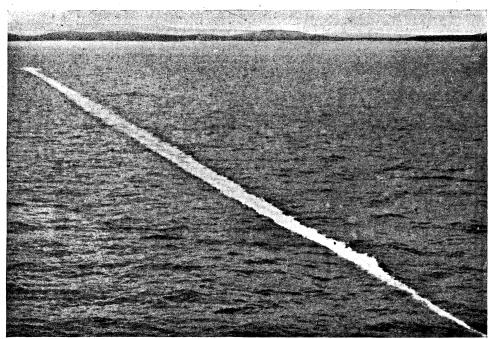


Photo by]

THE TRACK OF A TORPEDO FIRED FROM A SUBMARINE.

[Cribb, Southsea.

important than the power of the explosive itself, and first and foremost amongst these is that it must be sufficiently insensitive to prevent any chance of its being exploded when a store of it is struck by a shell, as might be the case in an ammunition wagon in the field, nor must there be any fear of premature explosion in handling it or firing it from a gun. The fact of pieric acid under certain conditions forming more sensitive compounds has led to attempts being made to replace it by some other bursting charge of the same character which would be free from the drawbacks found in pieric acid, and trinitrotoluol has been found to have

When shells containing trinitrotoluol, or "T.N.T.," as the explosive is now universally called, burst, they give the heavy black smoke that has earned for them the sobriquet of "Black Marias," "Coal-Boxes," etc., amongst the troops.

Probably the most powerful explosive known is made from benzene by converting it into aniline and, by nitration, making this into tetranitro-aniline, an explosive of which a great deal more will be heard, whilst another derivative, tetranitromethylaniline, known as "tetryl," is being used largely in detonators.

The great value of the high explosives is

the terrible concussion transmitted through the air by their detonation, which not only destroys entanglements and trenches, but often kills the defenders in the trenches without their being struck.

When not fatal, the effect of the concussion frequently shows itself by loss of memory, by nervous breakdown, and by heart trouble,

animals were found in the exact positions in which death had overtaken them. One ingenious correspondent christened this fabulous explosive "Turpinite," and devoted a long article to the effects produced, which made it clear to anyone with a knowledge of the subject that concussion and not poison was the only possible explanation.

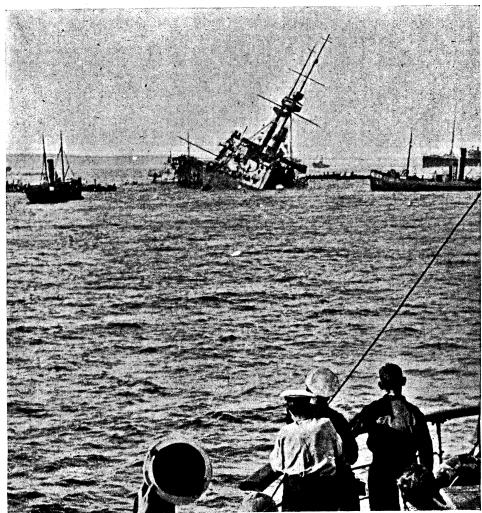


Photo by

THE SINKING OF THE "MAJESTIC" AFTER BEING TORPEDOED.

[Central News.

many cases occurring in which men have been disabled without being killed, and have afterwards been found to be suffering from serious displacement of the heart. In the early stages of the War the fact that men were killed without being wounded gave rise to wild rumours of an intensely poisonous explosive, so fatal in its results that men and It has been seen that all the explosives used in this world-war are formed from such apparently harmless bodies as cotton, glycerine, and tar products by treating them with nitric acid, the strength of which has to be maintained by admixture with sulphuric acid.

In all wars up to the last decade of the nineteenth century gunpowder was the explosive used, and, as we have seen, potassium nitrate or saltpetre was the constituent that yielded the oxygen necessary for explosion; but there never was a war of any length in which the supply of ammuniton was not hampered by a shortage in the quantity of nitrate obtainable, which was only found as a deposit in certain parts of India, or was made from the deposits of sodium nitrate found in Chili and Peru. Until quite lately the nitric acid essential for the production of the explosives now in use could be made only by distilling such nitrates as those of potassium and sodium with sulphuric acid, and if we had still been dependent on this source, all the Powers engaged in the present War would

have been stalemated by want of explosives, so enormous has been the amount of acid used. During the last few years, however, methods have been discovered for making nitric acid from the air by passing an electric discharge through it, when the oxygen and nitrogen, of which the air mainly consists, combine in small quantities to give fumes which, dissolved in water, yield nitric acid; and at the present time, wherever cheap waterpower can be obtained for the generation of electricity, the acid is being produced in sufficient quantities to make up the necessary amount, so that it is clear that, without the scientific advances recently made, war on the present scale would have been impossible.



THE SPIRIT OF INHUMANITY.

SAW him sit, a gaoler at the door
Of that vast prison-house of grief and shame:
Within his breast most fiercely burning flame,
His long grey feet like ashes on the floor;
Bleak and unkind the things he brooded o'er—
The tale of prisoners, why and whence they came;
I saw him write within the dust each name,
And with his finger count the dreadful score.

But, as he wrote, there showed the worm and rust:
The dead thews of the prison's enterprise;
I saw the cracks in that great empty Crust
Of Hate, and issuing spirits sweep the skies;
And as the gaoler raised him from the dust,
I knew his name and saw his blinded eyes.

THE LEOPARDS OF ULUNDU

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



T was in the tornado season, and light-ning, that dimmed the yellow lamplight, flickered about the room of the West African factory, where Blake, Malton's agent, tried to read an old newspaper.

Thunder shook the wooden building, and heavy rain roared upon the iron roof. Herries sat blinking with dazzled eyes at a bundle of accounts. He was used to tornadoes, but could not work while the furious din went on. He was the best of a number of assistants whom Blake had trained and buried, and the agent sometimes wondered why he had come to West Africa, since the palm oil trade does not, as a rule, attract young men of ability.

Herries, who did not enlighten him, had been meant for a different career, which was cut short in consequence of a youthful escapade. He might have evaded full punishment, because the fault was not all his; but the lad was generous, and paid for his folly, without trying to divide the blame. Having a cheerful temperament, he made the best of things, and, for some reason that Blake could not fathom, was obeyed with rather unusual docility by the half-naked factory boys. He was strongly built and athletic, although the climate had already left its mark on him. Blake was gaunt and lean, with a jaundiced skin that looked like old parchment.

The uproar lasted for about ten minutes, and when it abruptly ceased, the strange silence was broken by the splash of canoe paddles, that stopped for a few moments and began again. Then there was a knock at the door, and a dripping Krooboy appeared, holding out a wet envelope.

"Ulundu bushman bring them book and lib for down-river one time, sah," he said.

Herries sent him away, and sat down with the note in his hand. "It's from Carson, but it's curious the boy went off down river, without waiting for his dash."

The agent looked thoughtful. Ulundu was up the river, and a negro messenger

generally expects a reward.

"I don't know what's the matter, but the boys have been uneasy for some time, and one would imagine that the fellow who brought the note was afraid. Looks as if something that alarmed him was going on in the bush, and it's possible that the War palaver has encouraged the Leopards to get to work again."

"The Leopards? I understood the Government people had stopped that kind of thing. Is there any truth in the stories

one hears about them?"

Blake, who knew as much as most white men about the native customs, smiled. The Leopards are a West African secret society, supposed to be controlled by the bush magicians, and associated with the cult of the Ju-Ju mysteries. Their objects are unknown, but they play an important part in native politics, and now and then terrorise the back country, where they are feared for their claim to supernatural powers.

"Well," he said dryly, "I don't believe they can take the form of a leopard, or creep into a hut without being seen, but they're the kind of people I'd much sooner leave alone. The local branch has been quiet since Major Grant had two of them hanged near Ulundu; but I've an unpleasant suspicion that, since the War broke out, our German

rivals in the next colony have bribed the chiefs of the order to make trouble. However, you had better see what Carson wants."

Herries opened the wet envelope and read the scribbled note aloud. "'Can you come up for a few days? I'm ill. Foster's dead,

and my boys have left me."

Carson served a rival trading firm at a small factory some distance off, and commercial jealousy is keen in West. Africa; but Blake, who picked up the note, remarked: "You'll have to-go. For one thing, it's obvious that he's very sick, and Ulundu's not a cheerful spot for a lonely young white man. Foster seems to have died suddenly. I didn't know he was ill."

"Then I can have the canoe and a few

boys in the morning?"

"I think you'd better start at once," Blake said meaningly. "Take Amade and Alua, and keep them until you come back. They're about the toughest boys we have, and by way of being Mohammedans."

Herries entered his room and threw a few clothes into a bag, and, as he opened a cupboard, an old sweater caught his eye. He had brought it for use on the voyage out, and it reminded him of the time when he played in the football team of a good Scottish school. A faded red leopard was embroidered on the breast of the garment, and, though Herries thought nobody knew of it, the device was tattooed on his skin. An old Navy pensioner at the gymnasium had done this for him. Then he picked up a small medicine chest and said good-bye to Blake, who made him take his gun.

The canoe set off up river, with six muscular negroes at the paddles, and Herries, who lighted a cigarette, vacantly watched the forest slide past. There was no break in the dark wall of timber, but the broad, muddy stream glittered in the light of a furtive moon that slipped in and out among the clouds. White mist clung about the bank, and the air was filled with strange, sour smells. Now and then there was a noise in the forest, but, for the most part,

everything was very still.

The old football sweater had given Herries food for thought, but not of a kind it was wise to indulge in, and, striking a match, he opened the medicine chest. He knew a little about drugs, for it had been his ambition to become a doctor. Now, if he worked hard and could stand the climate, he might look forward to being made agent at three hundred pounds a year. There was something ironically amusing in the thought,

but he meant to look forward instead of back, and fixed his attention on other matters. It was obvious that the canoe boys had not wanted to go with him, and he speculated about their reluctance.

Civilisation had not penetrated far into the shadowy bush, and the factory stood at some distance from the nearest military outpost; but the colony had been peaceful until war broke out. One heard tales of fantastic cruelties in the back country, where the tribes sometimes raided their neighbours, and life was cheap, but white men were generally safe from open violence, at least. It was said that a grasping agent now and then died of poison, but Herries did not

know of any authentic case.

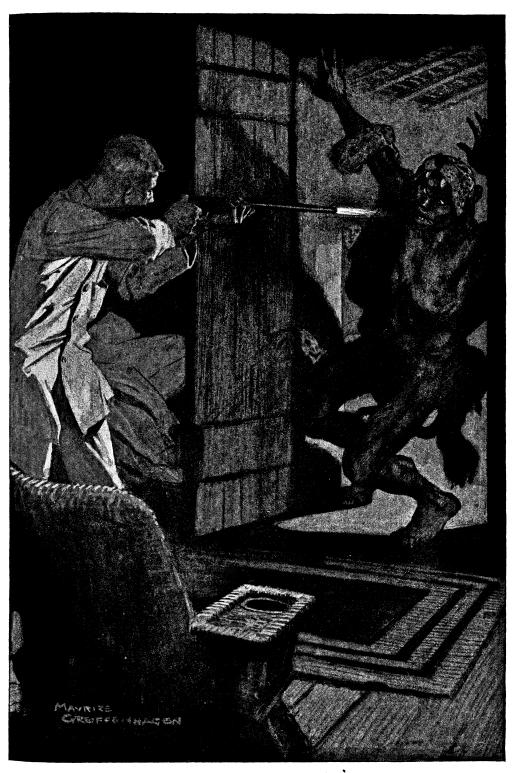
Then he wondered why the boys had submitted, and where his influence upon them lay. When he first came out, he had indulged in swimming, at which he was expert, in waters where crocodiles lurked, and practised a few old gymnasium tricks and feats of strength. The climate had soon put an end to this, but the negroes had Then he supposed he seemed impressed. was just, and had the usual amount of pluck, although, if it came to a test of steadfast nerve, he suspected that Blake would beat him. Yet he had influence, and could sometimes exact obedience when Blake could not. It was puzzling, but he gave it up, and went to sleep under the awning astern.

Dusk was near and rain falling when he approached Ulundu next evening. It was intolerably hot, and there was an oppressive heaviness in the air, while Herries thought the wooden house, which was raised on piles, and row of whitewashed sheds looked strangely desolate. Light mist hung about the building, and draggled palm fans drooped above the roof. He landed in a boggy compound, tunnelled by land-crabs, and went up the rickety verandah stairs. Some of the steps were rotten, and mould clung to the joints of the posts. There were no boys about the sheds, and he felt the unusual silence daunting.

Entering the big general room, which smelt of mildew and kerosene, he found a young man, wrapped in a dirty blanket, lying on a trestle bed. His hair was wet with perspiration, his face was thin and flushed,

and the hand he held out shook.

"Very good of you to come, particularly as Malton's and the United don't get on well," he said. "You'll excuse my not getting up, but the cook will bring you



"An ungainly object lurched sideways and fell."

some chop. He and the storekeeper stayed on when the others left."

Herries retained his hand and felt his pulse. "It was time to send for somebody.

What's your temperature?"

Carson told him, and he opened the medicine chest. "Our drugs are fresh. The firm do us well in that respect," he said. "I'll mix you a dose that generally braces Blake. Luckily, I haven't had much need to take the stuff myself."

The sick lad drained the glass, and then glanced at the gun Herries had put down. "I'm afraid you won't get much shooting. I haven't seen a duck or curlew for some

time."

"To tell the truth, I don't know why I brought the gun, but Blake rather insisted on my taking it," Herries answered, and opened a cartridge-bag. "This is curious. Fours are the size for curlew, and he's given me B's."

"Blake knows more about Africa than you

do," Carson remarked meaningly.

Herries lighted the lamp, and some time afterwards the Kroo cook brought in a bowl of palm-oil chop and a tin of fruit. Carson ate a little of the fowl and thick, spiced oil, and, when the meal was cleared away, began to talk.

"I feel much better. It was a big relief to hear your paddles. The place has been very lonely since Foster died."

"When did he die?"

"A fortnight since," said Carson, with a shiver. "He hadn't been fit for some time, but we were both ill, and I couldn't do much for him. Then one morning he didn't turn up, and I got a shock when I went into his room. Of course, I'd seen another clerk and the agent out, but I wasn't alone then. Besides, Foster was a very good sort, and I missed him. After he was buried, the fever got worse, and I went down."

"How long have you been without an

agent?"

"About eight months. The firm promised to send another man, but he hasn't come. No doubt the War makes it difficult, and, in a way, I'd prefer the trenches to Ulundu. But they wouldn't enlist me if I went home, and I've another reason for stopping here. In fact, I don't want to see an agent. If I can keep things going a little longer, I may get the post."

Herries said nothing. He had fever occasionally—indeed, he had it then—but the attacks were mild, and he suffered chiefly from his eyes. The glare of the river and

whitewashed oil-sheds had affected his sight. Carson, however, was worn to skin and bone, and it was strange that he should wish to remain at the unhealthy factory.

"That's why I was bothered about the boys stealing off," the latter resumed. "Oil has rushed up since the War began, and the United really ought to pay me an agent's commission; but I can't handle the stuff now, if the bushmen bring it down."

Herries could understand this complaint. On the few occasions when they had previously met, Carson had shown a parsimony unusual in West Africa, where white men seldom find it worth while to save.

"Well," he said indulgently, "we're all here for what we can get, and it's not often

very much."

"You mean to make excuses for me," Carson replied. "I wouldn't join at cards and bet on any foolish thing, like the rest of you. But I'll tell you why I came out,

and then you'll understand."

It was rather a moving tale, and lost nothing from being told in the dismal, mildewed room, while the gurgle of the river, flowing through the thick white mist, emphasised the stillness. Carson had been a clerk in England. His people were poor, and it cost him stern self-denial to give them the help they needed. Then he said something about a girl who worked for her He talked disjointedly, and Herries thought that fever and solitude accounted for his taking him into his confidence. Knowing very little about the country, he eagerly accepted an offer of employment in West Africa, and arrived at Ulundu with a hopeful heart. It was something of a shock to see a row of crosses, which showed where his predecessors had gone, and find his fellow-clerk a jaundiced victim of fever and The agent was generally sick, and often bemused by drugs.

Still, Carson saw that he must make the best of things, and when the clerk succumbed, a better man arrived. The agent got feebler and hazy in mind, but Carson and Foster kept the factory going after he died, the former hoping to get the vacant post, in which case he would feel himself a wealthy man. He was often ill, but this was to be expected, and Herries gathered that his resolution had not faltered much until Foster's death.

He stopped, rather breathless, and Herries glanced about the room. It felt lonely and looked very bare. There was a smell of rot and mildew, and the light was dim.

Opposite was the door of the room in which Foster died. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and a heavy shower beat upon the roof. Then Carson gave him a curious look.

"There's a matter I didn't mention in my note: I rather think the Leopards are about again. The Ulundu village was one of their favourite haunts, and something must have

frightened the boys."

Herries said it did not matter, but felt uncomfortable. Hitherto he had had Blake, who knew how to deal with the natives, for a companion; but he was now left to his own resources in the deserted factory. His canoe boys must return in the morning, and he would only have the two Mohammedans and Carson's storekeeper and cook. It was a very small party, and the bushmen had been truculent since war broke out. For all that, he talked as cheerfully as he could until he went to bed, but was glad Carson did not give him Foster's room.

He found Carson better in the morning, but felt a strange depression as he watched the canoe boys paddle away. Some of his companion's work, which had got behind, however, demanded his attention, and his uneasiness did not return until the evening. It got dark about six o'clock, and Carson talked in a disturbing way when his

temperature went up.

"I keep thinking about Foster. He was a very good sort," he said. "When I went into his room that morning, I felt that I had failed him. You see, there was nobody with him. I was asleep all night."

"But you couldn't have done anything, if

you had been awake."

"I don't know," Carson answered hesitatingly. "I heard nothing, and he looked very calm. There was no mark, but I felt that all was not right. One can get into the bedrooms from the verandah; that's why I've slept here. The worst was that I knew he wouldn't have failed me. In fact, I've sometimes a fancy that he's still about the place at night. In a way, I liked to feel it, until you came. I wasn't in the least afraid of him."

Although Herries imagined that the fever accounted for Carson's fancies, he felt uneasy; but the sick lad would not stop, and Herries learned something about the horrors he had faced and fought for the sake of the folks at home. Herries was not superstitious, and thought his nerve was good, but he began to hate Ulundu. When he got up next morning, he found the storekeeper had

gone; but a tornado blew off part of the oil-shed roof, and the work of repairing it was something of a relief. After this there were no more storms, and for some days the air was stagnant and oppressive with steamy heat. The sun was obscured, the sky a sickly yellow, and a strange, unnatural silence brooded over gloomy bush and desolate factory. Carson was sometimes better and sometimes worse, and only left his bed for an hour or two.

Then one morning Herries got a shock when, going to see why breakfast was late, he found the Kroo cook lying among his pots. The dark form was cold and rigid, but there was no mark on the skin, except the usual blue stripe on the forehead. freshly sharpened by a file, lay near, but the long blade was clean, and there were a few short, coarse hairs on the floor. That was he had finished his all: but when examination, Herries went out quickly and sat down at some distance from the hut. He had begun to study anatomy before he left home, and felt that something was Besides, the Kroos are a virile race, and do not die without apparent cause. Rousing himself, he sent Amade into the hut, but the big, dark-skinned man could tell him nothing, though his face was very grim. Herries decided to keep the matter from his comrade as long as he could, but when he brought in breakfast, Carson looked up sharply.

"It's late. And why have you done this?

White men don't cook."

"Your boy wasn't fit for duty," Herries

answered, with clumsy carelessness.

"Ah!" said Carson. "I've been expecting something of the kind, and it's not so much of a shock. Besides, I knew what had happened when I saw your face. I suppose you found nothing suspicious?"

"It looks as if my nerve was not as good as yours," said Herries, who took out the

hairs. "I found these."

Carson nodded. "There were some on the verandah the morning after Foster died."

Herries pushed his plate away and took a bottle from a cupboard. "I don't seem to have much appetite, but think I'd like a drink."

There was silence for a minute or two after he drained his glass, and then Carson said: "You had better bury him in our plot. It isn't usual, but Foster liked the man, and he stayed when the others left. Of course, since he came from Liberia, he was, so to

speak, a foreigner, and wouldn't have been safe in the bush, but I don't think that altogether accounted for his stopping."

Herries made a sign of agreement and went out. A young man hardens soon in the malaria-haunted swamps, but he felt moved when he and the stern Mohammedans laid the Kroo in the hot soil among the white men's graves. The dusky pagan, who knew that danger threatened, had his rude code of honour, and Herries thought it was not to protect his own life he had filed his machet keen. His face was hard when he went about his work. He meant to see Carson through, but he had not slept for the last few nights, and his nerves were getting ragged. Then he had a touch of fever, and his eyes troubled him. thought of sending Amade down river for help, but did not like to be left with only one active man. Besides, he wanted to strike back, if his cunning antagonists gave him the chance.

The chance came after two more days of tension. Herries woke from a disturbed sleep a little after midnight, and saw the moon shining into his room. Everything was very quiet, although he could hear the river, but he felt that he had been awakened. He remembered what Carson had said about Foster, but argued with drowsy calm that, if Foster was there in the spirit, he must be a friend. Perhaps it was because he was feverish, but, instead of shrinking, he felt a strange, uplifting confidence. However, since he was awake, he had better see if Carson, who had shivering fits, was properly wrapped up.

Putting on his slippers, for fear of the jigger insect, which bores into the foot, he went out on the verandah in his pyjamas. He did not know why he took that way, but if anything threatened the factory, that was the most vulnerable spot. The moon had cleared the sky, and the wet compound was flooded with silver light. It was empty, but the silence jarred on Herries' nerves, his confidence vanished, and he began to feel afraid. Going back, he locked his door, and then felt he must see if the door of Foster's room was fast. The lock was rusty, and he could not tell which way the key ought to turn. He worked at it for a few moments, making some noise, and then stopped, while his heart beat, and a dew

A loose step rattled outside, and he heard a curious sound that seemed to be made by soft pads and not by human feet. Something

of perspiration started from his skin.

that went on all fours, like an animal, was coming up the verandah stairs. Herries leaned against Foster's bed and shook with unnerving fear. He felt cold, and the roots of his hair prickled. He thought he had fastened the door of the big room where Carson slept, but could not be certain. He ought to see, but his flesh shrank from the venture, and for a few moments he waited, irresolute. Then he took off his slippers and went silently to the door.

The moonlight streamed into the spacious room and, although the part below the windows was shadowy, touched Carson's He seemed asleep, for the vaguely outlined figure among the blankets was Then the verandah motionless. opened, and Herries stood, slack and nerveless, in the gloom, as a monstrous object came in. It crept like an animal, and had a hairy skin, but it looked gigantic and deformed. Moving quietly through the shadow, it made for Carson's bed and rose upright. The light fell upon its black and yellow head, but the short hairy body was out of proportion, and stood upon thin, monkey - like legs. Then, although the numbing horror had not left him, Herries was filled with rage. He could not tell if it was a man or not; but the foul thing meant to kill his comrade, as it had killed Foster and the Kroo cook, and he hated it for the fear it inspired in him. Next moment he remembered Blake's gun, and wondered whether he could reach it in time.

Treading very cautiously, he crept towards the door, and then glanced back into the room. The creature had turned away from Carson's bed, and was looking about, as if in search of somebody else; but this was something of a relief, since it gave Herries a few moments longer. He reached the gun, and as he opened the breach and felt that there was a cartridge in both chambers, his confidence returned. Then he knew that the thing in the next room had heard the snap of the closing breach, for soft, padding steps moved towards the door. It was coming after him, and he knew now that it had sought him from the first.

Still, he felt steady. At a few yards' range the large B shot would hold together well, and his antagonist would be in the moonlight at the door. He waited for a moment, and then threw the gun to his shoulder as the monstrous creature filled the opening. It crouched and then sprang forward with a snarl, and Herries drew the trigger.

There was a flash and a deafening report, and the room was filled with thin vapour, in the midst of which an ungainly object lurched sideways and fell. Then Carson shouted, and Herries, leaping over the hairy mass, ran into the next room, where Carson was feebly getting out of bed.
"What is it? What have you shot?"

he asked.

"One of the Ulundu Leopards," Herries answered in a strained voice, and lighted the

big lamp.

Taking it down, he went back with Carson, and found that the B shot had done its work. The leopard skin had fallen back, and the light fell upon the black limbs of a big naked man. Then there was a patter of footsteps, and Amade, who ran in with his comrade, laughed harshly as he looked at the body.

"Them headman Leopard," he said, indicating a mark on the dark face. savvy you go chop him when he come."

"Take him away one time," said Herries

hoarsely.

He went back to the next room with Carson, and sat down, feeling suddenly limp. The lock of his door grated, and there was a heavy bumping on the stairs. Then slow footsteps crossed the compound, and there was silence.

Some time afterwards Herries remarked: "I seemed to feel that the fellow was really looking for me. I suppose you heard what

Amade said?"

"I did, but don't know what he meant," Carson answered, and added in a meaning

tone: "Do you?"

Herries hesitated, and then unbuttoned his pyjama jacket. "I can only think of one thing. It was the club badge, and I got it tattooed after a hard football match in which I scored the deciding goal."

Then he opened the jacket, and Carson saw a small leopard rampant upon his chest.

"That may account for it," he said. don't know; none of us really understands the bushman's point of view. But you might get some cigarettes. I don't suppose you feel like going to sleep again."

Herries sat on Carson's bed until day broke, and next evening a steam launch came up river with a white officer and a few black

soldiers on board.

"I called at the factory, and Blake told me I had better look you up," he said.

They told him about the Leopard, and he listened thoughtfully, but without surprise.

"We were afraid the War might encourage the brutes to start again, particularly if their chiefs were subsidised by our Teutonic neighbours," he remarked. "However, they've got an awkward check, and I'm inclined to think one or two bush headmen will shortly have grounds for being sorry they meddled with magic. We may be able to hold more civilised gentlemen accountable later." Then he turned to Carson. "I met Captain Leslie, and he said he'd been asked for permission to send another white man here. The fellow's from a Lagos factory, his character seems all right, and, as Leslie gave the permit, he should turn up soon."

"Is he coming as agent?" Carson asked,

with forced quietness.

The application "I don't think so. described him as assistant factory clerk."

Carson looked at Herries as he leaned back in his chair with a smile on his hollow face.

"They'll give me the post, and I'll owe that to you," he said. "It was worth waiting for."

THE PLOUGHBOY IN FLANDERS.

AST Spring-tide I was ploughing Red earth along the hill; A little wind was soughing, The brooks were never still.

A lifetime so it seems to me Betwixt last year and this: Long lines of trenches all I see, And hear the bullets hiss.

Now other lads are turning The red land 'neath the plough. Do they, too, list to yearning Wood-pigeons on the bough?

Yonder's a sweetheart waiting, Praying to God for me, That safely for our mating I'll go back o'er the sea.

EDITH DART.

THE GOBLIN'S LONELY SOLDIER

By LAURENCE NORTH

Illustrated by Charles Pears



OWNSTAIRS there was a sound of battle which the gong could not drown.

> "What now?" Paterfamilias called from his dressingroom. As usual, he was a little late.

"Nothing serious," Marjorie laughed-"only the Engineer and the Goblin fighting for The Thunderbolt. Do be quick! Breakfast will be cold."

"I'm just ready. Really, this greed for war news is most remarkable. I don't wonder at the Boy, but Goblin's interest is extraordinary."

"Oh, my dear man, it isn't ordinary war news she wants. Haven't you discovered the latest craze?"

"No. What?"

On the question Paterfamilias appeared, with shining morning face, and the Heads of the House—that is to say, the Head and her Lieutenant—descended in state.

"The imp has gone daft on the Agony Column. It's her daily delight—a new world Curious that you haven't noticed it. She usually tells you everything."

"Of this, not a word. What's the special Mysterious appointments, next-of-kin, or long-lost relations, or 'something to his advantage,' or 'Elizabeth Ambulances '?"

"Quite wrong. It's-"

But here the noise of battle—nay, even the combatants themselves, enveloped in a cloud of flying news-sheets, tumbled in a heap out of the breakfast-room door.

The Special Constable intervened. Peace fell suddenly on the stricken field.

"Pick up the papers, boy. Arrange them into as much decency as may be possible. What a disgraceful mess! Poor old Jupiter Tonans! Now come to breakfast without any more nonsense, and, by the by, no

marmalade for either of you."

Somehow the sentence of the Court seemed to fall flat. The Deputy-Master of the House was puzzled at the ill-concealed grin with which it was received by the culprits. Even his wife heard it without solemnity. Oh, if only that dear, good woman would uphold discipline!

"Dear," she said, as the family sat down, "you must devise another punishment. I thought, as it's war-time, we ought really to have marmalade only on Sundays. I told

the children so last night."

"Ah—um—very good!" Paterfamilias · picked up the newspaper, and seemed to

forget further judicial efforts.

"Give them no pollidge, Daddy," said the Infant Margaret, who had stood out of the battle, and felt virtuously entitled to make suggestions. Alone of the three she liked her porridge. Her reasoning powers did not see the consequent fallacy. culprits grinned still more cheerfully, and hoped.

"Punishments don't seem to be very flourishing this morning. After two bad shots, perhaps, you ought to be let off, like the man they couldn't hang. Only don't maltreat the papers again. I can't read a crumpled sheet with any comfort. get on with your breakfast. By the by, where's Gillie?"

"Poor Gillie has a dreadful headache," said the Mater. "She can't come down."

"Hurrah! No lessons!" shouted the Goblin and Margaret, from which it is obvious to the reader that Gillie, otherwise Miss Gillingham, was their governess-a lady not previously seen in these candid

chronicles of a respectable family,

"Gillie," said the Goblin, "is awfully grumpy just now. Crossed in love, I suppose."

"You ridiculous child! What do you

know about such things?"

"I'm quite sure she is, Mummy," said the Goblin sentimentally. "Nothing else could make her so dull. I suppose she loves some nice soldier-man in secret. Perhaps he's 'missing.' I think she should advertise him

in the papers."

The elders exchanged glances. Light began to dawn upon Paterfamilias. He caught up the thread of the earlier interrupted conversation. But the look that had passed meant more than that, for the Goblin had come very near the truth in her surmise. Of which later.

Breakfast, however, had come to an end. The party broke up, two very reluctant little girls to lessons with their mother, and a too-lucky boy to his workshop, for he was home from school untimely, owing to an outbreak of mumps, which had hastened the holidays by a fortnight. With wistful eyes the Goblin saw her father carry off the newspaper. But her thoughts and devices followed it, with curious results, as shall appear in due course.

II.

"I say, Boy," the Goblin remarked casually, or with a dubious attempt at being casual, "did you ever get the money for that last five-shilling postal order Uncle Bill sent

you?"

"It wasn't a postal order, fathead. It was a War Loan Voucher, same as yours. No, I'm keeping it. You shouldn't deprive the State of money at this serious crisis. It's not very useful to me," he added ruefully, "but a good patriot is bound to keep it. It's as good as money, of course, in a way."

The Goblin's face fell. Then she asked: "You don't happen to have five shillings,

I suppose?"

"Well, I might just have that, but I need it for aeroplane rubber."

"But War Vouchers are as good as money,

you said."

"Very nearly. Quite, if you give them up, but it's immoral to give them up."

"But if it was for a good cause?

"Oh, well, perhaps. But the cause would need to be very good."

"I say, would you like another War Loan Voucher?"

"Not just over-fearfully. Still, it consolidates a man's financial position in the long run, although, of course, it locks up his money. I don't think I am taking any to-day, if you're thinking of offering me yours—for cash."

"But if I gave you—what is it—an

omission?"

"Commission, you mean. Well, now you're talking. How much?"

"Would sixpence do?"

"Let's see. Sixpence on five bob—ten per cent. That's good enough, although it leaves me pretty well broke for the ready. Still, you're my sister. And, Goblin, not to be an old Shylock, when you give me back the five bob, I'll return the sixpence. I fear I must have it. 'My poverty and not my will consents,' as the chap says in—in—'Romeo and Julius Cæsar,' isn't it?"

"'Romeo and Juliet,' stupid! You're an

ignorant mechanical boy."

"People who ask favours shouldn't give cheek. You fancy yourself because you happen to know 'Lamb's Tales' pretty well. You don't know the difference between a Gnome and a Monosoupape engine for nuts, and that's a lot more useful at the present day."

"That line about 'poverty' isn't given in the 'Tales,' my prize blockhead! Ha!

Ha!"

"Do you want that five bob, or do you not? I'm busy."

"Oh, all right. Yes, of course I want it. There's a good old boy! Here's the Voucher."

The Engineer took the scrip and read it through on both sides. He examined the signature of Mr. Bradbury, held the paper up to the light to see the water-mark, flicked it between his finger and thumb, as bankers do, nodded, and then, with a sigh, tendered the coin.

"I'll give you the sixpence on Saturday," said the Goblin. "Thanks awfully."

"Mind you do. I'll want it then badly.
And, I say, Gobbie, I may be a duffer at
books and things like that, but I know a line

books and things like that, but I know a line Daddy told me out of Aristophanes that fits the case. It's 'Woman is a clever and money-getting thing!'"

"Rats!" said the Goblin, and away she

flew with her silver.

For the rest of the afternoon she was mysteriously engaged in literary work. No questions were asked, as the Powers imagined it was merely another of the small lady's extraordinary Society novels, where love and crime commingle in most admired disorder.

III.

THREE days later Miss Gillingham, glancing over the first page of the paper, received a disagreeable shock. At first she read casually, but something in an "Agony" notice held her attention. Curious! Impossible! And yet it fitted. But it could only be coincidence. Still, if it were seen, it might mislead and raise false hopes where no hopes should be. Miss Gillingham sighed, and her pretty eyes filled with tears. she was rather a strong-minded young woman, and, hating herself for weakness, she tried to laugh. After all, the chances of trouble were small. It was only the very long arm She looked again at the of coincidence. advertisement —

"Miss G., residing at N.E. Cottage, D.E., M-shire, would like to hear from Lonely Soldier. Box 02035."

It was annoying, but pure coincidence. Miss Gillingham had not written the notice, it referred, of course, to someone else. Nine Elms Cottage, Darley End, Mudfordshire, would fit exactly. She was not safe even with the screen of The Thunderbolt, for if he saw it, he would never use the roundabout method of Box 02035. What a stupid woman to put so much into the paper! But it might be merely a thieves' advertisement, or some other sort of blind. But what of If anyone in the household should see it! Worse still, he, far away in Flanders, might think she was striving to strike up a promiscuous friendship with chance soldiermen, out of pique for a recent unhappy It was simply disgusting. Then there was Colonel Bogey to consider. He always read the Agony Column diligently. What would he think of her? And she had given him her word of honour that it was all over between his nephew and herself. Not that that good, kind man had asked any such thing, but Miss Gillingham had thought it right to make her own position clear. When Frank Fortescue's battery had been quartered in the village last summer, she had very nearly lost her head, but not quite. Frank had lost his utterly, but it was quite out of the question. Once upon a time—how different! But now-no. "Quite impossible, Colonel Fortescue," Miss Gillingham had said, when the Colonel took her aside one evening and remarked in his kindest way: "I want a word with you-about Frank." She would only ruin his career, and people would say she had set her cap at him. If he'd been a poor lieutenant, it mightn't have

mattered; but everybody knew he'd come in some day for all Colonel Bogey's money, which was not small. Colonel Bogey, people said, had certain views of his own for his nephew's future. Poor governesses, however well connected, were not in the bill. So Miss Gillingham put her foot down resolutely, and Frank went off to the Front in an unenviable state of mind. No, she had forbidden him to write—it must be final.

Colonel Bogey, she was sure, had seemed relieved.

"Well, well, my dear young lady," he had replied, "you know best."

He had looked at her rather queerly, as if he had more to say, but he refrained. Anyhow, she had done what was right. As for this horrid advertisement, she must hope for the best, and try to forget it.

IV.

PATERFAMILIAS, about a week later, happened, for a wonder, to be downstairs when the post came. The Goblin, an early bird, usually made it her business to seize the letters and distribute them to the household, but this morning she was in bed with a cold. She had tried to play Mercury, as usual, but was caught half-way downstairs and bundled back to bed, whereat she wept with unaccountable bitterness.

Thus, by an irony of Fate, she missed what had been recently the chief desire of her heart, and her father found himself involved

in mystery.

Some mistake, no doubt, but what could a small person have to do with the leading journal? He turned over the official envelope. Ah, no doubt the writer of glowing fiction had, with the amateur's usual lack of understanding, favoured The Thunderbolt with one of her "novels." Was he justified in opening the packet? A fine point. Then he recalled his wife's story of the small damsel's consuming interest in the Agony Column. Here was a probable solution. Yes, it felt like envelopes, not MS., enclosed. What had that little witch been up to?

He saw his way clear. The contents might be better suppressed. He retired to his den, and with great art opened the packet so that it could be closed again without betrayal of his perfidy, if need were.

"'Curiouser and curiouser,' said Alice."
Very curious indeed. "Thomas Atkins, very 'loanlie,' would be glad to korrespond with Miss G., strictly with a view to mattrimony. Aving a tuff time, and the

Boshies shellink us like old Arry. But we give em what for—hand a new pair of sox very wellcome, also some fags and remains with luv and x x x x x your truly friend etc.

"P.S.—Pawsed by Senser."

to afford the least justification for his answering the advertisement.

The next was even worse. An engaging young rascal, whose regiment had not yet gone out, and who happened for the moment



"The combatants themselves, enveloped in a cloud of flying news-sheets, tumbled in a heap out of the breakfast-room door."

But this was not the only letter. The next was from a gay young spark, who wrote in an eary, off-hand manner, and was evidently merely out to pick up new acquaintances. He did not give much news of himself, but the whole tone of the letter was such as not

to be living at his own home—evidently luxurious, to judge from the heraldic note-paper—hinted at adventures in town, lunch, and a *matinėe*.

These last two letters Paterfamilias, without a single twinge of conscience, put

into the fire. There remained yet a fourth, at which Paterfamilias marvelled as he read. Somehow the writing seemed familiar, but he did not force the pace by looking at the signature before he reached it. It ran—

"Dear Ethel.—Possibly it is all a mistake or an odd coincidence. If the message is from you, is it for me, or is it a general invitation? I can't for a moment think that it is the latter, but surely, surely it would have been simpler to have written to me direct. I think, when you read the enclosed newspaper notice, you will agree that even if nothing further comes of it, you should send me one word of reassurance. In case that it is only some absurd similarity of initials, I shall send this under cover of The Thunderbolt, so that, if it is a mistake, you will never see this. That sounds rather Irish, but no matter.

" Yours, whatever happens,

" F.

"P.S.—About one thing there is no mistake—I am a very Lonely Soldier."

There was only a date, no indication of regiment or locality, but Paterfamilias knew exactly where he was even before he had reached the revealing initial. He laid the letter down, lighted a pipe, and put his feet up on the fender. It was utterly unlike Gillie to play any such trick as this, and yet the possibility of so complete a duplication of initials was extremely slight. He did not for a moment accuse her of looking one inch beyond Frank Fortescue, and yet why this extraordinary fatuity—this almost childish giving away of the whole position, this ostrich-like addition of the correspondence box and number? Miss Gillingham had concealed her trouble wonderfully well, and the Heads of the House had hoped that possibly it might be but a passing break. This, however, seemed to show a slight upset of balance alien to the lady's character. But—but this was not all. The packet had been addressed to the Infant. It would be simple to ask explanations from that small person, but, on the other hand, it was not at all desirable that, if she were the author of the advertisement, she should ever know that it had drawn fire. There was, of course, Thomas Atkins's pleasing, affectionate, and innocent missive, which might be shown in case of need, but the whole affair was most As for showing them to Miss Gillingham herself, that was not desirable, hardly even possible. Paterfamilias wished

the Agony Column and all its works at the bottom of the sea. The next thing was to take counsel with his wife; but she had gone out, and would not be back until after lunch. He returned, therefore, to his work, but had scarcely begun, when the telephone bell range

"Yes, I am at home. No, not at all busy.

Do come over—yes, now."

In the face of an immediate interruption, it was impossible to go on working, so the Head of the House once more invoked the aid of tobacco. He was threatened evidently with further complications with regard to this advertisement, so mighty is the power of the Press for good and evil.

Within half an hour enter Colonel Bogey. "I do hope I am not bothering you," said that genial warrior, as he took a seat by the fire and chose a cigar, "but I've got a

thing on my mind that had better be talked over."

"Fire away," said Paterfamilias. "If I can

be of any use, I am only too pleased."

The Colonel took out his pocket-book, from which he drew forth a small scrap of paper, and handed it to his friend, saying: "What do you make of that?"

"Not much, on the face of it, and yet possibly a great deal, if one knew the inwardness of it. It would certainly fit a case which I think you probably have in mind."

"Yes. All the same, I can't believe that's any of her work—there's something fatuous about it, something almost childish—unless, of course, the poor dear girl's gone a little bit "—here the Colonel tapped his forehead with deep meaning. "I can't think she'd do an ill-balanced thing like that; but, on the other hand, chance could hardly arrange a similar series of letters."

"That's true. Yet the difficulty is how to clear it up. I see exactly how much you would like it to be cleared up, and so, for that matter, would I, for more reasons than one; but it seems to me we're bound to hold our tongues, unless we want to get ourselves into an abominable mess."

"Quite so," said the Colonel. "I confess I don't see much light. Suppose we take a turn in the garden; the air may give us inspiration."

So out went the two puzzled men into the air. When in a quarter of an hour they returned, Paterfamilias had made up his mind to exhibit his own particular surprise packet to Colonel Bogey; but that particular

surprise packet, which he had left lying on his desk among his other letters, was nowhere to be found!

ν.

COLONEL BOGEY refused to stay to lunch.

"Where's my Goblin?" he said, as he rose to go. "I wonder she hasn't found me out before now. What—in bed with a cold? May I go up? No, don't bother to come, old man—I'll give her a surprise."

"Hullo, hullo!" said the Colonel, entering the Goblin's room. "What's all this? Bad cold? Most disgraceful! Well, well, and what are we amusing ourselves with to-day? Producing more wonderful novels, or what?"

The Goblin pushed what seemed like a bundle of writing materials under the pillow,

and held out her hands.

"Don't tell anybody, Colonel Bogey," she said, "but I've got a play almost as good as writing novels. It's better, isn't it, to live in a novel than to write one?"

"Well-well, perhaps. What's the plot,

old lady, this time?"

"Oh, it's just like everything that it ought to have—all the beautiful things in Cook's Family Fiction — separated lovers, kind friends who help them, mysterious messages, lonely soldiers, and a stern parent who opens letters addressed to his daughter. I don't mean, you know, that the daughter's the unhappy lover—it's a little mixed at that point—but, all the same, these sort of things are in it, and it's most awful lovely and exciting!"

"It sounds so," said the Colonel, "and I'm sure it is, but at the present moment I'm not very clear about the details. Aren't

you going to write it down?"

"Well, I don't know. It contains some very secret things, which I could give you merely as a guarantee of good faith, not for publication."

The last beautiful remark was evidently the result of much diligent reading of

"Notice to Contributors."

"Very well," said the Colonel, "let's have it for private circulation only—limited edition, bound in kid, all copies signed by the author."

"I'd better say it, then," said the Goblin, "rather than write it."

"By all means," said the Colonel, "if it

won't hurt the poor throat."

"The code's dot id by frote, but id by dose," said the Goblin. Here she sneezed violently.

"Then I think you'd better lie down and

keep your arms under the clothes, and talk over the edge of the blankets."

When the proper invisibility had been secured, the talking head began—

THE GOBLIN'S LONELY SOLDIER.

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in the time of a Great War. us call her Goblin. That was not her real name, but it will do. It was a time when everybody wanted to help, but it was not much a little girl could do. However, she thought she could do one thing, and that was to write to Lonely Soldiers, of whom a very large number were advertised every day in the papers. It would have been easy for her to answer an advertisement, but that would not have been doing anything at any The proper way to encourage a Lonely Soldier is to pay for your advertisement out of your own purse, and so secure a Lonely Soldier all to yourself. You have then done something to deserve him. Perhaps you have not got the five shillings for the smallest advertisement; but if you happen to have a War Voucher, which your uncle had given you, you may, perhaps, get someone to give the five shillings or a crown piece for the bit of paper. If you have a brother who has a commercial or a mechanical mind, he will do it for sixpence—that is, if he has the five shillings. Now, this little girl called Goblin brought all these things to pass, as it says in the Bible, and at the same time you must know that she had a governess, whom we shall call Gillian, although that is not her real name. Now, almost in the same days when Goblin had advertised for a Lonely Soldier, it was plain to all observers that Gillian was in doleful dumps, but why, nobody could exactly say. The Goblin said that Gillian had been crossed in love, but her mother and father laughed her to scorn. and asked her what she knew of such things, which is a haughty way parents have. Now we come to the exciting part of the story. After the Goblin had hired five shillings from her brother with a War Voucher, and a sixpence thrown in, the sixpence to be repaid when the five shillings was returned, and after she had sent her advertisement to the papers, you may judge in how great a state of excitement and expectation she lived, expecting the reply from her Lonely Soldier, whoever he might be. "But the days passed, bringing no reply

"But the days passed, bringing no reply to gladden the expectant heart of the Goblin. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and meanwhile she caught an extremely bad cold, which proved in some ways an evil, but in others a blessing in disguise, for it enabled her, by a lucky chance, to defeat the secretive and overbearing ways of her stern parent. For she skipped out of bed for one moment to run down to the library to ask the loan of a red pencil, and finding it empty—that is, the room—and her father absent, she set about exploring his desk for the coveted crayon, and as she searched, lo and behold, she discovered a letter addressed to herself, which had been wickedly intercepted and kept from her sight by this so stern parent. It had even been opened, and possibly read, for the contents were both momentous and exciting.

"What do you think they were? One was a lovely letter from a dear Lonely Thomas Atkins, who could not spell, but who said how glad he would be to correspond with Miss G.—that stood, of course, for Goblin in the advertisement—strictly with a view to matrimony, and how he would like socks and fags, and was, with love and crosses, you know, her truly friend. This would have been romance enough, but more surprising things were to follow, for there was another letter, this time, of course, from an officer and a gentleman, which at first made the Goblin wonder very much indeed. She even feared some mistake, for the writing began 'Dear Ethel,' which is not her name at all. At first she thought she must not read another person's letters, wherein she showed superior moral sense to that so shamefully exhibited by her father in the interception of letters; but she took courage, feeling that a great newspaper could make no mistake about the letters it forwarded to its contributors. Now, as she read the letter to 'Dear Ethel,' a great light broke in upon her mind, for she seemed to know the handwriting. It was that of her great friend Captain Frank Fortescue, of the Artillery. How often had she not seen that writing on the outside of delicious boxes of chocolate when he was quartered in the Goblin's native village, and proved himself. nearly every day so great and pleasant an interrupter of lessons that Gillian, her governess, said they were making no progress at all, and that she must really turn Captain Fortescue out. But this she never did. What, then, do you think? This letter which had come to the Goblin was not for her at all, which she deeply regrets

having read it, and will lose no time in apologising to dear Ethel, which is the real name of that sweet lady who is called Gillian in this story. It ought to be explained, in conclusion, that the letter confirmed what the Goblin had long privately suspected that Captain Fortescue, who, sly man, signed himself only F. in the letter, and Gillian that is, Ethel—were most deeply and truly in love with each other, but had somehow been separated, probably by stern relations who did not approve of the match, and may possibly have intercepted letters. Captain F. seemed to think, somehow, there might be some mistake, but, anyhow, he was a very Lonely Soldier. It ought also to be said that it was fortunate that G. stood both for Goblin and for Gillian, although that was not her real name, and that the initials of the address in the advertisement worked out exactly the same in both cases, thus leaving Captain Fortescue in no doubt that his loveress was faithful and true, although, of course, it was not she who had inserted the advertisement. The real live novel can't be properly finished just yet, but in the spoken story Captain Frank gets leave very soon. Then he and Gillian are married, very quietly, on account of the War.

"And they lived happily ever after.

"Finis."

"Well, how's that for a story?" said the small lady. "I think myself it is better

than any of those I have written."

"It's not bad at all," said the Colonel.
"In fact, it's excellent. It's a long time since I've seen anything like it in print, and, if you don't mind, I'd be delighted to buy the copyright for five shillings. But we can talk about that in the afternoon, for I've changed my mind, and will stay to lunch, after all. I want to see your father very particularly about a small matter, and when that is arranged, I want you to grant me a favour."

"Only too pleased," said the Goblin, in

her most gracious manner.

"Well, then, it's this. I like your story so much that, as owner of the copyright, I intend, with your kind permission, to tell it all--every bit of it-to your beloved Gillie. I have private reasons for thinking that it will interest her, and I am going to add a sequel of my own about which the Goblin folk will know in good time, but not to-day."



Photo by

CARTING CANE IN THE ARGENTINE.

[Underwood & Underwood

THE SUGAR PROBLEM IN THE WAR

By C. DE THIERRY

UGAR, not only because it is a necessary of life second in importance to flour, but because it is not a natural product of temperate regions, is a factor in national and international policy which cannot be ignored with impunity. If we had not forgotten this lesson after Waterloo, we should have been spared the semi-panic with regard to our supplies on the outbreak of war in August 1914. Up to the Victorian Era, England drew nearly all the sugar she required from her own Dependencies in the West Indies, whose plantations were to her a greater source of wealth than all the mines of Peru and Mexico ever were to Spain. The control of this commodity was, indeed, a symbol of her commercial, colonial, and maritime supremacy. Consequently, at one period of the Napoleonic Wars, while a pound of sugar cost six shillings in France, in this country it cost only sixpence, or exactly what we English are paying for it to-day,

representing an increase of 100 per cent. early in the first year of the War, and of an additional 40 per cent. early in the second. The reason is to be found in our adoption of a pacifist instead of a militant conception of trade simultaneously with the adoption by the Continental Powers of a policy designed to secure their economic independence, in one particular, at least, from British predominance.

The weapon for this purpose, appropriately enough, perhaps, was forged by a German chemist of the eighteenth century, who discovered that sugar could be extracted from beet as a competitor to cane. Nothing came of the idea until it was taken up by Napoleon, who, in 1811, lent it practical expression by generous subsidies and concessions. But as it was Germany—with Austria - Hungary — which inherited his ambition, it was she who, in giving beet sugar its steel point, carried out his intention of

making the principles of commercial strategy identical with the principles of war strategy. She aimed not merely at building up a flourishing national industry, but in crushing one competitor after the other, with the power to strike at England as her final objective. Circumstances not having been propitious before, she did not arrive at her full activity till 1884; and so nearly did she succeed that, by 1900, though one of the rival areas of sugar production was a zone of the globe, and the other confined to Europe, cane had been deposed and beet was king. Moreover, England, which was once the greatest market in the world for the first, had become the greatest market in the world for the second, which neither she nor her colonies

with Austria-Hungary in 1892 one-half, and in 1902 two-thirds. Even had she won this commanding position in our market by the simple processes of trade, defensive action would have had to be taken. But it is the basic fact of the struggle between the two sugars that beet cannot compete with cane on equal terms. The vast economic fabric raised on it would have been impossible without the aid of bounties, whose operation hit the natural product so hard as early as 1864 that an International Convention was called to consider their abolition. 'seventies there were three such Conventions, all of them ineffective. But the cartel system of Germany went further than the bounty system of France, Holland, and Belgium,

IMPORTS OF SUGAR INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

BEET.

					1872	1882	-1892	1902
Germany Austria-Hungary .					Tons 57,603	Tons 279,667	Tons 636,167 29,333	Tons 1,003,452 21,187
Total				•	_		665,500	1,024,639
Other Countries .		 •	•		174,620	625,877	292,073	366,236
Total (Beet)				232,223	905,544	957,573	1,390,875

CANE.

	1872	1882	1892	1902
British Possessions	Tons 276,487 242,475	Tons 198,843 399,673	Tons 134,480 . 254,700	Tons 98,164 90,357
Total (Cane)	518,962	598,516	389,180	188,521

This and the following tables in this article have been compiled by Mr. F. J. Scard, the well-known sugar expert.

produced. The financial losses involved in the shifting of the basis of such a primary industry were incalculable, and in the West Indies, in particular, the devastation was greater than during the great wars of other times.

But Germany overreached herself. The control which she secretly acquired over the supply of raw materials in the British Empire has been reached only by the red illumination of war. But sugar is an article of food. British statesmen could not stand idly by and allow this country to fall into dependence on a single source. For that was how the situation was maturing in 1902, as the table given on this page shows.

Thus Germany, which in 1872 sent us 57,603 tons of sugar, or one-twelfth of our total imports, in 1882 sent us one-fifth;

reducing the price of sugar until it was 2s. to 3s. below the cost of production. The sums she spent in trying to oust all competitors from the British market were enormous, amounting to as much as £8,000,000 in one year. The result was (1) that England turned suspicious of these tactics, perceiving that the same system which enabled us to buy our supplies of sugar at a low figure would, later on, put us at the mercy of a monopoly which would extort its own terms for one of the first necessaries of life; (2) that the other beet-producing countries refused any longer to go the pace Germany set in "the war of bounties." In short, she had raised which combination against herself threatened the objective for which she was A Conference of the Powers was called together at Brussels, in order to put

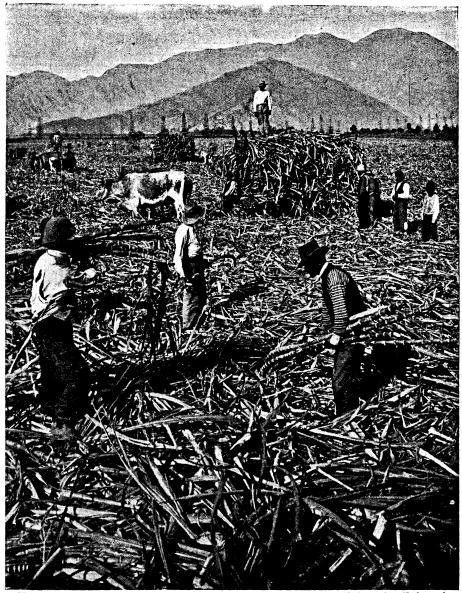


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[Underwood & Underwood.

HARVESTING THE CANE AT SANTA CLARA, PERU.

an end to the situation, which was becoming intolerable. They agreed not only to the abolition of bounties, but to put a surtax on all sugar produced under any form of the system entering their ports, and Germany was driven to follow suit.

It is not a coincidence that the chief countries in arms against the Central Empires to-day were signatories of the Brussels Convention. For war, like death, rarely comes suddenly. It advances by slow stages, imperceptible at first, but gradually growing more marked. Since Germany

challenged the Mistress of the Seas in the Naval Bill of 1900, she has been practically at war with this country, though nominally in the fields of diplomacy and trade, through which she was making the preliminary moves for a swift start in Armageddon. Now, a sound policy with regard to sugar is a test of a sound national and Imperial policy as a whole. The action of the British Government at Brussels in 1902 was conceived in the same spirit as the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in the same year. It was a counter-move, if only a tentative one, to

foil Germany's attacks on our power at a certain point. The table on this page shows its effect.

Evidently the beet sugar industry in the Central Empires was too firmly established to be disturbed by a half measure like the Brussels Convention. But while they were able to increase the value of their exports to the British market between 1903 and 1913,

maximum and minimum retail price of sugar; (2) by making large purchases of the raw material to keep the home refineries supplied. The next step was the appointment of a Royal Commission—September 11, 1914—to carry out the policy of the Government, on behalf of which 1,286,866 tons of sugar were bought between August 7 and March 13, and similar purchases have been made since

IMPORTS OF SUGAR INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

BEET.

]	1903	1913		
Germany Austria-Hungary		Tons 998,541 125,831	$\begin{smallmatrix} £ \\ 10,052,201 \\ 1,170,722 \end{smallmatrix}$	Tons 893,235 324,274	10,888,852 $4,250,696$	
Total		1,124,372	11,222,923	1,217,509	15,139,548	
Other Foreign Countries		254,907	2,498,837	389,152	3,541,382	
Total (Beet)		1,379,279	13,721,760	1,606,661	18,680,930	

CANE.

				1909	1913	
British Possessions Foreign Countries	. :	:	Tons 67,789 122,979	$510,423 \\ 1,126,434$	Tons 124,688 297,313	£ 930,932 3,454,959
Total (Cane)		•	190,768	1,636,857	422,001	4,385,891

the relative rate, as compared with those of other countries, was reduced to a dead level, instead of being alarmingly in their favour. This was brought about less by the competition of other beet sugar than by that of cane sugar, whose production under the Convention more than doubled, whereas in the previous decade it had halved.

But nothing was done to strengthen this happy tendency, or to ensure an adequate supply of sugar under British control, as would, no doubt, have been the case had the true inwardness of German rivalry with this country been fully understood by the nation or its rulers. On the outbreak of war, then, the situation was perilous. Not only did 95 per cent, of the sugar we consumed come to us from foreign countries, but 65 per cent. from the Germanies which had so wantonly forced us into hostilities, and another 5 per cent. from our Allies. That is to say, 70 per cent. of our supplies threatened to be cut off. At the prospect, sugar rapidly rose in price from 16s. to 17s. a cwt. to as much as 45s. To allay what was practically "a buying panic," Mr. McKenna, who was then at the Board of Trade, was compelled to take drastic measures: (1) by fixing the

with a similar object, to ensure supplies from four to five months in advance. The trouble was that much of this sugar, having been bought at a high figure, as in the circumstances was inevitable, prices have ruled higher in the United Kingdom than elsewhere in the world. To avoid loss, therefore, all imports of sugar, except through official channels, were prohibited, a measure which also served the purpose of preventing enemy sugar from entering this country through neutrals.

The manufacturers who had grown rich and prosperous in trades dependent on cheap sugar alone criticised the action of the Government adversely. But what alternative did they propose? Responsible Ministers did not dare risk a sugar famine, which, when they looked out on the world, seemed imminent. Not only were tens of thousands of men on the Continent withdrawn from the farm and the factory, so that the crops then ripening might be short for want of labour to gather it in, but the tide of war was sweeping over the beet lands of France, Belgium, and even of Prussia. whole, the Government met a serious crisis with courage and promptness, and if the consumer has to pay a high price for his sugar, he is, at any rate, certain of a steady supply. Nor is injustice in the retail trade permitted. With regard to lump sugar, for instance, big shops and little shops are on a plane of equality, so that when the stocks of any one run out before its turn for taking in

expensive State monopoly that disaster was averted.

The irony of the situation was that but for the United States, which took the place which England lost as the greatest market for cane sugar, we should have been helpless to secure more than a fraction of our

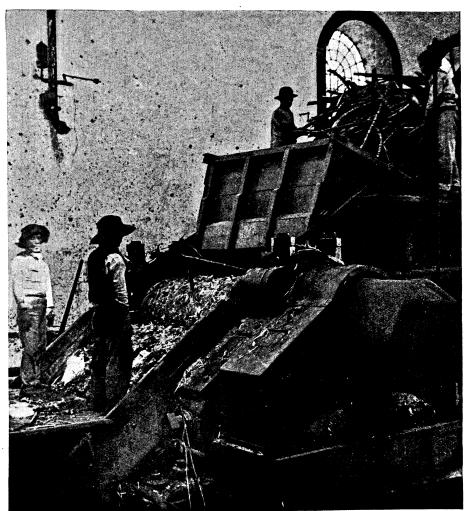


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[Underwood & Underwood.

GRINDING CANE AT A SUGAR MILL AT SANTA CLARA, PERU.

fresh comes round, its customers are obliged to content themselves with granulated sugar, which is more plentiful. But it was an ugly reflection on our policy in time of peace that, though the Navy kept open the sea-roads of the world from the start of the War, Great Britain was so dependent on the Central Powers for a cheap and ample supply of sugar that it was only by creating an

consumption. For she, unlike this country, aims at controlling the reservoirs of food and raw material which supply the needs of her people. Hence, when she annexed Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, their sugar production was stimulated by preferential treatment at her ports amounting to £1 15s. a ton. The result was that between 1899 and 1914 their output increased from 585,655 tons to

3,500,000 tons. Of this total she herself takes 2,600,000 tons, and produces 2,200,000 tons, including 850,000 tons of beet. Her home consumption being 3,750,000 tons, 850,000 tons are available for international trade purposes. It was not, therefore, a coincidence that the Government, on the outbreak of war, made their first purchase of sugar in an American Dependency—

sound, we were, and are, obliged to buy large quantities of the finished product. How hardly the industry suffered from unrestricted foreign competition may be gathered from the fact that in 1860 we refined all but a fraction of our own sugar. By 1900 the position had been completely reversed.

But the past is interesting mainly for its

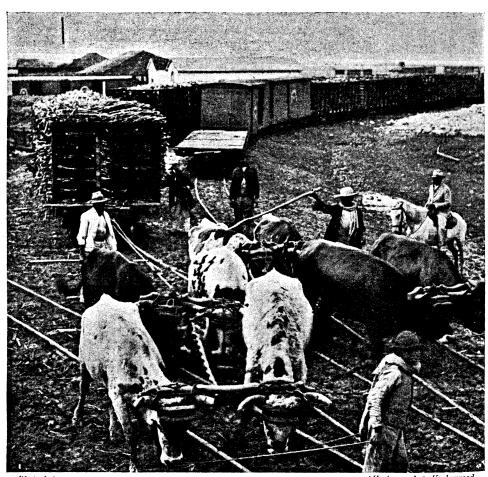


Photo by] [Underwood & Underwood.

HAULING CANE TO A MILL FROM A PLANTATION AT CARACAS, WEST INDIES.

Cuba. If we had shown the same prescience as any of our rivals, we should not now be paying an additional £20,000,000 a year for our sugar. Part of this huge sum is the effect of allowing the British refining industry, which was once a source of national prosperity, especially in the East End of London, to dwindle. Instead of importing the bulk of the raw material and refining it ourselves, as would have been economically

bearing on the future, which presents so many problems for our solution. Shall we, for example, on the conclusion of peace, allow the sugar of the Central Empires, which are devastating Europe in order to strike us down, to enter our ports on better terms than sugar grown in British Dependencies which have made the Allied cause their own so loyally? Then there is the national desire never again to allow the

United Kingdom to fall into dependence on foreign countries for the necessities of life. This is the more urgent with reference to sugar, because in May next it becomes fiscally free in the United States, the effect of which must be to reduce her supply to the level of her consumption, automatically extinguishing the surplus which saved us in August 1914. A future emergency under present conditions would thus find us up against a herself not to give a preference to cane sugar from her own Dependencies—an extraordinary course which was renewed on the very eve Nevertheless, these same of the War. Dependencies, which she so heavily handicapped in her market as to drive them into seeking other outlets for their trade, are now being compelled by an embargo to sell their sugar to her at a lower price than they could obtain elsewhere. These and similar

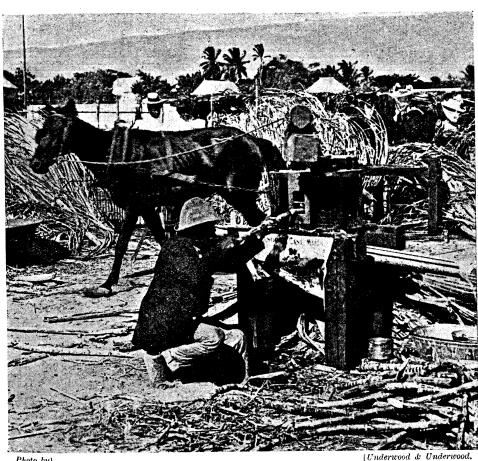


Photo by

GRINDING CANE IN THE WEST INDIES.

sugar famine. But opinion is ripe for a change of policy which will ensure cheap and abundant sugar supplies under British control. Within the Empire are vast areas of potential production only waiting for fair conditions of trade to meet the demand. For the Brussels Convention, though it abolished bounties, maintained beet sugar in a privileged position as against the natural product, through a protective tariff of £2 10s. a ton, Great Britain voluntarily pledging injustices would be swept away by placing the rival sugars on an equality at the Customs. What the United States did to prevent being swamped by European beet sugar was to put a countervailing duty on it of £2 10s. a ton, or the exact amount of the advantage it owed to Protection, India and the Dominions following her example. But if the tax on sugar in this country is raised to a higher figure, British-grown sugar could be given a preference to the value of the



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CULTIVATING THE LAND FOR CANE IN CALIFORNIA.

foreign discriminating tariff. If we could place our prospective enemies in a privileged position as against our own Colonies, as we did under the Brussels Convention, surely we can at least give these equality of treatment, which is all they ask; and, as events have amply demonstrated, fair-play to them is the road to safety for ourselves.

But some people may doubt whether the British Empire can produce enough sugar to meet the requirements of the United Kingdom. As it contains vast areas admirably suited to the cultivation of the cane, why not? The industry languishes, not because Nature has not been bountiful to us, but because our national and Imperial policy was unfavourable, forcing labour, capital, skill, and organising ability into other channels. Instead of increasing our talent a thousand-fold, or even a hundredfold, we tied it up in



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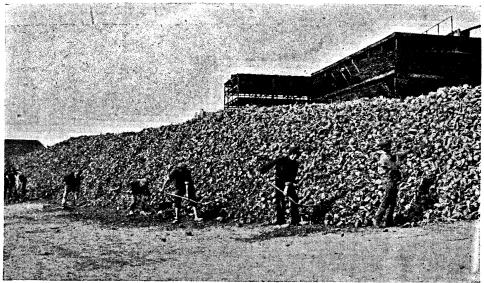


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STORING BEET AT A MILL IN FRANCE.

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a napkin. Since the War began, the West India Committee has addressed a circular letter to the Governments of the sugar-producing Colonies of the Empire, asking for information as to the expansion of the industry. The results of the inquiry may be seen at a glance in the table at the top of the next page.

In short, the production of Imperial sugar could easily be quintupled without including the contributions—figures for which are not available—of Nigeria and Egypt (with the Sudan) prospective reservoirs of raw material in closest proximity to our market. India, Australia, and South Africa are unable to supply the home consumption, and have,



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Col	ony.			Present Production.	Possible Production.	
	-			Tons	Tons	
West Indies British G			ing)	229,338	2,646,988	
East Africa			• • •	Experimental	650,000	
Queensland				144,347	500,000	
Nigeria .				Experimental	_	
Mauritius				249,703	305,000	
Fiji				77,363	94,709	
Natal .				100,000	332,048	
Total		•		800,751	4,528,745	

therefore, no surplus for export. But British Guiana, East Africa, and Mauritius, with proper encouragement, should be able to send us all the sugar we require. If the abolition of the bounties induced planters in Java, Brazil, and other tropical countries to increase their production, and the United States, by putting beet on a level with cane on entering American ports, saved the West Indies from ruin, a well-directed policy on similar lines should serve to stimulate the development of an Imperial sugar industry which would render the United Kingdom independent of all other sources of supply.

Even before the War opinion on the subject was being modified by experience, which accounts for the vigorous efforts to cultivate sugar beet in England. Years ago experiments were tried at Lavenham, in Suffolk, but failed owing to bounty-fed

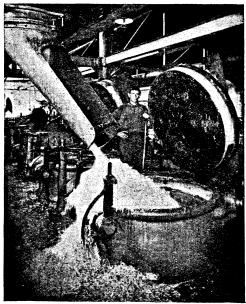


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A REFINER IN A FRENCH MILL,

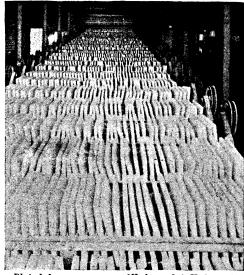


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MOVING DRYING OVENS IN WHICH EACH "DOMINO" SUGAR PLATE TRAVELS FOR TWO DAYS.

competition and the lack of State aid. idea not having been allowed to drop, however, it was recently revived in more propitious circumstances. For not only was it shown that roots could be grown in this country equal in quality and quantity to the best Continental, and manufacturing methods enormously improved, but home-grown beet sugar was granted a preference, inasmuch as it is not liable to an Excise duty at rates corresponding to the Customs duty. Moreover, in 1913 the Treasury made a grant to the Sugar Beet Association of £11,000. It is, however, the Anglo-Netherland Sugar Corporation, whose factory is at Cantley, which has arrived at a stage beyond the experimental, and produces sugar. behind it the knowledge and experience of Holland, whose beet lands are considerable, the Dutch labourers it has imported lend a new picturesqueness to the countryside in There is, in fact, no the Eastern counties. reason why sugar should not be grown as cheaply in Great Britain as on the Continent, though whether it will prove as profitable as agricultural produce remains to be seen. But it should not be overlooked that there would be undeniable advantages in growing at least a part of our sugar supply.

To shift its basis as a whole, so that cane should once more rule our markets, would not only render us unassailable where we are most economically vulnerable, but it would reopen large avenues to national prosperity.

Like all primary industries, sugar creates a host of others subsidiary to it. The refining of the raw material, for instance, would help to solve the problem of unemployment in the winter months, as it used to do before 1860. Then the machinery required at all stages of sugar, from its cultivation to its most highly specialised manufacture, would provide work for British artisans the year round. Consequently, the value of this trade, which in 1902 had fallen to less than £400,000, by 1912 had risen to £2,000,000. As for our chemists, engineers, railway companies, shipowners, bankers, lawyers, stockbrokers,

insurance companies, they would all be financially interested in the cultivation, manufacture, transport, and distribution of sugar grown within the Empire. Finally, its expansion as an industry would increase the buying power of the Colonies, which naturally favour British goods. And to think that for nearly half a century we have allowed our most dangerous rivals to command most of these sources of national well-being!

So far from losing the Empire in this War, as Germany hoped we are on the way

to find it.

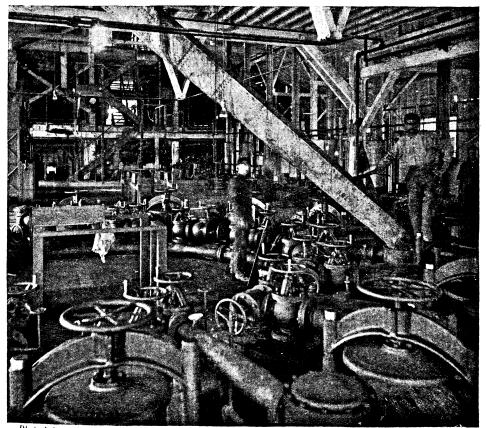
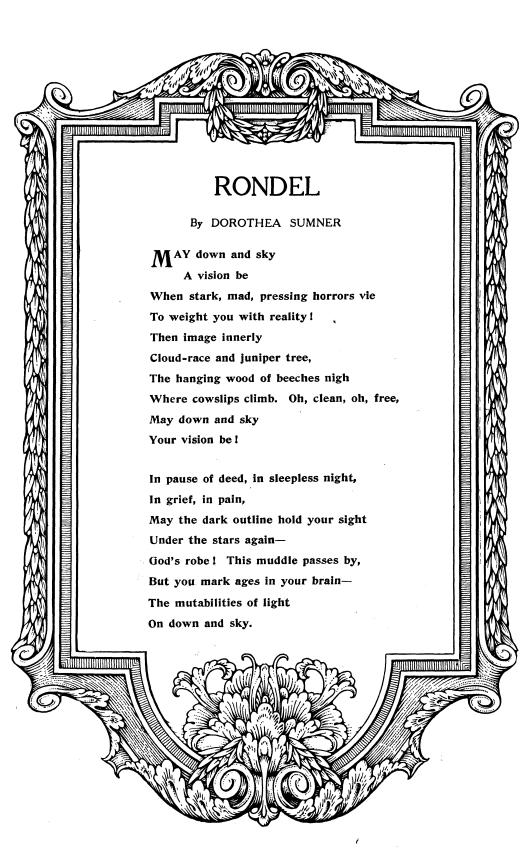


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A DIFFUSION BATTERY FOR EXTRACTING THE SACCHARINE FROM BEET BY STEAM.



THE GAY HAZARD

V THE HUNTING NEAR AND FAR

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram



MORTIMER. when he returned to Bramble Cotes, after a long ride across the hills, found Dan the Shepherd stirring a pan of porridge over the peat fire.

"Give ye good day, master," said

Dan, glancing up. "You look keen-set for your supper, and it's nigh ready. I'll stable your li'le mare for ye.'

"I've stabled her already, Dan."

"A dalesman, ye—ay, just a dalesman. Horseflesh must be cared for first of all."

"The little mare is all me these days—she, and a great hunger. Suppose we say the porridge is ready, Dan, and fall to on it?"

"Well, it is, as it happens. And there's a bit of prime cheese afterwards, and oat-cake from the wreckan over your head. Not so much of a supper for the gentry, but it's as much as I have to gi'e."

"Ay, but you've more to give, shepherdsomething from that plump, brown jar of

yours."

"Eh, but I mind ye as a lad-always one for a laugh and a frolic, and always the sort o' lad that got his way. Help yourself to the rum, while I pour out the porridge."

Mortimer had found the day stifling, even on the moor-tops, where, in the hottest June, a cool breeze was to be found. October, when it sets its mind that way, can be more sultry than any summer's weather, especially when thunder gathers among the hills of Amerdale, and strides up-wind to stifle the lower-lying country. The draught of rum was welcome. Dick felt its mellow strength

steal up to his head and down to his ridingboots with a quiet and sufficing charm. .

They supped together, andMortimer was aware of the courtesy that is perfect hostship and good breeding. shepherd had learned his manners from the hills and open skies; candour, tranquillity under the east wind's bite or the sun's heat, joy in the homestead that was his, endowed him with gentility.

"A rare good supper, Dan," said Mortimer,

when at last his appetite was blunted.

"Kind o' ye to say so, Mr. Mortimer. I shouldn't have thought porridge and bacon collops a meal for the quality, but then you never know."

"You never know, shepherd. That is the charm of life. I tell you, I couldn't live for a day if I knew all that was to happen before night. There'd be no sport in the adventure. See you, Dan, we'll fill another measure, and we'll sit by the hearth again, as we did last night, and you shall tell me tales of the stark old days, when Barguest haunted Troller's Ghyll, and they left us dalesmen free to settle our own quarrels in our own way."

"As for Barguest," said the shepherd tranquilly, "I happened to come home by way of Troller's Ghyll three nights ago. was dark, so that a body had to pick his way by a sort o' second sight. And I'm not a

nervous man, Mr. Mortimer."

"No, Dan," laughed the other. "Not a nervous man, I should say."

"But the hair rose crisp on my head, I tell ye, as I met-well, what I met. There were two eyes staring at me, big and yellow as the lamps on Mr. Lister's gig when he rides home on market-days. And then the moon got up over the shoulder o' the Ghyll, and I saw a rough-coated dog; and he snarled at me, he did, and showed his teeth.

I kicked him with a heavy boot, and, mercy on us, the boot went through him and beyond, and there was I on my back, daunted by the back-throw."

Mortimer stirred the peats on the hearth, and stretched his feet out to the warmth. "There's law and order, Dan, in these enlightened days. No gentleman can kill a gentleman in honest fight. The lawyers have it all their own way, and take their fees for hanging of the gentry. They hanged one of us at York, last year, because he had better sword-skill than the lout who fought him. As for Barguest, he'll need to have a collar round his throat, with his owner's name on it, if he's to survive the Sheriff these days."

"As for Barguest," said the shepherd, with quiet reproof, "he knows no law, Mr. Mortimer, and he's no matter for a jest. Sheriffs are well enough, but there's not one o' them that could face the dog with the vellow eyes. He's old as the ancient days, is

Barguest, and he knows."

"What does he know, shepherd?" asked the other, in a mood of well-fed content

that laughed at ghosts.

"All about death to come," snapped Dan. "He showed himself as I came down the Ghyll the night before my father died many and many a year ago—and now he's

on the scent o' death again."

Mortimer grew chilly, in spite of the cosy peat warmth. He remembered Underwood. dying yonder in the valley. It had been a fair and open duel-ne need have no regrets. but something sharper than regret was troubling him. It should have been so easy to refrain from striking, when they met in the crisp of the October dawn-so easy to have made Janet's honour secure when he had Underwood at his mercy and was playing with his sword-craft as a grown man plays with a boy. Yet he had struck, remembering Janet; and now, looking back on the adventure, he did not spare himself. would not remember the heady passion that had bidden him kill his man; he recalled only that the lad was not his equal with the sword, and the affair began to take the ghoulish shape of murder. A fool, in a world made up of men extremely wise and cautious for their own well-being, Mortimer could never hope to hold his own, save by the gift o' luck that was his birthright.

"You're looking grey and peakish, sir," said Dan. "Is it ye've ridden over-far, or

my talk o' Barguest?"

"Neither, shepherd, as it happens. I was

seeing pictures in the peats—red, fighting pictures, Dan, of men who fought and died."

So then Dan found opportunity to tell him the news he had learned an hour ago from a farm-lad riding home-how certain of the gentry had forgotten all other hunting until they captured one Richard Mortimer. how they were bent on making a ring about the Beamsley and the Barden country till they brought him down.

The greyness left Dick's face. "Will the meet be to-morrow, think ye?" he asked.

"I should say so, from what I heard, and the next day afterwards, and the next day, till they take ye, or till they're killed wi' the hard riding. Ye're hidden as snug as a snail in its shell, Mr. Mortimer, and just ye

bide here till I give ye leave to go."

Perhaps Mortimer was tired and womanish. Perhaps he was man-like, and resolute to follow his own road of life. This shepherd's disregard of his own peril, at any rate, awakened a sharp and instant pity. Bramble Cotes was not so hidden from the world as Dan fancied; and, when the ring of hunters narrowed round him, Mortimer did not propose that they should take him here. In prosperity it was easy to give with both hands to one's friends, but in disaster it was hard to let them take their share.

"I haven't a care in the world, Dan," he said, stirring the peats afresh. "No lass

goes needing me, and I need none."

"Varry good," the shepherd agreed. wasn't always o' that mind myself, but it's good to learn wisdom young. When a man gets quit o' women, once for all, he feels lonesome for a while. Then a queer sort o' freedom comes to him. The great big hills grow bigger, and he makes friends, like, of sheep and weather and the daft contrariness o' life."

" He does, shepherd."

"Ay, but I wouldn't lie to ye if I could. I warn ye that it's a coldish sort o' business, this peace that comes to a man when he weds the uplands. I wouldn't swop it, master, for I'm used to it by now; but there's naught in life like the storm, and sunshine, and devilment that a woman brings to a man when she's the one and only fairy i' the world."

"There's the Feud," said Mortimer, with great content, "and there's your rum, Dan."

"Ay, to be sure, two grand stay-bys. But an old man, when he's warm and snug by the hearth after shepherding, forgets a lot of aches and weather, and goes maundering down the years. I mind, as if 'twere

vesterday, how 'Lisbeth sat milking the cows at the corner of the field-wall. It was a rare April eventide, and she sang as she milked. 'Lisbeth,' said I, 'I've come a-courting.' came rather sudden, maybe, for the roan cow she was milking kicked the bucket out of her hands. 'Then best go back,' said she, in a rare tantrum. 'Then, if that's your mind, I will,' I said, 'but there's never a man will care for ye as I care, search the world through.' And with that I went, in a fairish hurry, till she called me back."

The farm-dog sleeping at their feet lifted his head and growled at random, then settled

himself again to slumber.

"Dreaming o' sheep on the fells," said the shepherd, stooping to pat the rough head. "Eh, but we're all of us fools to dream."

"We are," snapped Mortimer. "What of

your milkmaid, shepherd?"

"She was bonnie. I can see her now, as she laughed in my face and said there was many a better man would care for her. So I wished her well, and went over the fields with a stiff sort o' pride; and I fancied she called to me, but I wouldn't hearken. And so it was, Master Dick; and I live glad and lonely here at Bramble Cotes. There's never a woman comes to hinder my plain, steady hold on life. But she was bonnie!"

Scamp, the sheep-dog, began to growl again, then got to his feet and barked

"Nay, lad, nay," chided the shepherd. "You'll scratch the door down, all because a wayfarer comes asking bite and sup."

There came a knock at the door, and Dan held his dog with one hand while he opened with the other. "Step in, friend,

and tell your business afterwards."

Dick Mortimer looked up to see a big, red-headed fellow step into the fire-glow and the light of the two rush-candles guttering on the mantel-shelf. "Why, Peter," he said, "I told you to keep quiet at 'The George and Dragon' till you were your own man again."

"And I tried, I did, Mr. Mortimer; but what you told me, and what I was telling

myself, were two contrary matters."

"Well, then, sit down and have it out all comfortable-like," said the shepherd, bringing a three-legged milking-stool from under "Sit ye down, lad. You look the table. wearyish."

"We clapped hand in hand on the bargain, sir," said Peter, glad to be seated, but obstinate to rid himself of what was in his mind. "Master and man, the bargain was?" "Just that, Peter."

"Well, then, I got worriting. The man should be where the master is -'specially in time o' trouble - and what was I doing idling yonder? So I just got up, I did, and walked hitherto."

"By way of Beamsley and the Hospital,

you rogue?"

"I took the near way," said Peter, with a wide, honest grin, "and I own that I stayed an hour at the Hospital, to have my wounds They'd broken out a bit on the seen to. way there."

Mortimer, in a mood of rare content, laughed at his henchman. "Had Lucy great skill as a nurse?" he asked, taking a pinch from the jar of snuff that stood on

"She had lint and ointment," asserted Peter doggedly, "and a li'le bit more—the more that matters."

The shepherd gave him food and drink, and asked by and by, with gentle raillery, what the li'le bit more was that mattered.

"You wouldn't know, shepherd," said "You're old, and, by the look o' ye, you've always gone seeing stars, instead o' the lassies that live under starshine."

"True," said Dan. "Stars, and wind, and bleating ewes—they're all my world. But they tell me—those who know—that maidens are wonderful, bright things. spring when it comes, or daffy-down-dillies in the meadows—eh, but they tell lots o' What was the li'le bit more, fairy tales. my lad?"

Peter was a dalesman, too, though younger than his host. "That would be telling, shepherd, and I'll thank ye for more o' that good rum. It warms a body and it tickles

the toes of him."

They settled into talk of old days and new; and Scamp, who had barked the roof down at the sound of alien footsteps, pillowed his head on the new-comer's knees -the knees that carried many ancient scents of other dogs and rabbits. And then at last Mortimer learned the true reason of Peter's coming to-night, before he was well enough to take the journey.

"There's been a fight in Skipton," said

"Ay, and a hunting soon to follow. 'Tis queer how tidings reach us lone shepherds."

"And ye know the day o' the hunting?" snapped the other, ill-pleased to find his news forestalled. "Oh, there's summat ye don't know up at Bramble Cotes? Well, 'tis to-morrow, and the meet's in Beamsley, right in front o' Squire Lister's carriage gates—just to spite him, like."

"How did you learn it?" asked Mortimer,

glancing sharply up.

"Two o' Mr. Deveen's grooms came into 'The George and Dragon' as I lay dozing by the hearth. Full of ale, they were, and of what was in the doing for to-morrow. Dead or alive, sir, they mean to have you. So I just stepped up, I did, to tell ye."

Mortimer was the earliest of the three to get out of doors on the next morning. The shepherd was snoring tranquilly on the long-settle, and Peter Redhead was sleeping the last of his weariness away in the little bedchamber that was the peat-house too.

The sun was just on top of Eller Haw when Dick stepped out into the fresh dawn air. The nip and vigour of the young day were heartening after a restless, stifled night indoors, and the beauty of this sunrise was beyond dispute. The lowlands were hid in mist, but on the hill-tops the sun had conquered it already and sent it trailing in long, fleecy wisps across a sky of blue, and copper-red, and violet. Tang of the moist, brackish heath, smell of the peat-smoke from the shepherd's chimney, savour of the pine woods near at hand—they were pleasant in Dick's nostrils.

He watched the sun climb up, till the crest of Eller Haw showed like a beacon fire, and the splendour of it stole into his blood. For the first time in his life he was a free man, carrying his naked life in his hands. Free of the narrow prison below-dinings and gossip and dice-free of the stuffy court at Skipton, where they compelled him now and then to sit in judgment on rogues and vagabonds who had his sympathy—he was kin to Dan the Shepherd, and to cock-grouse of the moors, and to the herons that go fishing far and wide. Salt of the unfettered uplands was his, and wine of the red sun's treading. He was a man unhindered, made in the likeness of the first Creation.

It was only when he turned to go indoors that weakness found him. He saw Janet as she had been in the days before his exile, and longed to throw away his new-found liberty. It would be so easy to ride down to Listerhall—so easy—and she would explain her coldness yesterday. Was it so very pleasant, after all, to be an outlaw and unhindered?

"Yes," he said, with a hard and sudden laugh. "It is pleasant—devilish pleasant. I swear to that."

The shepherd had breakfast ready when

he came indoors at last. "Early astir, Mr. Mortimer? Ay, well, so are the stags when they're hunted."

"How goes it with friend Peter?"

"Sleeps like a baby, he does. It's sleep he needs, I reckon, just as you need horseback and the tally-ho. Your eyes are afire wi' frolic, but ye've got to bide snug here, as I told ye, till the hunt is over and done with."

Mortimer said nothing, but fell to on a bowl of porridge and a dish of bacon and eggs. He ate lustily, and afterwards—while Dan was busying himself with "redding-up" the cottage—he went to the stable and saddled his mare. With a backward glance, he unfastened the gate of the croft and rode out into the warm October sunlight. Bramble Cotes lay near to Beamsley and to-day's meet of the hunting folk. It was no way possible that he should shelter behind one old shepherd and a younger man whose heart was stronger than his body just as yet. Like a ghost or a thief, Dick Mortimer rode out to the sunrise and the broken lands.

At Listerhall, about this hour of the day, Janet and her maid Laura were getting to horse; and Lister himself was standing at his daughter's stirrup, still trying to dissuade her from the escapade.

"It's romantic, girl—it's the sort of gallop poets like to sing about afterwards—but you can't find Mortimer, I tell you."

"I was cruel to him, sir, and wish to make amends," said Janet, with great dignity.

"Better have been kind, and needed none," said Lister grimly. "As for finding Dick, you might as well seek a curlew that's flown over-hill."

"You will not tell me where he hides, sir,

though I cried last night."

"Ah," said Lister thoughtfully, "so you cried on purpose, child? You fancied tears would drag the secret from me when other persuasion failed? What did I tell you? Give a secret to one woman, and a minute later two women share it, and after that it might as well be printed in the news-sheets."

"But, father, you say we ought not to ride alone, Laura and I, now the Feud is up. And I say that we shall go on riding, day after day, till we find him. It would be so easy to tell me where he is, and I would put his would to rights for him at one?"

world to rights for him at once."

"The baby!" chuckled Lister. "Half the countryside hunting a man, and she fancies a word and a glance will put all to rights. It is good to be young and daft, and tiresome to be wise."



"She had been so sure that Mortimer would be here to welcome her repentance."

He had in mind to dismiss Laura and ride with her himself to Bramble Cotes; but his escapades of the last few days had taken toll of him. A sudden twinge reminded him that he had the gout, and could not set foot to stirrup. Looking before and after, like a wise general, he knew that Janet in her present mood was no more to be thwarted than a rising gale from the west. There was no special hazard in her riding abroad, with Laura and a groom, until the Feud gathered further bitterness; but he wished her safely home from the adventure. And so he whispered the name of Mortimer's lodging in her ear, and touched her arm with quaint, heavy tenderness, and bade her tell Dick Mortimer that she was not half good enough, till she was trained, to hold the best man in the Dale in thrall.

He watched them go—two pretty figures mounted on good horseflesh, followed by their groom—and turned indoors. The twinge of gout was an assault in force by this time, and it was astonishing how fine a gift of speech came to this good-natured Squire. When the assault was ended, he ordered up a bottle of port, and was in the middle of the enterprise when Lascelles was ushered in by the grave man-servant.

"Good," said Lister. "Glad to see you, Mr. Lascelles. Ferriby, another bottle. And now, sir, how can I serve you? Pleased to see you at any hour of the day; but you've an anxious air about you, as if you needed something, and were too proud to ask for it." A shadow crossed his face. "Is it about Phil Underwood you've come? He's dead,

I take it."

"Not a bit of it. I can't make head or tail of the case. By all rules of physic he should have died yesterday at latest, and yet to-day he's stronger. It might happen he

recovered, though I doubt it."

A great relief showed in Lister's face for a moment. "The news would have been welcome—say, two days ago," he said by and by. "But Underwood recovers too late, Lascelles. He was always late for his appointments, the young, lazy fool. As matters stand, the fire's in the heather. Some will be killed, and lots of us maimed, before the end of this stark business comes. You met my girl in the lane as you rode up?"

"No. I came over the pastures, from seeing Nantie Woodsmith. She's a sad cripple, Squire, and is too proud to beg."

"So you've come begging for her? I knew you had an errand, Lascelles. Here's

Ferriby with your bottle. Get up your 'courage, man, and tell me how much out o' pocket I shall be."

So Lascelles, in his quiet, non-committal way, explained that the Squire had summoned him yesterday to prescribe for an attack of gout, and that he had been too busy to answer the call till now.

"I'd forgotten, Lascelles, what with the Feud and this business of getting my bailiff's figures straight. You should have come sooner, for I've called another doctor in meanwhile."

Lascelles grew chilly. The last man in the world to take offence, his sense of dignity was touched. "In that case, sir, I need not have called at Listerhall to-day."

"Oh, but you needed. You ought to meet this comrade of your cloth—a ripe good fellow, who comes from a southern climate, and brings sunshine into a sick-room. He's waiting at your elbow, but you won't

acknowledge him."

Lascelles unbent. If he had not spent the last two nights and days in saddle, his humour would have been more wide awake. He filled his glass, and drank the wine as Lister liked to see a man drink it—with reverence for its age.

"A rare physician, eh, Lascelles?"

"Except for the gout, sir. It is not very

good for that ailment."

"We agree. As I say to my daughter, who does not understand these matters, port is very bad for the gout, but it's very good for me. And, after all, I was here before the gout." He grew grave again. "Underwood will recover, you think?"

"I think he'll die, but there is just a

chance he'll live."

"Ah, well, it doesn't signify. There'll be work enough for you, Lascelles, before the month is out. It's only that Dick Mortimer is such a muddle of a man. He's hot for a fight—I never knew a keener—but he likes to pink his man. He has a queer dislike of killing. I remember standing by him once when he had to kill a wounded deer, and he loathed it so that he bungled with the knife. Fill up your glass, man. We'll hope Underwood recovers."

Janet, while her father nursed his gout indoors, had ridden up the long, grass-grown carriage drive, her heart on fire with the adventure of making reparation.

"Laura," she said, "we shall soon be at Bramble Cotes. It is not wise to be unkind

to a hunted man—it hurts one so."

"We earn our own hurts, mistress, we

poor women," said Laura, with maddening resignation.

"Do we, girl? And the poor men—they

are martyrs always?"

"Mostly, like big, patient dogs when a kitten worrits their tails."

"Laura, I thought to take a maid with me. It seems I'm taking a fool; but it's

too late now to send you back."

When they came through the gate that opened on the broad, roomy high-road, they drew rein suddenly. A quantity of horsemen were gathered there, and huntsmen with their horns. Janet glanced from face to face of the company—saw Deveen, Linthwaite, Dantry, and others of the folk abhorred. She did not know what this affair meant, but all her father's pride and a pleasant dash of woman's venom leaped to her aid.

"Where are the hounds, gentlemen?" she asked. "Have you breakfasted so well that you forgot to bring them with you?"

Deveen quizzed her with his loutish eyes. "Hounds are no use, Miss Lister, for scenting two-legged foxes."

"That is fortunate for you, sir, since

you're fond of the hunting-field."

"Countered, Deveen!" said Dantry, with his shrill, girlish laugh. "I'll tell it to the whole Dale before the week is out."

Deveen's face was not good to see. "As for Miss Lister," he said, "she's better than a whole pack of hounds. Gossip doesn't lie. Where Dick Mortimer hides, she follows; and we follow her."

An hour ago Janet had been a girl-woman; now she was a woman grown. Intuition, sharp and vivid, bade her speak truth, to mislead this man whose sole faith was in lies.

"Then follow me to Bramble Cotes," she said. "We ride there to tell him that the hunt is ap. Gentlemen, do you make a way for me, or must I ask my groom to make it for me?"

They parted right and left, and Janet rode between them, daunting their loutishness.

"There's one spinney we can leave out of count," said Deveen, when the surprise of it had passed. "He's not at Bramble Cotes."

Ill-temper fastened on these hunters. They had looked for humiliation of Lister in this meet at his own gates, and Lister's daughter had gone through them, keen of wit and proud of carriage, and had left them with a sense of futility and littleness.

Dantry tried to lift their spirits with a jest an ill-timed one—at the expense of Lister's daughter. And all the company laughed, save one. Linthwaite, hearing the jest, was

reminded of a duel he had fought not long ago with Dick Mortimer—remembered how his sword had gone up into the dawn-lights of a fine October day, and how Mortimer had returned it to him.

Sharp in every detail, quick in passing, Linthwaite lived the scene again. Mortimer had talked of honour, had put him on parole to do two things—to give him a day's respite from pursuit, and to give any man the lie who spoke lightly of Miss Lister in his hearing. The one promise he had kept easily enough, and now the harder thing was asked.

The man was boon-comrade to these hunters who were still laughing at Dantry's jest. They knew his record, and he knew it—knew it to the full just now. It had grown a habit to give honour the go-by, and yet he knew, deep under all, that Mortimer had been right on that morning of the duel, when he said that to live without honour was like living without one's shadow—an uncanny and disastrous enterprise.

It was all a moment's work—the agony in Linthwaite's soul, his dread of ridicule, his self-distrust warring against this new-found thirst for honour—but in that moment he broke his bonds, and felt the free air blow about his heart.

"Dantry," he said, "I give you the lie."
"Oh, here's a jest. Linthwaite among the prophets—Linthwaite, the guardian of women's good repute! Have done with your quizzing, Nick."

Linthwaite lifted his riding-whip and drew it gently across Dantry's face. "D'ye want a harder blow, my lad? It would be a pity

to spoil that lass's face of yours."

Deveen rode up and pushed their horses aside. "Settle that affair to-morrow," he said roughly. "It's our business to find Mortimer, and I'll have no nonsense spoil the hunt."

Lister's daughter, meanwhile, was half up the rise that led to Bramble Cotes. The day was a gift from heaven—warm, tranquil, full of sunlight that drew out the mellow scents of copse and pasture-land.

"Laura," she said, turning to her maid, "it will be good to see Mr. Mortimer

again."

"It will, mistress, especially if he's to be found about the place."

"Always despondent, child. Why, the

day's singing to us, Laura!"

"Small use in that, if Mr. Mortimer has got restless-like. Men do when they're maltreated."

"Always despondent, and always on the man's side of life."

"Mostly," Laura agreed briskly, "save when my own man is with me, and then, of course, I let him know what a deal I think of women. I do not tell him we're all a pussy-cat sort o' folk—velvet, and purrs, and claws. It's not wise to tell the lad o' your heart that he's too good for you by half—

he gets masterful."

Janet laughed. After all, she knew this maid of hers, and, after all, she would see Dick Mortimer when this last mile of hilly ground was covered, and would set all his world to rights for him. Her gaiety, her hand on the reins, her sense of well-being, were light as the October breeze. She was to see a new Dick Mortimer—one who had fought for her and gone willingly to exile. In some unconfessed way she half looked to find him in full armour—a brilliant and shining personage returned from the chivalrous Middle Ages to which his real self belonged.

They came to the gate of Bramble Cotes, and nothing was astir, save the lazy peat

smoke from the chimney.

"If one's true knight were fast asleep, Laura, what a dull end to one's dreams!"

"Likely he is. It would be very like him, to sleep when they're seeking him. If 'twere you they hunted, mistress, he'd be wakeful

enough."

Dan the Shepherd opened to Miss Lister's imperative knock, and his slow smile kindled when he saw her standing there, straight and bonnie, his favourite in all the Dale since she had come here first—a child, riding pillion behind her father—to eat his bannocks and to taste his cream.

"Mr. Mortimer is here?" she asked.

"Well, he was an hour ago, Miss Janet, but I'm bothered like. I missed him, and, when I went to give his mare a feed, I missed her, too; and he shouldn't be pleasuring up and down the countryside when I offered him safe lodging here."

It seemed to Janet that mid-winter swept across the uplands. She had been so sure that Mortimer would be here to welcome her repentance, she had longed with such a fiery longing for the touch of his hand and the sight of him in armour of the Middle Ages, that she could have cried outright, like any peasant woman.

"He's careless," Dan went on, "and always was. When I came back home to my bit of a hut, I found a sheet o' paper pinned to the door with a rusty nail. It's some sort o' message for me, I take it; but

he forgot I couldn't read aught save the faces o' my sheep."

Janet took the paper. If he were abroad, it was some little solace to read his pencilled scrawl. "'Gone away till nightfall, Dan. See to Peter Redhead.' That is what it says, shepherd. It is like him, as you say. And who may Peter be?"

"Some rascal he befriended. All's fish that comes to Mr. Mortimer's net, so long as they're sick and ailing. Some men are gluttons for victuals, mistress, but in all my life I never met one so greedy for lame folk as Mr. Mortimer. Anyway, Peter Redhead's here, and he's sleeping off a lot o' weariness. As for his master and the good little mare, nobody knows where they've

gotten by this time."

Janet stood for a moment half blinded by her tears. At the door of this outlying cottage she had learned what one shrewd. ancient man thought of Dick Mortimer and his record. It was what she had hoped he was, in spite of wine and dice. And her contempt of dice and wine went by, and many of the maidish vapours that could not live in this keen upland air. Dick the generous, Dick the fool and the open-hearted, who would not drag other men into his own personal danger—she read his meaning clear in that pencilled scrawl. And, of course, he must think of Peter Redhead in the postscript.

"You look weary, mistress," said Dan. "Step indoors and have a bite and sup."

Miss Lister was herself again. Pride in her man—joy in the knowledge, safe at her heart, that he cared with the long caring—drove back the tears. "I cannot, Dan—not till another day. The hunt is up."

"Ay, I was told the meet was for to-day."

"And the other hunt is up, shepherd.

My father cannot ride—his gout is troublesome—but his daughter can." She beckoned
to her groom, all in the high, disdainful way
of old. And he mounted her, and she
smiled on Dan the Shepherd. "It is not
only Mr. Mortimer's enemies are abroad,
Dan. His friends are in the saddle, too."

Down at Beamsley the riders had moved forward and gone through the gate on the left hand that gave them freedom of the open fells. Never in the Dale's history had there been a meet so big and motley. Gentry and farmers, hulking lads on plough-horses, a rabble of followers on foot, streamed through the gate and widened out into chattering, restless groups. There was something uncanny in the ring of the

huntsman's horn when there were no hounds to take up the challenge. "Like driving a gig without a horse in front o' one," growled a cherry-faced yeoman. "But whisht ye now. The man Deveen is talking—a game he's varry good at."

"We're here to find the red fox, friends. Dead or alive, we take Dick Mortimer!" Deveen was shouting, his voice carrying far through the thin upland air as he stood up

in the stirrups.

None of the lesser sort liked him, but all were dependent on him, or on the friends who rode with him, and so they applauded

lustily.

And then Deveen mapped out the adventure for them. They were to spread out in long, circling lines, the men on foot drawing the spinneys and searching the outlying barns and farmsteads, the horsemen ready to ride down their quarry whenever he showed

himself in the open.

They did not care greatly for this new sort of hunting, especially as most of them had a secret liking for Dick Mortimer; but sport was sport, after all, and gradually they warmed to the queer business. As the morning got toward noon, and spinney after spinney was drawn blank, barns found untenanted, and farmsteads hiding nothing more worth while than good-wives baking apple pasties, the ancient obstinacy of feud took hold of one and all. They might like or hate Dick Mortimer, but they meant to take him before the sundown came.

Mortimer himself was watching all the to-and-froing from a hill-top not a half-mile from them as the crow flies. His mare was tethered in the copse behind him, and he was full of laughter. It was good to be a free man, outlawed in this kingdom of the hills, good to have eyes that saw far as a mountain stag's, and a heart free of the cobwebs that Janet once was skilled to weave.

He watched them draw the spinney, he saw them halt at lonely farms, and he laughed till the tears were in his eyes. Behind him were the untilled, barren lands that stepped sharply up to Greenhow Hill; and they might hunt for a year and a day, and not find him, if he willed it so. There is no man so sure of himself, for his little moment, as he who has given strength and dreams, and all of he knows not what, into one woman's keeping, and finds the gift returned.

Mortimer looked down on the scattered folk below. And it was not only his need

for adventure in the open stirred him, but a queer pity for these folk who could not find their fox. He felt an odd detachment from the Feud, though he was himself the cause and centre of this new-roused uproar. He remembered past hunting days, the impatience and sense of emptiness that came to one when no fox showed to stretch the horses to a gallop. These folk should have their run to-day, if he could help them to it.

He looked on for a while at the scene below with an irony that had no real mirth in it. Mirth had gone from his heart, love of life had gone, and death he had

never feared greatly.

To and fro they went, the men on foot still beating the copses patiently, the riders fidgeting up and down the broken pasturelands. Then for a moment all was blotted out, except the memory of his coming to Listerhall a banished man. He saw Janet feeding the peacocks—felt the chill of her disdain. Something had gone from him. His trust in her and in all women was ended. He could have forgiven much because he cared so much, but not this squalid game of hearts that she had played. She was like the rest. The words went round and round in his brain with a sick, monotonous refrain. It was his house and gear she cared for, not And he? His face hardened as himself. he thanked God that she had not read his To shield and succour her in need; to give her all the best in him, and dig the worst deep under in the graveyard of the past; to wake at dawn and hear the birds sing up into the red, wide throat of day, and know that he was a lover and alive-these had been the strength and glamour of his life.

He recalled, in some heedless way, the tale learned at school of one Sir Walter Raleigh. Why should he remember, now of all times, that Raleigh brought two good gifts to England from the Indies — potatoes and tobacco? Tobacco was a fine gift, but what had it to do with this outlawed day on the hills? He captured the train of thought at last. Sir Walter had doffed his cloak and laid it across a wayside puddle, lest the Queen should soil her feet. He was a courtier, and found the cloak most easily replaced in after-days.

Mortimer was in bitter pain. This astounding love he had for Lister's girl was not dead at all, but urgent and alive. Courtiers might spread cloaks, but, for himself, he would put his body for her bridge, if need asked it. And she was too

slight of soul to understand.

He shook himself free of dreams, and went and untethered the mare. "They shall have

their run, little lass," he said.

Down below, Deveen had wearied of the fruitless hunt; and, when he found himself near Bramble Cotes with three of his friends, his weasel mind began to wonder if Janet Lister had spoken truth, after all, when she had told them that the fox was there.

They turned aside, the four of them, and found Dan the Shepherd mending the bit of garden wall that fenced him from the

wilderness.

"Who have you in hiding here, my

man?" asked Deveen.

Dan laid a few stones carefully in place—following the ancient rule of "one on two, and two on one"—and glanced up without deference of any sort.

"I'm not your man, Mr. Deveen,

thanks be."

Young Dantry tittered—he had a gift for laughing out of place—and Deveen grew snappish. "You'll answer to the Bench for that, shepherd."

"Oh, ay? That's news. What have I

done, like, that's agen the law?"

"Harbouring a gaol-bird is felony, my man."

"Nay, not so bad as that? You wouldn't be saying it was a hanging matter, Mr. Deveen?"

"Likely, unless you give your man up, and ask me later on to plead for leniency."

Deveen was in good humour now, a bully with a velvet glove and a liking for the phrases dear to new-appointed magistrates. And Dan the Shepherd gauged his man to a

nicety.

"I wouldn't have harboured him, I wouldn't, if he hadn't been varry poorly, and sort o' weak and lonesome. You'll tell

and sort o' weak and lonesome. You'll tell the Bench that, Mr. Deveen? I've no wish to be hanged till I'm dead, with all my ten toes dangling. It isn't seemly at my time

o' life."

"Showing the white feather, eh?" said

Deveen, with easy insolence.

"A li'le bit afraid, I own. He's here, safe enough, but I never guessed he was wanted by the law. Put a ferret into a rabbit-hole, and fancy me the cony—that's how I feel about the law, sir."

Deveen laughed at the man's cowardice. He was sure now that Dick Mortimer was safe in his hands at last. "You know that

he's to be taken, dead or alive?"

"Nay, I live lonely here, and news travels slow. A year last Michaelmas a cousin o'

mine died down at Threaplands, and I only heard of it three days since—far too late to go to the burying. I'm only a simple shepherd, and I own I'm frightened. Would ye gang in, like, and see this gaol-bird?"

Deveen went through the peat-reek of the living-place and into the narrow room on the left hand. He saw a red-headed lout who was the equal of all men, gentle or simple, because sleep, following great weariness, had given him dreams of the snod lassie yonder at the Beamsley Hospital, who was bone and marrow of him.

"What has he done, like?" asked the shepherd gravely. "It seems fair a pity to wake him—sleeping like a babby, poor lad,

he is."

Deveen, turning with an oath, looked full into Dan's eyes, and for the first time in his life he understood something of a dalesman's deep, unfathomable mind. Slow laughter, contempt of bullying and all other sorts of sham, pluck to hold his own, and wit that was quiet and nimble—Deveen read it all in that long, searching glance.

"So you've fooled us?" he said lamely.
"Nay, I've fooled nobody. You said I was harbouring a gaol-bird, and I took your word for it, you being varry wise and a

magistrate, and me a simple man."
"We're wasting time with this old dotard,"
said Deveen, shouldering his way out. "Let's

get to saddle, friends."

They had not gone a furlong from Bramble Cotes before Dantry laughed incontinently. And Deveen explained to him, not gently, that he had one duel on his hands already, and was risking another if he played the clown much longer.

"I couldn't help it, sir; and, indeed, we're all in it with you. He fooled the lot of us. I shall wake in my sleep to-night and remember his tale of the cousin who died a year last Michaelmas, and the news that travels slow."

"You'll die at some near-handy dawn, youngster, if you don't check your gift for

laughing out o' season.'

They rode sullenly enough across the pastures, until they heard a horn ring out its challenge; and three fields ahead of them they saw a crowd of horsemen pressing up the slope. Dan the Shepherd was forgotten as they spurred forward, and Deveen only halted when they reached a knot of foot-followers running in pursuit of the mounted folk.

"Have they found the scent?" asked

Deveen.



"He tired of the rough track presently, and leaped a fence on his right."

"Nay, mister. It was brought to them," said a strapping fellow.

"Brought?"

"The fox went daft, or he grew tired o' waiting for 'em—I know not. But, anyway, Dick Mortimer rode down-field, his li'le mare mincing it like a lady; and he shouted a great, roaring 'Tally-ho!' did Mad Dick, and turned about. And that's how 'tis, Mr. Deveen."

The four of them got forward, and soon they overtook their friends, for between the

lowlands and the unfenced wastes the walls were too high to jump, and there was delay at every gate.

"Is it true Mortimer rode down to find us?" Deveen asked an intimate whom he found as they were pressing through the last gateway.

"Yes, he rode down. He's mad, no doubt."

"We'll clap a strait-waistcoat on him, then, before the day's ended. He thinks too much of that little mare of his."

They came through into the open, empty

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wastes that led up to Greenhow Hill; and ahead of them they saw Dick Mortimer, waiting till they found leisure to negotiate the gates. And then the hunt got up in earnest. Dick took them at a swinging gallop over the sheep-cropped lands, across the heather and the marshes that the long October drought had hardened.

Before ever they reached Greenhow village, the pace had daunted all but ten of the pursuers, but these held on, and Mortimer held on; and the villagers ran out of doors, to learn what all the racket was about. They saw only dusty horsemen galloping with a swirl of dust behind them, and knew that the news was true—the news brought last night by the carrier that the Feud was

up again.

The ten horsemen left were aware that for the moment there was neither feud nor enmity. There was just a song at their hearts because the fox was giving them such a run as they would never find again. It was like the dreams they had dreamed o' nights, after a long day in the saddle—the hunt that had never a check or a waiting-time, the fox that ran straight, without a thought of cover, and the raking stride of the gallop.

They were right. Not again would they have such a fox in front of them. Mortimer had lost all worth while, and had no fear. He had found a surprising levity that was almost heart's-ease, and the little mare's

wind was sound as his own.

He took them down the hill past Greenhow Kirk, and turned right-handed into the narrow track that led to Blubberhouses; and, just as he reached the top of the rise where the lime-kilns were, he came near to disaster. Round the bend of the road he was met by a farmer driving his gig. Dick checked his mare, and the farmer brought his own cob up sharply, and for a while it seemed the horses were reared for a private boxing match.

"A miss is as good as a mile, Mr. Mortimer," laughed the yeoman, when they had got themselves to rights again. "What

daft errand are you riding on?"

"The bonniest hunt that ever was, Burnside. Get your gig through the gateway yonder, lest you cross the scent."

Burnside did as he was bidden, for he was a hunting-man himself, when farm work gave him liberty, and he guessed what sort of hunt it was. From the meadow he saw Dick Mortimer, blithe on a blithe little mare, go swirling down the road. Then, after a

little while, he saw ten horsemen come, on horses just as willing; and among these he caught sight of Deveen and Dantry.

"The thick and the thin of it," he muttered, "but spawn o' the Cliffords, both of them. Good luck to the fox, say I."

He would have been astonished yester-day if they had told him that a plain, thrifty yeoman like himself could return so sharply to old hates and passions. But to-day he had been in Skipton, and had learned there what had chanced; and, when he encountered Mortimer so suddenly just now, his thoughts had been full of the hunt that was promised for to-day.

As for Dick, he seemed to be riding thistledown as he stretched the mare to the gallop. His heart was free. His limbs were free. He had untold miles of open in front of this queer frolic. Not since he was breeked had he known till now the full, ripe

taste of liberty.

He took the ten of them a rattler. Right and left of them the russet heather, the brackens, and the lofty firs swept by. And over all was a red-brown, hazy sun, and the gnats drove in clouds about their faces as they rode. He took them down as far as "The Stone House," a wayside tavern where four roads met, and here he found himself so lonely from pursuit that he rapped on the open door and called for a pint of homebrewed.

"With speed, William," he said, as the old host bustled out. "I've no time to

waste."

"Seems not, Mr. Mortimer, by the look o' your mare. She's all in a lather."

"So will that pint of ale be, when you bring it, William."

He was just blowing the froth from the top of the pewter mug when the racket of hoofs sounded from the road above.

"They've no manners, these folk of the Clifford sort," Mortimer complained. "I shall have to drink it at a canter, and it was a good thirst I had, William—a thirst

to be respected."

He drained the mug, and turned his mare into the track that led to Bolton Priory, and was riding thistledown again. And the ten pursuers came to the inn at the cross-roads, and asked themselves candidly whether they loved better old ale or the Feud. The sight of Dick Mortimer, spurring into the gold haze of the Bolton road, decided them. They would take him, if they killed their horses and themselves went broken-winded for their lifetimes after the ride was done.

Free, and swift, and good for the souls of men was this swirling chase. Before a mile had gone, one of the ten was thrown, as his horse slipped and foundered on a jutting limestone rock. The nine left did not heed, but followed this fox on horseback who seemed to carry a charmed life. At the end of the second mile three of the pursuers ceased from hunting. They were done and ended with for to-day, and their heads bent low toward the necks of wearied horses.

"That mare of Mortimer's is bewitched,"

growled one of the three.

"So is he, and has been all his life. We

never shall catch him, I tell you."

Mile after mile they galloped, Mortimer and the six pursuers left. He tired of the rough track presently, and leaped a fence on his right, and went up the sunlit pastures. And now the going was grim and dour. The little mare was mortal, after all, with a spirit stronger than her body, and the big horses following in pursuit had more strength to feed on, though they, too, were showing signals of distress.

Dick knew his mare to a nicety, and began to look about him for some place where he could turn at bay. There would be little joy in outwitting the hunt if his best friend died at the end of the adventure. But there was no help from the fields he crossed. quarry face, no broken hump of ground, gave him a chance to meet six men armed with sword and pistol. So, perforce, he kept forward, husbanding the mare's strength as best he could, and a glance behind told him that the six were gaining fast. A queer smile played about his lips. They would go till they dropped, he and the mare, and, for his part, he did not propose to be taken alive.

"Oh, we'll meet hereafter, little mare, though the parsons say you haven't a soul to be saved. They should learn more of

horseflesh."

And the little mare swung into her stride again, because the master praised her. And it was well for both of them that the hunt ceased on the sudden, for another mile

would have seen the end of both.

Deveen had planned this hunting-day, and the end of it—as the farmer had said hours ago, when the meet assembled—was like sitting in a gig without a horse in front of one. The fox had brought the scent to them. The fox had not sought cover, but had ridden down to give them the line of chase. And now cover rode out to meet Mortimer, who was prepared to die with a last gibe at the Clifford sort.

From the top of the high pastures sheets of fleecy mist came rolling down. moors above were tired of their October sunshine, tired of the lower lands that looked up at them in sleek prosperity, and from their marshes and their peaty bogs they sent down their challenge of the winter soon to come.

Dick and his mare went into the thick of it, and the coolness was pleasant after the

heat of chase.

"Oh, gone away! We've lost him," came

a rough voice from behind.

"Ay, and we're lost, too," answered Dantry's thin, laughing voice. "All the shepherds I've talked to say a mist is one stage worse than midwinter darkness."

"But we're safe from the third sort of devilment. There are no women riding

with us."

"That was Linthwaite," said Mortimer, patting the mare's neck to ease her sobbing. "If he'd known how game you are to go, li'le lass, he'd have no quarrel with the sex.

The hunt had ceased, but a new, unquiet venture met these horsemen. They knew dark roads, and the trained sight that sees some guiding gleam ahead. But the mists no man knows. They lift awhile, showing some remembered landmark, and close down again; and their breath is cold, with the cold of the sterile bogs that bred them.

"Tally-ho, Linthwaite!" cried Mortimer, when he and the mare had found breath

again. "Where are you?"

"De'il kens, Mortimer; but I've ridden

far and near to take you."

We're waiting, the "Come nearer, then.

snod little mare and I."

They rode to find each other, and ever the mist tempted them to ride in a wide circle, and they could not meet. And so it was that the end of this day's hunt found six men shouting through the mist to ask if Mortimer feared to meet them, and Dick's answering voice that he was blithe for the combat, but could not find his way.

A mile away, Lister's daughter was lost, too, among the mists, with Laura and the groom. They had covered many miles of a rough country, but had found no trace of the wild hunt; and now, on the top of Beamsley Moor, the mists came round them, hiding the ancient landmarks.

"This comes of riding out to seek a fool,"

said Janet pettishly.
"Nay, mistress. It comes of letting a man shut the gate and bang it behind him. I warned you he would take a deal of finding. They do at those times."

"But what are we to do, girl? We can't stay here till the end of time, waiting for the mists to clear."

"I reckon we'll have to," said Laura, with her maddening common-sense, "if they don't

clear before."

"It is so cold—so cold and wet."

"It is, mistress, but not half as cold as Mr. Mortimer when you flung him out o' your path as if he was dirt."

"So you're on his side, too, Laura?"

"With the respect that becomes a waitingmaid, I'm altegether on his side. Who wouldn't be? And he did naught at all, save kill a man who could very well be spared. And you know why he killed him."

Common-sense can be dismaying, especially when hill-mists are cold and cruel as a jealousy repented of. And Janet did an unexpected thing—she bent her head till it touched the wet mane of her horse, and she sobbed like a bairn of ten who wakes from dreams of hobgoblins.

"Just so," said Laura. "It's the women who never cry that get wrinkles long before their time. I like to see the burn in spate."

A further episode in this series will appear in the next number.

WASTEHILLS BY CONSTANTINE.

WIDE is the bow of heaven,
The bow above the treeless downs—
The thousand breasted downs that end
At the unending sea,
The grey-green slopes that rise and fall
Beneath a vesture of dim silver weed,
As the earth, dreaming, turns.

The clusters of the stars,
Like grapes upon an ancient wall,
Hang on the purple of the eve,
And light for roving feet
The sandy path beside the tamarisk—
The path that dips and turns, until it finds
The sea!

Sand-hillocks rimmed by the blue sea—
The far horizons of the unstrung bow!
And when reluctantly I pass,
A pilgrim turning from the shrine
A treasure of remembrance fills
My wallet,
To be looked at ere I sleep.

When Time, for me, is stayed
Upon the opening of a door,
Do as you will with the abandoned cage;
I shall have looked
On that dear vision of the west
And winged—God grant—a homing flight,
Exile no more.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

THE PROGRESS OF MR. THOMAS WRAILE

By CHARLES D. LESLIE

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy



ESSRS. HANLEY
AND DIXON,
stock and share
brokers, of Wharnford Court, were,
perhaps, overstaffed. At any
rate, there was
barely anything for
the clerks to do that
afternoon while

awaiting the closing prices from the House, and nobody but Mr. Thomas Wraile showed even a semblance of industry. A box of tennis-balls, bought during the luncheon hour, was opened, and the contents handled and discussed by two or three experts. Presently it occurred to one that it would be a good joke to hit Mr. Thomas Wraile with a ball, and, imposing silence with a gesture, he carried out the idea, striking the object of his aim gently between the eyes. Taken unawares, the young man gave a convulsive start, and there was a general laugh.

Mr. Wraile was not of a frivolous nature. He was earnest, grave-visaged, secretly ambitious, his desire to succeed in life hampered by a certain diffidence and timidity which checked his making friends or asserting himself. But while he strove earnestly to please his employers, and to gain the reputation of being a model employe, he desired to be popular with his fellowclerks. The laughter stung. If he did not take care, he would become the office butt. With this thought in his head, he sprang up, determined at all costs to do something So, temporarily abandoning his rôle of model clerk, he picked up the tennisball, stuck a brass-headed paper-clip upon the door leading into the passage, and

retreating to the other end of the room, offered to wager sixpence he would hit the clip in three shots. The owner of the tennisballs took the bet, and looked like taking the money, as Mr. Wraile missed twice by at least a foot. For the third shot he took extra careful aim, and threw even more swagger than before into his attitude while

he dispatched the ball.

How near he would have gone is one of those problems which even time will never solve, for, simultaneously with the ball leaving his hand, the door opened, and Mr. Hanley entered. The clerks were more than surprised. Never in the recollection of the oldest of them had the head of the firm ever approached the clerks' room from the passage. When he wanted a clerk—which was seldom—he sent for him. As a rule, he ignored their existence. Such necessary matters as engaging them, superintending their work, refusing "rises," and discharging, were left to the junior partner.

He was a stout, plethoric gentleman, short in temper and short in stature, and his health would have benefited by a *régime* of

less food and more exercise.

The surprise of the clerks was nothing to the surprise of Mr. Hanley. It took the form of the tennis-ball on his nose. The nose was of the fleshy variety, a full-sized specimen, and so severe was the impact that, in the language of the ring, it "tapped his claret." Blood incarnadined his immaculate shirt-front. The shock and the fright struck Mr. Hanley for a few moments speechless—a few moments only. (I think, Mr. Printer, some stars will best meet the situation here, thus " " " " " " " This represents to the intelligent reader Mr. Hanley's remarks on the situation, which, even in the days before the Press Bureau,

would have been censored out of existence

by any sub-editor.

That Mr. Hanley would discharge Mr. Wraile was a foregone conclusion. Within five minutes of his employer's entry, Mr. Wraile made his exit, in his pocket a cheque for his services up to that day, plus a week's salary in lieu of notice—legally it should have been a month, but he was too stunned to protest. He left with Mr. Hanley's anathemas ringing in his ears, coupled with a warning not to give him as a reference when applying for another post.

Tom Wraile walked away in a daze. whole world seemed to have fallen about his ears. He felt himself the child of misfortune. For two years he had earnestly and soberly striven to be a model clerk, to merit the approval of his superiors, and now one reckless moment had, by an inconceivable. piece of bad luck, wrecked his life. forlorn and blighted expression attracted the attention of an acquaintance who chanced upon him at the end of the

"Hullo, old man! What's up?" he asked. "I've just been sacked," dolefully explained

"That's bad," exclaimed the other, a sympathetic soul. He reflected a moment, and then said: "Look here, I happen to know G. A. Garson discharged a clerk to-day for making free with the petty cash. Apply for his job-it'll do no harm, anyhow."

Tom obeyed mechanically. He had no volition of his own. The office was only a few yards away, and he was immediately admitted into the presence of Mr. Garson, who had just come in from the House. Mr. Garson was also short and stout, but there his resemblance to Mr. Hanley ended. He was jolly-looking, with a twinkling eye, and the shiniest bare cranium, bar none, among Members.

"Who've you been with?" he asked, cutting short Tom's halting application.

"Hanley and Dixon for two years, but I can't refer you to them. I've just offended Mr. Hanley—that's why I'm discharged."
"How?"

Dolefully Tom explained. To his surprise, Mr. Garson's face brightened, and he made a sound like a chuckle, which he suppressed with a cough.

"What—nose bleeding? Will it swell,

d'you think?"

"I—I'm afraid so, sir. I was throwing hard, and was only a few feet away."

Mr. Garson lit a cigar, frowning furiously,

but his eyes betrayed him. He could not, short of making a big coup on the Stock Exchange, have heard news giving him greater pleasure. That very day Mr. Hanley and he had been rival candidates for the vacant seat on a certain House committee. Each had good reasons to think the other ought to withdraw in his favour. had vigorously canvassed for himself. By a narrow majority Mr. Hanley had scraped in, and Mr. Garson, in the shadow of defeat, had retired to brood over his failure, like Napoleon at Elba. It gave him, therefore, unregenerate satisfaction to learn that his successful rival would attend the committee meeting with a sore and swollen

"Hum—hum!" he said, pulling vigorously at his cigar. "I don't employ clerks who spend their employer's time playing with tennis-balls. I say I don't employ them; but, after all, you won't do it again, eh? Just so. What did they pay you?"

"A hundred and twenty, sir."

"Brandon got a hundred and fifty, but I shouldn't give you that. No, a hundred and forty, to begin with." He touched a bell.

Tom went home still more dazed. To be kicked-almost justly kicked-out of one office, and to tumble into another at an increased salary of twenty pounds a year was a happening which he could not adjust to his vision of life. It did not seem right, somehow. He could not help fearing that Nemesis would yet overtake him, or, in other words, that Fate would punish him for

hitting Mr. Hanley on the nose.

But nothing of the kind happened. some days he was a celebrity. In Stock Exchange circles a new funny story is told every week—usually it is invented. week Mr. Wraile changed employers there was no need to invent—he supplied it. Everyone, except himself and Mr. Hanley, agreed it was a very funny story. everyone was curious to see Mr. Wraile, to see what he looked like, and to see Mr. Hanley, to see what his nose looked Strangers stopped and spoke to Tom in Throgmorton Street; three tennis clubs invited him to become a member. relief, this fame was fleeting, but the reward for throwing the tennis-ball proved lasting. His new office was a great improvement on the old—the clerks were friendly, and Mr. Garson treated him with special favour. Tom's spirits and ambitions rose. He began to develop a certain assurance of manner, and to improve his knowledge of Stock Exchange lore. Finance, as practised in Throgmorton Street, appealed to him, and he studied it assiduously. Yet he might have remained a mere clerk to the end of his days if he had not fallen again from the high standard of conduct he set himself.

TT.

HE had been some six months with Mr. Garson, when one afternoon, returning from lunch, he met Mr. Zuccari, who, recognising him as one of Garson's clerks, though he did not know his name, stopped him in front of the Royal Exchange. Mr. Zuccari was the stockbroker's most important client. Indeed, Zuccari, who was a Greek by nationality, a merchant by profession, and a gambler in grain, was a gold mine to his broker. Extremely wealthy, he operated on a large scale. His fortnightly account for commission, contangos, "carrying over" charges, kept Garson's son at Harrow, and paid his wife's and daughters' dress bills, and they dressed expensively.

"Look here," said Zuccari—he spoke perfect colloquial English, having been long domiciled in this country—"I was coming to Garson's. I've been trying to get through to you, but my telephone won't work."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to close my Canadians at once—no limit. I wish to get out of them." And, with a nod, the Greek jumped into a passing motor-bus going West and vanished.

Zuccari had a big account open for the rise in Canadians at a higher price. The market was jumpy and uncertain, and Tom, as he walked back to Throgmorton Street, could not help thinking Zuccari was exercising a wise discretion. He asked for his employer of the dignified doorkeeper of the House, but neither the broker nor the authorised clerk responded to the summons. Tom went back to the office.

The head clerk met him in the doorway. "Get on with the accounts, Wraile," he said. "We want to send the country ones off before six."

Tom nodded and, going to his desk, started work rapidly. He rather prided himself upon the speed with which he could draw the fortnightly statements sent to those clients who "carried over" stock. Engrossed in his work, he thought of nothing else till, about four o'clock, the word "Canadians" fell on his ears and struck a chord of memory. It was uttered by Higginson, the

authorised clerk—i.e., authorised to enter the sacred precincts of the House and buy and sell for his employer.

"They've jumped five points in five minutes. Never saw such a scene. Bears scrambling to get out."

"But why?" asked somebody.

"Wire from Montreal. There's to be a bigger distribution of surplus profits than the market anticipated. It's good for Zuccari. He's just wiped out his loss. But the rise is only beginning. I rang up the old boy to tell him, but he's away West, they say at his office."

Tom laid down his pen and escaped into the passage. He wanted to be alone, to think; but hardly had he closed the door behind him than he saw Zuccari approaching, his face white and set, clutching an evening paper in his hand. Evidently he knew.

"It's all right, Mr. Zuccari," burst out Tom;

"you still hold your Canadians."
Zuccari's eyes asked a question.

"I forgot your message." The words trembled on Tom's lips, but were never uttered. Suddenly he amended them. "Directly after you left, I heard a rumour

"Directly after you left, I heard a rumour of the bigger distribution. You'd gone West, and were unget-at-able, so I decided to hold my tongue. I hope you'll forgive me."

"You have a nerve, young man," said the elderly gambler, with a sigh of relief, wiping his forehead with a coloured silk handkerchief. Rich though he was, and nerve-hardened to losses, his fatal blunder in deciding to close just before a big rise had shaken him. Thanks to Tom Wraile, a loss of some thousands was wiped out, and promised to grow into a big gain, as, indeed, it did later.

"You won't tell Mr. Garson, sir," begged

Tom, smiling.

Zuccari conceived a great liking for Tom Wraile. It manifested itself first in occasional lunches, and then dinners Westa tremendous honour for a mere clerk of no particular social standing. Then Tom stayed a week-end with his patron in Zuccari's place in Surrey. It was dull, but magnificent. Mrs. Zuccari, who was tall and severelooking, awed him, but with the husband he got on very well. The Greek liked to talk of past financial deals and coups, and found the young man an attentive and interested listener. Indeed, Zuccari's talk was a liberal education in Stock Exchange finance, and Tom, hearkening, grew in wisdom and understanding.

But the Greek's favour did not stop here. When Higginson left to better himself, he urged Mr. Garson to replace him with Tom Wraile, over the heads of three men who had been years with the stockbroker.

Though Mr. Garson thought well of Tom, and knew Zuccari for a shrewd judge of men as well as markets, this suggestion staggered him, and he demurred. Wraile was too young and too green to deal successfully on the floor of the House. The other combated these objections. age question did not matter. Wraile was over twenty-one, and legally admissible. He had the makings of a successful dealer in him. He—Zuccari—pledged his reputation And when, further, he hinted that if Mr. Garson failed to try his protégé, he might find another broker, the latter yielded.

Behold Tom, therefore, at twenty-three, licensed to enter the Exchange and challenge jobbers to name a price. He felt his foot on the ladder of fortune. And yet it was strange he owed his position entirely to an inexcusable piece of forgetfulness. But he

put this thought out of his head.

He justified his backer. Mr. Garson had to acknowledge Mr. Zuccari had made no mistake. The business of a broker is not so simple as it looks to the uninitiated. bought and sold like a veteran, frequently getting better prices than his principal. Mr. Garson was very pleased with him. And then something happened that again threatened his career. Mr. Garson, who was never ill, took a chill and then to his In three days he was dead. had always worked without a partner, the business of G. A. Garson ended with his death, and six clerks, including Tom Wraile, found themselves looking for new billets.

Tom would have found one fairly easily—he was known for a smart young man who knew his business—but there was no need for him to seek an employer. Zuccari suggested he should set up as a broker

himself.

"But I've no money," said Tom. Every member of the Stock Exchange has to be worth at least twenty thousand pounds, and he only possessed a couple of hundred.

"I'll lend you the money," said Zuccari.
Tom became "T. Wraile, Stock and
Share Broker," and most of Garson's clients,
including that tower of strength to a broker,
Zuccari, rallied to him. And more came.
But though T. Wraile made money, he
found paying off Zuccari no easy task, It
took five years.

He had a luxurious flat in Hampstead now, he lived well, and he dressed well—every broker has to do that—but he remained a comparatively poor man.

III.

The reader who has followed Tom Wraile's career so far will have observed that women played no part in it. The reason was simple. He had got over his diffidence with men, but of the ladies, though none suspected it, he was still shy. Marriage he declined to contemplate at close quarters. He went into Society—it was politic to do so—but none of the marriageable ladies he met touched his susceptibilities. He fancied he had none where women were concerned. Then he found he was mistaken, and, like other men in a like position, this surprised him very much.

In a small flat over his own—the cheapest in the block—there resided three very modern young women, who earned their livelihood in various modern ways—one was a secretary, one a book-keeper, one a typist. They were pleasant girls—ladies—and Tom got to know them. He found it agreeable to visit them or to entertain them in his rooms. First he felt at ease with them; then came the discovery that one of them could arouse in him that emotion called by many names, but, generically, love. Two of the girls were engaged to be married, but as it was the unplighted one who attracted him, and he had not the skill to conceal his feelings, these two whole-heartedly encouraged the affair.

Indubitably Beatrice Conway was attrac-She was a tall, slim, and distinguishedlooking young woman, who might have graced the front row of the Gaiety had the stage appealed to her. Something in her face—in repose, clear and dignified as a cameo—something in her rare smile, something in the turn of her head, the timbre of her voice, something—that nameless something that calls to man when he has found his mate—stirred Tom Wraile when in her presence. She was unflirtatious, undemonstrative, but he shrewdly suspected she was not indifferent to him. And then, like a fool, standing on the brink of happiness, he hesitated, shackled by a foolish resolution made in his youth.

"If ever I marry," he had vowed with the ripe wisdom of nineteen, "I'll marry a woman

with money."

He was casting in his mind for some way of getting round this decision, when one evening he went to dine with a client and his wife at their house in St. John's Wood. There was one other guest—Mrs. Montrose, a widow, whom Tom had frequently met of late. She had money—a good deal of money—and possessed much social charm

"Wraile," said the host suddenly, "you ought to get married."

"Well, I was thinking of it," confessed Tom.

"Ah," said the other, with a sly smile,

"Mrs. Montrose is very attractive."



and distinction of manner. She said she was twenty-nine, and was not really more than thirty-five. The conversation at dinner was bright and cheerful. Tom shone, for the widow had the knack of bringing the best conversationally out of those she met. The men remained behind to smoke,

"I didn't mean her," said Tom hastily. "Why, I wouldn't aspire! She wouldn't look at me."

"She looked at you very amiably several times this evening. Faint heart, et cetera. But you're thinking of another lady. Has she any money?" " No."

"Then, my dear fellow, think twice before you commit yourself. In your case, to marry a lady without a dot would be a folly. The wife you need is a wife who can afford to take a house and entertain your friends. Mrs. Montrose has the money and the gift of playing hostess gracefully. She's just the sort of woman to get her husband on. She would have done wonders with Montrose if he hadn't died."

The late lamented Montrose had been in the Indian Civil Service. It was understood the climate had killed him. He looked very peaceful in his coffin. It is possible he had found a wife determined he should get on a

rather exhausting blessing.

But Tom knew nothing of Montrose except that he was dead, and his widow was worth a "plum"—genuine negotiable money —and the idea of securing the lady and her fortune took possession of him. The appetite for luxury, it is well known, is a growing He lived comfortably, but, with Mrs. Montrose for a wife, he would be able to live in luxury. Again, too, it consolidated his future. A broker always lives and moves with the fear at the back of his head of being "hammered," and, should such misfortune befall, a rich wife is a treasure indeed. Montrose, in fact, was a highly desirable gilt-edged investment. He did not think she would have him, but it was worth trying. As for Beatrice, he put her out of his mind.

He expected to be rejected, and he would have taken a rejection philosophically, even cheerfully. Subconsciously, I believe—obsessed by the idea of the widow's fortune—was a hope he would be. Then, having tried to improve his fortunes by a rich marriage, he would be able to propose to Beatrice with a clear conscience. But Mrs.

Montrose accepted him.

It was staggering; but as all his men friends told him what a lucky fellow he was, he tried to believe it. The first meeting with Beatrice in his $r\hat{o}le$ of another woman's fiance was embarrassing, even painful. The girl accepted the situation quite indifferently, to all appearances, but her companions showed him plainly they despised him for a philanderer. In his soul he knew he deserved their contempt.

This was in early autumn, and the marriage was arranged to take place at the end of the year, the honeymoon to be spent in Switzerland.

Before the engagement was a month old, Tom realised he had made a ghastly mistake. He would never be happy with Mrs. Montrose for an infinity of reasons, one of which was he could not keep Beatrice out of his mind. They never met to speak, for they mutually avoided each other; but she went to work before he did, and he would watch her behind his curtains, and he marked a change in her air and gait, and he cursed himself for a fool and a knave.

A few weeks later Beatrice left London. He gathered she had gone to live with an aunt. At any rate, she had gone out of his life for good, and he resolved on an heroic step—nothing less than getting "hammered." Mrs. Montrose would probably break the engagement, and even if she was still willing to marry him, he would have good

excuse for declining.

Certain men of no reputation were hawking round a property called The Iberian Consolidated Oil Lands, which they wanted to sell, and it seemed to Tom an ideal vehicle for his purpose. No payable oil wells had ever been discovered on the property. To float it on the British public as a genuine investment was nothing less than a swindle. House broker would have anything to do with it. Tom took it up, financed it, formed it into a company, and brought it before the public. The public would not touch it. Tom, his credit pawned to the uttermost pound, was left with the majority of the shares. And then, when his fate seemed sealed, oil was struck—oil gushed forth to an incredible extent. The shares, from a very nominal par, went to a premium of three hundred per cent. Tom became a rich man. He had failed in the easy task of trying to beggar himself on the Stock Exchange!

He was rich now—rich and respected.

Mrs. Montrose informed her friends, in confidence, that she would get Tom into

the Baronetage in five years.

He accepted his fate. He had tried to escape, and failed. He did not mean to try again. The marriage was inevitable. He must make the best of it.

With his *fiancée* he got on excellently. She was not a sentimental woman, but rather of the *bon camarade* type. Sentimental lovemaking she did not desire from him, and she was unaware that he was cherishing a tender attachment for another woman.

One Saturday afternoon Tom invited a few friends to tea in his rooms. The attraction was a Russian pianist, long-haired, melancholy-eyed, who had recently escaped from Siberia, so the story went. At any rate, he pleased, and the party was a great success, and Mrs. Montrose complimented him.

She was sitting at his writing-desk, dashing off a letter to catch the country post, while the Russian, at the piano, was playing a dreamy waltz tune. "Stamps?" murmured Mrs. Montrose, sealing the note.

And Tom, standing beside her, said: "The

drawer on your right."

Mrs. Montrose pulled open the drawer the wrong drawer, as a matter of history—and discovered a photograph.

"Who's this?" she asked, picking it up.

It was a photograph of Beatrice, to which Tom had sentimentally clung. Taken wholly unawares, he coloured like a girl. "Oh, it's someone I used to know," he stammered.

Even an obtuse man would have marked his confusion, far less an observant woman. It goes without saying that Mrs. Montrose wanted to know more. Reluctantly Tom gratified her desires. Before she left, Mrs. Montrose knew the girl's name, knew that she used to live overhead, knew that she now lived out of London, knew that her friends still remained.

Tom called the following afternoon as usual. Mrs. Montrose was out, he was informed, but desired to see him. He waited a melancholy half-hour before she appeared, and then she took his breath away.

"I've been calling on those girls over you," she said, pulling off her gloves. "I've been hearing about you. You seem to have behaved like a cad to that Miss Conway."

Tom had nothing to say.

"She wouldn't acknowledge it, they said—she'd too much pride—but they'd nohesitation in giving me their opinion. She's changed since your engagement. She threw up quite a good appointment in the City, saying she was sick of London, though the only alternative was going to live with a detestable aunt in Cheltenham."

Tom held his peace.

"Are you in love with this girl?" demanded Mrs. Montrose imperatively.

At last Tom found his tongue.

"Yes," he said.

"Then why don't you marry her? Why did you propose to me? Or, if you didn't find it out till afterwards, why didn't you tell me when you did find it out, and ask me to release you?"

"I—I didn't like to," said Tom.

"Didn't like to! Bless the man, d'you suppose I want to marry a man who's wishing all the time to marry somebody else? A funny woman you must take me for! Go to your Beatrice. Our marriage will not take place, Mr. Wraile. I'm sending

an announcement to that effect to the press."

"It's—it's awfully good of you!" said Tom.
(I am aware he is not shining in this interview.)
"No, it's just decent and sensible of me,"

she returned. "Good afternoon."

The next day Tom, having obtained Beatrice's address, went down to Cheltenham, taking her by surprise. He returned to London an engaged man.

After all, he spent his honeymoon in Switzerland that winter. All was as arranged except the bride, and he was very happy. He knew he did not deserve to be, but he was; and, besides, he was getting hardened to undeserved good fortune.

IV.

Under his real name, which, of course, I cannot give, Mr. Thomas Wraile figured in the last Honours list. His munificent contributions to War charities thoroughly earned him this distinction. But a certain hitherto unrecorded episode in his life, which took place before the War, deserves mention.

He received a visit from a Mr.—he strongly objected to be called Herr-Schmidt, a financial agent of some standing in the City. Distinctly attractive was the proposal the caller put before him. quarter share in a private company—being formed to buy and export iron ore from Sweden—was for sale on very favourable A wealthy Berlin bank was backing the venture, and the more one looked into it, the more attractive did it appear. It meant reinvesting more than half his fortune, but the risk was so small, and the profits to come so big, that Tom decided to close with it. He raised the money, he wrote a cheque for fifty thousand pounds, and, in view of its importance, carried the letter to the post himself. At least, he left his office with that intention, and it was not until dressing next morning that he discovered the letter in his pocket. He had forgotten to post it. And that morning the news in the papers regarding the Austro-Serbian disagreement forced people unwillingly to acknowledge it might mean a European War. And Tom decided it was a wrong moment to send a German bank a big cheque, and how wise he was future events demonstrated.

"I can't deny I've made mistakes," said Tom to his wife, "but the queer thing is, I never suffer for them—they always turn out to my advantage."

"Then go on making them, dear," said

Beatrice.

COCK-CROW

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds



E was a splendid bird, a thoroughbred "Black-breasted Red" game-cock, his gorgeous plumage hard as mail, silken with perfect condition, and glowing like a flame against the darkness of

the spruce forest. His snaky head—the comb and wattles had been trimmed close, after the mode laid down for his aristocratic kind-was sharp and keen, like a living spearpoint. His eyes were fierce and piercing, ready ever to meet the gaze of bird, or beast, or man himself with the unwinking challenge

of their full, arrogant stare.

Perched upon a stump a few yards from the railway line, he turned that bold stare now, with an air of unperturbed superciliousness, upon the wreck of the big freight-car from which he had just escaped. He had escaped by a miracle, but little effect had that upon his bold and confident spirit. The ramshackle, overladen freight train, labouring up the too-steep gradient, had broken in two, thanks to a defective coupler, near the top of the incline a mile and a half away. rear cars—heavy box-cars—had, of course, run back, gathering a terrific momentum as they went. The rear brakeman, his brakes failing to hold, had discreetly jumped before the speed became too great. At the foot of the incline a sharp curve had proved too much for the runaways to negotiate. With a screech of tortured metal they had jumped the track and gone crashing down the high embankment. One car, landing on a granite boulder, had split apart like a cleft melon. The light crate in which our game-cock, a pedigree bird, was being carried to a fancier in the nearest town, some three score miles away, had survived by its very lightness. But its door had been snapped open. The

cock walked out deliberately, uttered a long, low krr-rr-ee of ironic comment upon the disturbance, hopped delicately over the tangle of boxes and crates and agricultural implements, and flew to the top of the nearest stump. There he shook himself, his plumage being disarrayed, though his spirit was not. He flapped his wings. Then, eyeing the wreckage keenly, he gave a shrill, triumphant crow, which rang through the early morning stillness of the forest like a challenge. He felt that the smashed car, so lately his prison, was a foe which he had vanquished by his His pride was not own unaided prowess. altogether unnatural.

The place where he stood, preening the red glory of his plumage, was in the very heart of the wilderness. The only human habitation within a dozen miles in either direction was a section-man's shanty, guarding a siding and a rusty water-tank. The woods—mostly spruce in that region, with patches of birch and poplar-had been gone over by the lumbermen some five years before, and still showed the ravages of the insatiable axe. Their narrow "tote-roads," now deeply mossed and partly overgrown by small scrub, traversed the lonely spaces in every direction. One of these roads led straight back into the wilderness from the railway—almost from the stump whereon the red cock had his

The cock had no particular liking for the neighbourhood of the accident, and when his fierce, inquiring eye fell upon this road, he decided to investigate, hoping it might lead him to some flock of his own kind, over whom he would, as a matter of course, promptly establish his domination. there would be other cocks there, already in charge, only added to his zest for the adventure. He was raising his wings to hop down from his perch, when a wide-winged shadow passed over him, and he checked himself, glancing upwards sharply.

A foraging hawk had just flown overhead.

The hawk had never before seen a bird like the bright figure standing on the stump, and he paused in his flight, hanging for a moment on motionless wing to scrutinise the strange apparition. But he was hungry, and he considered himself more than a match for anything in feathers except the eagle, the goshawk, and the great horned owl. His hesitation was but for a second, and, with a sudden mighty thrust of his wide wings, he swooped down upon this novel victim.

The big hawk was accustomed to seeing every quarry he stooped at cower paralysed with terror or scurry for shelter in wild panic. But, to his surprise, this infatuated bird on the stump stood awaiting him, with wings half lifted, neck feathers raised in a defiant ruff, and one eye cocked upwards warily. He was so surprised, in fact, that at a distance of some dozen or fifteen feet he wavered and paused in his downward rush. But it was surprise only, fear having small place in his wild, marauding heart. In the next second he swooped again and struck downwards at his quarry with savage, steel-hard talons.

He struck but empty air. At exactly the right fraction of the instant the cock had leapt upwards on his powerful wings, lightly as a thistle-seed, but swift as if shot from a catapult. He passed straight over his terrible assailant's back. In passing he struck downwards with his spurs, which were nearly three inches long, straight, and tapered almost to a needle-point. One of these deadly weapons found its mark, as luck would have it, fair in the joint of the hawk's shoulder, putting the wing clean out of action.

The marauder turned completely over and fell in a wild flutter to the ground, the cock, at the same time, alighting gracefully six or eight feet away and wheeling like a flash to meet a second attack. The hawk, recovering with splendid nerve from the amazing shock of his overthrow, braced himself upright on his tail by the aid of the one sound wing—the other wing trailing helplessly—and faced his strange adversary with open beak and one clutching talon uplifted.

The cock, fighting after the manner of his kind, rushed in to within a couple of feet of his foe and there paused, balanced for the next stroke or parry, legs slightly apart, wings lightly raised, neck feathers ruffed straight out, beak lowered and presented like a rapier point. Seeing that his opponent made no demonstration, but simply waited,

watching him with eyes as hard and bright and dauntless as his own, he tried to provoke him to a second attack. With scornful insolence he dropped his guard and pecked at a twig or a grass blade, jerking the unconsidered morsel aside and presenting his point again with lightning swiftness.

The insult, however, was lost upon the hawk, who had no knowledge of the cock's duelling code. He simply waited, motionless

as the stump beside him.

The cock, perceiving that taunt and insolence were wasted, now began to circle warily toward the left, as if to take his opponent in the flank. The hawk at once shifted front to face him. But this was the side of his disabled wing. The sprawling member would not move, would not get out of the way. In the effort to manage it, he partly lost his precarious balance. The cock saw his advantage instantly. He dashed in like a feathered and flaming thunderbolt, leaping upwards and striking downwards with his destroying heels. The hawk was hurled over backwards, with one spur through his throat, the other through his lungs. As he fell he dragged his conqueror down with him, and one convulsive but blindly-clutching talon ripped away a strip of flesh and feathers from the victor's thigh. There was a moment's flapping, a few delicate red feathers floated off upon the morning air, then the hawk lay quite still, and the red cock, stepping haughtily off the body of his foe, crowed long and shrill, three times, as if challenging any other champions of the wilderness to come and dare a like fate.

For a few minutes he stood waiting and listening for an answer to his challenge. As no answer came, he turned, without deigning to glance at his slain foe, and stalked off, stepping daintily, up the old wood-road and into the depths of the forest. To the raw, red gash in his thigh he paid no heed whatever.

Having no inkling of the fact that the wilderness, silent and deserted though it seemed, was full of hostile eyes and unknown perils, he took no care at all for the secrecy of his going. Indeed, had he striven for concealment, his brilliant colouring, so out of key with the forest gloom, would have made it almost impossible. Nevertheless, his keenness of sight and and unsleeping hearing, his practised vigilance as protector of his flock, stood him in good stead, and made up for his lack of wilderness lore. It was with an

intense interest and curiosity, rather than with any apprehension, that his bold eyes questioned everything on either side of his path through the dark spruce woods. Sometimes he would stop to peck the bright vermilion bunches of the pigeon - berry, which here and there starred the hillocks beside the road. But no matter how interesting he found the novel and delicious fare, his vigilance never relaxed. It was, indeed, almost automatic. The idea lurking in his subconscious processes was probably that he might at any moment be seen by some doughty rival of his own kind, and challenged to the great game of mortal combat. But whatever the object of his watchfulness, it served him as well against the unknown as it could have done against expected foes.

Presently he came to a spot where an old, half-rotted stump had been torn apart by a bear hunting for wood-ants. The raw earth about the up-torn roots tempted the wanderer to scratch for grubs. Finding a fat white morsel, much too dainty to be devoured alone, he stood over it and began to call kt-kt-kt, kt-kt-kt, in his most alluring tones, hoping that some coy young would come stealing out of underbrush in response to his gallant There was no such response; but as he peered about hopefully, he caught sight of a sinister, reddish - yellow shape creeping towards him behind the shelter of a withe-wood bush. He gulped down the fat grub, and stood warily eyeing the approach of this new foe.

It looked to him like a sharp-nosed, bushy-tailed yellow dog—a very savage and active one. He was not afraid, but he knew himself no match for a thoroughly ferocious dog of that size. This one, it was clear, had evil designs upon him. He half crouched, with wings loosed and every muscle tense

for the spring.

The next instant the fox pounced at him, darting through the green edges of the withe-wood bush with most disconcerting suddenness. The cock sprang into the air, but only just in time, for the fox, leaping up nimbly at him with snapping jaws, captured a mouthful of glossy tail feathers. The cock alighted on a branch overhead, some seven or eight feet from the ground, whipped around, stretched his neck downwards, and eyed his assailant with a glassy stare. "Kr-rr-rr-eee?" he murmured softly, as if in sarcastic interrogation. The fox, exasperated at his failure, and hating, above all beasts, to be made a fool of, glanced around to see if there were any spectators. Then, with an air of elaborate indifference, he pawed a feather from the corner of his mouth and trotted away as if he had just remembered something.

He had not gone above thirty yards or so, when the cock flew down again to the exact spot where he had been scratching. He pretended to pick up another grub, all the time keeping an eye on the retiring foe. He crowed with studied insolence; but the fox, although that long and shrill defiance must have seemed a startling novelty, gave no sign of having heard it. The cock crowed again, with the same lack of result. He kept on crowing until the fox was out of sight. Then he returned coolly to his scratching. When he had satisfied his appetite for fat white grubs, he flew up again to his safe perch and fell to preening his feathers. Five minutes later the fox reappeared, creeping up with infinite stealth from quite another direction. however, detected his approach at once, and proclaimed the fact with another mocking Disgusted and abashed, the fox turned in his tracks and crept away to

stalk some less sophisticated quarry.

The wanderer, for all his fearlessness, was He suspected that the vicious yellow dog with the bushy tail might return yet again to the charge. For a time, therefore, he sat on his perch, digesting his meal and studying with keen, inquisitive eyes his strange surroundings. After ten minutes or so of stillness and emptiness, the forest began to come alive. He saw a pair of black - and - white woodpeckers running up and down the trunk of a half-dead tree, and listened with tense interest to their loud rat-tat-tattings. He watched the shy wood-mice come out from their snug holes under the tree-roots, and play about with timorous gaiety and light rustlings among the dead leaves. He scrutinised with appraising care a big brown rabbit which came bounding in a leisurely fashion down the tote-road and sat up on its hindquarters near the stump, staring about with its mild, bulging eyes, and waving its long ears this way and that, to question every minutest wilderness sound; and he decided that the rabbit, for all its bulk and apparent vigour of limb, would not be a dangerous opponent. In fact, he thought of hopping down from his perch and putting the big innocent to flight, just to compensate himself for having had to flee from the fox.

But while he was meditating this venture, the rabbit went suddenly leaping off at a tremendous pace, evidently in great alarm. A few seconds later a slim little lightbrownish creature, with short legs, long, sinuous body, short, triangular head, and cruel eyes that glowed like fire, came into view, following hard upon the rabbit's trail. It was nothing like half the rabbit's size, but the interested watcher on the branch overhead understood at once the rabbit's terror. He had never seen a weasel before, but he knew that the sinuous little beast with the eves of death would be as dangerous almost as the fox. He noted that here was another enemy to look out for—to be avoided, if possible, to be fought with the utmost wariness if fighting should be forced upon him.

Not long after the weasel had vanished, the cock grew tired of waiting, and restless to renew the quest for the flock on which his dreams were set. He started by flying from tree to tree, still keeping along the course of But after he had covered the tote-road. perhaps a half-mile in this laborious fashion, he gave it up and hopped down again into Here he went now with new the road. caution, but with the same old arrogance of eye and bearing. He went quickly, however, for the gloom of the spruce wood had grown oppressive to him, and he wanted open fields and the unrestricted sun.

He had not gone far when he caught sight of a curious-looking animal advancing slowly down the path to meet him. It was nearly as big as the rabbit, but low on the legs; and instead of leaping along, it crawled with a certain heavy deliberation. Its colour was a dingy, greyish black-and-white, and its short black head was crowned with what looked like a heavy iron-grey pompadour brushed well back. The cock stood still, eyeing its approach suspiciously. It did not look capable of any very swift demonstration, but he was on his guard.

When it had come within three or four yards of him, he said "Kr-rr-rr-eee!" sharply, just to see what it would do, at the same time lowering his snaky head and ruffing out his neck feathers in challenge. The stranger seemed then to notice him for the first time, and instantly, to the cock's vast surprise, it enlarged itself to fully twice its previous size. Its fur, which was now seen to be quills rather than fur, stood up straight on end all over its head and body, and the quills were two or three inches in length. At this amazing spectacle the cock

involuntarily backed away several paces. The stranger came straight on, however, without hastening his deliberate steps one jot. cock waited, maintaining his attitude of challenge, till not more than three or four feet separated him from the incomprehensible apparition. Then he sprang lightly over it and turned in a flash, expecting the stranger to turn also and again confront him. stranger, however, did nothing of the kind, but simply continued stolidly on his way, not even troubling to look round. stolidity was more than the cock could understand, having never encountered a porcupine before. He stared after it for some moments. Then he crowed scornfully, turned about, and resumed his lonely quest.

A little further on, to his great delight, he came out into a small clearing with a log cabin in the centre of it. A house! It was associated in his mind with an admiring, devoted flock of hens, and rivals to be ignominiously routed, and harmless necessary humans whose business it was to supply unlimited food. He rushed forward eagerly, careless as to whether he should encounter love or war.

Alas, the cabin was deserted! Even to his inexperienced eye it was long deserted. The door hung on one hinge, half open; the one small window had no glass in it. Untrodden weeds grew among the rotting chips up to and across the threshold. The roof—a rough affair of poles and bark—sagged in the middle, just ready to fall in at the smallest provocation. A red squirrel, his tail carried jauntily over his back, sat on the topmost peak of it and shrilled high derision at the wanderer as he approached.

The cock was acquainted with squirrels, and thought less than nothing of them. Ignoring the loud chatter, he tip-toed around the cabin, dejected but still inquisitive. Returning at length to the doorway, he peered in, craning his neck and uttering a low kr-rr. Finally, with head held high, he stalked in. The place was empty, save for a long bench with a broken leg and a joint of rust-eaten stove-pipe. Along two of the walls ran a double tier of bunks, in which the lumbermen had formerly slept. cock stalked all around the place, prying in every corner and murmuring softly to himself. At last he flew up to the highest bunk, perched upon the edge of it, flapped his wings, and crowed repeatedly, as if announcing to the wilderness at large that he had taken possession. This ceremony accomplished, he flew down again, stalked

out into the sunlight, and fell to scratching among the chips with an air of assured possession. And all the while the red squirrel kept on hurling shrill, unheeded abuse at him, resenting him as an intruder in the wilds.

Whenever the cock found a particularly choice grub or worm or beetle, he would hold it aloft in his beak, then lay it down and call loudly kt-kt-kt-kt-kt, as if hoping thus to lure some flock of hens to the fair domain which he had seized. He had now dropped his quest, and was trusting that his subjects would come to him. That afternoon his valiant calls caught the ear of a weasel possibly the very one which he had seen in the morning trailing the panic-stricken The weasel came rushing upon him at once, too ferocious in its blood-lust for any such emotions as surprise or curiosity, and expecting an easy conquest. The cock saw it coming, and knew well the danger. But he was now on his own ground, responsible for the protection of an imaginary He faced the peril unwavering. Fortunately for him, the weasel had no idea whatever of a fighting-cock's method of warfare. When the cock evaded the deadly rush by leaping straight at it and over it, instead of dodging aside or turning tail, the weasel was nonplussed for just a fraction of a second, and stood snarling. In that instant of hesitation the cock's keen spur struck it fairly behind the ear, and drove clean into The murderous little beast stiffened out, rolled gently over upon its side, and lay there with the soundless snarl fixed upon its half-opened jaws. Surprised at such an easy victory, the cock spurred the carcase again, just to make sure of it. Then he kicked it to one side, crowed, of course, stared around wistfully for some appreciation of his triumph. He could not know with what changed eyes the squirrel who feared weasels more than anything else on earth—was now regarding him.

The killing of so redoubtable an adversary as the weasel must have become known, in some mysterious fashion, for thenceforward no more of the small marauders of the forest ventured to challenge the new lordship of the clearing. For a week the cock ruled his solitude unquestioned, very lonely, but sleeplessly alert, and ever hoping that followers of his own kind would come to him from somewhere. In time, doubtless, his loneliness would have driven him forth again upon his quest; but Fate had other things in store for him.

Late one afternoon a grizzled woodsman in grey homespun, and carrying a bundle swung from the axe over his shoulder, came striding up to the cabin. The cock, pleased to see a human being once more, stalked forth from the cabin door to meet him. The woodsman was surprised at the sight of what he called a "reel barn-yard rooster" away off here in the wilds, but he was too tired and hungry to consider the question carefully. His first thought was that there would be a pleasant addition to his supper of bacon and biscuits. He dropped his axe and bundle, and made a swift grab at the unsuspecting The latter dodged cleverly, ruffed his neck feathers with an angry kr-rr-rr, hopped up, and spurred the offending hand severely.

The woodsman straightened himself up, taken by surprise, and sheepishly shook the

blood from his hand.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he muttered, eyeing the intrepid cock with admiration. "You're some rooster, you are! I guess you're all right. Guess I deserved that, for thinkin' of wringin' the neck o' sech a handsome an' gritty bird as you, an' me with plenty o' good bacon in me pack. Guess we'll call it square, eh?"

He felt in his pocket for some scraps of biscuits, and tossed them to the cock, who picked them up greedily and then strutted around him, plainly begging for more. The biscuit was a delightful change after an unvarying diet of grubs and grass. Thereafter he followed his visitor about like his shadow, not with servility, of course, but with a certain condescending arrogance which the woodsman found hugely amusing.

Just outside the cabin door the woodsman lit a fire to cook his evening rasher and brew his tin of tea. The cock supped with him, striding with dignity to pick up the scraps which were thrown to him, and then resuming his place at the other side of the fire. By the time the man was done, dusk had fallen; and the cock, chuckling contentedly in his throat, tip-toed into the cabin, flew up to the top bunk, and settled himself on his perch for the night. He had always been taught to expect benefits from men, and he felt that this big stranger who had fed him so generously would find him a flock to preside over on the morrow.

After a long smoke beside his dying fire, till the moon came up above the ghostly solitude, the woodsman turned in to sleep in one of the lower bunks, opposite to where the cock was roosting. He had heaped an armful of bracken and spruce branches into



"Leaping upwards and striking downwards with his destroying heels."

the bunk before spreading his blanket. And

he slept very soundly.

Even the most experienced of woodsmen may make a slip at times. This one, this time, had forgotten to make quite sure that his fire was out. There was no wind when he went to bed, but soon afterwards a wind arose, blowing steadily toward the cabin. It blew the darkened embers to a glow, and little, harmless-looking flames began eating their way over the top layer of tinder-dry chips to the equally dry wall of the cabin.

* * * * *

The cock was awakened by a bright light in his eyes. A fiery glow, beyond the reddest of sunrises, was flooding the cabin. Long tongues of flame were licking about the doorway. He crowed valiantly, to greet this splendid, blazing dawn. He crowed again and yet again, because he was anxious and disturbed. As a sunrise, this one did not act at all according to precedent.

The piercing notes aroused the man, who was sleeping heavily. In one instant he was out of his bunk and grabbing up his blanket and his pack. In the next he had plunged out through the flaming doorway, and thrown down his armful at a safe distance, cursing

acidly at such a disturbance to the most comfortable rest he had enjoyed for a week.

From within the doomed cabin came once more the crow of the cock, shrilling dauntlessly above the crackle and venomous hiss of the flames.

"Gee whizz!" muttered the woodsman, or, rather, that may be taken as the polite equivalent of his untrammelled backwoods expletive. "That there red rooster's game. Ye can't leave a pardner like that to roast!"

With one arm shielding his face, he dashed in again, grabbed the cock by the legs, and darted forth once more into the sweet, chill air, none the worse except for frizzled eyelashes and an unceremonious trimming of hair and beard. The cock, highly insulted, was flapping and pecking savagely, but the man soon reduced him to impotence, if not submission, holding him under one elbow while he tied his armed heels together, and then swaddling him securely in his coat.

"There," said he, "I guess we'll travel together from this out, pardner. Ye've sure saved my life; an' to think I had the notion, for a minnit, o' makin' a meal offen ye! I'll give ye a good home, anyways, an' I guess ye'll lick the socks offen every other rooster in the whole blame Settlement!"



THE BUILDER.

A STRUCTURE I am raising every day
By word and deed, and oft I humbly pray
That you will see with understanding eyes
And recognise.

But ever in my building some chance jar Or hands ungentle my creations mar, And at the ruins suddenly laid bare You smile and stare.

Yet still I build, with many a bitter tear,
With less of hope, and more of saddening fear
That you will only understand at last,
When I have passed.

ELIZABETH CLEMENT.



OIL PALMS IN WEST AFRICA.

WAR CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE NATIVE RACES OF BRITISH COLONIES

By JOHN H. HARRIS

WHEN the history of the greatest world-war comes to be written, one of its most romantic and thrilling chapters will tell how Britain's coloured Colonials took their part in the mighty conflict. It will be told how the generosity of native tribes and rulers expressed itself in a veritable avalanche of gifts, which upon occasion involved sacrifices so great that Britain's Colonial Minister had not once, but several times to cry "Halt!" Yet the stream flowed on, and still flows as these pages are committed to the press. Offers of personal service, gifts in kind, gifts in money, still come from every clime, from every island, and across every ocean throughout the world.

I have said this flow of generosity comes from Britain's coloured Colonials. This is not strictly accurate. It should be the more cumbrous designation, "Gifts from coloured inhabitants in the British Colonies, Protectorates, and Spheres of Influence," for the contributors include some millions of people living under the British flag, yet owing no subject allegiance to the British Crown. Many contributions come from islands, countries, and chiefs of whose very existence the mass of the British public had no knowledge. One of the most striking features of this steadily increasing flow of generosity is to be found in the letters accompanying these gifts, and addressed to His Majesty King George with every expression of loyalty and affection.

In this article no attempt is made to deal with the share taken by the self-governing Dominions or by the Indian Empire—which have already been recorded by other pens in these pages—but with those scattered territories which are not yet sufficiently developed to possess full self-government,

and are now under the administration either of British officials or of their indigenous

chieftains, guided by such officials.

Upon the outbreak of the War, Gambia, the oldest, although the smallest, British colony in the African continent, voted, through the Legislative Council, the sum of £10,000, whilst an additional public subscription amounted to over £300. These handsome gifts came from a territory smaller than Yorkshire, and inhabited by less than 160,000 Mandingos, Jollofs, and kindred tribes. To the mass of the British public the very name Gold Coast brings a shudder, because of its reputation of a deadly climate, yellow fever, internecine warfare, and those bloodthirsty kings Kofi and Prempeh—these are the popular memories of the Gold Coast. The splendid self-sacrifice of able Governors carrying out an enlightened policy, together with the courage and devotion of doctors and missionaries, have combined to rid the Gold Coast of its terrors, and place that territory amongst the finest and most stable economic colonies under the British flag. The German threat at the Mother-Country's existence galvanised the native community and Government into a prompt and generous activity, for Sir Hugh Clifford telegraphed for Mr. Harcourt's sanction to receive no less a sum than £80,000. This generosity led to the Colonial Minister asking whether the colony could really afford so large a gift. answer was in the affirmative, and the money But loyalty to the British Crown did not stop at this official gift. Hayford, Christian, and other educated natives and chiefs, toured the colony, collecting everywhere from the simple native farmers, who readily gave and gave again to British needs, a single collection at Accra amounting to over £1600, whilst the Governor estimates that the total will ultimately exceed £4000.

Jamaica, with its sad history of slave-days, and later its struggle for economic stability, and finally its disastrous earthquake of 1907, voted officially from its revenues £20,000, whilst private collections exceeded £8000. Taking any ordinary scale map and tracing the route from Liverpool to Jamaica, one sees a few tiny dots in the ocean, named collectively the Turks and Caicos Islands, which dots, put together, represent a total area of less than the Isle of Man. The inhabitants, numbering less than 5000 people, rake salt and dry sponges, yet the Legislative Board of these tiny islands

voted from "all the inhabitants of the Turks and Caicos Islands" the sum of £1000. Nothing in the records of Colonial gifts is finer than that of the Bahamas. This group of coral islands once formed a famous rendezvous for pirates, their population composed mainly of negroes and the descendants of the German colonists introduced from the Palatinate in the eighteenth century. These collected, upon the outbreak of war, and sent through the Governor to the Prince of Wales's Fund £3000, and, in sending their gift, Mr. G. B. Haddon Smith, the Governor, says: "The majority of the inhabitants of these islands are poor. Many by contributing, I am sure, have not only denied themselves luxuries, but in many cases the necessaries of life, although to have refused their offerings would have given There have been instances of seamstresses and market women, earning a few shillings a week, who insisted on giving either three shillings or two shillings. There have been other instances of people who had buried gold, which they would not have unearthed except in dire need, but in order to be one of the subscribers to the War Fund, they have dug up their hidden treasure."

It is the same story from every British Colonial Administrator—sums of money voted in thousands of pounds. True, they are not entirely native proceeds, because a small white element in each colony necessarily bears part of the burden of revenue, but the main fact is that the economic prosperity in these tropical and sub-tropical regions is due to those hard-working, patient, and, in the main, law-abiding coloured children

of the British Empire.

Thirty bullocks came from Masai Moran, and, not to be outdone, Chiefs Sendeu and Ole Kashu drove thirty-two to the nearest Government official, whilst seven other chiefs sent fifty bullocks. Thus $_{
m the}$ nomads of British East Africa responded to The Kavirando chiefs, Britain's needs. unable to give bullocks, collected and drove forward, as a single gift, a huge herd of 3000 goats. The total gifts in kind from the tribes of East Africa to date are 323 fat beast and 3780 goats and sheep. Indian Colonials of British Guiana we owe the introduction of a progressive rice industry. Less than twenty years ago some much-despised Indian coolies, finishing their indentures, commenced cultivating little patches of rice, and from this small beginning the present rice export has grown to the prodigious dimensions of

10,000,000 lbs. per annum. The announcement of the German declaration of war, which anticipated a "rising" in almost every British colony, was answered by the Indian colonials in the same generous spirit as that which animated their brethren in the Indian Empire itself. The brothers Guyadeen forwarded 2000 lbs., and Mr. Boodhoo 3000 lbs., whilst the colony itself promised

potatoes. The most recent and not the least interesting "gift in kind" is that announced by Sir Frederick Lugard—an aeroplane from the natives of the Lagos Colony in Nigeria, where the Mohammedan, Christian, and Pagan natives have combined in raising money for this purpose, towards which they have already collected £1000. But the foregoing represents only a single item in



Photo by

[Underwood & Underwood.

NOMAD MASAI AND THEIR HERDS ON THE PLAINS OF EAST AFRICA.

500,000 lbs. of rice. The Maoris in the thermal district of New Zealand, "deeply moved" at the sufferings of the Belgians, and, being "without money, unable to subscribe," begged to be allowed to send to their white friends a toll of their potato crops. This gift is now being collected. Every Maori family is being asked to set aside a toll from its harvest, which, when the final collection is made, will, it is anticipated, total several tons of the best

the Lagos contributions. The following vigorous extract is taken from a native paper, The Nigerian Pioneer—

"Our Nigerian troops are sickening for want of fresh meat. Think of it, you in comfort to-day in Lagos! The shame of it! The pity of it! And for a paltry sum we can remedy all, or nearly all. It is true that we have done nothing before, because we did not know how or what to do. That

excuse is gone. Fresh meat is the need to-day at the Front. It is our duty to do all in our power to supply it."

And within a fortnight the local Aborigines Protection Society had received £166 in

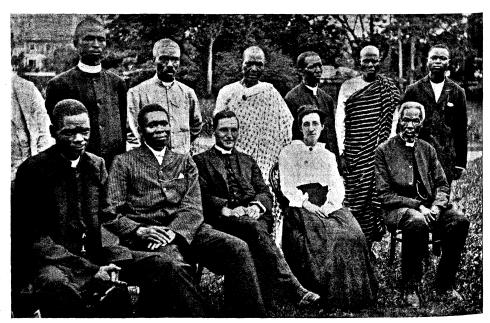
response to the foregoing appeal!

Four hundred miles west of Ceylon there is the group of seventeen Maldive Islands, covered with cocoa-nut palms and inhabited by about 30,000 Mohammedan people tributary to Ceylon. With the outbreak of war the Sultan of these cocoa-nut islands promptly forwarded £1000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund, and promised a further £1000.

A few months ago the writer, travelling through the Kalahari desert, could not fail to be impressed with the deep interest with which the Bamangwato chiefs were following the European struggle, whilst at every drift and at every railway bridge there was an alert body of King Khama's scouts keeping a watchful eye over these strategic crossings. But Khama, whose affection for the British Government, under whose "protection" his country progresses, is well known, early gave substantial proof of his gratitude by sending to King George's Government the sum of £817.

Sir Frederick Lugard, the Governor of Nigeria, received in May last one of the most generous individual offers from any native in the British Dominions. Mai Arri, an independent chief of Bornu, whose salary is only £180 per annum, asked to be allowed to send the Governor £80. Sir Frederick Lugard, whilst expressing warm thanks, told the old man he could not accept more than £10, because "a larger sum would be a disproportionate contribution from his resources."

Throughout the history of tropical development, no territory, no island of the sea has a more unenviable record than John Paton's island of Tanna, in the New Hebridean It is but little more than fifty years since John Paton landed upon Tanna, the southern unit of the archipelago. found the entire population living in the grossest ignorance, and the whole of the island tribes gripped in the toils of revolting The atmospheresuperstition. menacing that Paton and his companions were compelled to withdraw for a time. A more unpromising field for European colonisation could hardly be conceived. If forty years ago the missionaries who first landed on the island had been told that early in the twentieth century the savages of Tanna would out of gratitude contribute towards the burden imposed upon Great Britain, those missionaries, whose faith was almost invincible, could not have credited such a prophecy. The handful of inhabitants of Tanna, in sending their gift of £70, asked the King of England to believe that "they



CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS OF THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA.

are not unmindful of what has been done for them and for their fellows in the New Hebrides by men and women from various parts of His Majesty's great Empire." This gift and this message comes from a tribe of



 $Photo \ by$

[Underwood & Underwood.

THE MAIN STREET OF SAMARAI, BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

whom a resident, writing at the time the gift was sent, says: "Their stone age is but of yesterday... stone axes and adzes still do some service... Dr. John Paton and other missionaries suffered much at their hands, and were driven out, and many whites have been killed and eaten by them... Out of their poverty they have contributed £70."

The island of Aniwa, too small to find on an ordinary map, is peopled by one hundred and twenty natives only, but they, hearing what the sister island of Tanna was doing, also resolved to send King George such as they could afford, and with grateful hearts collected and sent to the High Commissioner the sum of one hundred and eight shillings.

Who are the Banaban? I hazard the guess that not one in ten thousand people in Great Britain could answer, and yet these people are under the dominion of King George. Ocean vessels steaming from Yokohama to Montevideo pass through groups of tiny phosphate islands inhabited by sea-gulls and a few thousand Malayo-Polynesian natives. These islands, known

as the Gilbert, Ellice, and Ocean Groups, are frequently swept by devastating hurricanes, which destroy the cocoa-nut plantations, and involve heavy charges for the relief of the consequent famines. The phosphate

companies literally make fortunes every year, and are now compelled to pay a percentage into a fund for the benefit of the people. From this Banaban phosphate fund the chiefs generously voted £1000 to King George, this sum, they said, "as a pledge of loyalty to the British Government," and of the eight representative chiefs who signed the letter, three had to do so by their mark (X). This interesting document was duly drawn up with the aid of the interpreter Morning Star.

Nuku Nuku is inhabited by one of the principal communities in the Friendly or Tonga Islands. Early in the War, Mr. Grant, the British Consul, was gratified to receive from this community "seventy subscriptions," and in the

public presentation of this contribution, "Ma'u, the chief Matabule, announced that every man in Nuku Nuku capable of bearing arms was prepared, if required, to serve the cause of the Empire."

Scattered through Britain's colonial domains are many subjects of other nations, including Syrians and Chinese, who are assimilating themselves with both native and white inhabitants; in all but name they constitute part of Britain's great family of coloured colonial children. It is not generally known that when Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain some seventy-five years ago, it was little more than a desert island occupied only by a few fisher-folk; but Hong Kong to-day is a thriving clearing-house, and with laudable promptitude sent to the Prince of Wales the handsome contribution of £17,000, of which sum over £5000 came from the Chinese, who formed their own committee for raising this portion of Hong Kong's gift.

A more interesting gift even than this came from those ubiquitous Syrian merchants one meets in every British colony. It is not difficult to imagine the surprise of Sir Edward Merewether when he received, at his headquarters in Sierra Leone, the substantial sum of £130 from "the Syrians of Mount Lebanon nowresiding under British rule in this colony," and expressing the "earnest desire that God may be pleased to grant abundant and speedy success to the noble efforts of the British Army and their Allies, in the interest of peace, righteousness, and justice." Two not in any way modify our desire that our small donation to a cause we thoroughly sympathise with may be honoured by His Excellency's acceptance."

Space fails me in this article to deal adequately with many other contributions—the £38,000 which Sir Frederick Lugard announced from Northern Nigeria; the first £500 from the Sinhalese ladies of Ceylon;

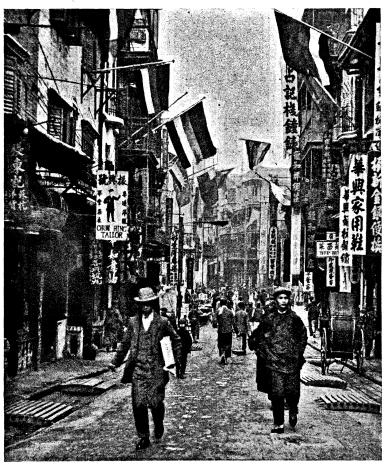


Photo by]

[Underwood & Underwood.

FLAG DAY IN A STREET IN HONG KONG, DISPLAYING CHINESE, MONGOLIAN, MANCHURIAN, MOHAMMEDAN, AND TIBETAN FLAGS.

months later another group of Syrians collected and sent through the Governor to the Belgian Fund £114. Sir Edward Merewether, before accepting these contributions, caused inquiry to be made whether, in view of hostilities with Turkey, the Syrian subjects of the Sultan still desired to forward the £130 to King George. The immediate reply was that "the present attitude of the Turkish Government does

the less ambitious but most welcome barrel of honey from a Jamaican beekeeper, because "honey is good, honey is medicine, and also honey makes good liniment"; the £500 from the Alake and people of Abcokuta. The total of these gifts from subject and protected territories under the direct control of the British Crown represents in round figures a sum of £135,000 to £145,000. Admittedly a small portion of

this has come from the pockets of white colonists—that is inevitable, and is counterbalanced by excluding from this article certain contributions where the larger share was presumably provided by the white colonists themselves—but in the totals as forwarded to the Colonial authorities there must have been included substantial sums from the coloured elements of the community. Compared with the several millions of

yesterday's savage Polynesian, the whole constituting an amazing testimony to the expansion of British ideals, and a strikingly eloquent verdict upon the work of British administrators, British merchants, and British missionaries.

The messages accompanying many of these contributions are, if anything, more impressive than the gifts themselves, for they be peak gratitude for services rendered

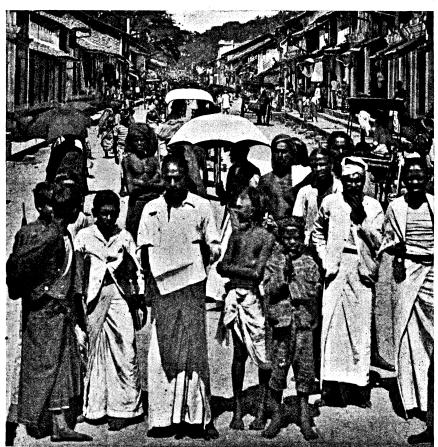


Photo by] [Underwood & Underwood.

NATIVE TYPES IN A STREET IN KANDY, CEYLON,

pounds contributed by the white peoples of the Empire and by our Indian fellow-subjects, the sum of £140,000 may seem small, but, judged by the poverty of many of the contributors, it represents an amazing total—the shilling of the Fanti farmer, the few cents of the rice-growing coolie, the half-sovereign unearthed from his sylvan bank by the thrifty Egba, the milch-goat of the Kikuyu, the fattened ox of the wandering Masai, to the treasured sixpenny-bit of but

in administrative work and in moral and material progress the tribes now enjoy. One of the most influential sections of the Lagos district community is that of Moslems, of whom there are some 38,000. Upon the entrance of Turkey into the War, the Lemonu of Jebu Ode sent a message, on behalf of himself and chiefs representing 5000 Mohammedans, that they "offered earnest prayer to Allah for speedy victory to British arms." Sarkin Kano, Abbas of Northern

Nigeria, when sending £6542, did so with greetings of peace, friendship, and respect, thanking "the mighty King of England" for sending troops to protect the Cameroon border, so that the Germans could not "come into the land without our knowledge, to come and despoil us and take us unawares." One of the most picturesque letters came from Shehu Bukar Garbai, Emir of Bornu, when diverting the sum of £4000 from school funds to those of the War.

"From Shehu Bukar Garbai, son of Shehu Ilbrahim, son of Shehu Umar, son of Mohamadu Lamino-el-Kanemy, the humble slave of Allah, Emir of Bornu by the

power of the King of England.



Photo by [Ui

THE SON OF A FORMER MAORI KING, WITH HIS DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILD.

"I salute Governor Lugard, the representative of the King of England. May God prolong his days.

"After that we know that the King of England is waging war against the Germans. The War is close to us at Mora. Who knoweth the ways of Allah? We are warring against proud and stiff-necked people, as the Germans are. In such a case Allah is on our side. Our Lord Mohammed saith: 'Those who break friendship, kill them like pagans. If you kill them, perhaps they will repent.'

"I have assisted the Resident with all that has been required—horses, donkeys, bullocks, carriers and corn, and everything

that he asked for. The Resident told me that the King of England wanted them. I am the King of England's servant. Why should I not help him? After that we know that Governor Lugard wants money for this War. I remember that last February I gave him £4000 for schools, public works, and sanitation, etc. I should like the destination of this money to be changed and given for the War. I give this £4000 to the King for the War. However, of this £4000 I should like £800 to be deducted and kept for the schools, because they do good for my country—as I have seen in the case of my own sons—and through them the people learn to read and write. But I

leave this to the discretion of Governor Lugard.

"After that I pray for the victory of the King of England, and for long life for him and for Governor Lugard.

"Given at Shehuri on Sunday, the 14th day of Zulkaadah, in the year of Hijira 1332."

Sarkin Bida and his Mohammedan people in Northern Nigeria sent £2190, "with a thousand salutations of loyalty and friendship"—this as "a small donation . . . to assist in this War."

Sarkin Jemaa Mohamadu na Abdulahi sent £40 only, "because we are a poor people and have not much . . . Of our little we hope you will take the wish, and take it as great." The occasion of this gift and letter was stated to be that "His Majesty . . . has helped us from being prisoners of the Germans,"

"In the name of God the Merciful and Compassionate," Sarkin Sudan, of Nigeria, sent £200 "to help you in your war with the Germans. Further, what is necessary to be done in repairing the roads I will do myself at my own charge."

Thus have spoken the Mohammedan tribes of Nigeria, Britain's largest and most

populous native dominion in the African continent. The Mohammedans are not alone, for the Agege Planters' Union, an influential body in Southern Nigeria, when sending their gift of 100 bags of gari and corn, accompanied it with the following message—

"Being well aware that the War has been

ever pray that the God of justice, of right, and of the weak, shall give His blessing to the arms of Great Britain and her faithful Allies, and grant them success and victory in this momentous struggle, to the lasting peace and well-being of the world."

Turkey's subjects—the Syrian traders of



Photo by]

BANANA GATHERING IN JAMAICA.

[Underwood & Underwood.

forced upon her, and that Great Britain has unsheathed her sword in a just and righteous cause in vindication of sacred treaty obligations deliberately set at naught, and to combat and crush—let us hope for ever—the hoary-headed baneful principle that 'might is right,' the Union is confident, and shall

Sierra Leone—collected and sent, as I have pointed out, to the Governor £130; but Sir Edward Merewether, knowing that war with Turkey was imminent, caused inquiry to be made as to whether these Syrians from Mount Lebanon still wished to give the £130. To this inquiry they replied:

".... It is more our misfortune than our fault that we are compelled to pay very unwilling allegiance to the Turkish Government. Still, all our sympathies, interests, good-will, and affection are centred on Great Britain, the Empire to which we owe a deep debt of gratitude, not only for the benevolent protection which has secured for the subject countries of Asia Minor within the Turkish Empire whatever measures of amelioration of their unhappy lot they have secured in the past, but also for the freedom, welcome, and security all Syrians enjoy wherever the British flag flies."

The British public is, fortunately, too well versed in methods of colonisation to suppose that this large generosity, this splendid self-sacrifice and loyalty, is conclusive evidence that every tribe within our scattered Empire is perfectly contented. It means nothing of

the kind; but it does most emphatically mean that the confidence of our coloured children is firmly rooted in the belief that the heart of the Empire beats true and warm towards them, and that, no matter what passing errors may be made, justice will ultimately prevail. It also means that these our children would not change the British flag for any other throughout the world.

There are inequalities to amend, wrongs to be righted, disabilities to be removed, and legitimate aspirations to satisfy. After the termination of the War, British public opinion will be false to national tradition, false to its highest ideals, if it forgets this outburst of devotion, loyalty, and affection, which has so mightily reinforced the claim of our coloured colonial children to still more sympathetic treatment in almost every colony under the British Crown.



THE DEFENDERS.

Leave me my dreams, and I shall not repine Youth's eager hours, love's restless holiday. Leave me my dreams, a castled garden mine, Where all unchid my wand'ring feet can stray.

Leave me my dreams, the foe is at my door,
Time's swinging scythe, and disappointed years.
Leave me my dreams, and they can yet restore
The crumbling walls, where crouch invading fears.

Leave me my dreams, nor can rude sorrow break
Into my fortress where content I go.
Leave me my dreams, and who dare combat make
On Youth's sweet hours, or lay Hope's castle low.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM

By ETHEL TURNER

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant



E was opening tins of jam, and exercising solicitude to avoid letting any sand make a way in. The men said that they were not proud, but they had an inborn objection to spreading the dust

of the Pharaohs on their bread.

Violet plum, Cape gooseberry, Passion fruit, lemon and melon, quince—his eyes quite gladdened at the infinite variety that had unexpectedly turned up out of one of the new cases. For three weeks nothing but raspberry had fallen the way of the entire battalion, and raspberry is a confection of which it is quite possible to get too much.

But Cape gooseberry! As he opened the tin, and the golden fruit, swimming in a syrup full of infinitesimal seeds, met his eyes, and the faintly pungent smell assailed his nostrils, his soul dipped and rose again, as does a sea-gull at the sudden sight of a floating morsel.

The desert faded, the Pyramid of Cheops the Glorious, the great Pyramid of Gizeh, was as if it had never been—the labour of millions of hands, raised to confront and to defy eternity, vanished at one faint whiff of sugar combined with fruit.

In its place was the huddle of grey slab buildings—the milking-sheds, the pumpkin room, the dairy, and all the lost sweet homeliness of the squat place in the midst of it that stood for the foundations of his life.

He felt and smelt the gum trees to the right of it. To the left he saw the prickly pear patch that they were going to "have

at "—he and his father—some day. The Cape gooseberries grew on the far side of the prickly pear, and there had been a summer—a thousand years ago, or eight, if counted by the calendar—when he had been ten years old, and a snake had been seen one morning among the straggling undergrowth where the fruit hid itself.

His mother was bent on making the jam that day. His father was away, and he himself was the only one of his sex about the place. He could remember the sense of manhood that came to him when, overriding his mother's misgivings and his little sisters' squeaks of terror, he had armed himself with a great stick, and, basket over arm, had plunged boldly into the gathering. It was his first concrete realisation of the fact that the dangerous work of the world fell by Divine law to men. It was the definite moment when he passed from little boyhood to the heritage of sex. His joy was immensely heightened by the presence, at a very respectful distance, of those timorous little creatures his sisters, whose share in the fine enterprise was merely to strip the fruit of its husks and admire his own boldness. His mother's attitude, too, gave him much satisfaction: he was flattered by her recognition, expressed by many adjurations about carefulness of the danger he was facing, but more so by her tacit acknowledgment of the fact that he was of the superior sex, and must not be held back any longer, with little girls, when there was danger to be faced.

He had the tins of jam all opened now, this lance-corporal in Egypt. He made a careful load of them, and passed in front of the neighbouring tents to distribute them for tea. Mails were in, and the drill-weary men, just off duty, were stretched on the sand outside the tent doors in the attitudes and with the contented expressions of those who have nothing further to ask of the kindly Fates, unless it were the jam that was needed to complete the tea preparations.

A cinematographic camera passed along, absorbing them. It would make a pleasant, a reassuring photograph for the weeklies—"Tea-Time in Egypt." The young lance-corporal went by with his burden of jam, but even yet the Pyramids had not reasserted themselves, even yet his thoughts were away in the huddle of grey slab buildings at home.

He was remembering a joke of He had complained that she never made a certain plum cake, of which he was very fond, in a sufficiently large tin. Her joke was to make it one day in the big wide milk tin, and his answer to the joke was to stoutly maintain that it was not in the least too large, though for the next few days he had been in reality very hard pushed to keep up an appetite for it. As he passed along the front of the tents and before the camera, he smiled at the recollection—smiled what his mother called his "crinkly" smile, a whole-hearted affair that began slowly on his lips and crept into his warm young eyes and wrinkled the skin around them and down his cheeks

And when they took her the news that her boy had fallen at Gaba Tepe, one of the gallant rush of Australians who had dashed through the surf and plunged over the beach, and splendidly stormed the heights and shoutingly carried the trenches—when they broke the news to her, and his face rose before her, it was the vision of it wearing its crinkled smile that clutched most fiercely at her heart.

But as the days passed, and she read, still with the dry and glassy eyes with which she had met the news, all the War intelligence in the papers, all the sensational stories of the horrors suffered by wounded men in war, all the atrocities of which the Turks were capable, it was washed clean out of her memory that the boy had ever smiled at all, that his eyes had ever lightened with humour and merriment.

She saw him only with ghastly face, paintwisted almost out of recognition. She visioned the very death damps on his forehead that, perhaps, there had been no hand, or even that of a strange nurse, to wipe away. She became obsessed by one thought—if only she could have a sign from him to know how it was with him.

Those who loved her watched her in fear and trembling, powerless, however, to help her. If prayer could not help her, how might they? They knew that she was praying half the time. They did not need to see her down on her knees by her bedside, or in her pew in the empty church, to know it. When she was separating in the dairy, washing the milk buckets, stirring saucepans on the fire, and that wild, far-away look came into her eyes, they knew that she was asking, demanding, beseeching, even though her lips were set in one rigid line.

She took to wandering away, sometimes in the bush, sometimes along the banks of a creek, sometimes to the football ground, the racecourse—places where he had had his boyish triumphs as a fine rider and jumper, places where he had sailed his little boats, shot his opossums, climbed for the nests of native bees. All the time her eyes, dry, restless, kept going from side to side as if seeking something.

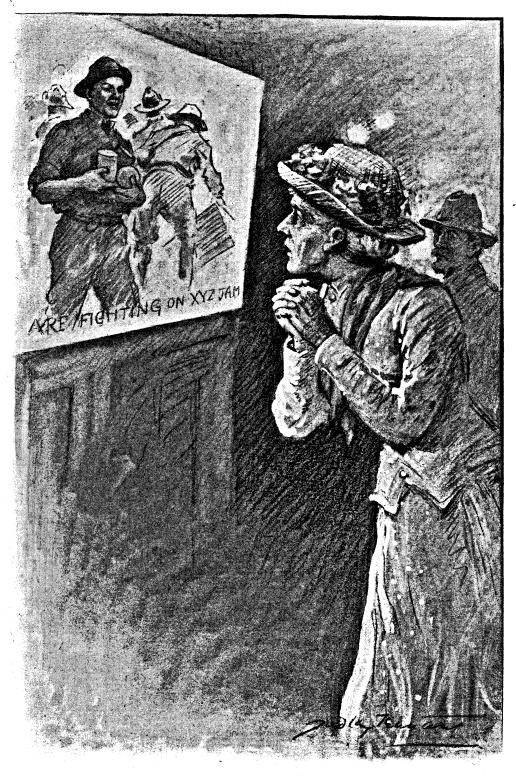
She began to wander at night, followed always at a little distance by her wistful husband, lest any bodily harm should befall her.

There came a night when her restlessness carried her right into the township, quite three miles from the little farm. Behind her—fifty yards behind, perhaps—came the patient husband and the two little girls.

At the outskirts of the town she paused and seemed to waver. Here was the show ground, and it was lighted up for the annual show, which opened that day. Never a year before but her busy fingers had not been represented here—her jams, her pickles, her pot plants, her crochet work, her knitting, were famous all up and down the countryside. Could it be because her old, healthy interest in everyday activities was stirring again that she paused so long near the gate? Her husband watched her anxiously. Then she turned back to him; he had never been so sure before that she was conscious of his presence.

"I want a shilling to go in," she said.
"No, don't come with me. I want to be alone."

The little girls watched her make her way into the crowd, somewhat distressed for her appearance. She was wearing a pink print dress and a hat with red flowers in it. More than once they had been told at school that the entire family, long ere this, should have been fitted out with the deepest mourning, but they had found it difficult to explain to



" 'My son!"

the sticklers for etiquette that their mother's grief made her blind to all things near at hand, so intently was her gaze fixed on something far away.

But she turned back from the entrance, the pink print figure; she came to her

husband's side again.

"I want sixpence more," she said. "It is sixpence to get in to the cocoa-nut booth."

And now he sadly understood. The boy had won high fame last show for cocoa-nut shying—ten times he had won a cocoa-nut, and the booth had clapped loudly at his amazing luck and deftness. But that she should insist on watching a similar scene again, her husband sorrowed profoundly, but did not set himself to make her desist.

Later, a neighbour suddenly touched his arm, a kindly woman who had known them all for years.

"Is it true what they say—that she's here to-night?" she asked sharply.

He nodded dejectedly.

"Get her home at once," said the woman.
"There is something here would half kill her to see. None of you should see it, indeed; but, whatever happens, she mustn't."

"But where? What?" he asked, moving forward, impelled by her earnestness.

She only answered his first question.

"Near the windmill thing," she said. "Where is she?"

"In the cocoa-nut booth," he replied.

They went to the door of this booth to seek her, but there was no sign of her. Another acquaintance, however, who was in the booth, said that she had been there for a little time, but when a boy won a cocoa-nut three times in succession, she suddenly ran out.

This acquaintance was also full of anxious concern for this grief-stricken woman, but when the other neighbour whispered something to her, her concern turned to a look of alarm. She caught at the husband's arm.

"She mustn't go near the windmill, on any account. Do you hear? We've got to stop her at once! Quick—come along! You must get her home. How it has come, Heaven only knows! You must see the X Y Z firm and stop it."

The two women started forward, followed by the bewildered husband and the two little girls. They hurried about the ground, seeking the pink-clad figure that was so familiar to them, but nowhere could they see it. Then just as they reached the windmill themselves, they saw her.

She was coming towards it from the opposite direction to themselves. She was

walking in the careless, laughing, jostling throng, a gaunt, bent figure, fearfully alone. Her eyes stared ahead of her—terrible eyes that had not yet shed one tear. Her lips moved—her husband knew that she was praying that eternal, and that eternally disregarded, prayer for a sign. Nothing would make her abandon it. If Christ had raised Lazarus from the dead, had given back to empty arms the ruler of the synagogue, let Him perform for her this infinitely smaller miracle—let Him just give her one sign that, though lost to her for ever, all was still well with him.

Flickering lights made her raise her eyes a little. Right alongside the windmill a moving picture advertisement for somebody's soap was being replaced by an advertisement for somebody's jam. "What our soldiers in Egypt are fighting on—X Y Z jam," said the lettering underneath.

And then something—something—drew her eyes back, and she found herself looking sombrely and intently at the scene.

She saw, looming on the sky of the background, the vast triangle that her boy's letters had taught her was the Pyramid, and on the desert, populous with a life exotic to it, the long, long line of tents. She saw Arabs wandering about the lines, offering their wares. She saw the drill-weary men stretched out in easy attitudes, letters in their hands, rough preparations for tea—loaves of bread, mugs, a packing-case broken open and marked in clear letters X Y Z jam.

And then there came into the scene a figure clearer than any of the others, and closer to her—a figure bulking large and grey, since it was right in the foreground, a figure walking slowly, carefully, his hands holding a burden of tins of jam.

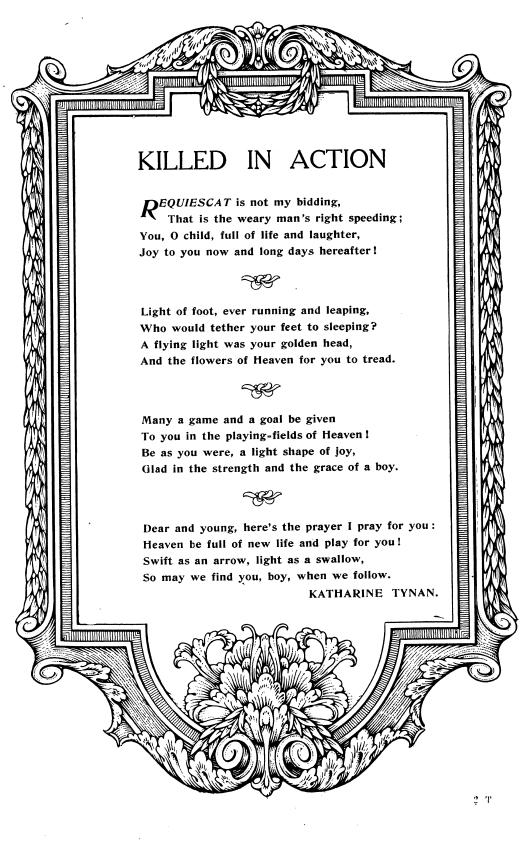
Half-way across the screen it walked, and there rose up on the startled air a cry so sudden, so wild, so full of human anguish, that the hearts of those who heard it stood

still with fear.

"My son!" was the exceeding bitter cry. And, as if at the very sound, the figure, now in the middle of the screen, stopped dead one second and looked down at her, right down into her very eyes. And it smiled—smiled its slow, crinkled, happy smile, its smile of utter content. Then it had passed and was gone.

When they ran to her in terror, she was smiling too, although her tears gushed fast.

"And now let us go home," she said, and there was happiness in her voice, for all its trembling.



HER LITTLE FAILING

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa



RS. PRATT—that estimable, if outwardly unattractive, female—was conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment. Having called upon her friend Susan Smith for a cup of tea, with the express

purpose of learning the truth about certain matters that had been the subject of neighbourly comment, it was exasperating that the meal should be already over, and Susan still uncommunicative.

"Yes," she observed, "I said to myself that I'd just drop in and hear all about it." No result attending this effort, she added rather lamely: "So here I am."

"So I see," replied the hostess. "More

bread-and-butter?"

"No, thanks. I never eat when I want to listen; it confuses me." This time there could be no ignoring the significance of her tone.

"I—I don't think there's much to tell," faltered Susan. She was a pleasant, capable-looking woman of any age between thirty and forty. Just at present, however, her face was clouded by a frown of anxiety by no means lost upon the visitor.

"Then I must have heard wrong," retorted the latter dryly. She determined upon a direct attack. "But did you expect the things to fetch them prices?" she

asked.

"Well," said Susan, "after Miss Wilcox

had been so kind——"

This was first blood to Mrs. Pratt. "Ah," she murmured with interest, "it was Miss Wilcox's doing, was it? I thought the

quality must ha' had a hand in it. There's no foolishness that they aren't equal to!"

"Miss Wilcox interested herself, and got some of her friends to buy the things in and give 'em back to me."

"Buy 'em in!" interposed Mrs. Pratt sharply. "I should think so! Ten pounds for a deal dresser, they did tell me!"

"Yes," faltered Susan. "That was the

"But, in the name of mercy, why?" exclaimed Mrs. Pratt, curiosity overcoming discretion. "What did they want to do it for?"

Susan regarded her friend dubiously. They were seated facing each other across the tea table in the comfortable kitchen of No. 45, Station Cottages. A curious observer might have detected one remarkable detail in the substantial furniture, namely, that to many pieces there still adhered tickets proving them to have been recently sold by auction. Through the window was to be seen a stretch of railway line, and at intervals the vibration of a passing train rattled the cups and saucers. All at once the mistress of the house seemed to take a resolution.

"If I tell you something," she said, "will you swear not to breathe a word?"

Mrs. Pratt promised, as she would have promised anything.

"Because," continued Susan, "I'm that miserable about it that I feel I must tell somebody, or go mad!"

"Then what a providence I came!"

murmured the other.

Susan drew a deep breath. "It was like this," she began. "You know Miss Wilcox is our new visitor? Well, it all began as a kind of joke. I was that dull after my Bill got moved to Bilton and left me here by

myself, and somehow Miss Wilcox, never knowing what Bill was like, and only seeing me all alone, I just couldn't resist pulling her leg a bit about it."

"Pulling her leg?" echoed Mrs. Pratt.

"Having a game with her. beastly tongue, that's what it is. It's happened afore now, and poor Bill's been at me for it many a time. He always said it would bring me to trouble, and now it has. Any little thing starts me off, and then it goes on and on, as if it was by itself, and I couldn't stop it."

The visitor had been listening at first eagerly, then with increasing exasperation. At this point an irrepressible heart-cry broke from her. "I can't understand a word of

it!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"I'm sorry," said Susan, recalling herself. "I'll begin at the beginning. You see, my Bill being second ticket-clerk at the station here, he was only waiting till poor Mr. Roberts went, to get his post. The Company had as good as promised it to him. Well, six weeks ago they went and shifted him to Bilton-not equal to head here, of course, but better than what he had."

Mrs. Pratt nodded. "And old Roberts

died last week," she said.

"Yes," cried Susan bitterly. "Old fool! No disrespect, but a month wouldn't have made any difference to him, and saved me all this bother."

"But what is the bother, dearie?"

"It's this. Bill didn't want to have the expense of moving our bits of furniture to a new place so far away. So while he got together a fresh lot at Bilton, he left me to sell this for what it would fetch."

"Well," said Mrs. Pratt, "you have done,

and pretty lucky you've been."

"İt wasn't luck. It was lies!"

" Lies?" "Lies!" repeated Susan. "That's what I'm trying to explain, if you'd only listen. When Miss Wilcox came sniffin' round, she seemed to take it for granted, seeing as I wasn't a widow, that Bill had—deserted She was that sympathetic, and made it out so—so interesting like, that I couldn't help, just for the lark, letting her go on thinking it."

"Susan Smith!"

"Oh, it wasn't meant as no harm. thought, as I was leaving the town so soon, it wouldn't matter. So I let myself go—made up a tale like what you read in the paper. It wasn't till she begun about the auction that I got frightened, and then it was too late to stop. I'd been deserted a week then, and calves'-foot jelly comin' in every day in a basket!"

"Calves'-foot jelly!" gasped Mrs. Pratt.

"And beef-tea," continued Susan gloomily. "Then, before I knew where she was, she'd gone round to all her friends, asking 'em to buy the furniture in and give it back to me to me, as only wanted to get rid of it! You know what happened then. The new curate, Reverend Watson, bought nigh on half; but, of course, he's in love with her, and it was worth the money to him. It's what to do now, I can't think. Bill 'asn't written for a week, and I can't go to him with a vanload of furniture and close on a hundred pounds! He'd turn me out!"

"It 'ud look a bit queer," agreed Mrs. Pratt delightedly. "Twenty-five shillings for

an old tea-kettle, I was told!"

That was another of the Reverend "Yes. Watson's. But, after all "—Susan broke into a reminiscent smile—" she was fair askin' for it, that young woman. She would believe anything. Goodness only knows what she must think of poor Bill!"

"And him such a quiet, steady soul!

You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I know I ought. But that's just the queer part. The more I thought of him as he really is, the more things I wanted to

make up."

To Mrs. Pratt this remark appeared meaningless. "Well," she said with decision, "if your husband wasn't one that wouldn't lift his hand to a fly, I'd know what to expect. Suppose I was to begin spinnin' yarns about Pratt! Not that I could," she concluded wistfully; "it's as much as I can do to remember half the truth!"

Realising that the tale was now told, she brushed the crumbs from her lap and rose.

"Oh," cried Susan, detaining her nervously, "don't go yet!" She glanced at the clock. "It's just Miss Wilcox's time for comin' in to console me, and, if you was here too, I shouldn't be so likely—

She broke off, listening. Mrs. Pratt, intensely curious, listened also. A light step became audible on the little path that led to the cottage, and next moment the door opened, and Miss Wilcox herself appeared. She was young, quite pretty enough to be a credit to the taste of any curate, and she entered the kitchen with a demeanour in which tact, sympathy, and the determination to be a strengthening influence were agreeably mingled.

"Well, Susan," she exclaimed, "did you

think I was never coming?" Her glance fell upon Mrs. Pratt, and she beamed approvingly. "But I see you've got one visitor already."

"Yes, miss," faltered Susan, miserably

embarrassed.

"Capital! I always think there's nothing like the sympathy of an old friend—one that you can really open your heart to."

On one arm she carried a picturesque little basket, which she at once proceeded to unpack, enumerating the contents as she placed them upon the table. "Some more of that beef-essence you liked, and another pot of jelly, and, look, some such lovely roses!"

Mrs. Pratt had observed these preparations with a jaundiced eye. "I'm just going," she said pointedly.

"Oh, but, please, not on my account," exclaimed Miss Wilcox. "Susan and I can

put off our reading for to-day."

Observing her friend's look, poor Susan had to explain. "Miss Wilcox has been so kind as to read aloud to me, odd times."

"Such a dear, helpful little book," said that lady, displaying it. "It's called 'Hope in Adversity. By a Woman.' Perhaps you also would care—"

"Me?" returned Mrs. Pratt, tremulous with indignation. "I'm afraid I've no time. I only just looked in to ask Mrs. Smith about her husband."

"Oh, hush!" The district visitor looked pained. "We only speak of happy subjects here." She turned, with the roses in her hand, towards the china-shelf. "I'll put these in

this pretty jug."

Mrs. Pratt was by this time at the limit of her self-control. "Susan," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "I wonder you can look your own looking - glass in the face without blushing!" Addressing the back of Miss Wilcox, she added more loudly: "Wishing you good day, miss, and a happy release from their troubles for all parties!"

"A kind soul, I'm sure," observed Miss Wilcox, as the door slammed eloquently behind the departing figure. "But I'm glad she's gone. Now we can get on with our reading. Let me see"—she took up the book and seated herself resolutely—"where were we? Ah, here! Chapter Six. 'Tactfulness

in the Home."

But Susan had made up her mind. Once let Miss Wilcox loose upon those altruistic problems, and the chance of an explanation and her own resolve might vanish for ever.

"Oh, if you please, miss," she began

breathlessly, "I've got something as I ought to say to you afore anything else. It's about—all that money and the furniture."

Miss Wilcox glanced up from the book.

She looked both gratified and touched.

"Nonsense, Susan!" she said. "I can understand your feelings, but I really dislike being thanked. It was just the idea of a few friends. So don't let's have another word about it."

"But, miss," persisted Susan, "you don't understand. It's after your being so kind, and the Reverend Watson, and all. That's just what makes it so difficult for me, having to give it back."

"Give it back?" echoed Miss Wilcox.

"Susan, what on earth do you mean?"

"I did ought to, miss, because, you see, I shall have to sell the things, after all, when I go away."

"But I don't understand. Where are you

going?"

"To join my husband, miss," said Susan desperately.

"But you don't even know where he is."

"Yes, miss." Susan could not meet the perplexed and horrified gaze of her benefactress. "I—I found out."

"And you mean to say that you want to join that man, after all? Oh, Susan, consider! Is it wise? Is it even right?"

"It must be right for a wife to go to her

husband, miss," returned Susan.

"Yes, I suppose so, if you put it in that way. But, oh, what martyrs women are!"

"Yes, miss. So I shan't be coming back.

I must take the money to him."

"He wants money, does he?" The girl's face showed a gathering suspicion. "Susan," she cried suddenly, "I see it all! That man is in some dreadful disgrace, probably in prison——"

"Oh, no, miss, indeed!"

"Then he ought to be! And you are trying to shield him. I don't think that Mr. Wat—that your friends would care to have their kindness put to such a use."

"That's just what I mean, miss," returned the martyr, with a touch of spirit. "It's our

own money that I'll take to him."

Miss Wilcox heard the tone, and thrilled to it. "Of course," she said, "I think it's very splendid of you. I only wish the object were worthier."

"Oh, miss, he is! He will be!"

"From all I have heard of your husband, I gravely doubt it."

"All—" began Susan indignantly. Then she checked herself. "Who's bin speaking

against my Bill," she demanded, adding, as an afterthought, "besides me?"

"From what you yourself have told me, I should know what to expect. Probably he

has repented before!"

"Oh, yes, miss, indeed he has—often!" She was now only too anxious to efface the impression her passion for embellishment had ereated.

"Ah! When he used to beat his poor old

mother, perhaps!"

"D-did I tell you that, miss?"

"Or after he turned his first wife out of doors!"

The face of the conscience - stricken romanticist was paling visibly. "I didn't say he'd another wife, did I, miss?" she faltered.

"And I've no doubt there were worse things that you spared me. I have no wish

to learn them."

"Perhaps I was too hard on him, miss."

"No, Susan." The other checked her with a superb gesture. "Young as I am, I can appreciate the impulse that urges you to shield your husband—I respect you for it—but it makes no difference in my opinion of him."

She looked so like a determined kitten, as she said it, that Susan saw it would be useless to try to undeceive her. She returned, therefore, to her original request.

"If you could take it now!" she pleaded.

"It's upstairs in a box under the bed."
"Well," returned the girl dubiously, "I hardly know what to say. But if it would really make you easier—"

"Oh, miss, indeed it would!"

"Then go and get it, by all means, though I can't help feeling that it is my duty to protect you from your own generosity, as well as from this terrible man."

"Oh, miss, don't you worry no more about Bill!" exclaimed Susan, with an air of genuine relief. "I've forgave him freely! It'll maybe take me a minute to get the money, 'cos it's at the bottom of the box, if

you'll kindly wait."

Leaving her visitor no time for further undesirable questions, she was already half-way up the little staircase as she said the last words. "Meanwhile," Miss Wilcox called after her, "I will help you by clearing away the tea-things." She began to collect them for this purpose. "Noble, unselfish soul!" she reflected, while so employed. "It makes one's blood simply boil to think of a woman like that at the mercy of such a ruffian!" (Boiling, it may be remarked in passing, was

a process to which the generous fluid in Miss Wilcox's veins was frequently liable, from a variety of causes.)

So engrossed was she with tea-cups and indignation, as to be unconscious that behind her the door of the cottage had been softly opened, and the figure of a small, mild-looking man, wearing a suit of threadbare tweed, and carrying a brown-paper parcel, had entered the kitchen. Perceiving Miss Wilcox, the new-comer halted in perplexity, removed his cap, and finally, as the girl still did not turn, uttered a gently apologetic cough.

Miss Wilcox wheeled about instantly. "Oh," she cried, startled, "what is it?

What do you want?"

The little man twisted his cap and bowed. "Beg pardon, miss," he said. "I didn't intend for to startle yer."

"Who are you?"
"Me. miss?"
T

"Me, miss?" The question seemed to surprise him. "I'm Smith. I live here."

The girl started violently. Her eyes were fixed upon the face of the new-comer with an expression that he could only interpret as one of horror. "Are—you—Bill?" she whispered.

"Well, yes, miss—in private. I thought as my wife would be 'ere. I'd best go and

find her."

"Never!"

"I beg pardon?" Bill recoiled, as well he might, in natural amazement.

The girl had retreated before his advance, and now stood with her back to the staircase door, barring his progress.

"I said never. I will protect her from

you!"

The determined kitten, indeed, with all claws out. Mr. Smith was too much bewildered to be able to move. Some vague theory connected with votes for women presented itself to his mind, but was dismissed as inadequate. He scratched his head and smiled irresolutely.

"William Smith"—the girl saw her advantage, and pressed it—"let me warn you that hypocrisy will be absolutely useless.

I know you!"

"Well, miss," he returned, "you certainly ave the advantage of me there."

"Not only that, but I know why you have come!"

"Why? Good gracious me!" cried Bill.
"It's my 'ome! Don't I tell you as I live 'ere?"

"'Ome!" echoed the girl, with so devastating an accent of scorn that the

aspirate eluded her. "How dare you profane that sacred word? Listen to me," she continued, advancing cautiously, and speaking in a voice of great earnestness, "if I canarrange for you to be given the money that

of bribing you, I might appeal to the law. Your wife has told me all!"

At these words a sudden and remarkable change appeared to come over the figure in the chair. "What's that?" he exclaimed.



"'Shall I go for the police?'"

you came for, will you go away now and promise never to see your wife again as long as you live?"

Mr. Smith suffered himself to sink into the nearest chair. "I'm dreamin' this!" he said helplessly.

"Remember," went on the girl, "instead

Then to himself, in an altered voice: "Susan, I might have knowed!"

"So, you see, I know everything."
"Indeed?" Bill twisted himself about now, so as to confront his accuser. Had she been less preoccupied, she might have noticed something like a dawning twinkle in his eyes. "And what may that be, if I may

make so bold as to ask?"

"What? How you deserted her, only to come creeping and crawling back after the generosity of her friends—""

"Thank you, miss. 'S matter of fact, I haven't heard of no generosity up to the

present."

"A likely story!" cried Miss Wilcox disdainfully. "Do you expect me to believe a word of it?"

"That's as you please, miss."

"You are the kind of man with whom no self-respecting woman should stay in the

same house for ten minutes!"

"Well, miss, you can 'ardly say I'm detainin' you." Undoubtedly he was smiling now, and at Miss Wilcox. The sight nerved that young lady to a cold fury of determination.

"I stop," she said, "because I have a motive. You shan't ill-treat that poor woman upstairs any more, if I can prevent it." Seeing that her opponent ventured no reply, the girl added scornfully: "Do you want to strike her like you struck your

unhappy mother?"

It was a rhetorical question, calling for no answer, but it produced its effect. A slight frown darkened the face of the listener, to be succeeded by an unmistakable grin of amusement. The full meaning of the situation was at last clear to Bill. He recalled a number of previous occasions on which he had been forced to reprove Susan for her adornment of the simple fact. But this was something on a more heroic scale. To himself he reflected: "She's been going it!"

"Or turn her out of doors," pursued the inquisitor, "as you did your other miserable

wife?"

Mr. Smith choked suddenly. "D-did she stop at one?" he asked, in a strangled

voice.

"I have no doubt the record of your infamy was incomplete. And you can sit there and make a jest of it!"—as the nature of the culprit's emotion became increasingly apparent. "Oh, if I could only tell you what I think about you!"

"Look here, miss," said Bill, rising, "I've kep' my 'orrible rage in check till now; but you can go too far. And when I'm roused—well, Susan's told you what I'm like then!"

Miss Wilcox withdrew rapidly, in accordance with a preconceived plan, to a position behind the table. "I'm n-not afraid of you!" she said.

"Yes, you are. You're afraid now, and

with reason! What did I 'ear you say about money?"

"The hundred pounds for the furniture. You shall have it all, and perhaps a little

more, if you will go."

"The 'undred pounds!" Mr. Smith glanced about him, and for the first time appeared to realise that the aspect of the room was not in accord with the facts as presented. "But the things are still here!" he exclaimed.

"They were returned to your poor wife

after the sale."

What Susan's husband made of this surprising statement is beyond telling. Puzzled as he naturally was, he had sufficient acumen to disguise his astonishment at such a stroke of good fortune.

"Where's the cash?" was all he said.

"Upstairs. Poor Susan is just getting it."

"Call her down," ordered her spouse.

" Why?"

"Call her down, and you'll see."

For a moment it seemed that Miss Wilcox was about heroically to refuse. Then, to her alarm, and the secret relief of Mr. Smith—upon whom the assumption of ferocity sat uneasily—the substantial footsteps of Susan herself were heard descending the stairs. Bill put up his hand to conceal a grin of anticipation.

"Beat old mother, eh?" he reflected.
"Turned my first out of doors, did I? This

is going to be a lesson to her.

Miss Wilcox had crept from the door, and was watching him terror-stricken. In face of the approaching tragedy her courage seemed to have deserted her. "Oh," she whispered, "what are you going to do?"

"Do?" said Bill cheerily. "Treat'er as

I did the others, of course!"

"Ah!" It was at the moment when Miss Wilcox uttered this piercing monosyllable that Susan reappeared, a little flushed with the exertion of her encounter with the box upstairs. "I'm sorry to ha' been so long, miss—" she began. Then, as her glance took in the details of the scene: "Bill!"

That gentleman nodded. "Good arter-

noon," he said pleasantly.

"Oh, Bill!" Susan, uncertain of her ground, glanced from one to the other of the two faces confronting her, in apprehension. "What have you come back for? What's it mean?"

"I'll explain later," he said, indicating Miss Wilcox with a jerk of his head. "We've

got a visitor."

"He's come for money!"—this in a tragic whisper from Miss Wilcox.

"But, Bill," eried Susan wildly, "this money—we can't—you haven't heard."

"I've heard a lot," he assured her.

"Yes," chimed in Miss Wilcox, in the same tone, "I have told him that I know all!"

"What beats me," continued Bill affably, "is 'ow these old scandals gets raked up. Mother, and what's-er-name, the first Mrs. Smith—I thought that was all forgotten long ago."

Susan could stand it no longer. "Oh, Bill!" she murmured. Then she glanced appealingly towards the visitor. "If I could

only explain!"

"Ah!" said her husband. Turning to Miss Wilcox, he added: "You 'ear, miss? We didn't ought to keep you from your other engagements."

She, however, betrayed no sign of having heard him. Addressing herself exclusively to Susan, she asked: "You wish me to go and leave you here with—him?"

"Yes, if you please, miss. And here's the money." Susan produced a small canvas bag, and was about to hand it to the district visitor, when Mr. Smith interposed.

"'Ere, 'old 'ere!" he said. "That's money got by the sale of my goods. Drop it!"

" But, Bill---"

"Drop it!" repeated Mr. Smith louder. And Susan, startled by his tone, dropped it obediently.

"Now, miss," he continued, walking to the door and opening it in polite but unmistakable invitation, "thankin' you for your kind attention, that concludes this part of the entertainment."

Miss Wilcox shuddered. "Shall I go for the police?" she suggested to Susan. "I

will directly."

"Oh, no, miss, please!" The apprehension with which the martyred wife regarded such a proposal was proof to one hearer of the tyranny under which she groaned.

"Well," she said, "I'll go. But"—raising her voice a little—"it's not good-bye yet, by any means. This house hasn't seen the last of me!" Thus, looking more like a resolute and very ruffled kitten than ever, she strode from the kitchen, without bestowing a word or glance upon the master of it.

"Nice, chatty little body," he commented,

closing the door after her.

The moment that Susan dreaded, and longed for, was come. She stood with bent head, not daring to look up at him.

"Oh, Bill," he heard her say, "I'm sorry! I didn't mean for to tell no more lies. And I was trying to put these straight—I was, honest."

But perhaps Mr. Smith had heard much these words before. Though it cost him an

effort, he hardened his heart.

"Who says you've been telling lies?" he demanded, as though in astonishment. "What lies?"

"About your—deserting me."

"Ah," he said reflectively, "that was, maybe, a bit previous. Still, I might ha'done it. 'S matter of fact, they've given me old Roberts's place, after all. That's why I come back."

This was news that for a moment rendered even Susan forgetful of all else. "Oh, Bill," she cried, "I am glad!" Then recollection again overwhelmed her. "But there's the other things as well!"

"What other things?"

"You beatin' people, and—and all that. I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't thought we was going away at once. And now—oh, Bill, we aren't going, and it'll get all over the place!"

"Well?"

"But people'll believe it's true!"

"Let 'em. What folks 'ear about me on the word of my own wife oughter be good enough for 'em."

This was a shrewd stroke, and went home. "You mean," cried Susan, overwhelmed, "as

you won't deny it?"

"My wife said it, and I'd like to know who's going to doubt her in my company!"

"But, Bill, I—I can't let you do that!"

"You aren't asked." For a moment he appeared to meditate. "Perhaps, though," he said at last, speaking slowly, "we'll have to give 'em something to back it up."

There was a note in his voice that struck Susan with bewilderment and a little alarm.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Her husband had walked towards the corner by the door, and taken from it the stick that he had placed there on entering the kitchen. "Poor old mother!" he murmured, balancing it in his hand. "Expect I'm a bit out of practice since her time!"

At this the amazing truth broke upon Susan. "You're going to—to beat me?" she stammered.

Bill turned an agreeable smile towards her. "Don't look so surprised," he said. "Suppose anyone was to see you!"

But Susan did not answer his tone.

"Very well," she said, standing very still.
"I'm ready."

"Eh?"

She repeated the words, making no motion towards resistance or escape. Somehow this attitude on the part of his victim seemed to perturb the executioner. He came near to her, holding the rod in an embarrassed manner. "You understand," he said, "as it's out of regard for your reputation I'm doing this?"

"I understand you've a right to punish

"Very well, then." The stick hung in mid-air. Next moment it descended, not on Susan, but on the bent knee of Mr. Smith, who thus snapped it in half. "No, dash it," he cried, "I can't! I must have lost the knack!"

Perhaps Susan did not hear his actual words; the tone of them was enough. With a cry she fell on her knees before him, catching his hand and sobbing hysterically. It was on this poignant tableau of domesticity that the cottage door burst open, admitting Miss Wilcox and Mrs. Pratt, the one horrified, the other grimly expectant.

Mr. Smith greeted them affably. "Come in, ladies!" he cried. "All are welcome!" Adding, in a tone of mock apology to the district visitor, as he held up the pieces of broken stick: "I done what I could, miss. But I'm not a strong man, and you see she's

'ad the best of it!"

"Monster—" Miss Wilcox was beginning indignantly, when Susan interrupted her.

Lifting a dishevelled and tear-stained countenance, she cried: "Don't you believe him, miss! Bill's not telling you the truth. He hasn't touched me, no more than he did anybody. He never had a first wife, nor a mother——"

"Now, now!" remonstrated her husband sotto voce. "That's exaggeration—"

"—what he ill-treated. And no more he didn't desert me. It was just a stupid trick of mine!"

"Oh," cried Miss Wilcox, bewildered, "it can't be! Which of you am I to believe?"

"Me, miss. But I didn't mean no harm;

it was only—a joke!"

"A joke!" Rage and humiliation for a moment deprived the justly indignant young lady of coherent speech. Then unexpectedly she turned with fury upon Bill. "So you deceived me as well!" she cried. "When Mr. Watson hears what has been going on—"

The threat remained unfinished, cut short by a triumphant chuckle from Mrs. Pratt. "Twenty-five shillings for a tea-kettle!"

she murmured rapturously.

Mr. Smith heard her and grinned. "Well, miss," he observed, "I'm sorry the Reverend Watson should ha' been misled. But I give you a free hand to explain to him; and if he wants his cash back, he knows where to come for it."

"As if I could explain!" Poor little Miss Wilcox was obviously at no great distance from tears. "Making myself look

a fool!"

Then Mr. Smith did an unexpected thing—he patted the district visitor on the shoulder. "You take my word for it, missie," he said, "as a married man myself, and old enough almost to be your father, no one will think none the worse of you for acting a bit silly from good motives!"

It was kindly meant, but the deluded one was in no mood for the consolations of philosophy. The door was open, and, with a sound that was something between a sob and a snort, the kitten had fled.

Mrs. Pratt wiped her eyes, moist from a different cause, on a corner of her apron.

"She'll make it all right with the Reverend," she observed sagely. "And, as for me, I was never one to talk. Got my

own little worry to attend to."

"'Ear, 'ear, Mother Pratt!" said Bill.

"And you're yearnin' to get back to 'im, aren't you? 'Old on a minute," he added, catching sight of the collection of gifts that still adorned the table. "These are from the young 'un, I suppose? It seems to me we've made about enough out of 'er, one way and another! Catch 'old, Mrs. Pratt! Some 'orse-extract for yer, and a pot of jelly, and "—holding up the book and reading the title with relish—"' 'Ope in Adversity.' You give that to Pratt with my compliments. He wants it more'n me!"

"You and your sauce!" returned Mrs. Pratt.

So she, too, went, and the Smiths were left alone. After he had closed the door, Bill stood for a moment with his hand upon it, reflecting. He was enormously pleased with himself. Then his eye fell upon Susan, and at once an emotion of pity took the place of triumph. She looked so ashamed and humble that his kindly heart smote him.

"I know," she murmured brokenly, "I haven't deserved for you to treat me so good. But I'll never tell another one, never as long as I live! It was really because "—

her voice faltered—" because you was away, and I was feeling that lonely I had to do something!"

Bill smiled. What a child she was in some ways, this middle-aged wife of his! He came towards her. "Is that the truth, this time?" he asked, still with a pretence of sternness.

"Oh, Bill, you know it is! And you have forgave me?"

Then he held out his arms, and with a cry she was in them, clinging to him and sobbing: "Oh, Bill, I've got the very best husband in the whole world!"

Mr. Smith shook his head. "Susan," he said reproachfully, "you're at it again!"



THE VIGIL.

YESTERDAY, when I went out under the trees so bare,
There was whispering in the dry grass and fluttering in the air:
"Wait until the dry grass and all the trees are green,
And keep you a child's heart—there'll be wonders to be seen.

All on the mountain and all down the glen We are waiting for a new world, we little fairy men; When all the rich are simple and contented are the poor, The Good Folk will come again and bless their bed and door.

We'll tweak the maidens' petticoats just for fun and play:
We'll sip the farmer's cider can, and toss and turn his hay;
We'll stroke the cows so featly, they'll yield a richer milk,
And we'll scour the housewife's parlour till it shines like Madam's silk.

Once in the good old days we had a nappy home,
The pixic and the nixie and the little crooked gnome;
But there came into the pleasant land dull and blinded men,
And they drove us out and prisoned us, with their greed and with their pen.

The fragile flower-fairies, who nearest are to heaven, They saw the rainbow pinions of the Archangels seven; Chief of them S. Michael, all panoplied for war, Sweep down the midnight glory, like a great shooting star.

He fights for God and Faerie, Prince of a deathless world, Till the foe who held us captive back to the dust is hurled. So we're watching on the mountain and down the forest glen, For we know we're coming back again to dwell with mortal men."

Yesterday, as I walked out under the trees so bare, There was whispering in the dry grass and fluttering in the air: "We are stirring with the west wind, coming, coming home!" God keep my child's heart that I may see them come!

HER CHANCE

AN EARLY EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF ROSE MANVERS, SINGER By E. R. PUNSHON

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



RS. MANVERS laid down the large, fat letter with an air almost of reverence.

> "You are indeed a lucky girl, Rose," she said. "It is the chance of a lifetime."

Her niece nodded. Hereyes

were bright, her cheeks flushed.

"Only, perhaps," she said, with sudden fear, "they won't like my singing, or

perhaps something will happen."

"We shall not allow anything to happen," declared Mrs. Manvers, with an air that said that even earthquakes would not be considered. "Of course, they may not like your voice, but the mere fact of your having been asked to sing at Hallam Court—"

It was, in fact, no less a thing that some good fairy had dropped on this modest breakfast table than an invitation to sing at Hallam Court, before Lord Hallam and Lady Hallam, before Lady Hallam's father, the Duke, before-Lord Hallam's brother, who would certainly be the next Prime Minister, before His Serene Highness Prince Ernst of Colitz-Essey, and, in fact, before all the light and leading of the country, now assembled at Hallam Court for the famous Hallamshire races.

No wonder Rose was flushed; no wonder Mrs. Manvers regarded her niece with an expression almost of awe. Rose, she said to herself—Rose was a made girl, emphatically made. The fee itself was liberal—as much for this one night as Rose had earned in the whole of the preceding six months—and the value of the advertisement—Mrs. Manvers

did not use so vulgar a word, even to herself; she said prestige, and meant the same thing—would be tremendous.

"It will be," she repeated, "the making

of you."

Rose modestly agreed. It could not help. Agents would be impressed. Pupils would be impressed. The vicar's wife would be impressed. It was certain there would be long notices in the paper—flattering notices, for no critic would dare to be other than flattering to a singer who had received the Hallam Court stamp—imprimatur, Mrs. Manyers said.

"It is the chance of a lifetime," Mrs. Manvers repeated once more. "Perhaps even—should his lordship be pleased, should you, dear Rose, be so happy as to please her ladyship—possibly even your name might be

mentioned by them to Mr. Walden."

Mr. Walden was the manager of the Imperial Opera House, and a power—the power, indeed—in the world of music. He was even spoken of with respect upon the Continent, and to belong to his company was the height of the ambition of every young singer. Rose did not suppose that such happiness would ever be hers, but she modestly agreed that this was indeed the chance of a lifetime. For an hour or more aunt and niece built castles in the air—castles that eclipsed even Hallam Court itself. Then Mrs. Briggs, the charwoman—it happened to be her day; she came for half a day every week—made her appearance, and Mrs. Manvers had to go to superintend the cleaning, and Rose to prepare to visit a pupil.

Glorious, dazzling thought—perhaps soon she would be able to dispense with pupils!

"Oh, Mrs. Briggs," she said to the charwoman, "how is Tommy?"

"Only poorly, miss," answered the woman. "Doctors don't seem to do him any good. I've got him home again now."

"Yes, I know; aunt told me," answered Rose. "I must come and see him as soon

as I can."

"Eh, miss,if you would!" exclaimed Mrs. Briggs. "He do talk so about your singing to him that time—fair cracked he is, you'd think, to hear him."

"Tell him I'll be sure to come as soon as I can," answered Rose. "It's nice to sing to

people who like it so much."

"Fair mad on it, he is!" declared the charwoman. "There's a Church lady comes sometimes—a very nice lady, and means well, that I will say, and worth a quarter of a ton of coal every Christmas to them as has kept in with her. She was talking to Tommy about Heaven, and the angels singing so pretty, and Tommy says he'll bet her a tanner there ain't an angel there can sing like you, miss! Church lady, she was shocked; but I had to laugh—after she'd gone."

Rose laughed, too, pleased with the child's remark, and in the excitement of her forthcoming appearance at Hallam Court, she presently forgot all about Mrs. Briggs and little Tommy and his sickness. There was a good deal to be arranged. Lord Hallam's secretary called once, and made it plain he considered Rose fortunate and happy beyond compare, and Rose quite agreed she was. So did Mrs. Manvers. The secretary wanted to know what Rose was going to sing, and she showed him, and he approved and suggested an addition.

"In the event," he said impressively, "of

an encore."

Rose looked quite overcome at the thought, and the secretary unbent a little, evidently

approving of her.

"One cannot be too careful," he told her.
"I assure you the responsibility is great. I know you will scarcely believe me, but one young person who was honoured with an invitation to appear at Hallam Court once proposed to sing a—er—piece known, I understand, as the Marseillaise, and possessing most unfortunate—er—associations. Nothing of the sort could be apprehended from you, I am aware, but you will understand how careful I must be."

Rose looked still more overcome, and the secretary unbent still further. A good many arrangements had to be made, and it was settled that a motor-car would call for Rose about six on the eventful night and convey her to Hallam Court. When all this

was understood, and the secretary had retired, Rose and her aunt wept in each other's arms.

"What a nice man," Mrs. Manvers said, when she had slightly recovered, "and what courtly manners, what a superb address!"

At last this day of days dawned just like any other, and Rose, up early—she had not slept well—was surprised, when she put her head out of the window, to see that everything looked just as usual. Mrs. Manvers, quite as excited as Rose, came in to bring a cup of tea—an unheard-of concession, that overwhelmed Rose almost as much as had done the Hallam Court invitation itself. She took it gratefully, and Mrs. Manvers relieved her feelings a little by scolding Rose soundly for looking so pale.

"A nice thing if you break down!" she

said.

"I won't do that, aunt," declared Rose firmly.

And she nodded her head with great vigour. But Mrs. Manvers did not seem satisfied.

"I have a feeling," she said, "that something will happen. Hallam Court will catch fire and burn down, or Lord Hallam will fall dead from heart disease!"

"If he does, I'll go and sing to his corpse," said Rose, laughing, "and if Hallam Court's on fire, I'll sing to the firemen. Don't you worry, auntie—nothing's going to happen." And she nodded her head again as though she, too, were capable of defying earthquakes.

Though this was not Mrs. Briggs's regular day, it had been arranged that she should come in for the morning, since neither Rose nor her aunt felt capable of grappling with even the simplest domestic duties. But she did not appear at the appointed hour, and finally it was not till dinner was over that she showed herself, and then with a very

pale face and very red eyes.

It seemed that little Tommy was worse, much worse. The doctor was shaking his head and looking very grave. The boy was not only very weak, but very restless, so that what little strength he had he was wasting in perpetual tossing to and fro. The doctor had given him medicine, but it seemed to have no effect, and he dared not strengthen the dose. Mrs. Briggs's story was long and confused, but so much seemed clear, and also the doctor's declaration that, unless the child could be quietened, he would probably die of sheer exhaustion. If he could be soothed, and if he could be kept alive for the next twenty-four hours, till the crisis was over, he would probably recover, but not otherwise.

Mrs. Briggs's tears were flowing freely now, under the influence of the sympathy she received; and Rose said that of course she must not think of trying to do any work she must simply take her two shillings and go straight back again to her boy.

"We must hope for the best," said Mrs.

"If anything can soothe him, it will be

your being there," said Rose.

"He don't seem to take no notice of me, miss," said Mrs. Briggs, wiping her red, inflamed eyes. "I know what would keep him quiet, but it ain't possible, and so I told the doctor straight out. 'That ain't possible,' I says, 'so don't mention it.' "

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Manvers.

Mrs. Briggs only sobbed for answer.

"But what is it?" Rose repeated her aunt's question. "Surely it can be managed somehow."

"Not to-day," answered Mrs. Briggs. "Any other day I would have asked straight out, I would, knowing your goodness of 'art, but to-day-well, I know it can't be, and my Tommy - bless him - " She dissolved into helpless tears.

"Well, you had better go straight back home," said Mrs. Manvers, with a briskness that hid a faint, dawning uneasiness, "and

hope for the best."

"Tell us first," Rose interposed, "what it is you think might help your boy, and why you dare not ask to-day?"

"Now, Rose——" her aunt began. Rose lifted a hand, and the elder woman was

"It's only this," said Mrs. Briggs. "Tommy—he's got it into his head he wants to hear you sing again, miss. That's all his cry—ain't still or quiet a moment, he ain't. 'She sung to me afore,' he says. 'Do you think she would come again?' 'Drat your imperence!' says I. 'Of course she won't.' 'Well,' says he, 'she promised.' 'Only when she has the time,' says I. 'Think the lady's got nothing else to do but run after you, singing and everything?' 'Well,' says he, 'I wish she had time to-day.' 'Shut up,' says I, 'or I'll give you a good slapping when you're better!' But doctor—he heard, and he says—of course, he didn't know, miss, he only said it—says he, 'Well, that might buck the kid up,' he says. 'If she'll come and sing him a lullaby, or some such, he might sleep, and then he might last out. If she can't, he won't.'" And Mrs. Briggs began to cry again.

"But it's absolutely out of the question!"

cried Mrs. Manvers. "Of course, it's very sad about the little boy, and I'm sure any other time—— But you say yourself the doctor can't promise anything, and I do think, Mrs. Briggs, knowing what you do

"Please, aunt!" Rose interrupted, and asked one or two sharp questions, that Mrs. Briggs answered with a sort of sobbing desperation.

Rose turned to her aunt with a little hopeless gesture of her hands. "Any other day," she said wearily—" any other day, how glad I should have been to go!"

"Yes, indeed, dear child," Mrs. Manvers

agreed eagerly.

Rose went quickly out of the room, and Mrs. Manvers began to administer to Mrs. Briggs an odd mixture of scolding and sympathy. It was most sad about little Tommy, and no one was sorrier than Mrs. Manvers; but Mrs. Briggs must see for herself—Mrs. Briggs admitted tearfully that she saw quite plainly, and always had. Manvers hoped most sincerely the little lad would get better. In her opinion, what the doctor said was most hopeful, though certainly the idea that singing to him would be any help-Mrs. Briggs must see for herself that was absurd, and, after all, for the merest shred of a chance, one could not, could one? Mrs. Briggs was understood to agree, through tears, that one could not, and, slightly pacified, Mrs. Manvers observed that, for her part and in her experience, which was wide and varied, one of the very worst things one could do for any sick child was to gratify the fancies they often had. children often cried for the moon, poor little things, but if one took no notice, they soon forgot. And then Rose came back into the room, fully dressed for going out.

"Now, Mrs. Briggs, if you are ready, we

had better start," she said.

"God bless you, miss!" said Mrs. Briggs, rising quickly.

"Rose!" screamed her aunt.

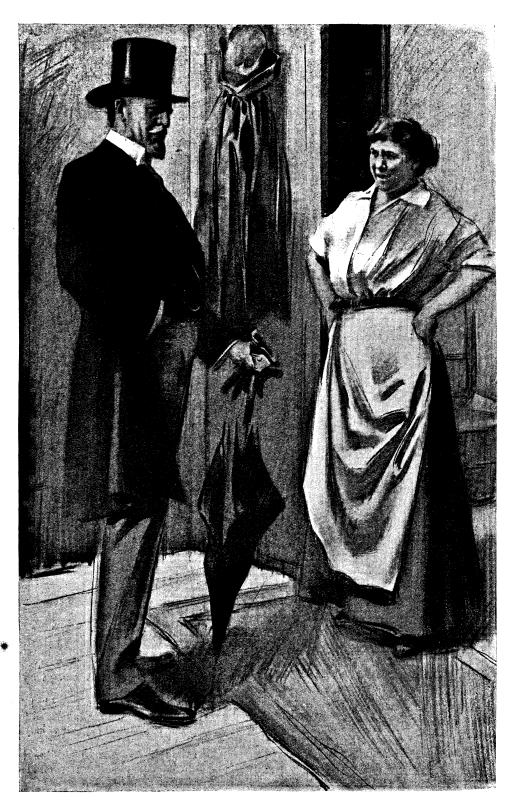
" I'll "Now, aunt, please," said Rose. try to be back in time, if I can. Very likely I shall be."

"You won't—you can't possibly!" cried Mrs. Manyers. "Rose, you're mad! And Lord Hallam—his lordship—her ladyship— Rose!"

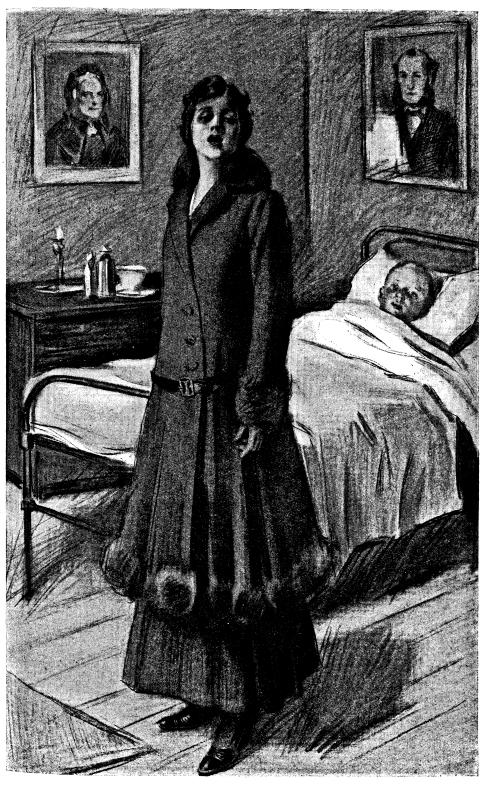
"In the tables of precedence," said Rose, with a whimsical smile, "a sick child comes before a sound lord."

"Rose," Mrs. Manvers exclaimed, in one

last protest, "your future, your career!"



"He listened in profound silence."



"Rose, overborne, a little frightened, began accordingly, and sang."

"Oh, bother, aunt, I can't help it!" exclaimed Rose. "Now, Mrs. Briggs.

Good-bye, aunt."

It was a fairly long journey to the crowded tenement, in a poor, squalid neighbourhood, where Mrs. Briggs rented two rooms. Rose never spoke the whole way—she felt she could not. Mrs. Briggs did not speak, either. She felt she dared not.

At last they arrived. A neighbour had been sitting by the little boy, who, bright-eyed and restless, tossed perpetually from one side of the bed to the other. He was a little delirious, and did not seem to recognise either his mother or Rose, and the neighbour, in a tearful whisper, announced that "she did not think the poor lamb could last long."

Rose sat down by the child and tried to take his hand, but he would not let her.

"Like that all the time he is," said the neighbour, "and keeps on about a lady what used to sing to him."

Very softly Rose began to sing an old lullaby, and almost at once the soft sounds seemed to soothe the child's restlessness.

As soon as she paused, he began to toss and mutter again; but when she sang her low, singularly pure notes, he instantly lay quiet again. After a time she even induced him to swallow a little broth the doctor had sent in for him, putting the spoon to his lips

as she continued her low lullaby.

The great tenement house was very still. Word had gone round, in some strange fashion, that little Tommy Briggs was ill, but that a lady was trying to get him to sleep by singing to him. Even the children in the hot paved courtyard knew, and were like little mice, going on tip-toe with quaint, exaggerated caution, and speaking in whispers. A jolly milkman, turning into the building, uttering his usual cry, was hushed into silence with a ferocity that fairly frightened him, and there was even vague talk of getting a load of straw to put down to lessen the noise of the passing traffic. But that idea came to nothing, and from above there floated down Rose's sweet, clear voice, as with song and lullaby she soothed the sick child to rest.

A couple of hours after her arrival the doctor looked in, and nodded his head with

great approval.

"Good, good!" he said, and added to Rose: "You are doing what no medicine could have effected. Can you keep it up another hour or so?"

Rose looked at the clock. Another hour or so spent here would make it utterly

impossible for her to get back in time to keep her appointment at Hallam Court.

"The child's life depends on it," the doctor said sharply, frowning at her hesitation.

"I will stay," she answered.

"Good!" he said. He added: "You have a good voice—almost good enough to take it up professionally."

"Oh, I shall never be able to do that," she

said, smiling faintly.

"I suppose it is a difficult thing to get a start in," he remarked.

"Yes, indeed it is," she agreed.

Mrs. Briggs sniffed in the background, but neither of them took any notice of her.

Hour after hour passed, and still Rose sat by the sick child's bed, and sang to him softly, till at last he slept. Towards dark the doctor came in, and, looking at the child, nodded his head and said—

"He'll do now; you've pulled him through. You needn't stay any longer," he added.

"I'm in no hurry," Rose remarked, glancing at the clock, and thinking that just about now she ought to be arriving at Hallam Court.

The child opened his eyes and saw her.

"Sing again," he demanded.

"I will come another day," Rose promised.

"You must sleep now."

Tommy shut his eyes. The doctor went away. Rose began to get ready to return home. Mrs. Briggs watched her in silence, and then came and leaned across the bed over her boy, and looked up at Rose.

"He'll live," she said, "and you'll have

lost your job, miss, at that there place."

Rose did not answer. For one thing, she was busy pinning on her hat, and then, besides, it did not seem to her that there was anything to say.

Mrs. Briggs spoke again.

"I knew, and I didn't care," she said, "not if a dozen like you had lost their jobs—I'd have done the same for my Tommy. But every night from now I'll tell him why he's alive, and I'll do your cleaning for you, miss, same as nobody ever cleaned before!"

Her eyes flashed like a warrior's as she spoke, and Rose gave a little sound that was part a giggle and part a sob, and went quickly out of the room and home to her aunt's as fast as she could go.

Mrs. Manvers was sitting alone in the little dining-room, and she looked up with glum

severity as Rose entered.

"Lord Hallam's car was here exactly at six," she said. "His lordship's secretary

I made such excuses as I himself was in it. could."

Rose sat down wearily and slowly removed her hat and gloves.

"Did he say anything?" she asked, after

an interval.

"Merely that he feared his lordship would scarcely be pleased. That was all. But with such freezing politeness! I felt dreadful simply dreadful—and yet I could not help admiring the way he spoke, so high-bred,

"Crushing," interposed Rose. "Poor aunt! Well, the doctor says Tommy will

most likely get better now."

"I do not think," said Mrs. Manvers coldly, "that I am greatly interested in

Tommy Briggs's health."

"More am I, not in the least," retorted Rose, "but Mrs. Briggs seems to be. She says she would have done the same if a dozen like me had lost their jobs through it, but now she'll clean for us as nobody has ever cleaned before."

"I intend," said Mrs. Manvers, employ another charwoman."

"Oh, aunt, don't be horrid!" cried Rose, whereon Mrs. Manvers began to cry, for it had all been a sore disappointment to her; and then Rose began to cry, too, and after that they both felt better, and went to eat their supper.

"Nine o'clock," said Mrs. Manvers. "You

ought to be—

"Yes, only I'm not," interrupted Rose; "and please, aunt, don't let's talk of it any more. I shall have to go to Mrs. Briggs's again soon, though. I promised Tommy I would."

"Well, there's no harm in your going

now," sighed Mrs. Manvers.

A few days later Rose went once more to the tenement—a little earlier this time, because she had just lost two pupils, and so had the whole day free. Tommy, a very great deal better—for, like most children, he had extraordinary recuperative powers demanded song instantly. Standing in the middle of the poor little room, Rose sang accordingly—sang her best, sang disappointment, her resignation and her hope, her joy that she had helped to save this Hickering little life, her piteous complaint of the barren and thwarted years that lay before, since, as Mrs. Manvers said, she had had her chance, and it would not come

"Well," said Mrs. Briggs, when Rose stopped—"well, miss, that was funny!

I never heard the like of that before, miss."

Tommy looked very much inclined to cry. This volume of strange sounds was not the soft lullaby that had soothed his restlessness, nor the sweet and gentle singing remembered before that.

"Well, that were funny!" Mrs. Briggs

repeated thoughtfully.

"I won't do it again," said Rose, a little ashamed, for she knew it was to her own suffering and failure she had sung, and her lost hopes of a great career, and not this time to Mrs. Briggs and little Tommy.

"Must say," remarked Mrs. Briggs

candidly, "I like the other way best."

A moment or two later a knock came at the door, loud and authoritative. Mrs. Briggs opened it, and retreated hurriedly and looking a little alarmed, for there stood a tall, stout man in a silk hat and a frock-coat—some sort of inspector, probably, Mrs. Briggs thought, and therefore a natural enemy. She wished to goodness she had not opened the door.

"Someone was singing here," said the stranger, in a very loud voice—a sort of "Come-none-of-your-nonsense-for-I-won'tstand-it" sort of voice that completed Mrs. Briggs's discomfiture.

"Please, sir, it wasn't me," she said

hurriedly.

"Who was it?" demanded the stranger.

"Ain't nothing against singing in the reggilations, is there?" asked Mrs. Briggs, recovering herself and preparing to show

"My good woman," said the stranger testily, "I don't care anything about regula-tions. I want to know who was singing."

Rose came forward.

"May I ask "I was singing," she said. why you wish to know?"

The stranger surveyed her with great

severity.

"Then," he said, "sing again."
"Certainly not," said Rose promptly.

"Do as I tell you," he roared, flashing into sudden tempestuous fury—"instantly!"

"Now, mister," interposed Mrs. Briggs,

" you mind who you're—"

He checked her with a fiercely pointing

forefinger.

"Woman," he thundered, "be silent!" He shifted his pointing forefinger to Rose. "Girl," he commanded, "begin!"

Rose, overborne, a little frightened, began accordingly, and sang, while he listened in profound silence, his head on one side.

When she stopped, he sighed deeply and said in a low, grave, and melancholy tone, three times over—

"What a find! What a find! What a

find!"

"He's mad, raving mad," whispered Mrs. Briggs. "I'll go for him with the poker, miss, if you'll run for help!"

"What's your name?" demanded the

stranger.

"Manvers—Rose Manvers," she answered.

"Put on your hat and come with me," he

ordered.

"Humour him. miss, humour him," whispered Mrs. Briggs, in a loud aside. "Then, when we get out, I'll hold him while you yell for help."

"Why should I go with you? Who are you?" Rose asked the stranger.

He appeared absolutely overwhelmed with

surprise at her question.

"You don't know who I am?" he gasped.
"You don't know? Have you ever heard of the Imperial Opera House? Have you ever heard of Otto Walden? By the greatest good luck I happened to be passing, and heard you. What a voice!" he mused. "What a find! What a voice! In five years you will be the most famous singer in Europe, providing you keep your head and do what I tell you. And, for goodness'sake, wrap something round your throat! That's a hundred-thousand-pound throat," he complained, "and there you go treating it just as if it were anybody's!"



THE BURIAL BY NIGHT.

H E needs no solemn tolling bell,
Nor crystal hearse with nodding plume,
He needs no costly oaken shell
To shield him in his lowly tomb.

He needs no shroud of linen white,

No waxen wreath to deck his grave,
He needs but prayer in friendly night:

"God rest you there, our fallen brave."

His soldier cloak will serve as shroud, The Union Jack will make the pall, His cap shall be the emblem proud Of how a man may fight and fall.

And sad they dig his shallow bed,
Old Earth will keep him safe and warm;
No more he'll reck the foeman's tread,
Nor trenches seared with iron storm.

And low the priest shall read a prayer
That echoes in the hearts of all:
"God rest you there; you did your share—
You answered to your country's call."

W. CHARNLEY.



Photo by]

[Alfier
PRIVATE J. HAMILTON, V.C., SHAKING HANDS WITH LADY BIRDWOOD, WIFE OF GENERAL SIR
WILLIAM R. BIRDWOOD. ON THE RIGHT THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.

THE AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND HEROES OF THE V.C.

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

"E must take off our coats to this job," said Mr. W. M. Hughes, the new Australian Prime Minister. "That the greatest of wars will be also the last, we all hope. But if we know anything of human nature, we doubt it."

Overseas preparations on a remarkable scale have marked the sudden emergence of our Dominions as fighting Powers, well able to defend their own interests. It is one of the miracles of this mighty clash. In every State of the Commonwealth fit men came forward—the humble sheep-

shearer as well as his lord. Mr. Brian Cavanagh, who owns 250,000 acres, enlisted as a trooper, and was wounded in the Gallipoli ravines. Said the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, late Premier of Australia, and now High Commissioner in London: "If anyone had predicted that, in the event of the Mother-Country being involved in war, Australia and New Zealand would raise half a million men to fight in Europe, he would have been regarded as a lunatic!"

Australia counts upon 650,000 men, of whom at least one-half will be available

this summer. Then the Australian Navy is a startling portent in the Pacific. The fine cruiser *Brisbane*, launched last autumn in the Cockatoo Dock at Sydney, may be taken as an earnest of the home-built fleet. "The one thing is to be prepared," the Premier said on that historic occasion. So pastoral solitudes echo the tramp of armed men in recruiting marches of 300 miles.

New Zealand is no less resolute in raising money and men. The Dominion Premier, Mr. F. W. Massey, hopes that every man between nineteen and forty-five will come forward, "in justice to the tradition of his race, and do his part in the firing-line." New Zealand's motto was to be: "Here am I. Send me!" There are nearly 200,000 men available. The surrender of Samoa to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force marked another epoch in Overseas history. It was Australian action in New Guinea and New Britain which hauled down the German flag in the South Seas.

Nor must I forget the Maori contingent, who, at Bauchop's Hill, took part in a night charge, striking terror into Turkish hearts with native war-cries, and using bayonet and butt with enormous physical strength as well as dash. Which brings me, of course, to Anzac and all that the name must stand for in epics still unwritten. Here one thing is proved—the military worth of these Australasian fighters which amazed the professional soldier.

The leaders among us have borne striking witness to this. Thus Mr. Bonar Law: "The Gallipoli Peninsula will be enshrined as long as the British Empire lasts. From there you look down on the Plains of Troy, but it is no exaggeration to say that none of the deeds of which Homer sang has exceeded in glory and nobility what has been done by Australians and New Zealanders on that shore."

Sir Ian Hamilton dwells on the dare-devil spirit of these lads. "Even the defensive of the Australians and New Zealanders has always tended to take on the nature of an attack!" Has the War any miracle to show eclipsing in selfless spirit those Gallipoli landings? Superhuman dashes up steep ravines from the narrow beach, with classic shallows already writhing with casualties. The very floor of the sea was festooned with barbed wire.

Then up savage gullies and darksome gorges that roared and flamed with massed artillery. "The impossible had become simple," as Sir Ian Hamilton remarks,

Enfiladed with machine-guns. Mined areas were here, too, and man-traps, electric and ballistic, with new German wire of cable thickness and ferocious barbs. The scrubby cliffs were blue with this hideous obstacle—"something beyond belief," is the Commander-in-Chief's expressive comment on the wire.

Well might the Turks and their Prussian taskmasters scoff at the mere idea of any serious landing in this precipitous maze—this sea-girt fortress, on whose thorny steeps a goat might hesitate, and a bird pass on in quest of a less forbidding perch. But the Anzac lions showed bushcraft as well as dash in those darksome landings before dawn. "Each man went straight as his bayonet at the foe. And so vigorous was the onslaught that the Turks fled from ridge to ridge, pursued by the Australian infantry."



Photo by)

[Central News.

LANCE-CORPORAL ALBERT JACKA, V.C.
The first Australian to win the Victoria Cross.



Photo by] [Cent CORPORAL CYRIL R. G. BASSETT. The first New Zealand V.C.

The attack on Lone Pine Trenches was a revelation of new military prowess and reckless determination. It was a race against death in the open, with havoe en route at which veterans might quail without dishonour. Massive beams roofed the Turkish lairs, and close in were entanglements, "to trap flies," as a Melbourne lad

averred. A thousand loopholes spouted forth destruction; the salt-flats were strewn

with the dead of these gallant men.
Yet the Anzacs "got there"! Behold them tearing off the heavy beams and dropping into murderous galleries, soon crashing with hand-flung bombs, and full of acrid fumes and smoke. Here was merciless slaughter—even with bare fists and stones. In one place counter-attacks went on for seven hours. Again at midnight the Turks came swarming, and hand-to-hand killing ceased only at dawn.

But Lone Pine was taken and held.

Watch the 2nd New Zealand Battery, under Major Sykes, warding the Turks off the Australians—a sight of rare fraternal thrill. Time and again Ottoman guns of large calibre fairly plastered the New Zealand shields with direct hits. Bear always in mind a broken, desolate country—the despair of our Army doctors and their orderlies.

The plight of the wounded in this place is woefully shown in young Clutha Mackenzie's case, the son of New Zealand's High Commissioner in London. A mere boy of twenty, Mackenzie left his college and joined the Wellington Rifles. "He had a fearful night's fighting," his father says. "Every man of Clutha's squadron who went into that action was either killed or wounded. The shell which burst near him and killed Colonel Malone destroyed both my son's eves

"Still conscious, he crawled over dead bodies down a deep gully, and there lay all day, exposed to great heat and swarms of flies. No food or water, of course. At last Clutha's wounds were dressed, then he was told he must walk to the hospital ship, since the stretchers were needed for cases with smashed legs. It was a walk of *five miles* for my blinded boy! And even when he sailed, the ship was furiously shelled from

batteries hidden in the cliffs."

To land near Gaba Tepe was an astonishing feat; to storm, maintain, and consolidate the position a feat more wonderful still. And then ensued the long trial of wits and marksmanship which convinced General Hamilton that "the Turkish sniper is no match for the kangaroo shooter, even at his

own game."

Witness Lance - Corporal Jacka, of Bendigo, the first Australian V.C., who, by the way, was also awarded the £500 promised by Mr. John Wren, of Melbourne, for this distinction. One May night, at Courtney's Post, Jacka was holding a section of trench with four other men, when Turkish bombers attacked in force, killing or wounding all but the Bendigo boy. Now the trench was rushed, and seven Turks took possession. A wounded officer called for volunteers, and of these Jacka was foremost.

The whole affair was a matter of desperate shooting and exploding bombs. The volunteers were all down, killed or maimed from behind a traverse. This time the young Australian attacked alone, slaying with his own hand seven Anatolian Turks, giants all of them, and formidably armed.

Five were killed with the rifle, the remaining two with cold steel, after a terrific tussle in the reeking ditch.

Another officer found the young corporal in possession, surveying his fallen foes with a flushed face, and a cigarette between his lips. Jacka saluted. His captain could not approach, for the trench was fairly blocked with dead bodies of the foe. "Managed to get 'em, you see, sir!" Such is the spirit of Anzac.

It was seen also on the torpedoed transport Southland, which was carrying troops to Lemnos, when her deck stanchions were driven clean through the ship by a terrific explosion. "Six men wanted to jump over and right a capsized boat!" Over they dived, righted her and baled her out. The Australians calmly remained on board, stoking this sinking "Birkenhead," and bringing her safely to port at last, with songs on their lips.



Photo by]

[Central Press.

CORPORAL LEONARD KEYSOR, V.C.

Sir William Birdwood issued a special Army Order about the *Southland*, thanking the Australian unit for "the energy and discipline shown at a moment when the nerves of the bravest are highly tried."

The storming of Lone Pine was a still more terrible ordeal—a feat of arms, indeed, unparalleled even in Gallipoli, where prodigies were the commonplace of thirsty days and fevered nights of desperate battling. Lone

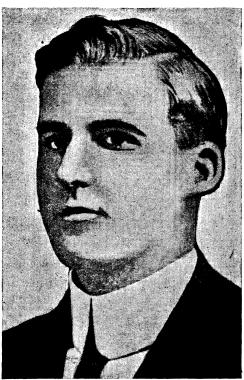


Photo by

[Central Press.

CORPORAL W. J. DUNSTON, V.C.

Pine was a point d'appui of enormous strength, swept by cruel enfilade fire. It commanded one of the main sources of water-supply to the Turks, who were, therefore, very nervous about this elaborate series of works, which, wrested from them by the Australians, they strove madly to regain, assaulting the wrecked trenches for six days and nights of truly Homeric grappling.

In this great clash one weak Australian brigade of 2000 rifles, supported by two battalions, carried a formidable series of works in the teeth of a whole Turkish division, and maintained their grip upon it in a manner that roused friend and foe alike to downright homage. Sir Ian Hamilton gives unstinted praise to the impetuous fury of a charge which was "a glory to Australia." The Commander-in-Chief dwells warmly on "the stout-heartedness with which they clung to the captured ground, in spite

of fatigue, severe losses, and continual strain of shell-fire and bomb attacks."

To stick it thus might seem less striking to the civilian than the dauntless sweep of the advance. "It is even more admirable to the soldier," Sir Ian says in his famous Anzic dispatch, that Iliad of splendid failure, afflicted with every plague—heat and thirst, fever and flies, floods and bitter cold; such as no British troops have endured since Crimean days.

Yet what had these men known of war last year—these lads from the wheatfields and sheep-stations of far Australia; these adventurous souls of Westralian Broome, where the pearls come from, of Kalgoorlie camps, of tropic Queensland plantations, and great wool-sheds of New South Wales? What did men know of war in lush uplands and trim townships of New Zealand—that ideal democracy which thrust young Cyril Bassett on to the blood-stained steeps of



Photo by] [Central Press.





Photo by] [Central Press. CORPORAL A. S. BURTON, V.C.

Chunuk Bahr, laying telephone wires in a fire so hot that whole battalions fought on without any officers?

On that terrible ridge, awaiting support from Suvla, the Australians were virtually surrounded by overwhelming forces. Here they stood at bay, and though now half dead with thirst and fatigue, they fiercely repulsed attack after attack by heavy columns of Turks. "The troops," General Birdwood said, "have performed a feat which is without parallel."

Cyril Bassett was a clerk in the National Bank of New Zealand at Auckland, and comes of a family of soldiers. His maternal grandfather, Mr. T. E. Powley, a Dominion pioneer, was one of seven brothers, all of whom belonged to the 96th Regiment. It is worth while to consider the career of New Zealand's first V.C., for his deed is part of "the Epic of Anzac," which dawned with St. Mark's day, and shines with a spirit never outshone—if, indeed, rivalled—in the military annals of any nation.

If we could but realise that landing!

The open boats poured out their human freight upon the beach below those perpendicular cliffs of tangled scrub and burning rocks, whose eyries fairly bristled with great artillery, picked marksmen, and machine-guns in truly Prussian profusion. Yet the breasting of those heights in the face of appalling losses—an achievement which is now a British heritage for ever—was no product of long discipline, no feat of veteran

soldiers, but the glorious work of "amateurs"! Not only as combatants, be it noted, but also as Engineers, and other scientific branches ofmodern army. I have before me the testimony of a British officer of Regulars to the fine efficiency of the New Zealand Engineers, "whose never-failing energy, hard work, and dash enabled us to take and hold on to some of our most precarious positions. Landing with us on that neverto-be-forgotten day, April 25th, they have since earned the nation's undying thanks for their devotion to work, their pluck, endurance, and resource. Even in the most exposed positions the New Zealanders despised both shrapnel and a perfect hail of bullets, risking their lives a hundred times a day that we might

feel more secure, so that our men exclaimed aloud at the terrible risks they took."

The same witness bears enthusiastic testimony to the steady, expert hands of these Overseas Engineers. He cannot estimate too highly their value in pier-building, mending and patching sunken boats, bomb-making, general trench work, water "divining," pumping, bomb protection, splinter proofs, mining, and signalling.

Now, Cyril Bassett was a New Zealand signaller, and his task was the laying and

mending of telephone and telegraph wires—those nerves of the modern army upon which all tactics depend. The New Zealand Infantry Brigade was literally hanging on to the steeps of Chunuk Bahr, exposed to a fierce fire while their trenches were but six inches deep. No wonder the Wellingtons and Aucklands suffered fearful losses.

In one place every single officer, company sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant

was either killed or wounded. The New Zealanders were half dead with fatigue, yet they fought to a standstill overwhelming hordes of Turkish regulars-troops taught to attack in inexorable masses with bayonet and bomb. The Dominion lines on Rhododendron Spur were mercilessly assailed for three whole days and nights without cessation. Their communications started from sea-level and ran up and across trackless ridges and ravines to a height of 800 feet, exposed all the way to a huge volume of snipe-fire and massed artillery bombardment.

It was in this inferno—and in broad daylight, too—that young Cyril Bassett laid his telephone wires to the new position on Chunuk Bahr. The lad's repairs, by day and night, were the talk of all our troops.

talk of all our troops.

Even the Ghurkas were amazed. More than once the ex-bank clerk from far-off Auckland "got held up by a wounded man," and tended him as though in hospital at home.

And when his wires were "dissed" with roaring sweep of shells, Bassett went back and forth on foot with urgent messages. Upon such material can the daughter nations count, now rallying round the ancient flag. Bassett had in him the makings of a V.C. One night in Auckland he was about to enter the bank, when he heard an explosion,



Photo by [Central Press.
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM JOHN SYMONS, V.C.

followed by the leap of flame. There were burglars within, yet the young man raised the alarm, and, before help came, dashed in upon the marauders, who fled before him.

Again, he saved a whole crew of comrades in a fearful squall which struck their mullet boat near Whangarei, on the east coast. I learn from Mrs. Bassett that, in all his long letters to the New Zealand home, Cyril said not one word about his own share of wondrous deeds which had already won mention in official dispatches.

How these men took to war is an almost uncanny thing. Look at Corporal Leonard Keysor, of the 1st Battalion Australian Imperial Force, in his crashing corner of Lone Pine, "where there was no flinching. They died in the ranks where they stood, and maintained by many a deed of daring the old traditions of their race."

"He was a regular dare-devil," Mrs. Keysor says of her son. "Plucky even as a child, but so hard to discipline!" Keysor became the skilfullest bomber of the whole



Photo by

LIEUTENANT HUGO V. H. THROSSELL, V.C.

[Central Press.

It is well to bear in mind all through that the Turks we fought in Gallipoli showed all the science and dash of European veterans. Nor must one ever lose sight of the fearsome physical conditions of the Peninsula. Here Australasian bushcraft had unique opportunities. Here pioneers stalked human game, and gave day and night to patient marksmanship, like that of Trooper Sing, the Queensland cavalryman, whose record—kept on a notched stick—showed ninety-one Turks disposed of by independent sniping on woodcraft lines.

Australian Army Corps. At Lone Pine he threw bombs for fifty hours. He was sent to and fro to check the fiercest attacks—a host in himself, not only raining high-explosive bombs, but receiving those of the enemy with a skill and reckless elan that roused the Turks to praise.

Keysor smothered dozens of live bombs with sandbags and coats. He threw back the smouldering spheres, he caught others in the air, this young juggler with death, and hurled them into the thick of the Turks,

calculating and baffling all enemy wiles and guiles, such as reducing the time of the fuse, so as to make the bursts come quicker.

One August day of terrible thirst, Turkish bombs came on in clouds, and the Australians suffered heavily. It was here that Keysor won the V.C., "picking up the live ones" and pitching them back with miraculous

judgment. He was soon wounded himself, yet he would not go back— "thereby," as the official record says, "saving a portion of the trench which it was most important to hold."

Next day the young grenadier bombed the enemy clean out of a trench singlehanded, and was wounded second time. Yet, though now marked for hospital, Keysor declined to leave. He grew weak with sickness and loss of blood, yet at this stage could actually volunteer to

throw bombs for another company whose pitchers were all gone, hopelessly outnumbered and out-thrown. Once more, then, this wonderful lad festooned himself with explosives, "and continued to bomb the enemy till the situation was relieved."

Lieutenant F. H. Tubb and Corporals W. J. Dunston and A. S. Burton are bracketed together as V.C.'s, you may say, in the terrible tripos of Lone Pine. Officer and

men held a newly-captured trench against every desperate assault. The Turks advanced up a narrow sap and blew in the sandbag barricade, leaving only a foot of it standing. In this forlorn breach stood Lieutenant Tubb and his two young corporals.

It was now hand-to-hand work—the "mad minute" of supreme exaltation. These three

partly rebuilt the barricade between the fiercest bouts. But again—and yet a third time—the enemy came on and blew up the new defences. Each time they were beaten off. and each time the sand bags piled afresh by eager Australian hands. Tubb was severely hurt in the head and arm. Burton was at last killed outright whilst rearing his wall anew under a perfect tornado of handflung highexplosives.

The coolness of these Australians, their energy and fierce



Photo bul

[Daily Mirror.

LIEUTENANT HUGO THROSSELL, V.C., AND PRIVATE J. HAMILTON, V.C., LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER BEING DECORATED BY THE KING.

spirit in the fray, amazed all veteran beholders. "Driving power was required," the Commander-in-Chief remarks, "even a certain ruthlessness," which ignored the fatigue of troops already tried beyond the limits of human courage. It was here the Australians excelled—as at Table Top, whose angle of ascent is recognised in the text-books as "impracticable for infantry." But the scarped heights were

scaled by Russell's New Zealanders; the

plateau was carried by midnight.

So at Lone Pine, that treacherous man-trap of machine-guns and barbed wire, with thousands of stalwart bombers hurling The 2nd Battalion death on every side. lost nearly all its officers, but the 7th withstood each Ottoman wave till the flaming assault fell off, demoralised, and the cruel field was ours. Private John Hamilton here won the V.C. In one of those bitter mélées the lad leaped up on the parados with utter disregard for his own safety. It was a miracle he lasted a moment, much less six hours—a silhouetted target for crowds of Turkish marksmen and bombthrowers, whose movements he sang out to officers below.

"I've got a better fire position here," Hamilton protested above the appalling din, when implored to come down from his perch. Right—left—right—left! He killed dozens of the foe with the rifle. His coolness and daring had thrilled his battalion to truly heroic heeds that spread in cycles of desperate achievement. A flagging defence was soon heartened to superhumam feats, and the enemy driven off at length with enormous loss.

Lieutenant W. J. Symons was in the 7th Battalion at Lone Pine, the hero of a lurid fight. He was in command of certain newly-captured trenches, now held by his men, who repulsed counter-attacks of the usual vehement Turkish drive. At five o'clock one sweltering August morning the foe came on in overwhelming force, focussing all endeavour on an isolated sap, where six officers were successively killed or severely wounded.

Part of this sap was lost. Here Lieutenant Symons was roused to a great feat. With inspiring cries he led a glorious charge, and retook the lost position, shooting two Turkish officers with his revolver at point-blank range. But now that sap came under murderous fire from three sides. Symons withdrew some fifteen yards, and he got overhead cover. Here he began to build a sand barricade, only to find his head cover ablaze, with fascines and woodwork crackling fiercely. Incendiary shells had been used.

Again and again the young officer put out the fire with sand, at great risk to his life, and rebuilt the barricade. His resolute calmness had far-reaching effects upon his own men. For here is the born military leader, at once intrepid and deft, quick to foresee and act with that professional incitement which the Germans call Ermutigung—

reserving high awards for a military quality of such priceless worth in grave emergency.

It is superbly seen, too, in Lieutenant Hugo Throssell's case at Hill 60, a very important point overlooking the Bizuk Anafarta Valley. Here the Australian and New Zealand Brigades came to the rescue of the Connaught Rangers, who were outbombed by large bodies of Turks. Sir Ian Hamilton singles out the New Zealanders for unique praise. "Nothing would shift them. All that night and all next daythrough bombing, bayonet charges, musketry, shrapnel and heavy shell—they hung on to their 150 yards of trench. Next day the Australian 10th Light Horse made an irresistible drive which gave us complete command . . . and safer lateral communications between Anzac and Suvla Bay."

Hugo Throssell won the supreme award that day. "To be in such a fight," said Sergeant Macmillan, of the Westralian Brigade, "was worth ten years of a man's life! Every wattle-blossom of us was a hero, but I shall always think we owe our

victory to young Throssell, V.C."

"I'm to lead you in a charge," the young giant said calmly to his troop before the famous affair of Russell's Top. "It's my first experience, so if any man doubts me, let him follow another leader." But this amateur was already a spiritual force with astonishing hold over his bushman troop. The first charge was a dreadful holocaust, for men were blasted away like leaves in a December gale.

Then came that Gallipoli Hill 60, an impetuous plunge over the parapet four hours before dawn. There were ninety yards or so of the open ground to cover, and the Anzacs were soon in the enemy's trench, "haymaking" with giant thrust, or swinging the butt in a hail of Turkish bombs. Throssell was in the second line with his digging party. He and his men were soon piling sand-bags and defending an exposed position with rifles and bombs carried in satchels round their necks.

As usual, the Turks counter-attacked in great force and with magnificent dash. "Stick it out, boys!" called Throssell above the roar of battle. "And not a man of us," said a wounded Australian to me, "would have yielded a yard for the sure salvation of his soul!" Such was the grip already secured over his men by this young ranker. Throssell fought as his own troopers did, with rifle and bayonet and bomb.

"He was a great figure," I was told,

"fielding the Turkish bombs without fear, hurling them back without mercy into the thick of those devils." The Australians were outnumbered. It was hard to move at all in the shallow ditch, so cumbered was it with the dying and the dead of both sides. Yet Throssell was the coolest of leaders who ever called for a volunteer.

"We fought with pure enjoyment," his men declare. "We loved the example of our Sir William Birdwood hailed one of the wounded here: "How're they going on

up there?"

"It's all right, sir," replied the prostrate sergeant. "Throssell's still on top!" But the young officer was badly wounded, hemmed in by bomb-throwers, together with his friend, Captain Fry. Suddenly a bomb fell at Fry's feet. "Leave it!" implored his men. He was about to throw it back, when the thing exploded in his hand, killing him instantly, and others with him.

Throssell was now in sole charge, although bleeding badly from several serious wounds. Almost single-handed he held the end of a desperately-stormed trench, killing seven Turks with his rifle. Shot in the shoulder again, he paid no heed to the wound. hours later he was terribly hurt in the neck, but went on fighting for hours, till he was bodily removed from the scene of horrible carnage which his own quenchless spirit had

turned into cheering victory.

A similar case of Anzac heroism is that of Captain A. J. Shout, of the 1st Battalion Australian Imperial Force. The Turks had been heavily reinforced, and came on in furious torrents. It was a bad moment, for our big attack had failed. "The enemy's shrapnel-fire was especially enfilading destructive and demoralising, with shell bursting low and all along our line." the enemy held a great communication trench, winding into the very heart of the Lone Pine positions and menacing General Smyth's headquarters.

Indeed, the Turks came up to the office three abreast, and Lieutenant Howell Price shot down bombers at pistol range. Now, Captains Shout and Sass resolved to clear out the invaders with the aid of sand-bag bearers. The process was to rush to a bend and blaze away with bombs and rifles from behind improvised protection. Sass was rifleman and Shout the grenadier, laughing and jesting always, to the amazement of his men.

They drove all before them, these two Australians. Captain Shout lit three bomb-fuses at once for a big final throw, but one of these burst too soon, blowing off one hand and shattering the other, destroying an eye, laying open his cheek, and scarring breast and leg besides. The gallant officer's work was over. He was quite cheerfuleven gay—as the end drew near. He called for tea as they laid him down, and sent his wife a fond message.

To this his comrades added that "Alfred has been the heart and soul of his section of the firing-line. His gaiety and invincible buoyancy have been a precious asset to us all." So the young Australian passed. And passed also Corporal Ferrier, who was recommended for the V.C., but had his arm blown off by a bursting bomb at Russell's Top. Ferrier fought by Lieutenant Throssell's side, performing the same jugglery with live bombs—his own and the Turks' that made men on both sides shudder to contemplate.

The gallant Ferrier was buried at sea in classic waters after a brief and simple service which those present will never forget. Such, then, is the valour of these "new" Australasian nations sprung to maturity at a bound, and hereafter to be called in Imperial council— "that real Council of the Empire" for which Mr. Chamberlain raised his voice.

See the New Zealanders facing fanatic charges of Arabs at Marsa Matruh, on the north-west frontier of Egypt. A change of scene, indeed, and a change of occupa-Consider McLaurin, once a leader tion! at the Sydney Bar, Colonel Courtney, too, Majors Quinn and Steele, Bauchop of the Otago Rifles, Pope of Westralia, and young Dare, who got his battalion at twentyeight—the youngest Colonel of the King.

These and their followers are the men of Anzac, civilian soldiers whose names will live on the forbidding ridges where they fell-Hellfire Spit, Death Valley, Quinn's Post, On these steeps and flats and the like. the Australians saw and marvelled Here they crouched in their first snow. summer sickness and paralysing cold, or on bleak heights amid cloudbursts that turned the gullies into raging torrents full of dead men and beasts. Gallipoli was a supreme test, and the men of Anzac are sure of their place in Britain's story. "They have leaped into the arena," Lord Rosebery reminds us, "of their own accord, and the blood they have shed must change the constitution of the Empire."

THE SHIP

By WILLIAM WESTRUP

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HE old Nucleus
plugged steadily
through the tropic
night, doing her
regular eight knots,
no more and no less,
as was her custom,
and cutting a million
phosphorescent
diamonds from the
dark, sombre blue-

black of the ocean with her sharp bows. Overhead the stars shone with the wonderful brilliance which is so marked in Equatorial regions, and the absence of even a young moon accentuated their twinkling, mysterious splendour, and all about was the deep, solemn silence of a sleeping ocean.

John Hardwick, first mate on the Nucleus, leant against the rail of the bridge and whistled a dirge-like tune which was well in keeping with his environment. Not that his thoughts were at all sad, but the glamour of the night exercised an influence over him to which he was too accustomed to seek to analyse. In those distant seas it was as though a mighty voice had whispered "Hush!" and quite unconsciously one dropped one's voice in obedience. He was by no means an imaginative man, nor was there any poetry in his composition—certainly he was not a good man—but he had been at sea all his life, and the sea had shaped his understanding.

The influence of the night was all in the direction of sentiment, so John Hardwick was thinking of a certain Irma Strake. There was a very excellent understanding between them, and Hardwick felt extremely sentimental as he went over in his mind the last afternoon they had spent together. Of course, there were difficulties; but then love would not be so precious but for its troubles. That he was twelve years older than Irma mattered not at all; but that she was the daughter—and the only daughter—of the

owner of the Nucleus was certainly a problem. Old Strake would never agree to such a marriage. They were both perfectly well aware of this, and Irma, at least, derived a sort of half-fearful joy from the knowledge that their love must be kept a profound secret. Hardwick rather wanted to get a definite answer, one way or the other, from her father, but at the same time he recognised the need for caution. Strake might so easily turn nasty, and that would mean his losing his berth. The Nucleus was a very old boat, but he had come to love her in the ten years he had been aboard her. It was a time for caution, and he would have to think out some plan or other.

He was aroused abruptly from his dreams by a heavy hand falling on his shoulder, and turned round to see the skipper standing beside him.

"Hullo, sir! Thought you had turned in," he said.

For ten years they had sailed together, and were firm friends; but the etiquette of the bridge was absolute.

"Felt a bit restless," the captain replied.

"Solemn sort of night, isn't it?"

"Yes. sir."

The captain strolled to the far side of the bridge, and for some time contemplated the streaks and points of luminous fire which raced along the vessel's rusty sides. He was hardly conscious of taking any interest, because he had been at sea too long to marvel at its beauties. Sixty-three was his age, and for fifty years he had been a wanderer over the broad highways of the

Presently he strolled back to Hardwick.

"You feeling quite fit?" he asked.

Hardwick was so surprised that he laughed.

"There's nothing wrong with me, sir," he said.

"Don't feel at all tucked up?"

"Good Heavens, no, sir!"

"Because, if so, you may turn in. I don't want to sleep, and I may just as well take

your watch as do nothing."

Hardwick was still very surprised, but he was also a little offended. It was his watch, and what was the sense in his leaving the bridge? A calm, clear night, with nothing to worry about. He was not a child, to want some extra sleep just because things were quiet.

"I'm staying here till eight bells, sir,"

he said, and his voice was very formal.

Captain Tanton shrugged his shoulders. It was as though he had spoken knowing the absurdity of what he said, and without the slightest hope of its being taken seriously. But at least he had spoken.

"You can drop that, John," he said.

"Drop what?"

"The 'sir,' and all that sort of thing. I want to have a chat with you, just as between two friends."

"Right you are. Shall I get a canvas

chair for you?"

"No. We'll just lean against the rail, and you can smoke. You never did take to chewing, and I dare say you smoke most the time when I'm not around. Light up now, John, and then listen to me."

There was silence for a few minutes, and the old captain seemed to be ruminating.

Finally—

"She's an old boat, this," he said.

"She is that. But she's a lot sounder than most of the new ones, which are slammed together anyhow, so long as expenses are kept down."

Captain Tanton did not heed the

interruption.

"I remember the day she was launched as though it was yesterday," he went on. "Thirty years old, she is, John. That's a good age for an iron boat. Wood, now good, solid oak, I'm not saying—but iron! It was just after old man Strake had died, and young Strake—him that you know was full of big ideas. The old man had made money by buying up any old coffin of a ship, and working her till she dropped to pieces. He always insured. But young Strake had ideas, as I said. He went to Wordley's, on the Tyne, and told them to build a real good boat of a thousand tons, which same was to be the nucleus of the new fleet he intended to build. So he called her the Nucleus. Ah, well, he never built another, and very soon he was buying worse ships than ever his father did. Times were bad, you see, and freights were down for years."

"Wish I'd made a quarter as much money as he has, anyhow," Hardwick interrupted.

"Eh? I remember that day as clear as you like, John. He gave her to me, and mighty proud I was, as you can guess. Only thirty-three I was, and she was his crack But he'd taken a fancy to me, we being about the same age, and one thing and another. . . . I saw her launched. . Young Strake goes up to Wordley, and he says: 'I hope you've made me a boat as will last—something I can trust, and can reckon to work for me when I'm an old man.' He knew next to nothing about ships, d'you see. And old Wordley, he says: 'She'll live as long as you live.' Funny thing to say, But then old Wordley was wasn't it? always a rum customer, though he could build ships—none better. They said he was mad; but he's still alive, and still building ships. Eighty, he must be, if he's a day. And he can't keep away from the yards, anyhow. . . Thirty years old, she is, poor old lady!"

"She's still full of herself," Hardwick remarked. "Put her in a real bad sea, and she seems to enjoy it. Feel the lift of her under you, no matter how cruel she's loaded. Don't tell me that a ship isn't alive! She's alive, and she's a fighter. Maybe old Wordley put some of his spirit into her."

"Aye, maybe," Tanton assented absently. Obviously he was too wrapped in his own thoughts to heed what the other man said. He was restless, too, and constantly drummed with his fingers on the iron railing before him.

"Strake hasn't been making as much money as you think," he said at last.

"Not so much as he'd like. He want the earth."

"Not so much as you think, or as other

people think."

"What's the matter with you? Doesn't he cut us down worse than ever the old man did, on your own showing? Doesn't he load us till the mark is nothing but a joke? Doesn't he pay about as bad wages as anybody? And look at our stores! And then you say he doesn't make money!"

"He's made it, but he's lost it. Five years since he lost the *Neptune*, and she was only half insured. Last year the *Feldian* went down, and she wasn't insured at all."

"Serve him right. There were five men drowned on the *Feldian*, and it was no less than murder. She wasn't even seaworthy, and he filled her till it stood to reason a puff of wind would do for her." "I told you he didn't know a thing about ships," the captain replied patiently. "He's lost a lot of money, and he's in a pretty tight place, mainly because he insures all wrong. Now, the old Nucleus has never put to sea without being insured, and her the staunchest boat he's ever had, or likely to have. The insurance people must have netted a mint of money out of the old Nucleus."

"They're a lot of sharks, too," Hardwick

retorted, with cheerful impartiality.

"She's insured this trip—right up to the eyes. Maybe it would be a good thing for him if she never reached Auckland. She's insured heavy."

Hardwick laughed scornfully.

"More fool him!" he said. "Why don't he insure some of the real old coffins he's got? I'd back the old *Nucleus* to fight her way through anything."

Captain Tanton slowly cut off a wad of

plug and thrust it into his cheek.

"Except a ledge of reef," he suggested.

"Oh, there I'd back you! You seem to know every inch of all the seas, and she's

never touched yet."

"That's so. But it's tricky work hereabouts. You take the regular run from Honolulu to Auckland, and it's none too good. But we've had to call at Siwi and Manatam, and that's put us nigh on five hundred miles off the route. And the charts are none too reliable."

"I'd back you against the charts any day."

"I'm not saying I don't know this part, because I do. I was trading round the islands out of Manatam for close on ten years, when I was a youngster. I know a lot more about the waters nigh here than the charts tell you."

"I told you I'd back you."

"That's as may be. For instance, I know there is a long reef just awash hereabouts, and if we keep on as she's headed now, we'll hit it. And yet that reef don't show on the charts. We're right off the beaten track, you see."

Hardwick rubbed his nose thoughtfully. There was something about the whole conversation which he did not understand. He began to suspect that Tanton had been

drinking.

"D'you mean it?" he queried doubtfully.

"It's true enough."

Hardwick peered intently into the baffling gloom ahead, and listened with all his ears. He heard only the gentle wash of the waters against the vessel's sides, but a vague feeling of uneasiness was stealing over him.

"If that reef's dead ahead, I reckon we'd better pay off a couple of points," he said, and laughed awkwardly.

" Keep her as she is," Tanton commanded.

" But_____"

"Keep her as she is, I said. D'you reckon

to know more than I do?"

"That's just it. Man, what do you mean? You tell me there is an uncharted reef right ahead, and you refuse to alter the course."

"Aye, that's it."

"And we'll rip the bottom out of her!"

" Aye!

There was a tense silence, for Hardwick at last began to grasp the unbelievable truth -Captain Tanton was going to deliberately wreck the Nucleus! It was absurd, preposterous, utterly beyond the realms of possibility, and yet it was so. Tanton, who had been like a father as well as a friend to him, and whose whole nature was simple and straightforward, who never even descended to the comparatively harmless and petty roguery of the other skippers who worked for Strake! And to wreck the old *Nucleus*, which he had commanded for thirty years, and which was wife and child and life itself to him! seemed almost too grotesque an idea to be taken seriously, but Tanton seldom joked certainly not after this fashion. had wanted to take over the bridge himself, and had been restless and preoccupied ever since they left Honolulu. To wreck the dear old Nucleus!

"Heavens—barratry!" he whispered.

"Call it what you like, John," Captain Tanton went on, with a little more animation. "We've been friends, you and me, for ten years. And I tried to get you off the bridge. I'm telling you now because I don't want you to think as you piled her up when it comes. Maybe I'm a fool to tell you, but we know each other."

Hardwick took a quick step forward and grasped his superior officer by the shoulder.

"You're mad, Tanton!" he cried.
"D'you mean to say that you will wreck her for a grasping swine like Strake? What has he ever done for us? How does he treat his boats? And you are sacrificing your good name, and your honour, and every scrap of common decency—to say nothing of making yourself a criminal—just to swell his profits!"

"Not so loud, John," Tanton replied, jerking his head in the direction of the wheel-house. "I'm getting four hundred

pounds---"

"Worse! Judas!"

"I'm getting four hundred pounds, and it's the first big money I've had in sixtythree years. I'm getting old, John, and there won't be much to fall back on bar that four hundred. Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I make something for myself, instead of helping the insurance sharks? Four hundred pounds! It ain't nice to think of the workhouse waiting for me when I'm too old for the sea. And Strake has promised me another boat. Why shouldn't Working my fingers to the bone all • these years, and never enough to put by! And then you shout at me because I take a chance when it comes my way! hundred pounds, or, maybe, three-fifty. give you fifty-

"You can keep it—if you get it. But I tell you straight out, I'm not going to stand by and see you wreck the dear old tub. You're mad—that's what's the

matter!"

"No; but I'm beginning to see wisdom. Don't everybody try to make money? And don't them as are most unscrupulous ride about in their motors and things? Nobody says anything, so long as they work clever. And I've got all this worked out as clever as you like. There will be no fuss, and we'll get sympathy and some thanks for telling of an uncharted reef. And in the end I'll get that four hundred pounds, and I want it mighty badly."

"You can do what you like, but I swear I'll give the game away. I'm no saint, but I won't stand for that. So soon as we reach land—— And what about the crew? Fine chance we'll have in the middle of nowhere!"

He laughed harshly as this fresh aspect of the case occurred to him, though his thoughts

were still chaotic.

"Didn't I tell you I'd worked it all out clever?" the captain replied. "Thirty miles due west there's a bit of an island with a mission station, and we can make it comfortable with this fair spell set in. We can lie there as snug as you like till we're picked up."

"That's as it may be," Hardwick retorted angrily, "but it doesn't make any difference. You must be clean crazy to think I would

agree to wreck---'

"Think of the insurance," Tanton pleaded.
"For thirty years he's been paying full rates on her, and paying 'em to the same man all along, so far as I know. Why, he must have paid a whole lot more than she's worth! And the man he insures with won't feel

paying out, now he's made all this profit. I worked that out, too."

Hardwick laughed again at this personal idea of insurance, which was entirely in keeping with the real simplicity of Tanton's character.

"You go and turn in," he said. "I'm hoping you've got a touch of sun, or something like that. And, if not, just leave it to me. I'll hear the old reef before we hit it, and you won't damn your eternal soul."

The captain sighed heavily and shook his

"Listen to me, John," he said. "You and Irma are keen on one another, ain't you? And just at present there don't seem any chance of a marriage? I didn't want to say this, but I was afraid you might not see eye to eye with me. Say I don't wreck the *Nucleus*. Strake is in a tight corper, and he's counting on the insurance money to see him through. If she reaches Auckland, it will mean ruin to him. He won't have a penny to his name."

"Serve him right," Hardwick commented.

"But think of Irma. She'll have to go

out as a servant, maybe, and her not used to it. She'll be starving for want of ordinary food, and you and me the other side of the world. There's no saying what will happen to her, if Strake loses everything."

Hardwick was gripping the iron rail till his knuckles showed white through the tan, and his eyes were not so stern as they had been. He did not believe Strake was so heavily involved as he made out, but he began to see that it was not only the four hundred pounds that had influenced Tanton

"Strake has been getting at you," he said quietly. "I dare say it would mean a pretty penny in his pocket if we went down, but I don't believe for a minute he'd be ruined if we didn't. It's just one of the dirty tricks he'd work on a fellow—tried to get at you where he knew you were soft."

"I'm out for that four hundred pounds,"

Tanton maintained.

"I dare say. But that isn't all. And Irma is strong enough to keep her end up, even if the worst came to the worst, bless her! You go below, sir, and——"

"You can stow that, John. I'm going to wreck her, and touch my four hundred pounds; and if you, or fifty men like you, tried to stop me, it wouldn't make no difference!"

Quite suddenly Hardwick realised the

gravity of the situation. Hitherto he had been so amazed that he had been arguing almost impartially, and he had hardly considered that the old *Nucleus* was really concerned. But Tanton's jaw was grimly set, and, mad or sane, it was evident he was not joking. No longer was it a waking nightmare, but a hideous reality.

He took a half step towards the companionway, but the skipper stretched out a detaining

hand.

"What is it?" he said. "You going down to tell the others? I've been talking to you because we've been friends for ten years, and I've talked to you in confidence. Are you the man to go back on me, John?"
"Go back on you! Good Heavens!"

"That's what it amounts to. What'll happen to me if you step in and queer things? I'll be a criminal then, all right. I'll come to the workhouse straight away, never being able to get a look at another ship, and you will have done it. Maybe I'll go to prison for a year or two."

Hardwick groaned, and looked ahead towards the vague danger which was coming nearer every minute, and of which he knew

nothing.

"It's not too late," he said. "Tanton, old man, for Heaven's sake, drop it! We can dodge your reef and make Auckland, and it doesn't matter if Strake is hard hit. Yes, that's it. Why should you worry about Strake?"

"There's that four hundred pounds."

"Against your honour! It's not too late—not a bit. There's nothing to stop us playing the game. Do you think you could ever sleep in peace if you wrecked the dear old tub? Man, what hasn't she done for us? Do you remember that storm in the North Atlantic, and how she shaved the iceberg? That wasn't our doing—she did it herself. She's alive! Didn't she seem to turn all by herself at the last minute, so that she just slid out of danger without so much as a dented plate? Any other boat would have ripped her side out and gone down. You know it."

"She's a good boat, but old," Tanton replied slowly. "When an animal has served you faithfully and well, and is getting old,

it's a mercy to shoot it."

"Oh, rot! She isn't as old as all that. And could you yourself shoot an animal that had served you well? Could you? You might get somebody else to shoot it, but you could never do it yourself. Think of the way it would look at you right at the last—

with a sort of reproach in its eyes that that was all the thanks for years of faithful service—to be scrapped as worthless! You couldn't do it—you know you couldn't."

Captain Tanton was chewing hard at his plug, and refused to meet the other man's

gaze.

"The Nucleus isn't like an animal," he

said. "She isn't alive."

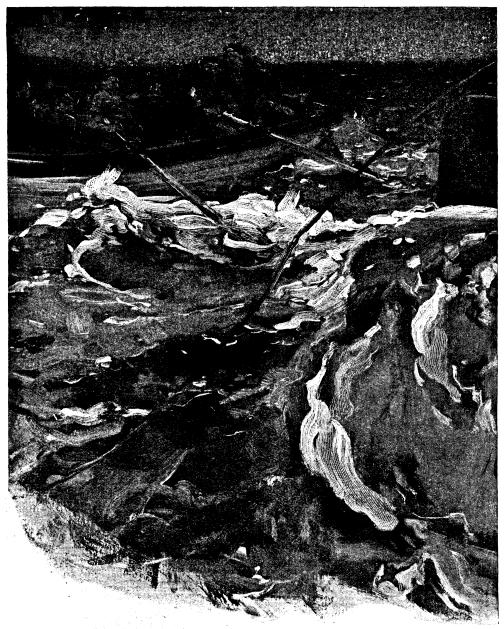
"Eh? What have I been telling you? She's a lot more alive than some of your horses and dogs. Look at her round the Horn with nitrates, only two years ago, and she an old boat. Did she start any rivets? Didn't she shape herself to that wicked cargo as though she liked it, and lift to the seas for all the world as if she hadn't a care? Pluck! Why, she's the gamest old boat ever built! And you say she isn't like an She just revels in a fight, and we've been through some pretty bad weather Has she ever played you false? Has she ever failed to answer when you wanted it most? And answer quick, too, knowing that a minute made all the difference? Tanton, old man-sir-you don't mean it! You couldn't wreck the old

"You shut up!" Tanton said huskily.

"Shut up? And who's to speak for her if I don't? Here you've had her for thirty years, and you're going back on her. But I tell you straight, I'd sooner lose my right hand than see her piled up for the benefit of a beast like Strake! My right hand! she hit it in fair fight, it would be different. That would be the fortune of the sea, and she'd take her medicine without whining. She's a sportsman, sir. She wouldn't grumble if she was bested in the end by one of the storms she's defied these thirty years; that would be the sort of end she'd ask for. But to be piled up to please a sailor-starving brute like Strake! Is it fair to her, sir, apart from anything else? She's part of us—most certainly she's part of you. Can you bear to think of her when she hits that reef, knowing that you drove her on to it after all she's done for you? Can you realise what it will mean when you hear her plates rending, and the cry she gives because you have betrayed her? And a ship can cry, sir, as you know. She'll just give one cry, but you'll never get it out of your ears to your dying day!"

Tanton held up his hand for silence, and Hardwick saw that his face had gone very white.

"I tell you she's going," he said. "She's



"Then she slid gently forward, and the dark waters rose about her.

got to go, John. You don't know it all. Half that cargo we took at 'Frisco was faked."

" What?"

"Faked, I said. Dozens of cases of machinery—as it's down in the bills of lading, machinery being expensive—and put up in strong timber. But if we reach Auckland, and they open those cases—what? Scrap iron! D'you see? The agent will squeal on Strake, as a matter of course, and

Strake is Irma's father. That makes you think, don't it? What about the disgrace, and one thing and another? You've had your say, and now it's my turn. What will Irma think of you, stepping in deliberate to show the world that her father is a criminal? That's your word, too. Will she thank you? Will she like being branded as the daughter of a criminal? You're fond of her, John, but you'll lose her as sure as a house, and all because you haven't the sense to say



On the bridge the old man stood, with a contented smile on his face."

nothing, and just pocket the fifty pounds that will help to furnish a bit of a home. And there's more than that. You'll be able to get round Strake. D'you see? Tip him the wink that you know a thing or two, and then see whether he'll forbid the marriage. Why, there couldn't be a better chance for you! He daren't have you whispering what you know, and he'll agree like a shot. Maybe he'll come down handsome with what he's made out of this. Everything will be

as simple as you like, if only you shut up.

And if you don't, you'll lose everything."

There was another long silence. Hardwick realised only too well the soundness of the old man's reasoning. If the Nucleus was not wrecked, there would be a tremendous scandal when the truth about her cargo came out, and Strake would most certainly be involved. And Irma—what could she possibly think of him? She might hate the depravity of her father, but

still more would she hate the man who had drawn the world's notice to that depravity. The stain would always be with her. And it was quite true that if he pretended to shut his eyes now, he would have a powerful weapon to use with Strake. Strake would be afraid of him, and would have to give his consent whether he liked it or not. There could be no doubt about that. But what about the Nucleus? There, again, old Tanton was half right. For if she ever reached port, her fair fame would be hopelessly smirched. He thought of her almost as a concrete personality, and pictured her grieving silently over the wrong which had been done.

He sighed heavily and walked towards

the companion-way.

"Where are going?" you Tanton demanded sharply.

"To see Hay, sir." Hay was the second

"And what for?"

"To tell him the truth, and—and ask him to back me up. Good Heavens, sir, I can't stand by and see her piled up—I can't! I'll tell him, and we'll—relieve you of the command."

"And of four hundred pounds, eh? Mutiny, is it?"

"I call it just decency. We'll-"

The ship seemed to stop suddenly, without the slightest warning, as though held by a giant hand. There was a faint sound of grinding and tearing, and then a succession of heavy bumps, as she lifted herself bodily over some impossible obstacle in that calm Hardwick, unprepared for the shock, was flung violently down the companion-way, and lay still on the deck, with the blood oozing from a cut in the back of his But Tanton, with the instinct of fifty years to help him, closed his hands on the iron rail before him, and did not fall.

"Now, what in thunder——" he gasped.
"We're not near anything. Oh, you've got it, poor old lady! Ah! Steady, old girl!

There, now!"

As she steadied, he leaped across to the engine telegraph, and rang them below to The helmsman was looking white and scared, for the jar had swung him off his feet, and he was badly bruised.

"She's lost way, and coming round!" unton snapped. "Can't you feel her— Tanton snapped.

you?"

"No, sir. I don't know—— Look there! That's what done it!"

From under the *Nucleus's* starboard quarter

a long, black bulk, barnacle-covered and ominous, slipped sluggishly outwards, and just for a moment they had a glimpse of what had once been the hull of a ship, as it wallowed and lifted. Then, almost cut in two by the head-on rush of the Nucleus, it slowly sank from sight, and the swift bubbles rushing upwards told of the passing of that most dreaded of all things at sea—a derelict.

"Derelict-waterlogged," Captain Tanton observed. "The old girl has sunk it.

I'm afraid she's got it bad."

He stepped out of the shelter, and met the

second officer hurrying up.

"Ah, there you are!" he said. " Muster all hands, Mr. Hay, and clear away the boats. Send the carpenter to sound the well, and

report at once."

Hay, who was of the modern school quick, alert, and resourceful, but inclined to elegance—turned without a word, and began to shout orders. Tanton, with a strange pain tearing at him as he felt the vessel settling down, noticed that the engineer had come on deck, and beckoned to him.

"It's pretty bad if you come up, McTarr,"

he said.

"It is that. She stove in her bows on whatever it was, and then tried to climb over She's old, and her bottom plates are about as thick as tissue-paper. She's tore half of them out, and the water is fair rushing in. There's no need to sound the well, cap. The engine-room's awash even now, and I don't give her ten minutes. Better gather your things together. too old to worry about, anyhow."

"You shut your face, McTarr!" the skipper shouted. "Get out of it! Who told you

to leave your post?"

"Go down and have a look at it," McTarr replied, with the freedom of his kind. "It'd frighten you. Ah, well, I'll just see what I can save.

He hurried away, and the skipper was alone with his reflections. Somehow, he had forgotten all about the reef that was right ahead, and the four hundred pounds. All he could think about was that the old Nucleus was going at last-going fast. He could feel how sluggishly she was lifting to the swell already, as though she was unutterably She was sinking as she had lived, quietly and without any fuss, and she had been his home for thirty years! It was a long time—thirty years. And he remembered how proud he had been when he first took command of her.

Hay broke in on his reverie.

"Six feet of water, sir," he reported. "She's down by the head already, and

sinking fast."

"Of course. Swing the boats out, Mr. Hay, and lower away as soon as you can. See you have water and biscuit—plenty of it. Don't rush. She'll go quiet enough. Have you got Mr. Hardwick? That's right. I saw him fall, and he hit his head. You'll remember that I was in charge when she struck, Mr. Hay. Hardwick was going to my cabin to fetch my glasses. See you don't forget that."

Again he was alone with his thoughts. . . . At least, her end had been as she would have She had met and sunk one of the worst terrors of the deep, and in so doing she gave her own life. That was the sort of end for her. And on a clear, calm night, so that there would be no danger. . . . had always been such a safe old ship. He couldn't remember her ever killing a single She was a fighter, but very kind. And she was thirty years old! Of course her plates were thin! What did that oilsmeared McTarr know about ships? You can't expect a boat to last thirty years, and be as sound as the day she was launched. But she was game enough. . . . Of course, she was old, but then so was he. Thirty years they had been together, and it was natural that she should be tired. He was tired, too. It didn't seem much use to struggle on any further. She always had known her own mind—the old Nucleus. And they would be peaceful enough something like a thousand fathoms down.... He liked to think that he would be with her in the end, for he had come to know her so.... Perhaps she would rise again some time—of course, she had a soul, just like he had—and then he would be with her, ready to take command again.

"Will you come now, sir?" Hay shouted.

"Boats lowered?"

"Yes, sir."

"No nonsense about forgetting water or

anything?"

"No, sir. The men have got some of their kit, too. There's plenty of room. But I can feel her going."

"Then shove off."

" But-___"

"D'you hear me? Shove off, I said."

"We can't go without you, sir."

"Who's in command, Mr. Hay? D'you think you can order me? Get aboard and shove off. Can't you feel her going?"

Hay turned with a helpless gesture, and

McTarr scrambled back to the deck. It was no difficult task, for the decks were nigh flush with the water now.

"Come along, old man," he said. "There's no call for any sentiment. She's finished, and I dare say she'll pay better below than above."

"You get back!" Tanton roared. "Here I stay, and be hanged to all of you! She's going. Shove off, there! Lively, now!"

They all felt the quivering lurch she gave, and the next moment the boats drew clear.

"Pull away!" Tanton commanded. "Put your backs to it! You can come back and look for me afterwards, if you like."

The ship lurched again, and he groaned in

sympathy.

"Don't fight it, old girl," he whispered. "I know you're game, but you haven't a chance this time. Poor old lady! Does it come hard, after all? Don't struggle any more. You've earned your long rest. And

I'm coming with you!"

He gripped the rail purposefully, and the tears ran unchecked down his rugged cheeks. The Nucleus gave one more lurch, and then quietly gave up. Her crushed bows dipped a little, and her stern rose ever so slightly. Then she slid gently forward, and the dark waters rose about her. On the bridge the old man stood, with a contented smile on his face. He was still gripping the rail.

Mr. Hay knew nothing whatever about an island lying thirty miles due west—at least, he knew nothing about the mission station. He had not the least desire to be cast on some uninhabited island, there to live the remainder of his days in the company of the crew of the Nucleus. And they were right out of all regular routes. But Manatam lay out a little more than two days' steaming to the north, and he put the distance at something like four hundred miles. Moreover, when they had been getting rid of their small slice of cargo there—it was quite a rising port—he had noticed a large island schooner lying in the harbour. He knew she was expecting to leave within the week, and she was also bound for Auckland. As they had had a following wind, he hoped to fall in with her; and even at the worst they ought to be able to reach Manatam themselves, if the weather held.

He had reckoned everything out with considerable cleverness, and the boats were duly headed north, with just a touch of east. They had a compass, and they were well

supplied with water and food.

And meanwhile Hardwick lay in the bottom of one boat, arranged as comfortably as possible on several coats, and babbling softly to himself as soon as the sun was high

on the day after the wreck.

On the fourth day they were picked up by the *Daffodil*, even as Mr. Hay had planned, and McTarr went so far as to compliment him on his ability. And since the *Daffodil* had to proceed on her voyage, they settled themselves to make the most of their long rest. Nobody seemed to have a regret for the *Nucleus*.

On the sixth day Hardwick was sufficiently recovered to understand things, and Hay told him all there was to tell—how the Nucleus had run into a derelict, and how Tanton had gone down with her after taking all responsibility. He made quite a good

story of it, and Hardwick listened without passing any comment. He was trying to forget many things.

But when Hay had finished the story, he

roused himself.

"Perhaps old Strake won't be sorry to lose her," he said, and his voice was bitter.

"Strake's dead," Hay replied.

"Eh?"

"He's dead. There was a cable at Manatam just before the *Daffodil* left. Died suddenly at his office in the forenoon of the twenty-first. Heart, I suppose."

Hardwick did a swift mental calculation

as to longitude.

"That will be just about the time the poor old *Nucleus* went down," he said at last. "Yes," Hay assented indifferently.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Hardwick.



THE SPIRIT OF THE GARDEN.

A MASS of lemon bloom,
The doom
Of winter's sighing;
Type undying
Of the reaching forth to know,
How to 'scape the backward flow
Of the great sea lying
On the border of the larger room.

Will love the secret tell,
What dell
Enshrined the glory
Of the story
Told in leaf and petal fair?
Whisper to my heart the where
Of the soil that bore ye:
Strike an echoing chord upon the bell?

Love only 'tis that weaves
The leaves
And flowers of beauty
With the duty:
Making life, oh, passing sweet,
For the Master's pleasure meet:
Notes upon the lute, ye
Breathe beneath the shadow of the leaves.

Dear wift from dearer hand

Dear gift from dearer hand,

The sand

Of time and essence,
By the presence,
Speeds more joyous on its way,
Conscious of a spirit ray,
High incandescence,
On, in light of love, toward the land.

No plot but that within
Could win
The loving needed,
Rendered, pleaded;
With me shall it dwell for ever,
Even when the waters sever,
And the erst unheeded
Bids me, by His love, to enter in.

HAROLD WINTLE.



VISITOR TO TOWN: There be all this talk and argifying as to when the War'll finish, and all the time there be a gastronomist where I come from as'll tell ye when it's goin' to finish, if ye send 'im 'alf-a-crown.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

A Well-known author was overheard to make a very modest reply to a barber who was shaving him very badly. When he moved uneasily under the razor, which was being all too clumsily manipulated, the barber asked—

"Does it hurt, sir?"

"Well," he replied, "if you're shaving me, it does, I must admit, but if you're skinning me, of course, it doesn't."



An old rustic was ill, and expressed a wish to see the vicar. Unfortunately, the vicar was unable to go himself, and sent his new and rather nervous curate.

On arriving at the cottage he was taken to the old man's bedside, and, looking down at him, said: "My good man, what induced you to send for me?"

"Eh?" said the old man, who was somewhat deaf.

"I said, what induced you to send for me?"

Whereupon the wife chimed in: "Here, zur, let me try. 'E zays, what the deuce did ye send for 'e for?"

A WEALTHY old lady was very ill, and sent for her lawyer to make her will. "I wish to explain to you," she said weakly, "about disposing of my property."

The lawyer was sympathetic. "There, there, don't worry about it," he said soothingly;

"just leave it to me."

"Oh, well," said the old lady resignedly, "I suppose I might as well. You'll get it, anyway."

Jones (in suburban train, after discussing the War-time faults of various morning papers): There goes the editor of a popular newspaper.

Brown: Impossible! There isn't any such thing.

TEE

"I DON'T think you ought to have quite so much company in the kitchen," said a mistress to her cook one day. "You have more callers in a day than I have in a week."

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply; "but, perhaps, if you were to be a little more agreeable, you might have as many friends as I have."

"I wonder," said the younger sister, "why a bride invariably desires to be clothed in white at her marriage?"

the family explained. The \mathbf{friend} of "White," said she, "stands for joy, and the wedding-day is a joyous occasion."

But a small brother thereupon queried:

"Then why do the men all wear black?"



THE severe aunt was dining with some nieces, and, in the course of conversation, she was denouncing the new styles in dancing. Turning to one of the nieces, she asked: "Do

HE had worked for the farmer nine years, apparently contented until his employer added poultry-raising to his list of Then he had to write on each egg, activities. with an indelible pencil, the date and the name of the hen that laid the egg. One day he marched up to his employer and announced: "I'm going to leave."

The farmer was astonished. "Why are you going to leave," he asked, "after working for

me all these years?"

"Well," said the man stoutly, "I've done pretty near everything about this place now, but I'll starve before I'll go on being secretary to your old hens!"



TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

"And why did you hit that little boy?"
"It 'im! I'm goin' to 'it 'im agen. Why, a sodger gives 'im a 'napenny, and 'e goes and spends it on Turkish Delight!"

you yourself think girls are right to dance these dances?"

"They must be," was the answer, "because I notice the girls who don't dance them are always left."

A LITTLE girl, gazing up into the heavens, said: "I do wish I had enough pocket-money to buy the sky."

"Why, dear?" said her mother.

"Then I could make a great hole in it, and bring Heaven down here!" was the charming reply.

THE teacher had written on the board the questions, "What day was yesterday?" and "What day is to-day?" and the little girl gave these philosophical answers-

To-day "Yesterday was to-day yesterday." will be yesterday to-morrow."

SMITH (to Willie, reading the paper): What are you looking so cheerful about, Willie?

WILLIE: I see a lot of school-teachers are going to leave off teaching in order to make munitions.



WHO, INDEED?

RIDING MASTER: Now, then, who told you to dismount?



MORE FALSE REPORTS.

Baker: Your son's doing well, missus. I hear he's a colour-sergeant now. OLD LADY: Yes, but I think there must be some mistake, because he's colour-blind.

The day was hot, and the sleepy class found it difficult to concentrate its attention on its tasks, though the history mistress did her best to make the lesson interesting.

"Now, girls," she said at last, "can you tell me why the great man was buried in

Westminster Abbey?"

There was a long silence. At last a girl put up her hand. "Because," she answered solemnly and impressively, "he was dead."



"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the public-house, I will

on, her decorations grew less. Finally, at the end of the last act, not a bonbon was to be seen. "Why, Dora," cried the stage-manager,

"Why, Dora," cried the stage manager, where in the world are all your decorations? Have you lost them?"

"Oh, no," replied Dora, "they're perfectly

safe. I'm wearing them inside.'



Mary's mother was writing a letter to her sister one day, and Mary, who did everything her mother did, was writing also. As she began, she looked up and asked—

"Mamma, how do you spell 'aunt'—the

kind that isn't an insect?"



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Why are you coming out of church, Dorothy, just as we are all going in?

DOROTHY: Please, miss, we've got to go home, because Jimmy's been and swallowed his collection money.

spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people."

A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business honest," he said, "and it has been helped by the public-house."

"What is your business?" yelled the orator. "I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."



What is known in a certain town as "A Shop Carnival" was being held, and little girls represented the various shops. One, dressed in a white muslin frock gaily strung with garlands of bonbons, advertised the local sweet shop.

When the festival began, she fairly glistened with attractive confectionery, but as time wore

"And you really think, doctor," asked the wife, "that you must perform the operation to-day?"

"Yes, positively," answered the doctor. You see, there might be no necessity to do it

to-morrow."



SHE had tried in vain to get through on the telephone, but other people were using the line. The last time she heard a woman say—

"I've just made a nice pie for dinner."

She tried later, but the women were still alking. Exasperated, she broke in crisply—

"Madam, I smell your pie burning."
A horrified exclamation greeted this remark, and then she was able to put through her call.



BELGIAN: "Your cheeriness and optimism, Monsieur are most refreshing."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Well, so long as one is true to one's standard one's friends are true to him."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

Materfamilias: Have you had a pleasant afternoon, my dear?

PATERFAMILIAS: Oh, very. I attended a large and enthusiastic meeting of the National Association in Favour of Vegetarianism.

Materfamilias: And did you go with your

father, Dorothy?

Dorothy: Oh, no, indeed, mother. I went to a meeting of the National Association Opposed to Vegetarianism.

MATERFAMILIAS: And were your sisters with you or with your father?

Dorothy: Neither. Emma was at a meeting

man persisted in smoking, in spite of the lady's expostulations, so she seized his pipe and threw it out of the window. He seized her little dog and threw it after the pipe.

"At the next station the little dog came

running up with the pipe in his mouth.



During a serious epidemic in a small country town every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked, the health officers were taking down the



RECRUITING-SERGEANT ASKING RECRUITS UNDER WHICH SCHEME THEY INTEND TO JOIN:

SERGEANT (abruptly): Lord Derby? RECRUIT (hurriedly): No, sir-George Smith.

of the National Association Opposed to the National Association Opposed to Vegetarianism, and Mary is one of the founders of the new National Association Opposed to the National Association Opposed to the National Association Opposed to Vegetarianism.



They were telling "tall" stories, and the man who had decided to go one better than his friend suddenly volunteered-

"A man and woman were travelling in a non-smoking carriage on a very slow line. The quarantine signs, when an old householder

protested bitterly against their action.

"Why, sir," said an officer, "don't you want me to take that sign down?"

"Well," was the reply, "there ain't been a bill collector near this house since that sign was put up, so do, please, leave it there."



"You have no idea," said Ethel, "how my poor head aches."

"Well," said her friend, "why don't you take

your hair off and rest it?"

How to Treat your Hair and Complexion.

A Few Simple Beauty Hints.

By Mdlle. GABY DESLYS, the well-known Parisian Actress.

YOU ask me for a few hints on the treatment of the hair and complexion. Well, the less "treatment" you give the

well, the less "treatment" y skin the better. I do not believe much in massage, but a little cream to the face is necessary to counteract the effects of wind or sun. What cream would I recommend? Well, I advise you to use a little mercolized wax every night and again in the morning after washing the face. Rub it gently into the skin, then wipe off any superfluous wax and dust a little barri-agar over the face. Yon will find that this will be the only "treatment" necessary, and

will keep your face fresh and youthfullooking for all your life. The mercolized wax removes all the dead outer skin, so that you have always a fair, fresh complexion like a girl's.

For the hair, the first and most important thing is a good shampoo. Never use anything



Photo: Wrather & Buys.

inferior to wash the hair with. Get some good stallax from your chemist and use a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Then

rinse the hair well and it will look

bright and glossy.

A tonic is necessary when the hair is inclined to fall out more than it should, and is always good to use during the spring and autumn. Then the hair needs a little—what do you call it?—stimulant, and for this I would advise you to get a packet of boranium and mix it with some bay rum; dab this into the roots and it will not only stop the fall, but make your hair grow long and thick.

Give you hair a good brushing every night

Give you hair a good brushing every night and that will be all that you need do.

Jak Darker

BLACKHEADS FLY AWAY.

Instantaneous Remedy for Blackheads, Greasy Skin, and Enlarged Pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins, and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless, and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few

minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft, and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

GREY HAIR—HOME REMEDY.

An old-fashioned Recipe restores Youthful Appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable, and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist two ounces

of concentrate of tammalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

TO KILL ROOTS OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The most Effective Formula ever Discovered.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only instantly to remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheminol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

GOOD NEWS FOR FAT PEOPLE.

Something New in Obesity Cures.

A London chemist says: "The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clynol berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, &c., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day."

Clynol berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually

constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact, except for the loss of superfluous fat, and the feeling of "fitness" so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clynol berries are not very well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so. "Nurse," said little Ethel sleepily, at two

o'clock on a cold morning, "I want a drink."

"Hush, darling!" said her nurse. "Turn
over and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"No, you are only restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

Silence for five minutes. Then: "Nurse, I want a drink."

"No, you don't want a drink. You had one just before you went to bed."

"I want a drink."

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"Don't let me have to speak to you again."

Two minutes of silence. "Nurse, I want a drink."

"IT was a terrible sensation," said the man who was narrating his experiences while almost drowning. "After I went down for the third time, my past life flashed before me in a series of pictures."

'You didn't happen to notice," asked the friend, edging forward with interest, "a picture of me lending you that fiver in the autumn of

1913, did you?'

To what extent motoring has invaded the preparatory school may be judged from the following occurrence:-

Schoolmaster (to beginners in classics): Can any of you give the rules for accentuation of the words in to-day's lesson?



NO ENCOURAGEMENT GIVEN.

"DID ye see they anirships pass over, John?"

"Naw, bor. Oi dun't hold wi' airyplanes an' Zepplinks, an' that like, that dun't fare to be warfare. "An' didn't ye hear 'em?

"Oo, ah, Oi yaard 'em right enough, but Oi wun't look at 'em !

"If you say another word, I shall have to get up and punish you for being naughty.'

"Nurse, when you get up to punish me, will you get me a drink?"

"What does this sentence mean," asked the teacher-" 'Man proposes, but Heaven disposes'?"

A small boy in the back of the room waved

his hand frantically.
"Well, Thomas," said the teacher, "what does it mean?"

"It means," answered Thomas, with conscious pride, "that a man might ask a woman to marry him, but only Heaven knows whether she will or not."

Only one hand was raised.

"Well, what are the rules?"

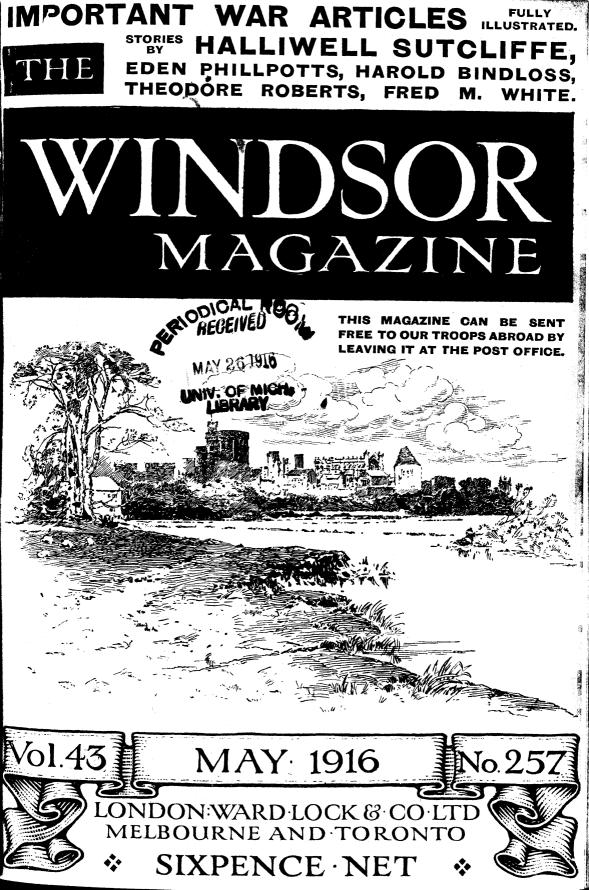
"Words of two cylinders accent the first cylinder, and words of three cylinders accent the ante-penult."



When Tessa teases, I am distraught, though well I know 'Tis but because she loves me so

That Tessa teases! With laughing eyes she bids me "Go1" Protests she hath another beau: I am distraught, though well I know Why Tessa teases.

Vachell Philpot.



The Ever-Popular Household Remedy

Which has now borne the Stamp of Public Approval for

OVER FORTY YEARS



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

PLEASANT TO TAKE, REFRESHING & INVIGORATING

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable aperient which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality. Gentle and safe in its action, it does not cause griping or weakness. Always keep it in the house or in your travelling bag in readiness for emergencies.



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Your friend in a hundred troubles



CHE**EVERYDAY** NEED.

PERFUMED WHITE. No. 1 (bottle in carton)

No. 2 size, handsome bottle in carton, with glass stoppers

White and Quinine Pomade

VELLOW. This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.

Bottles, 3d., 6d., and 10d.

WHITE.
Highly refined.
Bottles. 6d., 10d., and 1/6.

No. 2 size, bottle, in carton, 6d.
No. 2 size, bottle, in carton, 10d.

If not obtainable locally, any article of the value of 1/c and upwards will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps. Descriptive Booket with complete list of "VASELINE"

Preparations, and containing many household hints, post free.

For your own safety and satisfaction, always buy "Yaseline" in Chesebrough Co.'s own original bottles.

Chesebrough Manuf'g Co. (Cons'd), 42, Holborn Viaduct, London.





ANT THE STATE OF T



HORSES AS STRETCHER-BEARERS: A COSSACK AMBULANCE CONVOY AT THE FRONT. Drawn by Frédéric de Haenen, from a sketch by H. C. Seppings-Wright.



Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.]

MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS GIVING INSTRUCTIONS AS TO DIFFERENT REGIMENTAL ADDRESSES
FOR THE SOLDIERS' POST AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

THE ARMY'S MAIL THE GREAT POSTAL SERVICE FOR THE FRONT

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

F all war's social phases, I think this should have first place, so nearly does it touch every man in the firingline, and—more or less directly—every home in the Empire. Our armies already run into millions, with Overseas contingents which are armies in themselves. The matter of letters and parcels is, therefore, a prime consideration to which Government is keenly alive.

So, after food and munition, the roads of the war zone know no more precious freight than the postal lorries, thumping and splashing through seas of mire in a foreign land, losing their way at night, with all lights out, and ghastly rockets aloft—those merciless eyes of hostile guns. These postal lorries are often ditched, sometimes under fierce shell-fire, too, with their sacks ablaze and drivers crouching at the wheel, racing the cumbrous vehicle to safety and the common rendezvous. Heroics are not

confined to the firing-line, as I shall presently show.

Many complaints have been made about letters and "comforts" which have never reached the addressee. I saw an angry outburst from a father whose box of safety matches came back undelivered from the Dardanelles, although postage had been paid on it in excess of the parcel's worth. If that father had but followed the lurid way of his gift through seas of lurking death; if he had but watched the lighters taking sacks from the mail-boat in classic waters that smoked and flamed with highexplosive shell hurled from hidden batteries on the lofty cliffs; and if complainant had but seen the soldier-postmen staggering up those thunderous ravines and corpse-filled gorges of Anzac to murderous positions like Lone Pine or Sari Bair—then I think he would understand the miracle of our Army's mail,

1916. No. 257. 707 2 Y

and view that derelict gift as a trophy too strange for common use.

In one day half a million parcels were posted for troops in France and Flanders, besides a million and a half letters and fourteen thousand sacks of mails for the Mediterranean and Salonica forces. Think of the sorting for tens of thousands of units, from army corps to brigade, battalion to platoon—letters and comforts for infantry and cavalry, artillery and Engineers, the Medical Corps, Army Service, and Ordnance—the whole vast, intricate hierarchy of ultramodern scientific war.

telephone. Surely the strangest of postal rounds!

How is any addressee to be found, when the known perils are braved and overcome? The trench postman sets out after dark, groping his way across No Man's Land, feeling for trip-wires with fearful feet, tumbling into rain-filled craters, and dropping like one shot when the flares sail up in wicked constellations, and crashing salvos sweep the ploughed havoc so to foil a possible surprise.

Men of the postal section of the Engineers are wounded and killed on their rounds, yet they persevere. They work up-trench



Photo by; [Central Press. PARCELS BEING SORTED FOR THE DIFFERENT REGIMENTS, AFTER EXAMINATION.

And in foreign lands, too, over railways and roads of unfamiliar guise, with combatant risks at every turn. Then addressees are underground in mazes and mole-runs which we reckon by the hundred miles, line behind line—reserves, communications, approaches, and the rest. Here is a subterraneous world of cave-men, burrowing deeper and ever deeper to escape the earthquake impact of high-explosive shell. It is not the hare's "forms" which are needed in this terrific siege, but the badger's corridors on a great scale. Endless streets and massive galleries have regular dwellings, at intervals, and refuges linked by telegraph and

after dark with the ration parties. "The mail's in!" flashes through the human warren. The horrors of war fall off, expectant love lights the war-worn theatre of mud and blood. Wistful eyes and dreaming hearts in fond accord with dear ones at home await news.

When were letters ever seized as they are seized here? When were parcels so eagerly opened—not so much for the creature comforts they contain, as for what they mean to the lonely soldier? And every soldier is "lonely" on mail day. His body may be in the ditch, but his soul yearns homeward with invincible sway,



Photo by]

 $[New spaper\ Illustrations.$

NEWSPAPERS AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

"See what she thought of me! Mary knitted this, God bless her! Look what dad sent!" They have forgotten nothing, from the corkscrew to the French primer, bootlaces to acid drops, writing-pads, electric torches, waders and mittens—even steel corselets, fondly warranted to turn ricochet bullets and flying fragments of explosive

devilry. What mountains of comfort are moved by this trench post office! Here is tangible forethought in trainloads, mindful of all the soldier's ills, from the rat plague to sore heels—for which last there is emollient cream and anxious directions in the accompanying letter.

This postal service, all told, now numbers



Photo by]

(Alfieri.

one hundred officers and four thousand five hundred men. It makes no claim at all for itself, being a military branch well, aware that not by food alone, nor by munitions, doth the sturdy campaigner live. He must hear from home. He must ruminate on local news, and hear the quaint sayings of his child. The veteran's heart turns from a "siege of positions" to brood upon life's elementals—the summer sun and the grass and the trees, loved faces and places, now far off and doubly dear.

To be home again! It is the strangest

These last, in their turn, send out the laden lorries which delight our men in village billets. Here a sorting station is established. It may be at the wayside or in a deserted farm well within the "unhealthy" zone. Men of the Service Corps carry in the sacks and shoot their contents on the clean straw. The busy sorters kneel, haply with candles stuck in bottles to light their trying labour. It involves eyestrain and quick selective judgment.

Meanwhile guns thunder. Shells roar and whizz and screech overhead. It is no



Photo by] [Alfie SORTING PARCELS FOR THE FRONT AT THE MILITARY POST OFFICE, REGENT'S PARK.

ache, this trench nostalgia, curiously heightened by a growing sense of war's cruel and senseless futility. "But we've got to go through with it." Upon this thought all is based. To deliver the mails—to maintain the bond between home and trench—is therefore the guiding principle of the Army Post Office. The Postmaster-General himself went to the Front on a tour of organisation, after inspecting the machinery of collection at home. He visited General Headquarters and all the bases, the rail-head post offices, and many of the field branches.

uncommon thing for the post office to be unroofed or smashed. Then there is hurried adjournment underground. Dug-out or bomb-proof is the new post office. The whole system is one of subdivision, down to the smallest unit of our Army. Then the trench postman goes his rounds. Try to visualise that round. It is usually done at night. The whole system is a marvel of smooth, efficient working, from the home collection to the tactful censoring of Tommy's prompt and grateful reply.

What was the origin of this admirable field service? It is worth more than a

moment's retrospect. In 1882 the 24th Middlesex—the old Post Office Rifles, a corps made up entirely of Post Office servants—sent out a contingent to look after the Army's mail in the Nile campaign. Again, in the Sudan, we find the Army Postal Corps gladdening the troops in those endless sands.

Lord Haldane's Army Act brought into being the Postal Section of the Royal Engineers, who now handle parcels by the hundred tons and letters that run into millions for our scattered forces by sea and land. Of course, the work grew with our Armies. Bear always in mind that this is literally a "world-war"—war in East Africa,

almost to merit the name of a private post office.

The Countess of Bective's fund for "adopting" British prisoners may well represent private endeavour in this way. A five-shilling subscription, together with your protege's name, and Lady Bective does the rest, with the aid of American officials, consular and diplomatic, who play the postman to our prisoners in scattered German camps.

I must not forget the reading matter which is sent to relieve trench boredom by night and day. Newspaper owners are very generous in this way, and send out tens of



Photo by] [Newspape DISPATCHING THE MILITARY MAIL FROM THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

where lions invade the trenches; war in the Near East; great garrisons in Egypt, and British prisoners scattered in enemy camps all the way from Doeberitz to Damascus.

Our prisoners' mail, by the way, is passed on to International Committees in Geneva and Rosendaal, in Holland. There is also official and semi-official aid. Thus our Legation in Berne sends bread each week. The Prisoners of War Help Committee dispatched 80,000 parcels for Christmas delivery. Then the Red Cross Society maintains an Inquiry Department of scope so far-reaching as

thousands of copies daily. The Grand Fleet is looked after by the London Chamber of Commerce. Each week this body sends off 100,000 papers and periodicals, packed in bundles according to the size of ship and the taste in reading of its crew. With regard to books and more permanent literature, we have the Camps Library, under Sir Edward Ward—that tactful co-ordinator of comforts, and Director-General of Voluntary Organisations.

Appointed by the Army Council, and with the Red Cross Society's co-operation, as well as that of the St. John's and Queen Mary's Guild, Sir Edward set to work, forming local centres to prevent overlapping, in all those labours of love for our Army—labours which, as we all know, range from a sandbag to a pair of socks. "My desire," Sir Edward said, "is to organise this national work so that no article may be wasted, and all that are required may reach the right spot." A fit task indeed for "the best commissariat officer since Moses!"

Sir Edward Ward enlisted the aid of county lord-lieutenants, city mayors and civic chiefs, big drapers and others. The parcel of comfort was now overhauled and reformed, so that vain effort was no more,

two million books and magazines have already been sent. The dispatch is now about 100,000 a week, and the literary range from Plato in Greek to Mark Twain in sheer American!

For this trench comfort the housewife is asked to clear out her shelves and deposit a goodly pile of books and periodicals on the nearest post office counter, unaddressed and unwrapped.

So to maintain the social bond between the nation and its defenders—the fine flower of our manhood—is a postal service now grown to unprecedented size and value. To

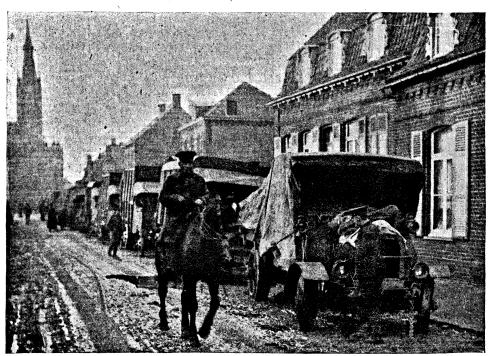


Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.

PARCEL POST FOR OUR TROOPS ARRIVING AT A FRENCH VILLAGE.

and home energy directed into really practical channels. As for the Camps Library, Sir Edward Ward at first designed it for our Overseas Contingent, but so happy an idea soon outgrew its bounds. Men of all classes were now in the Army. Something to read—besides newspapers—was no longer a luxury, but a real need to men of mind.

One result of the Postmaster-General's visit to Headquarters was the definite enlistment of the Post Office in the collection of books and magazines from private donors, and the forwarding of these to the Camps Library sorting depot in Westminster. Over

"write to the boy" is a delight as well as a sacred duty. To pack good things for him, to knit mufflers and knead cakes, to anticipate trench needs, from a knife to a box of sweets—his favourite tobacco, too; candles for the oozy dark of dug-outs; rubber waders for winter, fly-papers for the hot spell, and writing material for all seasons, that "the boy" may send back his news and therewith his wants, now catered for by special departments of the great stores.

Let us try to form some idea of the postal labours which all these comforts and letters entail. Apart from private supplies, think of those endless funds due to kindly forethought and organised effort on the Imperial scale. Otago and Wellington have their lads in mind; Brisbane and Melbourne, too; Sydney and Perth and the far-flung isles. Never did the Post Office play so vital a part in a crisis of national life.

To the Fleet alone go 4,500,000 letters a week, and 5000 parcels. Over a thousand military sorters deal with the Army's mail in London. Another 1500 work the Field Post Office and deliver correspondence at the Front. Besides these staffs, one must include A.S.C. drivers and porters, as well as a host of civilian and semi-civilian helpers.

From the great terminal stations come hither daily thousands of sacks, till at length the receiving platforms can take no more. Now come and inspect long avenues with compartments systematically labelled to facilitate the first rough sorting—infantry and cavalry, artillery and Engineers, R.A.M.C., A.S.C., A.O.D., and all the rest—distinctive regiments by the thousand; a gradual fining-down of units and sub-sorting along Service "roads" to the postal bags at last.

Day and night this work goes on with amazing celerity and *ėlan*. There will be more sorting "over there "—say, at Divisional Headquarters, where letters and parcels are

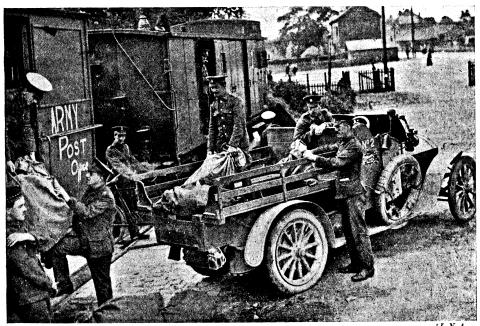


Photo by] [L.A ARRIVAL OF A MOTOR MAIL VAN AT AN OUTPOST STATION "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

Well might the Postmaster-General tell the House of Commons that this vast system calls for efficient organisation. "And the rapidity and certainty with which letters and parcels reach the Navy and Army give great satisfaction."

The Army's G.P.O. has long outgrown the busy quarters with which it began at the Mount Pleasant branch, so four acres of Regent's Park were sacrificed. Beautiful velvety turf was torn up on the east side, and a temporary town erected, a rather unlovely town, but one of rare worth—150,000 square feet of wooden, zinc-roofed buildings that echo with Army business. And the town is still growing.

got ready for brigade and battalion, company and platoon. Mountains of sacks are ever coming and going at Regent's Park, on long files of three-ton lorries. Let us follow one of these. It is outward bound, and duly passed by Quartermaster-Sergeant Camp, who has seen fifty-three years of Army service.

The lorry chugs off to Victoria or Waterloo, where the troop-train waits, with its cheery freight of departing soldiers, their relatives and friends. And so to the port where the cross-Channel steamer is alongside. Sometimes a floating hospital carries the mails, or even a troopship—that excited hive of mixed accents, practical

jokers, and lively anticipation of the Great Adventure that smokes somewhere Overseas.

The "Silver Streak" is a clear lane of water, the traffic of it a wondrous testimony to our silent Navy, whose patrols are seen manœuvring at railroad speed as the lights of France flash seaward.

Signs of the British "invasion" are soon remarked, contrasting oddly with the foreign scene. Notices in English appear. The "Heep!" "Heep!" of welcoming children is heard; a yellow torrent of khaki pours down the gangway to the cobbled causeways of the town. British officers hail the ship through megaphones. Our military police are here, too, so are our lorries and cars,

enter, without a sheaf of official papers. Railway transport is a separate Army branch, as may be guessed, seeing the millions of men we have to feed and supply. Railroad work has a staff hierarchy of its own. The R.T.O. (Railway Transport Officer), is the everpresent symbol of this service, dispatching troops and stores in endless trains from sea base to rail-head, and thence onward through wide landscapes of France till the first "Woof!" of guns breaks upon ears of slow and startled recognition.

Now, this is also the road of the Army's mail, for which friend and foe are waiting. And now the Germans turn trench searchlights and machine-guns on the field postmen, who promptly subside into mud and



Photo by]

ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL AT A BASE.

'Topical Press.

even London buses, disguised in grey or green, and with the windows grimly boarded.

What chaos appears on the quay amid the stacks of stores, the cranes and horsed carts, field-kitchens, ambulances, led mules, and wagons and guns! Yet every unit knows its place, warned beforehand of the hour of departure from entraining point. Here also are base depot camps and buffets, supply stores, map rooms, barbers' shops, and all provision for comfort en route.

The confusion is only apparent. Order inheres in it, as a moment's survey shows. Amid the quayside crowd are postal servants and porters, who entrain the mail bags and hampers with astonishing celerity and gust. These French trains are very unapproachable. No civilian may come near, much less

water. They climb out when the storm has passed, and quite possibly find addresses

hopelessly blurred.

Special recognition must be given for the postal road work of the A.S.C. and Army Ordnance Departments. It is a vital branch of military genius, as Colonel Winston Churchill insisted. "Victory," he said, "is the bright flower, but transport is the stem without which it would have withered." Now, the Putney bus may be part of this "stem," its Cockney driver a real hero, tooling a shell-battered vehicle through tragi-comic ordeals of unimaginable variety, as a civilian-soldier of the Motor Transport Service.

Here London Bill or Jim is a watchful joyrider "speeding up the iron box," lifting the

clutch at a bend, then giving his wheel a twist and causing lateral skids that astonish the natives and exhilarate the group of soldiers on the upper deck. Inside are the sacks of letters and parcels. The Boche. you're told, drops "visiting-cards" on these

precarious roads. But drivers know how the range is varied, and the long convoy's line is arranged accordingly.

"Be sure we leave an 'At Home' space for a big 'un," the driver tells you. "It's surprisin' how cute we become at shelldodgin'." This motor transport starts from rail-head, where the mail bags are transferred from the train. Drivers and crews take "combatant" risks, and add to them responsibilities unknown to men in the firing-line. Picture the night march of a divisional postal convoy close to the enemy's lines -five noisy lorries, with thrumming engines and flaring headlights.

They have lost their way, and are now in a serious plight. To put out the lamps means certain ditching in a quagmire, so narrow is the central pavé. So the lights are kept on, and the enemy's fire invited for a few thrilling moments. reckless dash for safety by a new way.

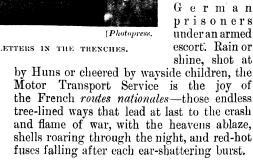
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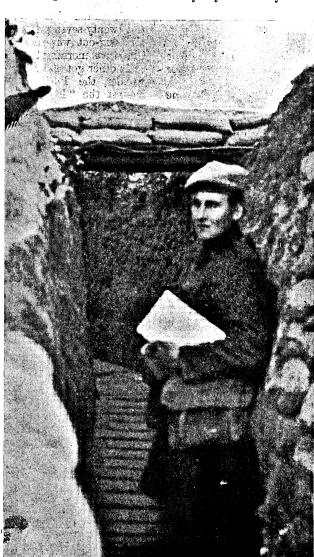
Many lorries move in one procession, their officers and men living anyhow, and stinting sleep so as to steal through unobserved with letters and parcels as well as food and stores for "the boys."

By day the enemy's aerial service imperils

the work. Eyes in the sky signal by wireless hidden guns, and direct their fire with uncanny *flair*. What adventures these postal servants have! What strange encounters at *café* and estaminet, what engine troubles just as shrapnel begins to burst, and vicious fragments spatter the scarred bonnet with the famous Flanders mud!

The drivers sleep on board. What his battery is to the bom bardier, the big convoy is to these mail men. who take letters one wav and return to rail-head with a "mixed bag," ranging from damaged Maxims to German prisoners under an armed escort. Rain or





A POSTMAN DELIVERING LETTERS IN THE TRENCHES.

I would recall that the first V.C. of the War went to Sergeant White, of the Army Service—an unobtrusive corps, whose hymn is "Annie Lorry," and whose hell is a breakdown on a boggy road, with rockets aloft and "Black Marias" menacing His Majesty's mails with new chasms on either side. As the trains feed the lorries, so do the lorries feed each local field post office, whose men carry off the precious bags and set up an establishment of their own in cottage or chateau or village place, according to weather and other conditions.

Thrilling bugles now blow the welcome

Section. "I slop and slide through glue that sucks off a boot or sends me sprawling round a traverse, letters and parcels and all!" An ingenuous corporal advertised his forlorn condition, and woke such sympathy at home that his colonel stepped in and stopped a flow which became a real nuisance. The young man's "catch" was two bulky sacks of letters and twenty-seven gifts of maximum weight. His dug-out was like a child's nursery on Christmas morning!

Another got 300 letters and papers. No wonder the Postmaster-General protested against the "lonely soldier" in the House



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

OPENING PARCELS FROM HOME "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

sound: "News from home!" From mouth to mouth the message slips: "The mail's in!" Even the "lonely soldier" rejoices, having long ago found friends to write him letters and send gifts so profuse and bulky as to embarrass the trench post office and call for quartermaster's stern protest. An Australian trooper who spent a few days in London at Christmas received 400 kindly letters on New Year's Day! If his well-wishers had but heard the Army postmen as they wriggled down the slushy maze with their burden!

"You ought to see your humble caked with clay," wrote a satirist of the Postal

of Commons, at the same time pointing out that cheaper parcels were undesirable, because transport was limited, and food and munitions must have first call. So in spite of complaints from soldiers and senders—even legitimate complaints—about high rates and letters and gifts gone astray, the military authorities themselves would be the first to oppose further postal concessions and facilities.

This will be understood after reading this article. The average soldier loves to get letters and gifts of any and every sort, though they be but circulars and samples. The postman's visit brightens the boresome



Photo by]

Newspaper Ittustrations.

WRITING A LETTER HOME IN A BILLET "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

day. One enterprising lad was checked after getting himself on the free list of thirty-one newspapers and magazines, besides systematically writing for samples of advertised goods—soap and cigarettes, stationery and

jams, hair-wash, tooth-powder, sweets and patent medicines. All this added seriously to the already arduous and perilous labour of the Postal Section.

Last Christmas parcels were suddenly

limited to seven pounds, and the traffic confined to "articles of real utility." Perhaps puddings came into this category? any rate, hundreds of tons of these went out, and the Post Office performed prodigies to deliver the boxes on Christmas morning. Think of the redirecting necessary when men have been wounded, and sent along that chain of healing which begins at the aid-post in the firing-line and goes on by clearingstations to the big base hospital, ending at the Red



Photo by

[L.N.A.

A FIELD POST OFFICE IN FRANCE.

Cross ship, whose spotless deck is crowded with "walking cases" homeward bound.

The contents of parcels are joyously compared, but men prefer to read their letters in solitude. Expectation runs high on mail day, and disappointment is keenly felt.

"Here are my mates sprawling this way and that, lost in letters from home. And nothing for me, though I've written and written! Don't you care for me any more?"..." Out of sight out of mind" is another undeserved reproach from the firing-line. Now, much miscarriage is due to faulty addressing, and, in the case of parcels, to

So-and-So, Somewhere in France," there is no excuse at all. Given sensible wrapping, however, and correct addresses, delivery is fairly sure. It is absurd to expect the postal efficiency of peace-time in a service like this. Really marvellous efforts are made to maintain communications. There is even an aerial post, carried by the "bird-men" of Flanders as they hurry home to roost at twilight. This is now a commonplace of the trench. It is well to remember also that our Army's mail is liable to sudden destruction.

"Before we retired," says a report before me, "the rush came, and we had to sink our



Photo by]
STAMPING ENVELOPES AT A MILITARY POST OFFICE IN PARIS.

Daily Mirror.

flimsy packing, as anyone may see at Regent's Park, where there is a regular "hospital" for derelict comforts.

It is sad to consider a cardboard hat-box "concertinaed" and gaping, with the home-made cake bathed in hair-oil, and the mitts and socks jellied over from broken jars. These wrecks are strongly repacked, then wrapped in pitch-paper or canvas, and readdressed. You will see parcels here done up in tissue-paper and tied with twine—inefficient packing for the suburbs, let alone the war zone overseas and all its shell-swent roads.

For a letter addressed to "Private

sacks of mail in the Yser Canal." The Anzac post was the worst of all in its troubled day, contending with fierce storms as well as hidden guns, and mines, and torpedo tubes on land. A tug was seen to founder off Kapa Tepe beach. With infinite difficulty the crew were saved, but one hundred and sixty-eight sacks of the Anzac mails were lost in those furious, deathful seas.

Now for the homeward mails. Let it be said at once that the tedium of trench warfare makes the soldier a great letter-writer. Subject to certain limitations, his stationery and postage are free. A letter marked "On Active Service" is readily

franked by an officer, though, of course, it must be censored first. Undue mention of places or troop movements is ruthlessly blacked out. Captious grumbling delays a letter too.

Wellington himself was shocked at the indiscretion of letters from the Front published in the home papers. "I was astonished to see an accurate account of the batteries and works erecting at Cadiz and on the Isla, with the number of guns and of what calibre, etc." The censor is usually a subaltern, but regimental chaplains frequently relieve combatant officers in this trying work. As many as 1600 letters have come before the censor in a day.

One soldier had written to four different girls, all in the same strain; and it was a delicate task to put these missives back into the right envelopes. Chaplain-censors often write letters for the wounded. "Who am I?" wails the weary sub. from the postal wagon, "that these family tragedies and comedies should come before me? My eyesight's going as I pore by candle-light over lines you couldn't read in broad day."

And so many lines! "Hundreds of thousands of pencils are busy this afternoon," the censor fears, "with much meditative nibbling, much pondering of the kind lady whosent the socks, and of the supreme She, who must have six pages at least. They're all writing letters—scribbling furiously along the narrow ditch, and pausing only for verbal volleys at an awkward passer-by, who jolts the dreamer and his dream."

There is so much for the lads to tell, and so much to ask. "Most of the men," a censor officer tells me, "write nice, sensible, affectionate letters home, such as give one a real insight into character. Of course, jagged nerves—the cold and mud and minor plagues make the writers irritable—but this mood passes, and the croaker becomes a hero in emergency. Anyone who has been through the mill knows this, though the casual reader of 'tired' letters might be misled."

We Britons are not demonstrative letterwriters. Our news from the Front, even after a great battle, is pretty matter-of-fact, and compares curiously with lyric outbursts from the French and Italians, whom the stricken field and all its terrors move to passionate prose and moving pathos.

Colonel Negrotto, of the Bersaglieri, mortally wounded on the Isonzo, wrote a notable letter to Enzo, his son—a noble appeal, in true Roman vein—to be worthy of his unspotted name. Many of the French

epistles have poetic strength and fire; but Tommy's note is merely sturdy, not to say stolid, with few imaginative flights. It is hard to impress or depress the British soldier. When desperately hurt he calls for a mouthorgan and livens up the ward with music-hall airs!

One of the drollest things is a field-service postcard — "amended form" — which an incorrigible wag produced "to save platoon commanders and censors much labour and searching of heart." It is arranged like this —to be crossed out at will, of course:—

Surely the quenchless *moral* of our men plays over this skit upon the Active Service Cord 2

Homeward mails, duly passed by the censors, are collected by horsed wagons and taken to the nearest post office, which is usually established in a village not far from the advanced works. Motor lorries call here for the bags in due course, and continue collecting back to rail-head and the base.

No wonder this work calls for an army within the Army! Royal Engineers man the postal line from Regent's Park to General Headquarters, and no one is more appreciative of their labours than men of the first-line trench. They view each letter as living evidence that civilisation still lives—that the savage scene before them is, after all, but a passing nightmare, and that soon they will greet again the old folks, who now stand at the door reading with relief and awe beyond words a gay and racy letter from "the red horizon."

THE JUNGLE LAW

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



HE heat was worse than usual when Whitehouse, agent for the United Traders, worked out problems with a pack of cards in his West African factory. Dinner had not long been cleared away, and

the large room smelt of cooking, mildew, and palm-oil. Though the building was raised on piles above the river bank, everything was damp, and Whitehouse's duck jacket was marked with rings of mould. Outside, the oily stream gurgled in the mist, drifting down from swamps where the sun sucked, up sour exhalations that poison the white man's body and often derange his brain. drum beat monotonously in the compound, and the factory boys, crouching beside their fires, sang to keep the ghosts away.

Whitehouse's hair was turning grey, which was unusual, since Europeans do not, as a rule, live long in West Africa. He was now immune from fever, though he had had it in all its forms, and his skin was tight and yellow, like old parchment. The United Traders trusted him, and he was feared by the bushmen, because he knew things about them that few white men guessed. Much of what he knew was startling, for the civilisation of the African colonies does not go beneath the surface yet.

Jackson, his clerk, the last of many, and hardier than most, lay in a cane chair with half-closed eyes. He had been whitewashing oil puncheons in the sun all day.

"Cards," he said, "are all right when a fresh young Government man turns up, and you can win a pound or two, but there's something distinctly humorous in your playing an old maid's game alone."

"It depends upon the Government man," Whitehouse rejoined. "They're not all easily plucked, and I've known you experiment upon the wrong kind. In this country a European must exercise his brain, or, if he lives long enough, it gets like a bushman's. That's sometimes an advantage and sometimes a danger. The climate's not the worst

thing we have against us."

Jackson was frankly puzzled by his chief. Of recent years there have been ameliorating changes in the African colonies, but Whitehouse had arrived in days when, although sickness was more common, a white man's death was not always due to natural causes. Stories of his firm-handed dealing with commercial opponents were told in the bush, and it was said that he was poison-proof, but he had few of the outward characteristics of the vanishing palm-oil ruffian. Jackson knew that the black headmen traders rarely broke their word to him. Presently Whitehouse looked up.

"Somebody's coming; there's trouble on

"I hear nothing. How do you know?" "I can sense trouble—smell it, if you

like," Whitehouse answered.

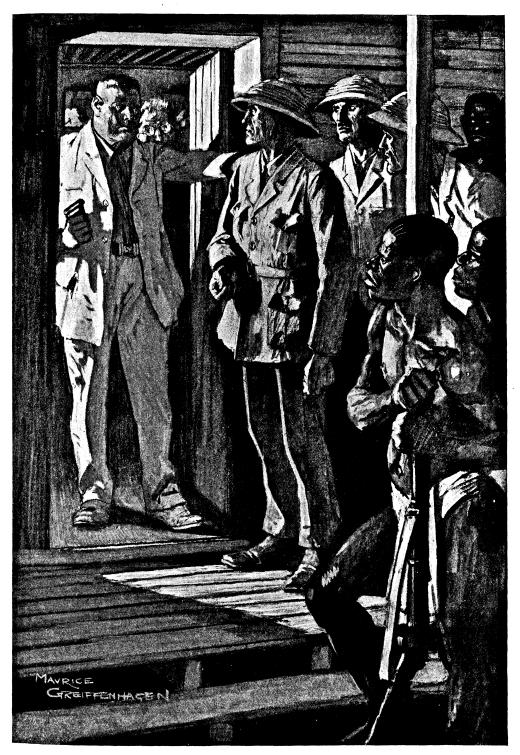
Jackson laughed. "The bushmen think you a bit of a magician, but it's a cheap You haven't been taking quinine until your head's chiming like a bell, and I suppose you hear a canoe paddling fast, although I can't."

"The explanation's plausible," Whitehouse replied; and Jackson, opening the door, heard the measured splash of paddles

in the mist.

A few minutes later he brought a very young white man into the room. The lad's hair was wet with perspiration, his face was thin and flushed, and when he put his hand on the table, scattering Whitehouse's cards, he shook like a leaf.

"It's the first time you have come to see us, Cross, although you have been out eighteen months," Jackson remarked.
"That's true," said the other awkwardly.



""Something of a surprise, Herr Bohme! But you can put down the pistol."

"Martin kept me busy, and you took two or three of our best customers after he died."

"We did—it was business," Whitehouse answered. "This is a grim country, and, back in the bush, the black trader now and then takes his rival's life. Then I expect your employers warned you to have nothing to do with the United, and no doubt we're a pretty hard lot. But you've got fever. Give him a dose of our cure-all, Jackson."

Cross looked dubiously at the bottle, but Whitehouse filled a big wineglass and said:

"Drink it quick!"

The lad obeyed, wondering why he did so, and gasped, for the bitter, fiery liquor took his breath away. Whitehouse indicated Jackson's chair.

"Now sit down and tell us what is wrong."

"Shotille sent us a large quantity of kernels, but the canoes were seized on the way. One of his boys turned up, bleeding from a matchet cut, and said Headman Saidu had chopped the lot."

"Ah!" said Whitehouse rather sharply. "However, it looks as if the loss was

Shotille's."

"No. He sent the kernels in payment for goods supplied. I've let him have a lot of gin and cloth the last six months. The kernels would have gone some way to square the account."

Whitehouse nodded. Kernels are the seeds of the palm-fruit, which are pressed for oil, and oil had risen in price since war broke out.

"I see. But Shotille's known as a tricky rogue. Why did you trust him with the

goods?"

Cross hesitated. Whitehouse was a rival, and commercial jealousy is keen in West Africa. Still, the lad was ill, and badly

needed help.

"I'd lost our safe customers, and had to take a risk," he said. "I thought, if I could keep things going, the firm might give me the agent's post. I've been agent for eight or nine months, you know, but the balance was going against me. When you have fever every few weeks, and can't eat or sleep——"

"Exactly. You got desperate, and speculated to straighten the account? But why not let things go? There are better countries

for a young man than this."

Cross had not meant to take the other into his confidence, but something urged him, and, after months of sickness and solitude, he felt a pressing need of sympathy. He spoke impulsively, in disjointed sentences,

but the story he told was, in some respects, not uncommon.

He had been a junior clerk in England, with a widowed mother, and two sisters, who worked hard for their living, and he hinted something about a girl who was as When the chance came to better his fortune by going to West Africa, he seized it eagerly, and, on arriving, found Martin, the agent, ill, and the other assistant crazed with drink and fever. The assistant died, and the outbreak of war prevented his being replaced. Martin alternately recovered and relapsed, and Cross did the work of the factory as best he could, until the agent also succumbed. he thought of going home and enlisting; but the climate had already set its mark on him, and he feared he would not pass the doctor. Moreover, the firm had raised his pay, and asked him to hold on until they could find an agent, which they said was difficult just then. The War had cut down his mother's scanty income, one of his sisters was ill, and the girl, who had lost her situation, was working for very small wages in a munitions Cross thought he saw how he might help them all if he could hold out, because an agent's post was worth three hundred pounds a year and commission.

Whitehouse listened quietly. The lad had pluck, for nerve was needed to manage the unruly factory boys and carry on an intricate trade when one was sick. Besides, nobody knew better than Whitehouse the horrors of loneliness when one suffers from the black

depression the malaria causes.

"Well," he said, "we'll get to business. You don't seem to understand that chopping doesn't altogether mean armed robbery. It's an old custom that the Government thought they'd stamped out, but the War seems to have encouraged the bushmen to begin the game again. Suppose A owes a debt to B, and won't pay. B, if he is strong enough, seizes value to cover from C, who collects, in turn, from the weaker D. The logic's typically African."

"But who robbed Saidu?"

"I don't know, but I have my suspicions, and mean to find out. It must have been a powerful man, because Saidu's an impudent thief himself," Whitehouse answered dryly. Then he turned to Jackson. "Tell them to get up steam on the launch."

An hour or two later the launch, crowded with a very mixed assortment of Africans, clanked away into the sour-smelling mist. Whitehouse, who ruled with a firm hand, preferred unsophisticated boys, and his escort

included a number of raw pagan Kroos, skilled in the use of the matchet knife. Besides these, he had several big river-men, who carried long-Dane guns, and two or three more with Arab blood, whom he suspected of having deserted from the Hausa constabulary. Few white men could have handled them, but they obeyed him.

"Our business is peaceful, but it's well to take precautions, particularly when the Hausas are all away on German soil," he

said.

Jackson answered with a joke, but Cross, who sat in the stern, shivering under a dirty blanket, said nothing. His head and back ached intolerably, and his skin was wet with chilly sweat, but he must hold out until the business was done. If he could recover the chopped kernels and put things straight, he might be appointed agent at three hundred pounds a year. The mist got thicker as the launch steamed on. Rank exhalations rose from the wave her bows threw off, and her wake lapped noisily upon banks of festering mire. Ghostly trees loomed out of the vapour and vanished astern as she sped through the dark down the slow, muddy stream.

It was dazzlingly bright when she stopped next morning at a glaring sand bar. Rawgreen palms and dingy cottonwoods cut, harshly sharp, against a sky of intense blue, and the river shimmered in the heat like melted brass. A row of clumsy dug-out canoes lay against the bank, and in the largest sat a tall man dressed in loose folds of white cotton. He was of pure negro type, and strongly built, except for his monkeylike legs, but wore a certain air of dignity. Indeed, his expression was somewhat truculent when Whitehouse and his companions landed and came towards him. There were a number of half-naked negroes in the rest of the canoes, and they stopped chattering and looked up with keen curiosity as the traders approached. Whitehouse wondered how many had matchets and how many flint-lock guns, but he boarded the canoe and gave Saidu a careless nod, after which he began to turn over the greasy black kernels with his feet.

"A very second-class lot. Shotille, as usual, has measured in a good deal of dirt and shell," he remarked to Cross, who sat down limply on the gunwale. Then he took out a piece of red rag, a strip of plaited grass, and two or three cowries, and put them down on the cargo.

"You savvy them thing, Saidu?" he said. Saidu was a man of importance in the

back country, where he traded, and sometimes plundered, on an extensive scale, but he glanced at the simple objects with halfconcealed shrinking.

"What does it mean?" Cross asked

Jackson.

"Ju-Ju. Looks easy, but if you don't know all about the business, it's a risky trick. I tried it once, but the beggars found me out, and I nearly lost my life. Anyhow, Saidu daren't move his canoe while that bit of rag is there."

"I savvy," said the negro sullenly. "Why

you make them t'ing?"

"Perhaps I take him off when the palaver's set," Whitehouse replied. "Why you go chop Shotille's kernels?"

"They're really the firm's kernels, and I

want them back," Cross broke in.

Whitehouse gave him an indulgent look. "Not at all. *Chopping* of any kind is rather out of date, but it's unthinkable that a bushman should lay hands on a white man's goods."

Then he turned to Shotille, who half defiantly began his explanation. He had gone to trade with an agent across the neighbouring frontier, taking very good monkey skins, a little ivory, and oil; but the agent told him there was war palaver, and chopped the lot. Saidu maintained that he had used the English word. Therefore, since it seemed that the white men had removed the ban upon native customs, he had lain in wait near Shotille's village, and seized the latter's goods in satisfaction of the debt.

Whitehouse lighted a cigarette and smoked silently for some minutes, while nobody spoke. Then he said to Cross: "I think we'll let him keep the kernels. They're a poor sample, and, if you sent them home, your people would have trouble with the oil millers."

Cross got something of a shock, but he felt he could trust his rival, and dubiously agreed. Whitehouse, who picked up the rag and grass and beads, turned to Saidu.

"I take them thing off, but remember this—if you chop trade goods again, see you do it where them bush Dutchman lib. Cappy Maitland and his Hausa man, with plenty gun, go burn your village one time if there's any more chopping palaver on British soil." He waved his hand commandingly. "Now call them canoe boy. Palaver set!"

The canoes pushed off, and with a measured thud of paddles slid away down the dazzling stream. Whitehouse told his Kroo cook to make breakfast, and they ate the meal, sitting on the hot sand in the narrow shade of a clump of palms. Cross felt somewhat better, for malarial fever is worse at night, but he overcame his impatience until he thought Whitehouse was ready to talk.

"It looks as if I'd lost the kernels, but I hoped you had some plan," he said anxiously.

"He probably has a number, but one is pretty obvious," Jackson interposed. "The native's idea of *chopping* is that it should carry on across country, always leaving the last victim farther off the first; but there's really no reason why it shouldn't, so to speak, recoil upon the fellow who started it."

"Ah!" said Cross, in a more hopeful tone.
"But who is the *Berma* man who started

it?"

"They spell it Bohme, but I believe Saidu's pronunciation's nearly right. He runs the German factory across the frontier, and, I'm inclined to think, relies too much upon the irregular forces his countrymen have raised. From what one hears, they're very irregular indeed." Then he looked at Whitehouse. "Bohme's store-sheds should be pretty full, because he can't have shipped much since our side captured most of the Woermann family."

Cross laughed. The Woermann steamers bore the names of their owner's relatives, and a number had been seized when hiding in a

muddy river mouth.

"Bohme must take the consequences," Whitehouse remarked. "Nobody would have interfered with him if he'd kept quiet, and in my opinion the war palaver should never have been raised in this country. Here we are, a few hundred Europeans scattered among the swamps, depending for our safety on the white man's prestige, and we're now teaching the bushmen our weakness and how to master us. However, since Bohme began the game—"

"But the kernels!" Cross interrupted.
"They're gone, and I'm left with a claim I

can't enforce on Shotille."

Whitehouse smiled. "I think the claim lies against Bohme, and he can't complain if we enforce it according to the jungle law. Besides, now Maitland and his Hausas are away, there's no court of appeal." He pondered for a minute or two, and then resumed: "We'll risk it. Bohme, no doubt, knew that Maitland wasn't in the neighbourhood, but probably does not suspect that he's drawn off Hauptman Erlanger's native forces."

The launch swung out into the stream, and late in the evening moved slowly up a narrow, mangrove-shrouded creek that smelt like a sewer. It was very dark, for the branches met overhead, and now and then she scraped across banks of mud that clung to keel and bilge as if reluctant to let her go; but Jackson sounded with a boathook, and there were men on board who had spent their lives in navigating the intricate tunnels through the mangroves. A better channel led to the German factory, but Whitehouse thought this would be watched, and meant to make his visit unannounced. would take precautions if he knew he was on his way. By and by they entered a lagoon, where most of the party landed, and followed a foot-wide trail through grass that grew to their shoulders, until they spread out when tall, black cottonwoods cut against the sky. They made very little noise, and when they stopped at a spot where the trees were thinner, Whitehouse was satisfied that their advance had not been heard.

He had chosen the boys with an extensive knowledge of the strength and weakness of the African's character, and none were tame negroes. Some, indeed, had hunted coloured tax-collectors in the Liberian bush; others had raided rival trading villages in the back country, and a few had enjoyed a brief military training. It was not surprising that he should have been able to gather such a band, for although there was a railway in the colony, and handsome Government offices on the coast, the light of civilisation burned like a feeble candle set in Cimmerian gloom.

Cross realised something of this as he lay, panting and soaked with perspiration, among the buttress roots of a giant cottonwood and dully looked about. There was a belt of tall grass, touched with silver by the moon, in front of him, and beyond it a neat galvanized iron house and a row of whitewashed sheds. Lights glimmered in the building, which had a strangely civilised look, and somebody was playing a fiddle remarkably well. was not a critic, but he thought the music Then he saw a woolly head and naked arm project from the wet leaves close by, and farther off the twinkle of a matchet That was all, however, and, except for the music, everything was very still.

Then there was a stealthy rustle, and a black figure rose from the grass, moved forward, and fell with a smothered cry. More dark forms appeared, the grass rustled all round him, and, getting on his feet, he struggled forward behind the half-seen boys. A flint-lock gun flashed near the house, there was an echoing report, and then a wild clamour and a hurried splash of paddles.

Plunging forward with beating heart and tingling nerves, he reached the verandah steps, and saw Whitehouse, whose figure cut black against the light, on the level space above.

A burly man in white duck, with his hair brushed straight up from his square forehead, and a pistol in his hand, stood farther back, and near him a companion, who held a fiddle bow.

"Something of a surprise, Herr Bohme! But you can put down the pistol," Whitehouse remarked. "We have come on business, and none of your boys are badly hurt, though we had to seize a couple who should have kept a better watch. You ought to have known that the bushman sentry doesn't like to feel alone at night. However, we'll come in and talk."

They entered a very clean, comfortably furnished, and well-lighted room, and, as they sat down, Jackson followed, hot and breathless.

"Their boys have bolted," he said to Whitehouse. "I think Amadu can be trusted to see they don't come back."

Bohme said nothing, but waited with an inscrutable face, and Cross envied his coolness. The musician leaned upon the table, watching the intruders with a puzzled frown. He wore ophthalmic spectacles of green and yellow, and looked shrivelled, as if he had evaporated in the heat.

"Well," resumed Whitehouse, "we must get to business. You seized some goods belonging to Headman Saidu, who is a British subject. May I ask why?"

British subject. May I ask why?"
"This is war-time," Bohme answered in good English. "A man from a British village had insulted our flag by beating a soldier Hauptman Erlanger lent us, and stealing his rifle. A rifle is worth much in Africa."

"You're not a humorous race, or you might see the joke, but personalities are bad form," Whitehouse remarked. "By way of getting satisfaction, you robbed Saidu?"

"It was not robbery, but a custom well understood by the people," the musician broke in. "Besides, one must use force when there is no other remedy."

Whitehouse shook his head. "A dangerous doctrine when the force changes hands, and the custom's old and bad. But, as I'm not much of a philosopher, I'll give you this."

He put down a sheet of paper on which he had made a few calculations, and smiled when Bohme examined it with naïve surprise.

"A debit note. As we've come here at

some inconvenience, I must ask for payment now."

"But this is frankly plunder!"

"No," said Whitehouse, "it's a balancing of accounts. You appealed to the law of the jungle, which is based on the principle of an eye for an eye, but, unfortunately, doesn't state whose eye. One's probably as good as another, from the bushman's point of view. He believes, as you do, in force, and the practice was that the transferred debt should be collected from somebody weaker; but this was a matter of convenience, and not an essential point. If the creditor levied upon somebody strong enough to levy back, he must take the consequences. Very well. You robbed Saidu, and Saidu robbed Shotille, but as we sometimes deal in oil, I can't have Shotille's credit damaged, and am here to press his claim."

"You see, we're able to press it," Jackson added. "Every boy you had about the place is hiding in the bush, and ours are rather a hard lot, who'd much enjoy wrecking this

house."

"In short, you had better pay up," Whitehouse resumed. "Law and force and ethics are all on our side."

"But the claim's preposterous! There is,

in any case, a gross overcharge."

"In Africa the loser pays expenses, even when his goods won't satisfy the claim," Whitehouse rejoined, in a meaning tone.

The others sullenly gave way, and for the next hour Whitehouse's boys were busy removing goods from the store and loading them into canoes. Then he bade the traders good-bye with ironical politeness, and the launch steamed away with the canoes in tow.

"I'd recommend you to credit Shotille with the *chopped* kernels, and ship this stuff home instead," he said to Cross, who crouched near the engine, shivering, but sensible of overwhelming relief.

"You have taken a big load off my mind," the lad answered, with awkward gratitude. "It's a service I can't forget or, I'm afraid,

repay. In fact, I hardly see——"

"Why we interfered?" Whitehouse suggested. "Well, you're a competitor, but we're all Britons, and in a sense—the American sense—Bohme isn't even white. However, there are a few bundles of rather choice skins I would like."

"Take them, of course," said Cross.
"You see, I've really got much more than
I lost, and, in a way, Shotille ought to be
credited with the extra value."

"That's easily got over—a matter of book-keeping," Jackson remarked, with a chuckle.

Cross did not answer. The fever shook him, as it generally did at night, his head ached, and his brain was dull, but as he crouched beside the clanking engine, he was conscious of a poignant satisfaction. He might keep things straight, and be confirmed in the agent's post. Three hundred pounds a year and commission were worth suffering for. In a wide sense the lad was right, because it is, after all, by suffering that the white man conquers Tropical Africa.



IN WAR-TIME.

THE east wind swept from oversea,
As light as ever wind that blew,
And came across the hills to me,
And shook my window all night through.
What message, Wind, of good or ill?
You shake my window and are still.

You ruffled the slow stream to-day,
Where every dyke with crimson runs,
And carried on your trackless way
The far-flung thunder of the guns.

You bore through Heaven the sounds of Hell, The crackling rifles rent your blast, And crash of bomb and scream of shell Died slowly down the skies at last.

Oh, Wind, did he who wings my prayer
Give you his warm and living breath?
Had you a word of his to bear
Among the ghastly sounds of death?

Or did you softly pass—ah, no,
Not that, hope's ultimate eclipse—
And brush his pallid cheek, and blow
Unchecked across his sealed lips?
Oh, Wind, what news of good or ill?
It shakes my window and is still.

VALENTINE FANE.

IN A GOOD CAUSE

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Charles Pears



course, being for the Red Cross, we were jolly well paid for all our trouble by knowing what a tremendous lift we had given the Red Cross in general; but somehow we felt that, if anything, too much

was made of the wonderful result, and too little of us, who had done it.

Because, you see, if a chap in the trenches covers himself with glory, as they so often do, it is noted down to the chap's credit, and he gets a D.C.M., or D.S.O., or even a V.C.; but in our case, as Tracey rather neatly put it, we weren't so much as mentioned in dispatches, and the bitter irony was that Merivale fairly rang with the fame of Doctor Dunston, whereas the truth was that we did everything, and Dunston, far from urging us on, really threw cold water on the whole show, and, up to the last moment, feared we were in for a grisly failure, instead of a most extraordinary success.

There was a good deal of difference of opinion afterwards as to who sprang the idea, and, on the whole, I don't think any one chap could take the credit. It was too big a thing for one chap's mind, and you might say nearly everybody in the Fifth and Sixth had a hand in it. It grew and grew till it reached the stage of asking Doctor Dunston; and after he had conferred with Brown and Fortescue and old Peacock, he reluctantly agreed; and then it grew by leaps and bounds till it became the wonderful thing it was.

The idea was to give an entertainment for the funds of the Red Cross, and Blades believed it would be a better and finer entertainment if we did it absolutely on our own, without any help from the masters whatever.

A few faint-hearted chaps thought not; but they were overruled, for, as Briggs pointed out, there was no entertaining power whatever in the masters. The only one who would have been any good in that way was Hutchings, who sang remarkably well in a bass voice of great depth; but he was at the War, and none of the others had any gift that could lure a paying audience. No doubt they might have tried, but, as Tracey said, you couldn't ask people to pay good money just for the doubtful pleasure of seeing them So it was settled that as there was a great deal of mixed power of amusing an audience in the school, we could do it without any assistance; and Fortescue supported this, and advised the Doctor that we should be given a free hand; but Peacock, of all people, doubted, and Brown, who wanted to shine himself in some way, thought we ought to have him and Fortescue to give a backbone to the show. What he was prepared to do, by way of backbone, we didn't ask; what he did do, when the time came, was to show the people to their seats, and his evening-dress, which we had not seen before, was worth all the money, if not more.

Anyway, Fortescue got the Doctor to let us do everything without help, and the end justified the means, as Saunders very truly said, though at one time it rather looked as if it might not.

It was announced in public that the scholars of Merivale were going to give an entertainment for the Red Cross before Christmas breaking up, and, when all was decided, we had two clear months for the preparations. Owing to the War and one thing and another, we didn't have much football that term, and the show got to be the great idea in everybody's mind—so much so, in fact, that owing to an utter breakdown in geography in the Lower Fourth, there was a threat from headquarters that the whole thing would be knocked on the head if the work was going to suffer.

So we gave the Lower Fourth some advice on the subject, and told them not one of them should do anything if they didn't

buck up.

Of course, the great problem was, who should be in the show and who should not. That was a question for the Sixth, and it proved a very difficult problem, because there were immense stores of talent at Merivale, and some of the chaps best fitted entertain a paying audience by their great gifts absolutely refused to appear; whereas, strangely enough, others quite useless in every way were death on appearing. even had one or two letters from mothers, written to "The Committee of the Merivale Concert," fairly grovelling to us to let their sons do something. Of course, we ignored these, though Pegram, with his usual strategy, advised us to give young Tudor a show of some sort, because his mother and father were worth many thousands, and would doubtless buy dozens of front seats if Tudor did anything publicly.

So in one item of the performance, which was a scene from "The Merchant of Venice," we let Tudor and certain other kids come on in the crowd. We also let Cornwallis and Pratt sing a duet—not so much because it was a thing to pay to hear, but because of their great adventure on Foster Day, when by a fluke they weren't drowned, and so possessed a passing interest in Merivale.

The programme needed a fearful lot of thought, and we altered it many times. The first programme would have taken about three days to get through, and Tracey said, as it wasn't a Wagner Cycle, we'd better try and cram the show into three hours; and Briggs said there would be encores, which must be allowed for; and I remembered that there must be an interval, because on these occasions women want something to drink about half-way through, and men want both to drink and smoke also. And if they are prevented from doing these things, they often turn against the performance, and the last state of that show is worse than the first.

I am Thwaites, by the way, and, like Percy Minor, I hope that I may go on the stage some day, being much inclined to do so. But his father is a professional actor, and so he has a better chance than me, mine being a Government official in London, who never goes to the theatre, always being too tired to do anything after his day's work. I recite when I get the chance, and have already acted several times; and though I did not push myself forward in the least, it was

agreed, by a sort of general understanding and without the least opposition, except from Percy Minor, that I should play Shylock in the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice." And Williams, who is pretty, and had many a time been rotted for his girl-like eyes and eyelashes, now found that his hour had come, for he was going to play Portia; and we hoped his beautiful appearance might carry him through, though at rehearsal it was only too apparent his acting would not.

The first part of the show was to end with the Shakespearian impersonation; but this was not all, though, of course, the cream of the night. We had in the second half an original satire in one act written by Tracey, and entitled "The White Feather." This would be the concluding item, and as we finally decided that we would have twelve

separate items, that left ten to find.

There were some obvious things, like Percy Minimus, who had a ripping voice, and was accustomed to singing both in and out of chapel. So, knowing he was considered class, we put him down for a song; and the school glee singers were also rather well thought of, and we gave them two items. This only left seven performances, and after we had subtracted most of the chaps who were going to perform in the plays, there was still an immense amount of mixed ability to choose from.

Of course, Rice had to be in it, though, in his usual sporting way, he said he could do nothing. But as he was the best boxer in the school, and almost as good as a professional "fly" weight, we felt no show would be complete without him, and it was arranged he should box three exhibition rounds with Bassett.

As Briggs said, with people who pay money, you must give everybody something they will like; and though the people who would come to see Shakespeare acted might not be at all the same people who would come to see Rice hammer Bassett, yet there it was—we didn't want to disappoint anybody, because the great thing with a successful everybody entertainment is make to thoroughly feel that they have had their money's worth, as Mitchell pointed out. He was going to take the money, and sit in He could the box and give out the tickets. have done other things, but chose that himself, having great natural ability in everything of a financial sort. And as all the tickets were numbered, we felt it was safe. Besides, for the Red Cross, nobody

would let his financial ability lead him

astray, so to speak.

Percy Minor, the son of the famous professional actor, also wished to play Shylock, but was put down for a comic song —an art in which he excelled. And Tracey wanted to write it for him and make it topical; but we knew Tracey's satire, and felt it would not do. Besides, he'd already written a whole play, as it was, and was performing the chief part in it, so we let Percy Minor choose his own song, and he chose one of Albert Chevalier's, which blended pathos and humour in a very This left wonderful way, but was difficult. five items, and it seemed almost a shame to leave out so much talent; but we finally decided on Abbott for a conjuring entertainment-him being a flyer at that art—and on Nicholas, who has the great gift of lightning calculation, though, strange to say, a fool in everything else. He stands with his back to a blackboard, and can divide or add in his head; and if you read him out ten figures, and then ten more to subtract from them, he can do it in a And no doubt he will make his living in this way, though it is a science that is utterly useless in the world at large.

Allowing for Cornwallis and Pratt, there were only two items left, and I had the good luck to remember there was, so far, nothing about the Red Cross in the whole show; so we asked Fortescue if he would allow a recitation of his famous poem on that subject, and he consented if he was allowed to coach the boy who did it. We gladly agreed to this, and Forrester was decided upon for the boy, though he would rather have given his well-known and remarkable imitations of natural sounds, such as a cock crowing, or a bottle of ginger beer popping, or a man with a cold in his head, or a distant military band. It was decided, therefore, that if Forrester got an encore, he might give the imitations; but he didn't, so they were unfortunately lost, though many a paying audience would have liked them better than the recitation, splendid as it was.

For the last item of all it was almost impossible to choose between about ten chaps, and at last, after voting in secret several times, the Sixth got it down to young Hastings, who could play the fiddle in a manner seldom heard from a kid of nine years old, and Weston, who was prepared to black his face and play his banjo. Finally we decided for Weston, because he was the eldest, and would be leaving next term but one, whereas Hastings, being only nine, was bound to have many future chances of

appearing with his fiddle.

So that was the programme, and even when drawn out and written down, it was pretty staggering, but when actually printed in regular programme form, it was wonderful, and for my part I didn't see how the big schoolroom would hold half the people who were bound to come. In fact, I suggested giving two, or even three, performances on but this was consecutive nights, approved of.

Being, as you may say, historical, I will here insert the programme. The price was threepence, or what you liked to give above Many gave more; some got that sum. copies for nothing, owing to the programme kids losing their heads about change. It appeared in this way on pink paper, faintly scented, and nothing was charged for the scenting by the printers, so I suppose the scent was their contribution to the Red Cross

Fund.

FOR THE RED CROSS.

On the seventeenth day of December next, by kind permission of Doctor Dunston, the scholars of Merivale will give the following entertainment in the Great Hall of Merivale School at 7.30 P.M. Doors open at seven o'clock. But reserved seats may be booked, and a plan of the room seen at Messrs. Tomson's, No. 4, High Street, Merivale.

THE PROGRAMME.

Song by Percy Minimus (son of the world-famous actor, Thomas Percy).

2. Conjuring by Abbott (using live rabbits, live

goldfish, &c.).

3. Three Rounds of Exhibition Boxing by Rice (Fly - weight Champion) and Bassett. N.B.—The rounds will be of two minutes' duration.

4. Glee Singing by the School Glee Singers.5. Recitation, "The Cross of Red." V Words (published in The Thunderbolt newspaper) by Mr. Fortescue, of Merivale School. Reciter, Forrester.

6. The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare. Dramatis

Personæ as follows :-

Shylock Thwaites Pegram The Duke Antonio . Saunders Bassanio . Preston Gratiano . Percy Minor Salerio Travers Minor Percy Minimus Nerissa Portia . Williams

Magnificoes:

Tudor, Forbes Minimus, Hastings, and five others.

Scene: Venice. A Court of Justice.

N.B.—The scene will conclude with the exit of Shylock.

An Interval of Ten Minutes.

PART II.

- 7. Glee Singing by the School Glee Singers. ("The Three Chafers," by request.)
- Comic Song. Percy Minor (son of the great actor, Thomas Percy).
 Lightning Calculation. Nicholas (introduced)
- Lightning Calculation. Nicholas (introduced by Thwaites. Must be seen to be believed).
 Coon Interlude with Banjo. Weston.
- Duet. Pratt and Cornwallis (both nearly drowned last summer on Foster Day).
- 12. A Satire in One Act by Tracey, entitled "The White Feather."

Dramatis Personæ.

Captain Harold Vansittart Maltravers, V.C.

Tracey
General Sir Henry Champernowne, K.C.B.

Blades
A Policeman Briggs
Miss Sophia Flapperkin Williams

Scene: Trafalgar Square. Time: The Present. GOD SAVE THE KING.

Booking Office: Mitchell.

Well, that was the programme, and, seeing the front seats were only half-a-crown, there didn't seem much chance of anybody not

getting their money's worth.

I could say a great deal about the rehearsals, which were very difficult, owing to the question of scenery; and finally, after many suggestions, we decided merely to have wings, and leave the rest to the imagination, because we couldn't get within miles of a court in Venice, and Trafalgar Square was equally out of the question. And Percy Minor said that really classy stage managers, like Granville Barker, relied less and less on scenery, and that the very highest art was to go back to Elizabethan times, and just stick up what the scene was on a curtain; and if people didn't like it, they could do the other thing. So we went back to Elizabethan times. But we had a professional man from Plymouth to make us up for Shakespeare, and he did it professionally, and we were rather dazzled ourselves at what we looked like on the night. Seen close, you're awful, but, of course, it's all right from the front.

The dresses for Shakespeare were also professional, and we had help, for without the matron and Nelly Dunston and Minnie Dunston, and a maid or two, the dresses would not have fitted, and so caused derision. But they did well, and we looked very realistic, though my Jewish gaberdine was too long to the last. However, nobody noticed, though naturally they did notice when Antonio's beard was carried away, and it spoilt the pathos, because some fools laughed, instead of taking no notice, as any decent chaps would have.

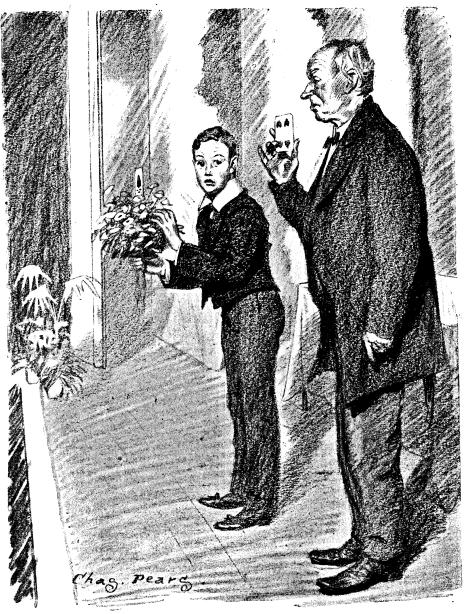
Well, of course, the excitement was to see how the half-crown seats went off at Tomson's, and they weren't gone in a moment, by any means. You could book both half-crowners and eighteenpennies, which came next, and people put off their booking a good deal. But when the programme was out, the booking improved, and five people booked in one day. It was rather interesting to hear who had booked, and Mitchell was allowed to go to the shop every morning after school to know how things were going. Sir Neville Carew, from the Manor House, took five half-crown seats in the front row, and Doctor Dunston himself took the next five. This news we greeted with mingled feelings, yet, as Mitchell pointed out, he might have had them for nothing, which was true. The masters all took half-crown seats dotted about the big hall, and when Briggs asked Brown why they had done this, instead of sitting together, Brown said: "To applaud your efforts, Briggs, and suggest a concensus of opinion if we can." As a matter of fact, we didn't want their wretched applause when the time came, for we got plenty without it.

The most sensational person to take a half-crown seat was old Black, from next door. He had always been our greatest enemy, and hated us, and he never gave anything back that went over his wall, and made us pay instantly if we did any damage, or broke a pane of glass, or anything; yet there he was. He sat in the second row, and not a muscle moved from first to last, and he never clapped once. Yet, extraordinary to say, the most remarkable thing about the whole performance had to do with old Black, though the amazing affair didn't

come out till next morning.

Mitchell calculated that, if every seat was taken, we should clear thirty-four pounds odd, and he rather hoped the programmes would bring it up to thirty-six. From that, however, had to be subtracted the cost of the dresses and the professional man from Plymouth, and also the cost of the programmes and the piano man. It looked as if we should be good for a clear thirty pounds, but only if the house was full.

Happy to relate, it was, and many people who did not book at all came and took their tickets at the door, and the one bob part was packed. In fact, a good many stood all through, including those interested in Merivale in humble ways, such as the tuckwoman and the ground-man and the drill-sergeant, and many other such-like



"He made the ace of spades appear in a bouquet of imitation flowers, and then challenged old Black to show his card . . . and it unfortunately turned out to be the four of hearts."

people. When, therefore, after the interval for refreshments, Doctor Dunston got up and said we had taken thirty-seven pounds four shillings, there was great cheering, and most did not hide their surprise.

A reporter came from *The Merivale Trumpet*, and Mitchell saw that he had plenty of refreshments for nothing, because this is expected by reporters, and much depends on it. He ate and drank well, so we naturally hoped for a column or two about the show; but the cur wrote a most

feeble account in three inches of type, and gave all the praise to Doctor Dunston, so I

need not repeat what he said.

The truth was as follows, and I shall take the programme by its items, and be perfectly fair about it. I won't pretend everything went off as well as we hoped, and some of the chaps didn't come off at all; but, on the other hand, many did, and the failures also got a friendly greeting. And even if you make a person laugh quite differently from what you expected, it's better than if he

doesn't laugh at all. Besides, we had to remember that everybody had paid solid cash, so it wasn't like a free show, where people have got to be pleased, or pretend to be. Because, when you have paid your money, you are free to display your feelings; and if people in a paying audience are such utter bounders as to laugh in the wrong places, there's no law against it, and the performers must jolly well stick it as best they can.

Well, of course, Percy Minimus was a certainty, and the start was excellent. In fact, some people wanted to encore him; but this did not happen—though he would have sung again—because the live rabbit which Abbott had borrowed from Bellamy for his illusions broke loose and dashed on to the platform. So when the audience expected Percy back, instead there appeared a large, lop-eared white rabbit with a brown behind. It looked, of course, as if Abbott had already begun to conjure, and, in fact, had turned Percy into a lop-eared rabbit. Anyway, the people were so much interested that they stopped encoring Percy, and seemed inclined to encore the bewildered rabbit. Then Abbott appeared and caught the rabbit, which had rather ruined his show by appearing in this way; and Vernon and Montgomery, who were his assistants, brought on the magic table, with various objects arranged upon it for the tricks. Unfortunately, Abbott was very nervous, which is a most dangerous thing for a conjuror to be, and tricks which he would have done perfection during school hours, or in the home circle, so to say, got fairly mucked up before the paying audience. He put on an appearance of great ease, but he couldn't manage his voice, and he forgot his "patter," and he also forgot how to palm, and kept dropping secret things at awkward moments, and making footling jokes to hide his confusion. The people were frightfully kind and patient, and that made him worse. I believe, if they had hissed, it might have bucked him up.

He forced a card, as he thought, on old Black, and after messing about with a pistol and an orange and a silk handkerchief and some unseen contrivances, he made the ace of spades appear in a bouquet of imitation flowers, and then challenged old Black to show his card, which he did do, and it unfortunately turned out to be the four of This fairly broke Abbott, and when it came to bringing the lop-eared rabbit out of a borrowed hat, every soul in that paying

audience saw him put it in first. It is true he tried to conceal it in a mass of other things under a huge flag, supposed to be the Union Jack; but the rabbit, which had never been conjured with before, and hated it, kicked violently and defied concealment, so to say. However, Abbott got a lot of trick flowers and vegetables and about half a mile of yellow ribbon into the hat at the same time as the rabbit, and the audience had not seen him do this, so they were slightly mystified, and applauded in a weary sort of way. He finished up by bringing a bowl of goldfish out of a dice with white spots on it, and, though there was no great deception, it passed off safely for the goldfish. Then Abbott bowed and cleared out; and thanks to Fortescue, who is fond of Abbott, and said "Bravo!" and tried to work up some applause, there was no absolute blank when he had done. But Montgomery and Vernon, who had to clear up the debris afterwards, got one of the best laughs of the night, because they became fearfully entangled in the yellow ribbon, and thoughtless people were a good deal amused to see it.

Then came Rice and Bassett in shorts, with a new pair of boxing gloves. A chair was put in each corner of the stage, and the seconds stood by the chairs. It was all pure science, but only a few chaps at the back appreciated them, and when, as bad luck would have it, Rice tapped Bassett's ruby in the first round, the women part of the audience gurgled, and gave little yelps and It was nothing, but evidently screams. appeared strange and dreadful to them; so the Doctor stopped the exhibition, and that item can be put down as an utter failure. Perhaps it was a silly thing to have arranged for a mixed audience; but we had to think of Rice's feelings, and we also knew that scores of countesses and duchesses go to see Carpentier and Wells, and such like in real fights, so we little dreamed anybody would squirm at a harmless exhibition bout that wouldn't have shaken a flea. was so, and consequently the glee singers were a great relief, and while they warbled their simple lays, the female part of the audience recovered. Of course, we Thespians did not see any of these things, as we were all making up for the great Trial Scene.

Forrester got fair applause for Fortescue's fine poem, but nothing special. As a matter of fact, he forgot the third verse, which was the best, and doubtless Fortescue felt very sick about it; but he was powerless to do anything, though he never much liked Forrester after.

Then came the grand item, and it was good in every way, and went very smoothly till just the end. Of course, I can't say anything about my rendition of Shylockin fact, I didn't feel I had gripped the audience in the least—but chaps told me you might have heard a pin drop, and nobody recognised me who knew me, and many of the people in the audience thought it was one of the masters, and not a boy at Pegram rather overacted the Duke, which is a part that merely wants stateliness, and no acting; but he would act, and so forgot his words and hung us up once or In fact, Pegram was not good; but Antonio, by Saunders, was a very thoughtful performance, and so was Bassanio, by Preston. Percy Minor certainly came off as Gratiano, and unfortunately he acted so jolly well that, in one of his fearful scores off me, I forgot the dignified pathos of Shylock, and laughed. It was a new reading, in a way, but I didn't mean to laugh, and it did a lot of harm. because after that the audience wouldn't take me seriously, though before, I believe, most of them had. It spoiled the illusion of the scene. Portia, in the hands of Williams, was most beautiful to see, but from the art point of view awful. He got out his words, however, and just at the end, before my exit, Minnie Dunston, who had plotted it with him in secret, threw him a bouquet of white chrysanthemums, and the fool picked it up and said out loud: "Thank you, Minnie!" Of course, after that, my exit went for nothing, and when it was over, I punched his head behind the scenes, while in front people were laughing themselves We got two calls, and it shows what a force the drama really is, because in the second half of the programme nobody cared a button about such excellent things as Percy Minor's comic song; and though Pratt and Cornwallis were mildly applauded, it was only because they happened to be still alive and not dead; and the lightning calculations of Nicholas didn't even tempt many men to come away from the refresh-I dare say many of them were very poor, and had to make so many lightning calculations themselves, owing to the War, that they weren't specially interested in what Nicholas could do. But for Tracey's play they all came, and such applause was never heard within the walls of Merivale, which shows that drama still holds its own.

The idea of "The White Feather" was

certainly very original, and the dialogue very satirical. As the girl with the white feathers, Williams appeared again — in a dress lent him by Minnie Dunston. This was too small in some places and too big in others; but thanks to a huge female hat and a wig of golden hair, Williams made a very fair flapper, though inches too tall for such a He gave a feather to Captain creature. Maltravers, V.C., from Gallipoli, who was in mufti; and Tracey, with an eyeglass-which he manages fairly well-and a moustache, was frightfully satirical at the flapper's expense, and every point he made went with a roar. Then the flapper stuck a white feather into the frock-coat of General Sir Champernowne—also in mufti—and he was not satirical, but got into a frightful rage, and gave up the flapper to a policeman. She cried and begged for pardon; and then the V.C. returned, and saved her from the General and the policeman, and promised to marry her after the War.

The house was fairly convulsed, and it was really jolly true to nature—so much so that the pianist almost forgot "God Save the King" when all was over. For though a professional, and well used to entertainments, he laughed as much as anybody.

Then the people "came like shadows and so departed," in the words of the immortal Bard; and not until next day did the final stupendous thing happen with old Black. He looked over the playground wall just before dinner, as he often did, to make a beast of himself about something, and, seeing me and Weston and another chap or two kicking about a football, he said to me: "Are you the boy Thwaites?" And I said

Then he said: "Come in, Thwaites; I

want to speak to you."

My first thought was—what had I done? But as I hadn't had any row with old Black for two terms, my "withers were unwrung," and I went; and he took me into his study, and handed me a bit of pink paper with writing on it.

"What's this, sir?" I asked.

"A cheque for the Red Cross," he answered. "A cheque for twenty guineas, to add to the money from your performance last night."

He was scowling all the time, mind you,

and looking as if he hated the show.

"I'm sure it's very sporting of you, sir," I said to old Black.

"Not in the least," he replied. "I laughed more last night than I have laughed

for fifty years. And I only paid half-a-crown—much too little for what I got."

I was fearfully amazed.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I didn't see you laugh once!"

"No," he answered, "and no more did anyone else. When I laugh, I laugh inside, boy, not outside. So do most wise men. Now be off; and when you next play Shylock, let me know. If I'm alive, I'll come." So I went, and we cheered old Black from the playground. He must have heard us, but he didn't show up.

Certainly, taking one thing with another, there are many extraordinary people in the world, and you may be surprised at any moment. No doubt it was one of those cases of coming to scoff and remaining to pray that you hear about, but don't often actually see.



WAITING FOR SPRING.

SHE said: "Would I might sleep With the bulbs I plant so deep, Forgetting, all the long Winter, That I must awake and weep.

A dreamless sleepy-head, Forgetting my Dear was dead; Nothing caring nor knowing, While the dark season sped.

I am so young, so young, And the years stretch out so long, The weeks and the months so endless— The long life does me wrong.

I would grow old and grey, As though 'twere only a day, Till his voice came calling, calling To me under the clay.

Then I should spring to the sun, Life done with, Life begun, And run where he waited to lift me Over the threshold stone."

She sighed in the wintry weather: "Would I and the bulbs together For Spring lay quietly waiting—I and the bulbs together."



Photo by] [Liverpool Pictorial Press Agency.

THE WEEKLY COLLECTION OF THE LIVERPOOL BRANCH OF THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTS COMMITTEE ON ITS WAY TO THE RAILWAY STATION.

GARDEN RATIONS FOR THE FLEET

By ALBERT CARTWRIGHT

T will not be the least remarkable by-effect of the War if the almost haphazard thought of a busy City man has as its outcome a more intimate association between the Imperial Navy and all ranks and grades of British people throughout the Empire than political propagandists have been able to bring about in a decade. There are reasons for saying that such a by-effect is in process of rapid formation. Here they are:—

When the War broke out, there were many business men, not within the enlistment age, who were anxious to help the cause of the Empire somewhere, somehow. Among them was, and is, a man prominently connected with cocoa-nut and copra, his family having owned plantations in the South Seas for generations. His name is Jerome Dyer. He is by birth a native of Victoria, Australia. It is particularly fitting that the Imperial movement which he half unconsciously began should be the work of a Colonial.

Mr. Dyer was educated for medicine. He did not care for it, left it, and, while still

under twenty, initiated and formed an enterprise—the first in the South—to apply the advantages of centralisation and refrigeration to the Australian dairying industry. When the company got to work, Australia was exporting under one hundred tons of butter a year. The company established cream-separating and refrigerating depots throughout the Island Continent. The export leaped up to thousands of tons, and its leaping up has hardly been begun in earnest even yet. Mr. Dyer had also spent some years in the Far East as a Commercial Commissioner for his State. In that capacity he had seen a good deal of the Imperial Navy, and he had conceived a mighty respect and affection for it and all its men and all its works.

Like thousands of others, Mr. Dyer felt deeply his lack of direct participation in the War, all the more as its outbreak found him still on the sunny side of fifty. He lives at Ealing, a popular London suburb, and his house has an unusually large garden, which, like a thrifty householder, he

uses in large measure for the production of fruit and vegetables. One afternoon, while the War was still only a week or two old, he was walking in his garden, and fuming at his inaction, when it occurred to him that he had more garden produce than he needed, and that the men of the Fleet have no fresh ration except potatoes. He thought he saw work for the cause at last, though he was still far from realising how great a work it would become. He decided to send all his surplus fresh produce to some ship of the Fleet. But where, and how?

The first inquiries did not yield flattering

potato. If some ships were supplied with rations superior to and more numerous than those dealt out to others, it is needless to say that complaints would arise. It is equally needless to say that no suggestion of favouritism could be made against a private voluntary association which sent as free gifts the supplementary rations which the Admiralty cannot supply, yet which are of priceless value so far as concerns the men's health and, therefore, their efficiency. Mr. Dyer decided to try to form such a body.

Good luck smiled on his work from the first. The Admiralty upheld its reputation



A FORMER FLOWER BORDER NOW UTILISED FOR GROWING VEGETABLES FOR THE FLEET: IN THE GARDEN OF THE RUABON RESIDENCE OF SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF NORTH WALES AND HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE RUABON BRANCH OF THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTS COMMITTEE.

results. The gifts would have to be sent a long way. The cost of transport would be about treble the market value of the gift. Moreover, there were numerous bases. At all of them extra fresh rations were highly desirable—this not because of any skimpiness, any parsimony, on the Admiralty's part. The reason why the Admiralty can only supply one fresh ration, and that potatoes, is a reason of discipline. Any official ration, fresh or preserved, supplied to the Navy must be such that the Admiralty can obtain and deliver it always and practically everywhere. The only fresh ration of which this can be said is the

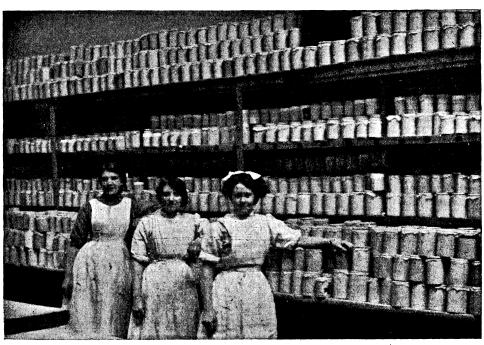
as that one of our Departments whose tape is the least red by at once giving him leave to form a committee. The Admiralty met Mr. Dyer more than half-way. From that time to this there has never been the slightest hitch, and at the present time the Admiralty and the commanders of the Fleet issue such orders that the distribution of the Committee's weekly gift is carried out as part of the daily work of the ships.

Mr. Dyer's second step was as happy as his first. He secured for the Committee a personnel that is unexceptionable. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, M.P.—as he then was—became its President, and a list of

Vice-Presidents, including many of the most active members of the Upper House and the Dominions' High Commissioners, was got together. An executive committee, well representative of the City and of the Services, was elected, and got to work at once. In London, Lord Charles Beresford, aided by Admiral Fremantle, Admiral Purefoy, the Earl of Plymouth, Mr. Bartley Dennis, M.P., Mr. Philip Foster, M.P., Mr. G. C. G. Wheeler, M.P., Mr. Shireff Hilton, Mr. Hudson Lyall, Lieutenant-Commander Smith-Dorrien, and others—of course, with Mr. Dyer himself—

firm of accountants doubtless had its effect in leading provincial firms of standing to give their expert services to the good cause, thereby supporting it with names which are as household words in many business circles.

The Royal Horticultural Society at Dublin, through a representative committee of which the Marquess of Headfort is chairman, looks after the work in Ireland. Practically nothing has been spent in advertising. Letters were sent out to the Press, calling attention to the Navy's needs and the object of the organisation, and



SOME OF THE JAM MADE AT WYNNSTAY, THE RUABON RESIDENCE OF SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF NORTH WALES.

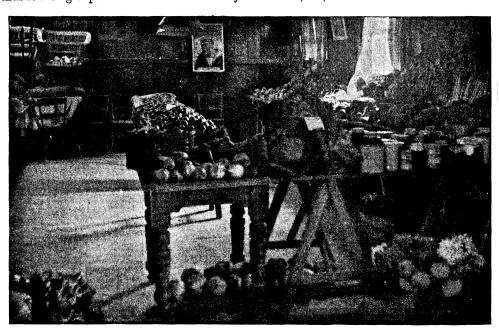
met and worked constantly, and within a month or two there began slowly to emerge the outlines of an undertaking national in extent and character. Not the least meritorious feature was the absence of fuss. Although the organisation has now become one of the most important voluntary associations concerned in the War, Mr. Dyer's unpretentious offices in Alderman's Walk, E.C., continue to be the headquarters. Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn placed his beautiful properties and his great influence at the Committee's disposal so far as Wales is concerned, and the presence on the Committee, as honorary treasurers, of a well-known City

asking those willing to help to send in their names. The Press gave prompt and willing help.

The result was a revelation. In almost every county and district people of every rank and order came forward, anxious to do something to show their good-will and gratitude to the men of the Fleet. Mr. Dyer had at the outset made up his mind that the right course was, while accepting gratefully any cash donations offered, to make personal service the keynote of the work. Perhaps he had in mind Russell Lowell's line: "Not what we give. but what we share."

His scheme, as he developed it, proved massively simple. It was that in every district there should be formed a branch of the Vegetable Products Committee-the name of the central organisation—a name almost distressingly undescriptive of the national and Imperial side of the project, but the only reasonably compact name There were to be which could be evolved. main branches in some of the greater towns, with subsidiary branches in the villages. Each branch would be put in touch with the naval base most convenient to it, and produce would be sent direct to this base, thus reducing expenditure of time and money to the naval bases free of charge. One of the companies—the Great Western—also gave the use of a vast warehouse, and free carriage to consignments of fruit sent to the Dardanelles. The Admiralty and the Navy received the help of the committees with thanks, and made every possible effort so to distribute the fresh food that every ship got its fair share.

By October 14, 1914, the first modest consignment had been got together. It consisted of one hundred packages of fresh fruit and vegetables, of a total weight of about 10,000 lbs. Since then over 12,000,000 lbs. have been sent. At the



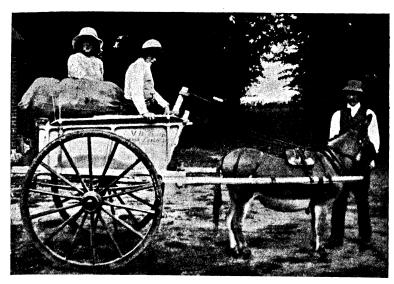
A CONSIGNMENT SENT TO THE FLEET FROM THE RUABON BRANCH.

This branch has sent not less than a ton per week of produce for the Fleet for the past sixteen months.

to the minimum. Each branch would be self - supporting and independent, without any kind of financial liability to the London committee. The members would agree to give to the men of the Fleet their surplus fresh fruit and vegetables. Any small out-of-pocket expenses would be met by the members themselves.

Two points will at once suggest themselves as obvious if the work were to reach serious dimensions. Delivery to the naval bases would be a serious item, and effective distribution to the ships would only be possible with the co-operation of the Admiralty and the Navy. The railway companies agreed to convey all the gifts

present time the main Committee and the various branches are sending to the Fleets every week from 130 tons upwards. When the first consignment was dispatched, the branches could probably have been counted on one's fingers. To-day there are about seven hundred branches, each vigorously alive, scattered over about eighty British counties. There are still wide tracts, especially in the Midlands, whose people are without branches. If the reader lives in such a district, it is to be hoped he or she will take steps at once to introduce the necessary organisation. These branches are served by about one hundred thousand individual producers. The great bulk of



YOUNG HELPERS OF THE CHELMSFORD BRANCH.

these producers are comparatively poor men and women.

But the enthusiast of Alderman's Walk, E.C., was far from being contented with having stirred up thirty thousand individuals of one of the most conservative of nations to this lively interest in what to them and millions of others had been something abstract and distant. He circularised the branches, and asked them, wherever possible, to lay out "Navy plots," i.e., pieces of land cultivated to their full extent and solely for the benefit of the Navy. It would be impossible to mention an expedient better calculated to appeal mutually to the Navy and the people. When it is said that one branch has laid out no fewer than sixty of these plots, the importance of this, from a national standpoint, will be apparent. So earnestly, indeed, were Navy plots taken in hand that during the autumn there was actually an over-abundance of supplies, which were stored against winter shortage.

Now, how does this remarkable work impress the Navy? How does it impress the hundreds of branch committees? More than all, how does it impress the

relatively poor people who form the vast majority of the thirty thousand producers?

So far as the higher officers of the Admiralty and the Navy are concerned, their judgment is emphatic. Sir Arthur May, the veteran Medical Director-General of the Admiralty, well aware, as a medical man, of the exceptional value of fresh food to men at sea, goes so far as to say that the efficiency and high standard of general health of the Fleet are largely due to the gifts sent by or through the Committee. Sir John Jellicoe says that it is impossible to overrate the benefit the men derive. The Captain of the Fleet, H.M.S. Iron Duke, says: "The work of the Vegetable Products Committee is a perfect godsend to the men of the Navy."



A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE CARRIER ABOUT TO TAKE THE LOCAL SUPPLY TO THE STATION.

What of the ordinary ratings of the Fleet? I have had the privilege of reading some hundreds of letters—some from sailors of various grades, acknowledging receipt of packages, and others from officials of the branch committees of the Vegetable Products Committee, and it is difficult to say which set of letters makes reading more gratifying from a national and Imperial standpoint.

Perhaps the most striking expression of appreciation on the part of the Fleet appears in "The Cyclopede," which is published for

circulation throughout the Fleet—

"For months past H.M.S. , in common with other ships of the Grand Fleet,

ship named after the county whence he hails—

"Please accept our very best thanks for the lovely lot of fruit. Of course, this being a West Country ship, it seems only natural that our own county is doing its very best for her sons, who are doing their little bit in return, and it is such things as this that spur one on to show their appreciation of your most generous gift."

This from an officer-

"What affects us most is the thoughtfulness of all these people ashore planting extra produce for the Navy. There has been nothing like it in any former campaign.

It makes us feel we are all one."

This is from the skipper of a mine-sweeper—

"I am pleased to state that we received some cases of fruit and vegetables in good condition. We all thoroughly enjoyed the same, and I think it is very good and kind of you to think so much about our sailors, as we have got a very unthankful situation at present, and a few things like this

seem to take the strain off your nerves. We all heartily thank you. With all our best wishes to you, hoping that you are enjoying good health, and I am pleased to say that we are all at present."

From a drifter—

"We thank the people very much of Thurlestone and Buckland for being so kind to send us such nice vegetables and fruit. We received the same in excellent condition, and are very pleased to know that you all are thinking upon us while we are at our duty on sea."

The letters from the secretaries of branches make equally delightful reading in another sense. Every class of the community has thrown itself into the work with a generous rivalry. Scarcely any other relief



Photo by]

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE ENERGETIC WORK OF THE BRANCH AT BATH.

has been supplied with generous supplies of fruit and vegetables contributed by innumerable givers all over the United Kingdom, and garnered and dispatched by a wonderful organisation called the Vegetable Products Committee. Without exaggeration, its work is one of the finest bits of organisation which this War has produced, and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which its work has conferred upon the Navy. Should this paper chance to fall into the hands of our generous benefactors, we trust this paragraph will catch their eye, and let them know that we are deeply grateful for all they have done."

The individual letters are equally emphatic. One must quote a few. Here is one from a West Country man serving on a



SCHOOL-CHILDREN OF EXMOUTH WITH THEIR COLLECTION OF GIFTS.

undertaking has brought the people together so much. Peers and village postmen, dukes and their own workpeople, are found as fellow-producers in the interests of the Navy. School-children, girls equally with boys, Boy Scouts and others, have begged to be allowed to help in making crates, in carrying the packages, in cultivating the "Navy plots." Already over six hundred of these pieces of ground are under cultivation in Scotland alone. The other day a Lincolnshire branch asked the Central Committee for £30 for sowing some hundreds of school plots, and the Central Committee, rather than see the work neglected, was willing to vote the money, though this would have been opposed to the principles of self-help. The local branch of its own motion withdrew its request, resolved to find the money for itself.

Here are a few extracts from the branch reports—

"One district is collected from entirely by Girl Guides, who make journeys with a hand-truck. Boy Scouts bring in the vegetables from other villages, and it is a cheery sight to see processions of Scouts, with trucks and wheel-barrows, or struggling under large sacks, coming in two miles or more to the packing depot" (Farnham, Surrey).

"I only began a week or two ago, but I can tell anyone who thinks of starting a depot that once they begin they will be quite fired with the idea. Such a dull thing as the proverbially unromantic vegetable assumes a wonderful glamour when you try to procure it for the sailors. I find myself greeting with joy all the vegetables, even cabbages,



A COLLECTION BY THE THREE COUNTIES BRANCH AT ARLESEY, BEDFORDSHIRE.

in the gardens round about. And, when you look about, it is surprising how many vegetables there are which might just go to seed if someone was not there to rescue them for the sailors. And it is encouraging when you find how eager the cottagers are to give—yes, and to do without—that the sailors may not lack. They have only to be told that our sailors need them, and how generous the response! But they must be told "(St. Cyrus, Kincardine).

"This is a small parish of two hundred people, labourers and small poultry farmers. When I think we can muster a supply, I choicest vegetables and fruit have been sent. A vast amount has been given by the cottage gardeners" (Cranlington, Northumberland).

"During the year there have been upwards of one hundred and eighty members, and we have sent fruit and vegetables to the value of about £4 weekly" (Highgate, London).

"Empty shops are lent to us for receiving and packing, and the local traders provide us with boxes, cases, and sacks. Running expenses are met by the workers themselves. Every penny is spent on produce" (Bournemouth).



A COLLECTION READY FOR DISPATCH AT HAYWARD'S HEATH.

send word to the school that I should like contributions. The next day, at dinner-time, I am greeted with old-fashioned curtseys, and I see a row of smiling faces. Each child has an offering. It may be a vegetable marrow, a sack of onions, or a bunch of turnips. One little person was clutching a paper bag, inside of which were four small apples for the Grand Fleet. Nothing is refused. Afterwards I write out a list of contributors, and it is put up in the village shop. I believe this collection encourages patriotism, and that in the far future the child will like to think of his or her part in the Great War" (Polegate).

"Upwards of twenty tons of the very

"We have dispatched 200,000 lbs. Many of the farmers set apart an acre for the Navy. We, the committee, do the collecting, as we cannot get labour" (Swindon).

"Many carriers bring in the gifts from outlying parts, and carry the produce to the railway free" (Chelmsford).

This tribute to the local carrier is repeated in dozens of reports.

"Almost everyone in the parish gives produce, takes consignments to the railway, brings back empties, gives packing-cases, and so on. The givers are mostly working people" (Kingsbridge).

"The people are mostly labourers, and



MR. JEROME DYER,
Originator of the movement.

though they have to depend upon their gardens themselves, they have sent more

than three tons—in less than three months—and a number have set aside plots for the Navy" (Dunmow).

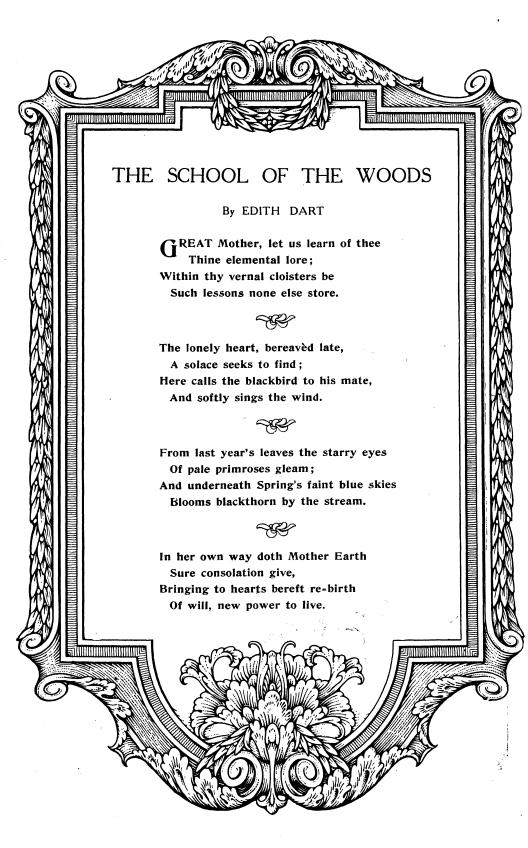
"Rhubarb parade in our infant scheol produces a large quantity, one mite carrying an armful for a mile" (Reddington, Notts).

Not these islands only, however, but practically the whole Empire is associated in this great and beneficent undertaking. Substantial shipments of gifts have been received from the various Provinces of Canada and Australia, from Cape Colony and Natal, Egypt, the West Indies and Mauritius, while gifts in the form of cash have come from India, Ceylon, New Zealand, Hong Kong and British North Borneo. The United States, Spain, Portugal, the Argentine, and Brazil have also participated.

Enough has, perhaps, been said and quoted to show that the Vegetable Products Committee is bringing home to the Navy and the landsman, in the most human way, the meaning of mutual aid. It is showing with what ease additional thousands of tons of excellent food can be grown, and thousands of tons saved, and it is proving that simple and effective social organisation need not be confined to the German Empire.



Photo by] [Harrison, Lincoln,



FEAR OF HOME

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HE lads of Fore-andaft Cove are not
given to deep-sea
faring. They are
confirmed homekeepers. Poverty
and the perils of
the coastwise waters
keep the population
from increasing to an
inconvenient extent.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Jerry Chalker was the first and only son of the little harbour to leave it for deep-sea voyaging. But no adventurous spirit drove him forth; no craving for wider horizons lured him out.

The men and boys of Fore-and-aft Cove worked the shore fisheries of the outer bay in their skiffs. Senseless currents, sudden fogs, and shifts of wind made it a perilous and benumbing occupation; and the reward was frequently insufficient for the needs of back and belly. In the early months of winter they hunted the caribou on the vast barrens behind the harbour, sometimes with success, and as often with failure. spring, ten or a dozen of the sturdiest of them tramped southward to Harbour Grace, and shipped with Old Skipper Bartt, Young Skipper Bartt, Skipper Bill Pike, or some other notable slayer of seals, for a trip to the ice. The adventure to the floes was a hard way of making a modest sum of money, even with luck and a "log-loaded" ship; but the men of Fore-and-aft were accustomed to hard ways, and even in their wildest dreams an easy way of making money was beyond their imagining.

Jerry Chalker made his first journey to Harbour Grace, and his first and last trip to the ice, in his eighteenth year; but he was not without experience. Like other strong-limbed lads of the coast, he had learned at an early age to run on the shore ice when it was adrift in the spring; to leap unerringly

from pan to pan; to cross patches of "slob," or crushed ice, with flying feet; even to strike some unwary harbour seal with his bat, and deprive it of hide and blubber with his "sculping knife."

All ten men from Fore-and-aft Cove obtained berths with Captain Pike, of the old *Walrus*. This was a grand stroke of luck for the ten men from the north, for Bill Pike had the name of a successful sealer, and it was years since the *Walrus* had returned from the ice without a deck-load; and the larger the load for the ship, the larger the "bill" for every member of the crew.

That year the sealing fleet from Harbour Grace consisted of four vessels. The four lay all night with their bows toward the great bay and the sea beyond, their furnaces aglow and all their men aboard. At seven o'clock they started away to the bang of a gun ashore, as if for a race. And truly they raced, each captain striving against his fellows in a competition that offered prizes of gold and death, steaming out of the great bay and northward to put his luck, his skill, and his ship and men to the test of the ice.

When the ships got clear of the northern cape of Conception Bay, and swung their heavy prows north and nor'-by-west, the Walrus was slightly in the lead. The wind was moderate, and out of the west. The sun was bright, the sky clear, and the air nipping cold. To port lay the broken coast, the snow-capped cliffs brown and purple in the sun, the land-wash fringed by shore ice that gleamed white and azure between the black rocks and the green seas. To starboard lay the vasts of ocean, the discoloured hulls and black reek of the other sealers, the innumerable grey seas rising and falling and rising again without haste or violence, riding in from a wavering and colourless horizon.

The one hundred and forty men aboard the *Walrus* were in high spirits. Captain Pike was a great skipper, and the *Walrus* was a grand ship. Every poor son of distress aboard felt as sure of "making a bill" as of his need of it. Songs were sung. Big-chested stories were told of other trips to the ice, of log-loaded ships, of fabulous bills. Had not Skipper Bill Pike himself once encountered the Greenland floe and the myriads of ice-riding seals just north of the straits, and loaded his ship, to the utter disregard of the Plimsoll marks; in two days and a night? It was so.

From Cape Freels the course of the Walrus was laid fair for Cape Bauld, the most northern point of Newfoundland. The white glimmer of floe ice was sighted to the eastward as darkness settled slowly upon the wastes; but Captain Pike held to his course. It was the right kind of ice, he admitted—Greenland ice—but few seals were riding it.

"I can smell the swile," he said to his bewhiskered mate, "like my father could, an' like his father afore him."

Dawn showed nothing of the other ships to the men of the Walrus, save two smudges of black smoke far to the east, and a third far astern.

Jerry Chalker was big, ignorant, uncouth, docile, and immune to hardship. He differed from his kind only in one particular. mind was alive to such an extent as to be affected by other suggestions than those inspired by hunger, cold, and physical danger. He wondered and worried about the depths the ship's keel. Sometimes immensities of sky and sea awoke sensations of despair in him which he could neither name nor understand. He knew fear, and this was not fear. He had known grief when his mother died, and this was not Vaguely, almost unconsciously, he envied the men around him, who smoked and cursed undismayed in the face of that vast of desolation, merry so long as their bellies were satisfied, unafraid so long as they were not actually struggling against death and disaster. But when Jerry tried to reason out these distressing sensations, his mind seemed to drift in a circle, feebly, painfully, uselessly. He could not think: He could only feel with his mind.

Jerry's queer distaste for his desolate surroundings did not occupy his time and attention exclusively. Far from it. A keener emotion than this periodical and nameless despair was his admiration for the captain. It was an awed admiration, and impersonal, like a savage's regard for the god of thunder and lightning. The two had never exchanged a word, to date.

Jerry Chalker, lolling with his kind on the

forward deck, raised his eyes to the bridge continually, and regarded the supermen there with awe and wonder. And the greatest of those superior creatures was Captain Pike. Jerry's mind struggled to comprehend the greatness of the skipper, as yours and mine sometimes struggle to comprehend the vastness of the starry universe. The immensities of the captain's powers and parts baffled the lout's toiling intelligence.

He knew that the big, lean man, with the sandy moustaches and the blue eyes, held the life of the great ship and the lives of her company in his hand; and yet he seemed to give his attention only to the ship, the sea, and the sky, standing apart from and high above the crew and the company of seal killers, and dealing with them only through his officers.

He had seen the captain turn his head, up there on the bridge, and the boiling cutwater swing to port in answer. With a turn of the head the master directed those thousands of tons of wood, steel, and humanity across the trackless seas.

The wonder of it filled Jerry, head and soul, for he knew nothing of the mechanical contrivances which connected the bridge with the engine-room. To him it seemed that the ship read the captain's thought.

Bill Pike was a clever sealer, beyond a shadow of doubt. Fifty miles north of the strait, and one hundred miles off-shore, at noon of a golden and windless day, he ran the old *Walrus* into the seal-ridden floe. He drove that massive prow into a wound in the seaward flank of that immeasurable white field, so that his killers could disembark from both sides. They scattered over the ice, each man equipped with towline, skinning knife, and "bat" of birch wood.

The seals were of the two great "hair-seal" families—Harps and Hoods. They are valuable only for their hides and blubber. In the gathering of this strange and pitiful harvest, the thick pelt and its deep lining of blubber are removed in one operation, and the red carcase is left to blot the white floe, to feed the sea-birds, and later the fishes.

The ice was soon stained and fouled in all directions. The pelts of the nearer seals were towed back to the ship as soon as procured; but the farther slayers killed and flayed and passed on, leaving mounds of pelts behind them to be towed to the ship by others, or picked up later by the ship herself, should a shift of wind spread the component parts of the floe. These deposits of hide and blubber were marked by small

flags distinguishing them as the property of the *Walrus*, as a safeguard against their being claimed by the crews of any other

ships that might happen along.

Jerry Chalker worked in company with three others, all of Fore-and-aft Cove. They struck and skinned, struck and skinned, and moved on to fresh slaughters unceasingly, reaping that bleeding field with a perfect frenzy of energy, dead to the horrors of their task. The larger the ship's load, the larger the reward for every member of her company; and the quicker the load aboard and the ship back in port, the sooner the money in the pocket.

A little wind fanned out from the west. Captain Pike, on the high bridge, remarked it, read the glass, and studied the round horizon. The little wind shifted slightly, shifted again and again, pouring out across those thousands of acres of ice a clear, cold current—from the nor'-west, from the nor'nor'-west, from the north-by-west. the captain consulted the glass and the sky. The sky had lost something of its clear azure, the sunlight something of its clear The captain looked down at the pelts which had already been hoisted aboard, and out and away at the gleaming, stained ice, at the scattered, active black dots which were the toiling killers, and at the mounds He was an ambitious man, and there was greed as well as courage in his heart. He turned his glance to the south and east.

"Not another ship in sight," he said. "It is all ours. There will be dirty weather to-morrow; but we'll be log-loaded and away before it strikes us, at this rate."

"The glass bes fallin' fast, sir," said the

second mate.

"I noticed it, Mr. Kelly," replied the skipper ironically. And then, with another voice, he cried: "We'll go home with a deck-load this trip! Aye, Tim, loaded to the stack—log-loaded! We'll show 'em who are the lads who can smell out the ice an' the swile!"

"She bes breedin' for a flurry, sir," said old Kelly, gazing straight into the north with narrowed eyes. "Aye, breedin' fast."

The skipper slapped Mr. Kelly playfully

on a bulky shoulder.

"Belay that, Tim Kelly!" he cried. "D'ye think to teach me the tricks o' wind and weather? A flurry we'll have, as sure as God makes ice an' sets it adrift; but we'll be log-loaded before we clear away from this floe."

The shifting of the wind into the north, and the scarcely perceptible dulling of the sky, did not escape the more experienced of the busy slayers out on the ice. Black Nick Chalker looked up from the sculping of a seal, with his bewhiskered face to the north, as sharply as if someone had spoken his name. He read the signs. He had made the trip to the ice every spring for twenty years. He finished the task in hand, then flung the warm pelt aside, and got to his feet. He turned and gazed questioningly off toward the distant ship.

"B'ys, a flurry bes breedin' to the nor'ard," he said, "an' they breeds big an' quick hereabouts. The ice will go all abroad i' a gale o' wind, an' the flurry'll blind us. I see it fifteen year ago, an' I see it t'ree

year ago."

His three companions halted in their advance, considered sky and wind and ice, then turned and came back to him.

"Aye, it do look bad," said Jerry Chalker, shivering slightly. "It do look like somethin' dead was comin' alive 'way off there."

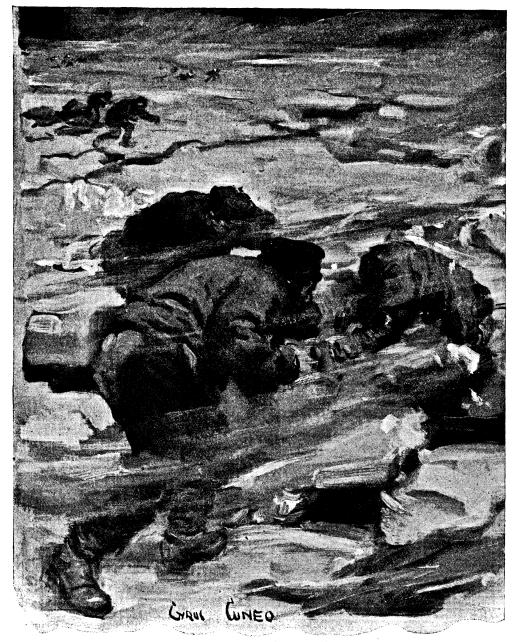
"Aye, but the skipper bain't flyin' no flag

to call us aboard," said Con Strowd.

"They hangs on, the skippers do," said Black Nick Chalker mournfully. "They allus hangs on. Where the swile lays thick the skippers shut their eyes to what's breedin' to win'ward. Sure, an' why not? It bain't on the ship's bridge, nor yet i' the chart-room, ye git yerself lost i' the flurry, an' starved to death wid the cold. I'll be headin' back for the old Walrus, lads, widout waitin' for the skipper's signal, an' the t'ree o' ye will be comin' along wid me if ye bain't fools."

So the four worthies from Fore-and-aft Cove ceased their slaying, shouldered their bats, coiled their towlines, and started back for the ship. They moved without haste at first, and with a casual air. They did not want to attract attention to their retreat, for, after all, Nick might be wrong about the speed of the storm that was gathering in the north. The skipper's neglect to fly a signal for return to the ship might be justified by a continuation of fine weather for hours.

The pale, steel tint of the northern sky thickened to an earthy brown. This, in turn, changed, and deepened and hardened to dull slate. The wind increased in weight and chill. Black Nick Chalker quickened his pace, and Jerry and the other two followed him close. Jerry glanced behind him, and to the right and left, and saw other groups of killers desist from their

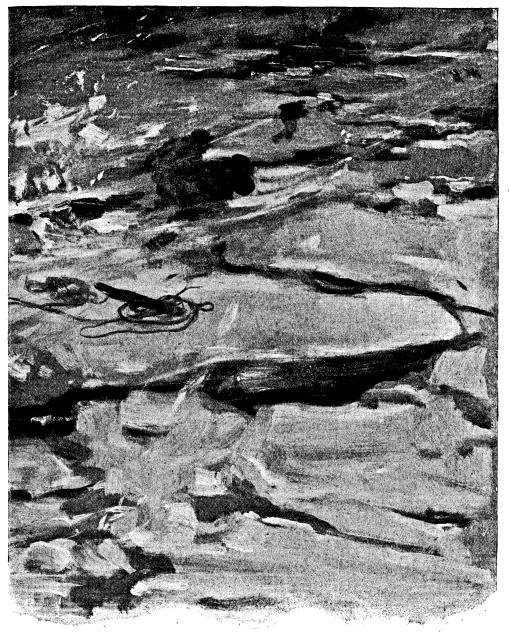


"They scrambled up and raced forward madly. Cracks appeared in the labouring floe."

work and head for the ship. Many of these groups were miles away on the darkling floe, and looked no larger than crawling flies. The ship flew the signal of recall. The gloom deepened with the swiftness of the shadow of titanic wings. Jerry turned fearful eyes to the north, and saw the sky as black as night from the tossing horizon to the ominous purple dome.

A sound sprang into being, grew, filled the

darkening world. A torrent of falling wind struck the floe. Jerry and his friends held their mittened hands to their mouths and ran. The wind pressed down upon their bowed shoulders, and struck upon their necks like frosty iron. The ice rose and fell beneath their feet. They staggered; they went down upon their hands and knees; they scrambled up and raced forward madly. Cracks appeared in the labouring floe,



"They staggered; they went down upon their hands and knees;"

through which the breath of the tortured waters beneath blew like smoke.

The gloom deepened. The outcry of the wind bruised ear and brain. The bitter cold snatched the breath from the lips. Men leaped the crevices in the breaking floe with prayers on their lips and terror at their heels. The ship's whistle piped feebly against the roaring of the elements. Snow as dry as sand appeared suddenly in the

deluging tides of air, and swirled about the frantic runners. Bats and towlines and bags of food were discarded. The race was with death.

Captain Pike stood on the high bridge and drove the big ship into the spreading ice. The whistle bellowed behind him. Red lights flared on the decks below him, forward and aft. The wind buffeted him and wrenched him. The swirling dry snow powdered him and blinded him. He clung to the iron railing and drove his ship through the ice, searching for his men—searching heroically for the lives which he had already played with and lost. Ten men had come aboard at the first stroke of the tempest. Six more had been picked up before the wind had become thickened by the snow. After that the lads from Fore-and-aft Cove had been found and hoisted over the rail. And since then—nothing.

The darkness and the violence of the storm increased. The fury of the snowfreighted wind exceeded the power of human comprehension, of belief, of the meaning of words. The great pans of ice plunged against the old ship's broad bows and hammered her sides. The frothing screw drove her forward, and the black-andwhite tempest hurled her back. The ship and her master fought the storm — man's handiwork and science, man's brain and courage and cunning fought against the insane and unreasoning monstrosity which the wastes of the North had conceived and hurled And man and ship were defeated. Captain Pike was dragged into the chart-room, unconscious and frost-burned, and revived with brandy. The first mate and Mr. Kelly took the bridge, muffled in furs to their eyes. The beaten ship swung around and retreated sullenly before the onslaught of ice and wind.

The wind abated before midnight, and the snow ceased to fall an hour later. The cold did not lessen. Frozen stars glinted above the rolling seas. Captain Pike staggered back to his post on the high and swaying bridge. The old ship swung around and steamed back to the scene of its defeat. A man went aloft to keep a sharp look-out. The captain nursed a wild hope in his heart that some of the poor fellows on the ice might have made fires of their splintered bats and the raw blubber of the seals, and so saved themselves from death. But this hope died miserably. The ice rode the seas in widely scattered pans, but no pan showed the red blink of fire.

Dawn was glimmering under an ashen lid when the old ship began to recover her men from the great scattered ice rafts. I call them men. They were hauled up the sides and swung inboard to the icy decks like baulks of timber. Some were straight and some were crooked. They were piled upon the decks. The ship headed southward and homeward then, her sealing over for that year. She carried a deck-load, even as the skipper had prophesied.

Eighty-two frozen corpses stacked like timber on the icy decks! It is not every skipper that is called upon to sail such a freight as that into port.

Young Jerry Chalker possessed a mind to feel with, even if not to reason with. It was a wonderful mind for the retention of terrific pictures. Courageous as he was in heart and nerve, he was a coward inside his skull. The grim incidents of his first trip to the ice haunted him with marrow-chilling pictures day and night. The homeward voyage with those frozen bodies was a black, unforgettable horror. Near the top of one of the heaps of timber-stiff human flesh lay Red Mike Scanlon, of Fore-and-aft Cove, face upward, eyes open, mouth wide as if he had died in the very act of shouting down the wind. Jerry saw it once, and held it clear-cut in his brain until the day of his death.

Only once between the ice and Harbour Grace, homeward bound, did Jerry see the great captain. He looked up at the bridge many times a day, and saw only one or two of the mates there; but on the morning of the day they made port he beheld the broad shoulders and splendid head of the skipper above the canvas dodgers. The lean, high-featured face was not so ruddy as of old, but the blue eyes were clear and fearless, though somewhat fixed in their forward gaze.

Jerry Chalker fled from the death-ship into the streets of the grief-stricken town, with the horrors of that voyage at his heels. He had no money, and he had made no " bills," but sympathetic and curious townsmen entertained him and questioned him. The red rum did not cheer Jerry. It only served to excite him, and to brighten and warm the pictures in his mind. The tolling of the bells in the town seemed to drive the horror deeper and deeper into the young man's brain at every booming stroke. No tavern in the place was deep enough to guard his throbbing brain from that sound.

A shipmaster all ready to clear for Brazil, but short of men, happened upon Jerry, listened, questioned, and understood. Jerry went aboard the barque that same night, signed on as an ordinary seaman. He slept like a log in the warm forecastle, and he was allowed to sleep late. His mental distress and the fumes of his unaccustomed potations deepened and prolonged his slumber. The barque was clear of the harbour and heading eastward for the open sea when he awoke.

Jerry rejoiced in the daily unwinding of the salty miles between himself and the fearsome North. He felt homesickness, but his horror of the entire terrific North, from Harbour Grace to the drifting ice fields beyond the strait, was stronger than his affection for Fore-and-aft Cove. No one was dependent upon him in Fore-and-aft Cove. His mother was dead; he was unmarried; he had no sweetheart. Whenever he thought of the little harbour of his nativity, the picture of the frozen corpse of Red Mike Scanlon flashed to aching fire in his brain—the wide eyes as dull as frosted windows, the open mouth, whose black lips were set for ever in a futile grimace of shouting for help.

Pictures of Captain Pike on the sealer's high bridge sometimes returned to Jerry, and he wondered about that great man. The tragedy of the floe would not touch the great man deeply, he was set so high above the poor fellows who had died, thought Jerry. And he was without fear or pity. Jerry had seen that in the clear, unflinching eyes. And he was rich. The loss of one trip to the ice would mean little to him, even though his share of a full cargo of pelts would have been reckoned in thousands.

The captain of the barque was an excellent man within his limitations. He had understood Jerry Chalker's desire to forget his terrible experience of the ice in foreign voyaging that day in Harbour Grace; but he could not understand the condition of the mind that whitened the lad's face at the suggestion of returning to Newfoundland. He thought it sheer nonsense, and he said so; and, to prove that he was right, he refused shore leave to Jerry in Pernambuco.

Refused the customary privilege of shore leave, Jerry Chalker took French leave. was not into a bed of roses that Jerry jumped from the ship's rail; but his blood and upbringing saved him from the pangs of humiliation, and he was hardened to hunger and thirst. In time he found work of sorts, and so claimed the privilege inherited from Father Adam, to eat and drink in the sweat of his brow. The sweat of his brow was copious in that stewing climate. Within six months of his desertion from the barque he obtained humble but steady employment on a big coffee estate behind the city. He was content, even happy, save when his mind was tortured by visions of that breaking floe, that darkling sky, the torrent of wind and snow, and the four score dead men stacked like baulks of timber on the icy decks. Sometimes at night he awoke, shaken with fear, with the

tolling of the bells of Harbour Grace clanging in his brain.

So two years passed. Jerry went into the city one day on some petty affair of business for his employer. He stabled his mule, attended to the business, and then entered a shabby eating house for his belated breakfast. Two seafaring men sat at a table in front of him. He judged them to be skippers or mates of sailing vessels from the north. One faced him, the other sat with his back turned squarely to him. Jerry was not impressed by these small fry of the sea. He had known a greater—the master of a sealing steamer—Skipper Pike. But as he ate his highly seasoned breakfast, he could not avoid overhearing fragments of the mariners' conversation. What he heard caught his attention and interest.

It was evident to Jerry that the two shipmasters were somewhat the worse for their morning cups. Both voices were thick. The eyes of the one who faced him were staring and maistly glazed.

were staring and moistly glazed.

"The disgrace of it," said the big man with his back to Jerry. "I could have kep' my ship if I'd wanted to, but not me! I don't show my face where any man alive has a right to sneer at it."

"Seven thousand for a three weeks' v'yage!" exclaimed the other. "Don't tell me it wasn't nothin' but sneers drove ye away from that to sail a rotten little barquentine out o' Halifax."

"One spring it was nine thousand I drew. But what the devil do you an' the likes o' you know about the wages o' men and the ways o' the ice?"

"You was scart, that's what. Fear's

what's brought ye to this."

"Fear! Not me! But it was a girla merchant's daughter round in St. John's. Nothing like the kind o' women ye know about, ye mean little squid of a windjammer Oh, shucks! Don't mind what I Have another. She called me a murderer! Aye, slam in my face. That's what a man gets when his luck turns just once. I went to the States an' burned all my money in six An' here I am. Whenever I months. stow too much liquor aboard, I blab about it to some fool like you. But fear? No,

The other, the smaller of the two, laughed

unpleasantly.

"I don't believe a blasted word of it!" he cried.

His companion swung around violently in

his chair and faced Jerry Chalker. His blue eyes were blurred and moist, his cheeks were inflamed, and a tangle of red beard hid his jaws and chin.

"You!" he cried. "D'ye hear this shrimp call me a liar? Remember it. He called me a liar! An' now you'll see me kill 'im.

You'll see me do it, whoever you are!"

Jerry pulled himself to his feet.
"Don't ye do it, sir!" he cried. "Leave 'im be, sir. I'll tell 'im who ye be, for didn't I make a trip to the ice wid ye meself, Skipper Pike?"

"You?" cried the big mariner, sagging in his chair and staring at Jerry with amazed and desperate eyes. "When?"

"Two year ago, sir," replied Jerry.
"Two year ago—when the flurry caught us

on the floe—an' you sailed the old Walrus into port log-loaded—log-loaded with frozen men!"

Captain Pike screamed with terror, sprang from his seat, and fled from the eating-house into the glaring street. Jerry could not move. He sat and gaped at the open door.

"Scart," said the remaining shipmaster.
"I was right. He mistook ye for a frozen corpse, mate. He's a coward. He's ha'nted. Fear will kill 'im yet, for the rum can't save 'im."

Jerry Chalker got heavily to his feet, left the place without a word, and rode back to his rural employment and the sweltering fields, with the horror of the North riding his crupper, and the dust of a fallen god choking his heart.

FOR ENGLAND.

AUGHTER and tears they knew, and the fresh lift
Of heart that comes when Spring breaks green again
Across the world, hope, and the priceless gift
Of work, success and failure, rest and strife,
And all the little common things of Life.
But now that they have fared beyond our ken,
Something they know, that we have never known,
Who, thoughtless, spilt their generous young blood
For England. Something we have never had
Is theirs, for, this world's garments all outgrown,
Through the transparency of fortitude
They look on Love—an undimmed and perfect whole—
See past Earth's vistas, and go, bravely clad
In the undying fabric of the soul!

Theirs is the joy—to have mounted on the crest, But for a moment, of Life's highest wave!

To have given all so royally, that the rest—
The clutch of fear, the loss of loved ones—seems A fantasy, a medley of dim dreams
Beside the one great need of being brave! . . .

And English sunshine gilds the uplands still, And English Spring comes, white and burgeoning! Although our arms are empty, our hearts sore, The miracle of growth the days fulfil. . . .

Oh, birds, sing loud to help us! Flowers, bring Assurance to hopes wan and fugitive!
For they who, fighting, fell, and, falling, wore The imperishable stuff of Spirit, live!

THE GAY HAZARD

VI. THE HUNTER'S MOON

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram



N the top of Beamsley
Moor three separate
companies were
seeking each other,
and all were laughed
at by the mist. The
six who hunted
Mortimer kept
shouting, shouting
to him, and he kept
answering; and for

ever they went wandering in circles that did not touch each other. And Lister's daughter, out of earshot, but not far away, was seeking Mortimer and could not find him.

The mist played with them as a cat toys with a mouse. It lifted its fleecy curtains for a while, let them see as far as twenty yards, and tempted them to think it would show them soon the further landmarks. It let them see for fifty yards, a hundred, luring them forward, and then it closed again about them with a mockery terrible and silent.

Pitch darkness can be dismaying enough, with its stealthy sounds suggesting unseen ambush. But the mist hid no sound of any sort, and in this silence lay an odd, uncanny dread. Nor was there any darkness. This thing that hindered them from finding the track down the moor was grey-white and almost luminous. And ever the cold, dank smell of it oppressed their spirits a little and a little more. It was like being held by cobweb chains that one could thrust aside and thrust aside, but ever find them closing in afresh.

Lister's daughter had been afraid and tearful for a moment, but pride stepped through the mists to help her. Pride had always known where to find man or woman of the Listers, through any chance of road and weather.

"We're in a nightmare, Laura, it would seem," she said, with her pleasant laugh.

"Most o' life is a nightmare, mistress. It stands to reason it must be, with all the women crazy by birthright, and the usual sort o' men half daft."

"Oh, granted; but what are we to do?"

"Bide where we are, and be thankful for naught worse happening. That's what my mother taught me, when things went wrong. 'Laura,' said she, 'it's good to be safe at home, though I have burned the apple-pasty, and your father will be in a rare tantrum when he comes home for his dinner. And if I answer him sharp-like, never heed. It's good to bide at home.' That's what my mother used to say."

"A wise mother," Miss Lister agreed.
"She had gone chasing her goodman through the mists, I fancy, when they were

vollna

And now the mist lifted again, showing them a patch of beaded ling and bracken. And Miss Lister's groom hazarded a guess that he knew the look of the hummock away yonder to the right. He would ride forward, by her leave, and make sure that he could guide them down to Listerhall.

They watched him ride into the sunlight stealing through the mist; and then there was fleecy greyness once again, hiding him from them. He tried to return, and called to them, and they answered, and rode forward to seek the shouting; but it lessened, and died out, and they were piteously alone.

"A fool, like all men," said Miss Lister

dispassionately.

"Trying his best, as men do," answered Laura suavely. "That's the worst o' men,

as I've found them. If they'd just take life easy-like, as we do, what a lot o' trouble the world would be saved!"

"My girl, are you never cold and hungry? Suppose we are to die here on the moor, will you not lose temper—just once, to please me?"

"I might, when we get nearer dying; but that's a long way off, we'll hope. And as for temper, I'd as soon lose it as I'd lose my hand on the reins. I was never one to ride a runaway horse—not for choice."

"There are just two things I loathe—philosophy and an even temper. And you have them both, Laura, so that I want to box your ears."

"It would warm them a li'le bit, and

they're coldish, I'll allow."

Miss Lister touched the girl's arm with her riding-whip. "You will spare me one piece of wisdom, or I beat you. Your mother used to say that the darkest hour came always near to dawn; but I tell you fairy tales are of no service now we're lost, and chilled to the bone, and hungry. The mist will not lift till we're dead, Laura; and Mr. Mortimer has been killed or taken by this time, and nothing will ever matter again."

"That's good news," said Laura placidly.
"There'll never be aught to worry about

again, by that token."

A mile or two away, Mortimer and his six pursuers were seeking each other diligently; but always, when the sun struggled through, and they thought to find each other in the acres opening out before them, the moor was hidden again. Baffled, wet to the skin, they wandered in and out, and up and down the tufted hillocks, till they wearied of the pastime, and let their tired horses rest.

It was an hour after noon when the mists found them, and, when at last they lifted, the sun was not far from his bed, away behind the round top of Huntsman's Crag.

Deveen and three of the pursuers had kept together, more by good luck than guidance. They looked across the moor, but saw nowhere any trace of Mortimer and the little mare that carried him.

"Gone away," said Deveen, with his heavy laugh. "Let's ride down and see what a bottle or two will do to take the chill out of our bones."

They got down a mile toward the lower lands, and were met there by another swirl of mist that blanketed them completely; and they seemed like to sup that night on smell of the brackens and the marshes, and wished the day would come.

Linthwaite and Dantry found themselves not very far apart, on the edge of broken land that might well have been their death. They looked down the rough, stony slope, then at each other.

"We have a duel for to-morrow, Dantry," said the older man. "It seems odd, after just missing riding to death down yonder."

"At your service—entirely at your service. It makes me laugh to think how near we were to the end of duels and all else."

"Most affairs make you laugh, youngster; but, if we're to get down home in time for our beauty sleep, we'd best be jogging. I don't trust these hill mists."

They had better fortune than their four comrades. Luck of their wandering had taken them to the Beamsley side of the moor, and though they encountered many wayward pools of mist that hid their horses to the girths, they won through to the valley, where all was prosperous, and soft, and pleasant in the warmth of the sun's down-going.

"Why did you pick that quarrel with me?" asked Dantry, as they passed the grey front of the Hospital, where an old, old woman was taking the evening air with her three

cats.

"You need to laugh again, my lad? Well, it was an affair of honour. Oh, I see the laughter brewing up in your will-o'-thewisp, queer eyes. I've had no great regard for women—you'll admit as much?"

"With applause, sir, with applause."

"But it happens that Lister of Listerhall—may his pride fly away with him, Dantry—has a daughter. She is—is of the cleanly things, and you laughed out of season. It's a queer foible of yours, and gets you into trouble."

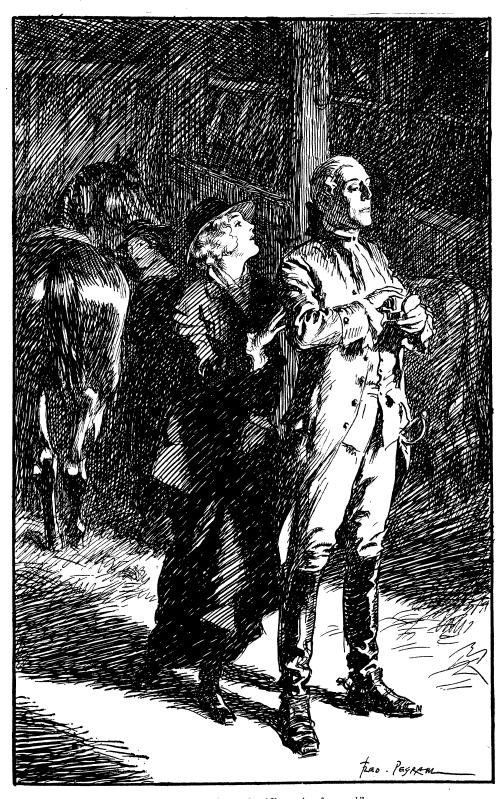
"So that's why we fight? Ride home with me, and dine and sleep, Linthwaite. We'll drink level, and wake level, and all will be fair when we meet at dawn."

The boyish heedlessness had its appeal for the older man. A week ago nothing would have pleased him better than to fall in with Dantry's levity, but now he could not do it.

"Another day," he said, halting at the cross-roads where his own way home branched off. "It will not be frolic to-morrow, lad, and so I warn you."

The laughter died out of Dantry's face. Courage answered the plain challenge. "You shall get as good as you give," he said, "and I'll be punctual."

Yet he could not shake off altogether the imp of mischief that was his shadow. After they had saluted gravely, and gone their



"' Dick,' she said gently, 'I'm caring for you."

separate ways, Dantry reined about and called the other back.

"We ought to have some agreement about level drinking. How many bottles to-night? If you take one, I take one; but I'd rather have two, if you're of the same mind."

"Two be it, then, though I'll drink a third myself, to make the odds level. You've no

great head for wine, youngster."

Away on Beamsley Moor, the groom who had lost himself shared the luck of Linthwaite and Dantry, When the mist cleared, he was on the lower slopes that led toward home. After long riding to and fro in search of his mistress, and crying to a wilderness that brought answer only from bleating, daft-wit sheep, he thought it best to ride for Listerhall and tell his master what had chanced. But Lister's daughter, with her maid, found themselves on the higher lands, where the mists would not leave their kingdom without stubborn battle in retreat. Again and again the phalanxes came on, thinned and weakened, but strong enough to hide the sunset light and the tracks that led toward home.

"We shall die of cold, girl," said Janet wearily, "and I would not have cared, if--

if he could have known."

"Known what, mistress?"

"Oh, one can be frank now. Every woman can keep a secret when she's deadso you will, girl. You see, Laura, he was so careless, and they named him Mad Dick, and said life was a game of ball to him. Wine and duels and women's glances—he took them all as they came. And I should have known, Laura, that—that he cared. And I sent him out, and he will never know."

"Never's a long while, and all mists lift,

give 'em long enough."

"Ay, and fairies are to be seen, wait long I have no care for old wives' enough. tales.

Laura had been glancing right and left, in her common-sense way. There was a big strip of moor free for a while of the mist, and at the far edge, where the intaken lands began, a slant-roofed byre showed clear against the sunset red.

"Would you care for a thatched roof over your head, mistress? Or is that a fairy

tale?"

"Oh, a rare tale, Laura, if it happened to

They ran forward eagerly, a fresh spurt of mist gathering from behind and trying to outstrip them; and they found the barn

door half open when they reached it, and went The most pleasant scent in Christendom encountered them—a fragrance made up of the hay-mow above, the breath of sleepy cattle that rattled their headstall chains at this disturbance, the one-and-twenty things that go to the potpourri of an upland barn.

The light was dim, and Miss Lister, as she drew her skirts about her, asked if there was

fear of mice.

"Oh, plenty," her maid assured her; "but men are fighting, and 'twas you began it

For the life of her, Janet could not quell this sudden pride that stifled even fear of "I did not ask it, Laura," she said.

"None of us do, mistress, by judge-andjury evidence. But a glance here and a sigh there—as if our hearts were breaking—I tell you, women make all the men-folk's troubles, or the most o' them. We're so restless and unquiet, and they, poor lads, are so constantlike and steady."

Laura's philosophy was disturbed by the neighing of a mare, and by instinct she ran to quieten her where she stood tethered in a

stall next the sleepy cattle.

"Get thee to dreams again, bonny one," she said, patting her fears to rest. "There was never a li'le horse yet I couldn't quieten.".

The sun, low on the moor's edge, fought his way through the last of the mists, and shone ruddy through the doorway. And Janet saw a man sleeping at the dim further end, with a blanket of hay above him.

"Laura," she whispered, touching the maid's arm—" Laura, it is worse than mice.

Come away, girl."

"There's naught worse than mice," said the other tranquilly, "unless you've seen a rat."

The mistress pointed to the heap at the far end of the barn. "It's a man, Laura! Cannot you see him yonder, with his queer, shadowy face?"

"Ay, I see him now. But, as for men, they never frighten me. Coax 'em or whip 'em with your tongue—I've found few, for my part, that didn't come tame to one treatment or t'other."

The sleeper stirred and half lifted himself, and said that Lister's daughter needed guarding. He said, moreover, in the babblement of a slumber that opened a wide door confession, that she might feed her peacocks as she willed, and laugh at him, but at need she would find him like a watch-dog at her side.

So Janet laughed. And then she cried.

"Laura," she said, "there's only one man in the Dale so daft."

"Not another, mistress, that sees you as I see you—true mate to him, and a mate that

will need a deal of looking after."

Janet did not answer. It was enough to be here, with the byre's fragrance round her, and in her heart the knowledge that she had found her man at the end of a long day's riding. When she came to the blanket of hay that covered Dick Mortimer, she did not remember that she had flouted him. She recalled only that she had loved him this many and many a year; and he should have known it, instead of rousing the Feud afresh.

He was deep in slumber again, and from the hay that covered him rose little streams of mist, in token that his sodden clothes were drying fast. Janet, wet to the bone and chilled by weariness and hunger, began to envy him, and her gusty temper reawoke. But then he had always known how to find his way of ease — warmth and wine and galloping abroad. And it was just as well that he was outlawed. She could never have been happy with a wildling; and she was sorry for him, doubtless, and would help him to escape—just for pity.

Mortimer began to talk in his sleep again, for dead-tiredness brings grown men to the candour of their nursery days. He left no word unsaid, no tenderness unchecked. Thought by thought, and dream by dream, he retraced the pathway of the years; and always there was Janet beckening him, and always there was the happy certainty that, though he might be a bit of a fool, he would win her one day and trust her to

forgive the years gone by.

This love of his was so complete—so full of caring for herself, not for his own need of her—that Janet was bewildered. She had not known that any man could bring such a wooing gift to any woman. She understood her frailty on the sudden—the little, selfish need of flattery and ease, the joy of having Dick Mortimer her slave, to be flouted or smiled on as the whim took her. And he was here, her master once for all, because sleep had given him a truer speech than workaday to-and-froing would have captured from him in a lifetime.

She knelt beside him and listened to the long confession, broken up by snatches of the snoring she would not hear, because they offended the romance of this great adventure that had met her in the open. It was a good confession—follies without number, and a

downright sinning here and there, but always the return to the steady goal ahead.

Mortimer was human, after all, though it was his foible to spend his strength in the service of a gay outlook upon life. It is so easy to carry a drooping head and assert that all the world is wrong, but hard to meet the daylight with a smile that overrides gossip and intrigue and the squalor of the usual outlook. He had drawn too much on his strength. The reawakened Feud would have been a pastime and a joy to him if Janet had welcomed this queer outlawry of his; but it happened that he cared for her with the long caring that knows no counterfeit. He had kept his pride secure, after her dismissal of him; but, for the rest, he had no joy in life. Tired with the day's hunting, weary of all things since Janet flouted him at Listerhall, he had gone to sleep in this upland barn, and all the high dreams of the years had come to him in slumber.

If this was And Janet listened, listened. the way he cared for her, it was good to be alive, though they were lost for ever in the moor mists that had brought them here. she had hoped a man would care for her one day; but she had fancied that breed of lover dead long ago, when tournaments went out of date, and men grew fat and placid. Not a word of his confession jarred on her. sins and follies she accepted gladly, lest he were too tiresome and too carved in saintly stone for this world's give-and-take. all the rest was such consuming tendernesssuch need of guardianship, as if it were a pastime just to live or die for her, such a candid betraval of his heart—that she could

only wonder and be thankful.

A great humility came to this spoiled daughter of Listerhall's. Mortimer, lying under his coverlet of steaming hay, was explaining all that a clean-hearted man—with a dash of the poet in him—feels for the woman of his choice. It was ludicrous, she told herself, that he cared so much. She was not at all the thing he pictured her—something between earth and heaven, with the fragrance of old gardens round her. She was just herself, with a peevish temper and a frank hunger that was rather hard to bear; but it was pleasant to know that her fool was, after all, a true knight-errant.

His dreams ceased on the sudden, and he lay there and slept like a child tired out. The red, soft after-glow filtered through the open doorway, and Janet saw her maid still patting Dick Mortimer's tired mare.

"Laura," she said, "did you hear what he

"I was busy with the mare, and I've been taught to hear as much as was wise-no more, no less."

"But you heard?"

"Naught that made me think less of Mr. Mortimer."

"Always for the man's side of life, girl."

"Not always. But it happens that a man rather like a man—he comes just once in a while, mistress. He's worth keeping at your

And all Janet's pride broke down. new day, the eager joy that was old as the world's beginning, the wonder and the magic of it all, did not admit of pride. There was just the song at her heart.
"Laura," she said, "nothing will ever

matter again. My man cares, and I care, and—and, Laura, it's the most wonderful

world that ever could be."

"It is," asserted Laura placidly. "I've a

man of my own, and I know."

The red dusk lingered still over the far edge of the moor, though the shadows darkened round the sleepy cattle and the slumbering man.

"It is absurd, Laura," said the mistress, in a small and chastened voice. "I have all the world can give, and yet you tell me there are mice—and I'm afraid."

"Ay, but there are cats, too, likely."

"The cats might be asleep, and the mice

awake. And what then, girl?"

So Laura remembered that, at their first coming to this barn, she had seen a tallow candle and a flint-and-tinder box on the shelf at their right hand as they entered. She had sharp eyes, and a memory for the trifles that loom big when common-sense is She knew how it was with the mistress—knew how swift happiness, coming at the end of a hard and weary day, lets in the fear of mice and small absurdities.

"It makes a brave show, mistress," she said, when the candle was well lighted. "My mother always used to say that one candle in a pitch dark room is as big as the moon out

o' doors."

"You're so foolish, Laura, and so wise.

It will keep the mice away."

There was a sudden tumult overhead. Something soft and quick touched Janet's face, and widespread wings showed big across the candle-light, then quenched the gleam and left them shivering.

"A ghost, Laura?"

Laura, knowing how tired the mistress

was, conquered her own fright. scared myself, just for a minute; but, at my years, I should know the look of a barn owl. We wakened her a li'le bit before she'd done her slumbers—they take their beauty sleep by daytime, mistress. I'll light youd candle again.

Janet shivered, for all the warmth that Dick Mortimer, sleeping yonder, had brought round her. "I'm hungry, Laura," she said snappishly. "You can light fifty candles, but they bring no food."

Mortimer stirred again in his sleep. Dead weary as he was, he seemed to know that she needed him. Day by day, year after year since he came to manhood and knew who kept his heart, he had sent long thoughts out to Lister's daughter; and such thoughts grow strong in time, like the bit in the mouth of a willing horse.

"Janet needs me," he said, and fell to

snoring for a space.

"Oh, listen to him," snapped Miss Lister. "I need him, and he snores. That is very

soft knight-errantry, Laura."

The knight-errant got up from his coverlet of hay with a sudden cry. He was fantastic. The steam of his wet clothes round him made his big height gigantic. He had whipped his sword out, and stood there, meeting any odds that were to come. And, half between sleep and waking, he said that he wore Janet's glove, for any man to see.

Janet laughed. She was so happy on the sudden, so secure. He wore her heart as well as her glove; she knew it once for all.

"Dick," she said, "I'm here. And there are mice, Laura tells me-and, Dick, you'll

fight them for me?"

The sound of her voice, the touch of her hand on his sleeve, cleared sleep away. He stood looking at her, as if she were too good to be true, and then a hardness came into his eyes, and he laughed and fumbled for his snuff-box.

"I thought you were—someone who shared my dreams just now, Miss Lister."

Pride stood her in good stead again. could not understand his hardness or his levity, but she met them with the easy courage of her race. "The little red-haired girl at Beamsley? She's pretty enough, but scarcely your equal. It seems a pity, Dick."

Their glances met, keen as play of rapiers

—and they were strong antagonists.

"She's honest, and that has a charm of its own," he said, taking a lazy pinch of snuff. "She does not cry down her man when he loses all."

"Her man would have little to lose, surely. He would be of the labouring class, Dick, if

you'd not stepped in to-to rob him."

"Janet, it's no time for fooling. here as I stand—outlawed. And you're there as you stand, a woman who hadn't pluck to stand by her man when he lost all."

A wonder and a fire leaped into Janet's eyes. "To be precise, Dick, you lie. Shall

I name you fool as well?"

"If it pleases you; but not your fool, Janet. I'm a hunted and a free man, thanks to you. It's like riding a mettled horse,

this new life you've given me."

And suddenly it all grew plain. From him to her there ran an understanding. She saw it all—the big caring he had given her, its strength and constancy.

"Dick," she said gently, "I'm caring for you—caring till I die, and for a long while

afterwards, I think."

Laura had been busy with the mare, pretending to hear nothing, but hearing all. "It's a pity the gentry sort don't kiss first instead of last," she said to the mare. "It saves a lot o' peevish temper in between whiles."

The fairies lived, beyond dispute, on this high moorland. For now the song of the elder days was in Janet's heart, and Mortimer was wondering why he had not fully lived till now. The past was crumpled up, so that they could afford to play with it.

"My dear," she said by and by, turning from the last of the sundown that crimsoned all the moor, "you never understood me."

"No man ever understood a woman. take 'em as they are, God bless them."

"But to think I cared whether you went rich or poor! Dick, you don't know-

"And to think that you were jealous of

the pretty maid at Beamsley."

"I suppose men would think her pretty."

Mortimer cut through the banter. heart was leaping to big issues. He put an arm about her and drew her out into the moor; and they stood there, watching the pageantry of this October night. crimson clouds were over the west and the day's dying. Trails of mist ran to and fro at the bidding of a warm, moist breeze, and overhead there was a round and splendid lamp.

"The Hunter's Moon, lass o' mine," said Mortimer. "Is it good to be hunted, and alive, and have the gay, waste lands in front

of one?"

The years that had been were gathered into a sudden, eager sob. "Where you go,

Dick, I go. I will never dance again, or masque, or play the fool down yonder, till —till we can be fools together, Dick."

"You begin to care, child."

"Care? That's a little word. A miser cares for his gold, but I-oh, Dick, you must not fail me. My world goes if you go. And, of course, the moor is to blame," she broke off, with a quick, bewildering smile. "It is so easy to wear one's heart on one's sleeve up here."

"A downright pleasant pastime, too, Janet."

And then he grew silent and stood away, and it seemed to the girl that he had gone into a far country. "Dick, what is it?" she asked.

He put her aside with grave impatience. "I'd forgotten I was outlawed, child. man should not go wooing when he wears the Lincoln Green."

Out of her new-found knowledge she found laughter, tenderness, beguilement. "Shall I tell you what a woman needs? Listen, Dick. She needs safety, ease needs a carpet spread before her when she goes out to step into her gilded coach——"

"As I told you," he broke in, the old bitterness peeping out again. "An outlaw should wait till he's free—or hanged—

before he thinks of wooing."

"But, of course, I talked of what a man thinks a woman needs. Now, shall I tell you what a woman knows she needs? Strength of arm, Dick, fire at the heart, scruples, and foolish chivalry, and as many things as there are fish in a deep, deep pool. And you seem to have most of them, my outlaw."

"Oh, you don't know, child. Kiss me once, for luck, and I'll remember it till I'm free, or dead. And then I'll see you

down to Listerhall and get away."

At Listerhall, long since, Janet's groom had broken roughly into his master's nursing of the gout. He had explained, all with country haste and leaning toward the worst side of any news, that his mistress was lost in a mist on Beamsley Moor, and would, no doubt, be dead of it before any help could come. And Lister, when at last he pieced the tale together, decided that his gout was cured. He ordered a horse for himself and a fresh mount for the groom, and together they went up into the moonlit heights.

The man—when the worst of the mist lifted, after his losing of Miss Lister—had soon found a track he knew that led to Beamsley, and they retraced it now. And

Lister chuckled as they rode.

"It was a good thought of mine, Ben, to bring the hunting-horn. If Mortimer were twenty times lost and asleep, he'd rouse to the Tally-Ho."

"Have you wind enough to sound it, master? I've little enough, after a longish

day."

"Wind enough? I've always wind

enough to sound a horn."

When they left the track and rode up into the moor, the sun was down, but the Hunter's Moon was up, round and white above the tufted hummocks. The Squire pulled up his horse and sat looking over the broken country that lay clear as day before him. Mile after mile it stretched, a lonely and an empty land, and nowhere any sign of life.

"We could seek till Doomsday," said the Squire, "and never find him. He was always a glutton for sleep when the day's

work was ended."

"So it's lucky we brought the horn, sir," said Ben, with quiet suggestion that it was he who had thought the brave plan out.

"Lucky," the Squire assented dryly. "Sound it, Ben. Put your lungs into it

like smithy bellows."

Ben did his best, and roused a cock grouse from a neighbouring clump of heather. They waited, and nothing happened from end to end of the white, empty land.

"Oh, give me the horn," snapped Lister.
"I've wind enough to rouse the Seven
Sleepers, and that should be enough for

Mr. Mortimer."

He stood up in his stirrups and sounded a blast that rang out and up and over, till the echoes died away against the rugged bulk of Simon's Seat. And there was no answer, so he sent out a lustier call.

"He must be very sound asleep, Ben," growled the Squire, when still there was no

reply.

"He's had a long day's hunting, sir.

Give him time to wake."

A mile away, Mortimer had Lister's girl in his arms, and it was good to be alive at last.

"The hunt is up again," he said, lifting his head sharply. "Janet, do you hear it?"

"I hear it. And, Dick, do you want to lose me, after all?"

His arms closed round her with masterful, quick strength. "I'll get abroad or stay at home—whichever you ask, Janet—but, as for losing you, I couldn't."

"That is good news, Dick—oh, surely that's good news."

He laughed from sheer joy of heart.
"The best that ever came to me. You may

live to know how I care for you."

"I have lived to know already, Dick. You talked in your sleep—and I listened—and—and it is a good sort of caring." A little sob broke across her pride and happiness. "The sort of caring, Dick, that—that women seek and very seldom find. Tell me again that it all comes true, like the knight in a fairy tale."

"I'll tell you that I love you till I die, and need you—I know little of knights and fairies. And, Janet, d'ye hear the horn's

challenge?"

She was silent, listening to the call that rang high and clear across the moor. The Hunter's Horn, and the Hunter's Moon, and the wide, waste lands of liberty and strength—they daunted her new-found ease in love.

"So it's always the riding out for the

man?" she demanded.

"That first—then the riding home. What else, Janet?"

"But, Dick, I'm so tired and — and hungry. Hunger is not romantic, is it?"

"And turnips are not romantic, but they

can fill a gap.'

He saw that she was spent from lack of food. With guardianship complete and absolute, he led her into the barn, where the rushlight's gleam showed weak against the flood of entering moonlight. She watched him take a turnip from the shadowed corner on his left, and begin to pare and slice it with his knife.

"Undoubtedly you're mad, Dick-or Iam."

"No, you are only hungry, child. I ate two myself before I could snatch a wink of sleen."

He persuaded her to eat a morsel, and then another, and hunger conquered all her

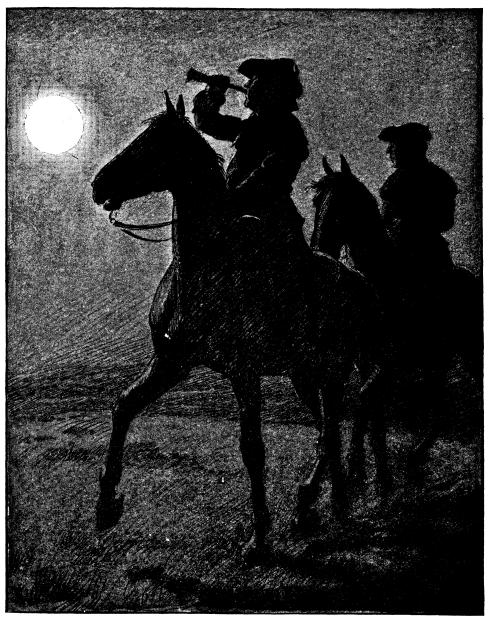
daintiness.

"There's worse food than turnips," said Laura placidly, "though there's better, I own. And your mare is ready, Mr. Mortimer. I've tightened the saddle-girths."

Mortimer nodded, with cheery knowledge that he need not look to girths if Laura had charge of the affair. "You're always so full of good, sound sense, Laura. How d'ye contrive it?"

"It isn't contrivance, sir. Common-sense is born with you, or it isn't. Others have luck instead."

"Then I'm of the others, and so is this little, good mare of mine."



"He stood up in his stirrups and sounded a blast."

"But, Dick," said Lister's daughter, clinging to his arm, "I dare not let you go."

Loud across the moor and into the warmth of the byre the horn's challenge sounded. And pride of race came to Janet's aid; her heart stood still for a moment, and then raced forward.

"Why, of course, Dick," she said, "you ride out, and I stay here and wait."

He stooped from his big height and kissed her. "It's all a frolic, child," he said cheerily. "Wait here till I come back to guide you down to Listerhall."

She watched him mount and ride out into the splendour of the bracken-scented night. "It is odd to feel submissive, Laura," she said at last. "It comes from hunger, I suppose."

"Maybe, and maybe not; but I allow that you cannot make a lasting sort o' meal from turnips. Best lie down a while in the hay, mistress, and sleep till he comes back.

You're looking tired."

The Lister temper showed itself, in sharp relief to Janet's look of utter weariness. "Sleep, while my man's out there? If you were a fool only, Laura—but to be so many kinds of fool——"

"We are all made as we're made, mistress. It's somehow that we cannot help it."

"No meekness, girl. That means you're

laughing in your sleeve."

From near at hand their own summons came. It was no call of the Huntsman's Horn, but the whinnying of their horses, where they had left them, tied to the bridle-rings on each side of the barn door.

"It's lucky there's hay enough and to spare indoors," said Laura, with her exasperating calm. "Poor beasts, we'd quite

forgotten them."

Away up the moor, Dick Mortimer was riding about to learn where the horn's challenge came from. Moonlight is a puzzling enterprise. It may seem clear as day to the sight, and yet hold surprises that baffle vision; and a man's ears may be sharper than in daytime, but he growsmuddled as to the direction of all sounds.

More by good luck than guidance, the Squire and Mortimer found each other at last on top of the lonely hill known as Crummock Rise. And they got their pistols out, and asked who went there in the moonlight.

"Dick Mortimer," said the younger man, "and he's seeking four of Deveen's folk who

hid themselves in a mist."

Lister put his pistol back into the holster. "Give you good even, Dick," he said tranquilly. "The deuce of a dance you've led me. At my age, to go sounding a horn on top of an empty moor, because my groom hasn't breath enough in his lungs to do the service for me! Is that lass of mine safe?"

"Safe enough, sir. I've just taught her how to dine on turnips, in a barn down yonder."

"She must be fond of you, Dick—she must, indeed. Janet has a dainty palate."

"But hunger hasn't, sir."

"Still, love's a good sauce—the best I ever found, Dick, for any sort of meal. Where-

is this girl of mine?"

Mortimer was not the man to lose his bearings when all he cared for lay hidden like a jewel in this big, rough casket of the moors. When he rode out from the barn, he had marked it by the bulk of Greenhow Hill behind, the round head of Simon's Seat in front; and Crummock Rise, he knew, lay

in a bee-line between Greenhow and old Simon

"I trust you across country, lad," said Lister, "especially if Janet happens to be near. The only trouble is that we'll have to leave this groom of mine behind. He hasn't wind to sound a horn, let alone riding on a moonlight scamper."

"I've heart enough to follow Mr. Lister wherever he goes," said the groom, with

sudden heat.

"Oh, I know, Ben. Your heart's sounder than your wind. We'll jog along, we three."

Down the moor, away beyond the barn that sheltered Janet and her maid, four men were glad that the mists were gone and that the moon was up. Dead weary with the day's futile hunt, prisoned by marshes that they dared not leave, lest they changed them for the worse evil of the bog, they had cursed their luck—had cursed the mist, and the wet that crept into their bones, and the hunger that lay cold in weary bodies. And now they were free to take their way home again, to supper, wine, and the ease they loved.

Deveen knew his landmarks almost as well as Mortimer. He took a glance at the moor and the hills, chose his road and followed it. "There's a lot of time ahead of us, friends, after we've supped to-night. Mortimer prefers thistles to hay, like other of his kindred. He'll not leave the country till

we've found him."

"There was one Don Quixote, sir," laughed the youngster close behind him.

"There was, lad, and a fool called Galahad. I read about 'em all one day, when it was too wet to hunt, and I had to yawn in the library instead. There's no room for dreamers in this world."

They took their way, the four of them, up a track known to Deveen; and by and by, after they had breasted the steepest of the rise, he pointed to an upland barn, its wet roof glistening in the moonlight.

"That's Tanty Wiseman's barn," he said, pleased with his instinct for the lie of a country. "It's child's play to find the way

down from there to Beamsley."

The slope of the hill had kept all sounds of the higher moors from them, but now they heard a horn's note ringing clear and wide across the sleeping wastes.

"What fool's game is it?" snapped Deveen. "They can hunt their fox by moonlight, if they please, but, for my part,

I'm dead beat."

"Do you not know, sir?" said the youngster who had talked of Galahad.

There was no levity about him now, for at heart he was a dreamer, too.

"Know what, my lad?"

"That the Ghostly Huntsman rides for ever on these moors. He sleeps o' daytimes in Troller's Ghyll, they say, and sounds his horn by night."

Deveen turned his sinister, big face about and grinned at this slim visionary. "They say that the Man in the Moon was put there for stealing sticks on the Sabbath; but we've outlived the nursery, lad."

Again the horn's sharp challenge came, and again, dying out in lessening cadences across the heath; and superstition took Deveen himself in thrall. He was aware, somehow, that there was white blood in his veins where red should be. He disliked the long, uncanny silence, and then once more the ringing note that pierced the quiet. It seemed to him that it would be good to get home to Beamsley and a well-stocked cellar.

They came to Tanty Wiseman's barn, and at the door of it they found Lister's daughter and her maid, feeding their horses with sweet-smelling hay.

All that was worst in Deveen leaped out. Wet and hungry, baffled by the day's futile hunt, he let his tongue loose. It was not a tongue gentle-born, or gentle-bred, and the three with him were dismayed by the foulness of his speech.

"We've found the fox at last," he laughed, at the end of the tirade. "No use to shelter him behind your frowns, you pride-sick chit

of Lister's."

Not once in the easy days had Janet felt so cool, so fierce, so happy. The foulness of his speech went by her. She saw only the present hazard, that brought an exquisite, keen sense of strength.

"He is here and wounded, sir," she said gently. "If you must take him, give me a moment to go in and say good-bye to him."

"Oh, if it pleases you. Get done with your kissing, girl, if your taste is for gallows' rogues."

"I may take my maid, for propriety's

sake."

"I should," Deveen agreed. "Miss Lister was always a stickler for propriety—even when surprised by moonlight on the top of Beamsley Moor."

Janet faced him with a quiet and odd contempt. "God help you when my men

come home," she said.

And then she went into the barn, Laura following her; and, before Deveen guessed her purpose, she had closed the door and drawn the two stout bars across it.

"Why are you laughing, Laura?" she

asked, all in a mood of high bravery.

"Because there's a deal of your father about you, mistress, and I are loved the Lister breed."

Lister himself was riding down the moor at a faster pace than he liked. "Oh, easy, Dick," he complained. "I'd rather have a fox in front of me than a young lover. The pace is gentler. And Janet's not at all the thing of mist and gossamer you think her. She'll live to plague you through long years of marriage."

A further episode in this series will appear in the next number.

GOD'S TAPESTRIES.

AWAKENED Spring weaves in her throbbing loom
An azure sky, a soft, caressing wind,
Sweet songs of birds, and glint of streams, combined
With perfumed promises of Summer's bloom;
Bright blossoms fair, to cheer a world of gloom,
And broidery of golden sun entwined
With grass and leaves by God's own hand designed—
A vernal scarf to drape the hero's tomb.

She smiles and sings, nor grows she ever old. Her warp is time that, into moments spun, Clasps eagerly the woof of green and gold, As in and out her fairy shuttles run To weave a web of beauty manifold—A tapestry Earth-finished, Heav'n-begun.

PAUL DERRICK.

THE WOODMAN'S SONS

By VINCENT BROWN

Illustrated by Gunning King



RS. AIREY, the
Lady of the Manor
—she was old,
beautiful, and kind
—told the new
curate, soon after
he came to
Jevingham, about
the young men of
the parish who
had gone soldiering

since the War began. She had made a list

of them, and showed it to him.

"You will see, Mr. Halland, how frayed and worn the paper is," she said, with her sweet smile, "but somehow I feel it might be unlucky to write out their names afresh. No ill has befallen any of them, so far as we know. Perhaps you think I am superstitious?"

¹ Not at all," he answered boldly, although he was not always bold, this tall young curate, but sometimes so conscious of his shyness that he concealed it under sudden and startling outbursts of moral courage.

"I carry that 'scrap of paper' about with me everywhere. It is almost—no, I must not make any qualification—it is quite sacred in my eyes. It is open before me when you pray for them in church. When I remember them in my room, I name them one by one, and those others also, so near and dear to them, whom they have left behind."

Mr. Halland, looking at the names, noticed that the first three appeared to be of the

same family—

Charles Latham.

Ian Latham.

Walter Latham.

"Brothers?" he said.

"Yes, and all so young. Charles is not twenty-one. Ian cannot be twenty. Walter is just eighteen. Dear, brave boy, he would go, and he looked so manly and proud of himself in khaki! They all joined immediately the call came—ran to meet the glorious Colours, so to say—and how my heart longs for the Great Peace, and their safe return to their poor mother!"

"Is she a widow?"

"No."

The answer was given with thoughtful hesitation. It seemed to Mr. Halland that he had touched upon some mystery, perhaps a domestic trouble known only to a few, and that Mrs. Airey did not care to enlighten him.

"What were these brothers?" he asked.

"Charles was a gamekeeper. Ian and Walter were in my gardens. They are all unmarried, and lived at home. They are deeply attached to their mother, as she is to them, and yet when they told her they were going, and she had recovered from her fit of weeping, she kissed them and said: 'All I have I give to England.'"

"Mother of heroes!"

"Yes. And now she is quite alone in that little cottage in Green Hill Lane, where they were all born."

Mr. Halland's interest was so aroused that

he could not keep back the question—

"Why doesn't her husband live with her?"

"It is a sad story," said Mrs. Airey, folding the small—and great—roll of honour.

"I will tell you some day."

He could see that the dear old lady was distressed, and this impelled him to one of the paradoxes of the sensitive spirit—the impulse to add more pain and so bring it all out for alleviation.

"I should be sorry, Mrs. Airey, to learn the truth from an unsympathetic source." "You might," she admitted with gentle melancholy, and fell wonderingly silent.

"I hope," Mr. Halland prompted, "Latham

has not deserted his wife."

- "It might not, under the peculiar circumstances, be quite fair to him to say that."
 - "Is he in prison?"

"Not now."

"Not-now?"

"Oh, please, don't ask me any more about him to-day! It always upsets me to speak of that desolate home. And yet I ought not so to think of it, perhaps, with three such gallant sons going forth instantly to offer their young lives for their country."

"Are they in dangerous places now?"

"All of them. Charles and Ian are fighting in France and Flanders; Walter is in the Gallipoli Peninsula. That boy out there so far from home!" Mrs. Airey looked at the new curate with a pleading smile. "Come and have tea with me to-morrow. If you should hear, meanwhile, unkind words about Mrs. Latham, I trust you will be slow in passing judgment upon her. I have defended her all along; most people, indeed, are now on her side. I suppose there is something to be said for Latham, though his conduct bewilders me."

П

That same day Mr. Halland went trespassing in Jevingham Park, and came upon Sir James Allard, the jolly old owner thereof. They were strolling and chatting together when a black-bearded, middle-aged man in a grey tweed suit and short brown leggings emerged from a copse and touched his cap to Sir James. The baronet stopped to speak to him. The man's distinctive personality impressed Mr. Halland. He was of medium height, built with a sort of self-repressed iron rigidity, and his weathered face was not healthily sunburnt, but of a singular greenish colour. His glowing, passionate eyes seemed to tell of intense and prolonged watchfulness, and the watch was not always outward. appeared to be preoccupied even while listening to Sir James. His mouth was hard, yet not actually cruel. The chin was thrust out, and the lower lip puckered up as with a continuous effort of will. It was the face of a man of character, but Mr. Halland was afraid it was not the kind of character which goes to the making of saints.

"Who is that man?" he asked, going on

with Sir James.

"Latham, my woodman."

The curate turned and again looked at the retreating figure.

"So you have already heard about him?"

"Very little."

Jevingham, a friend had warned Mr. Halland, was "miles out of civilisation." This had not alarmed him, as civilisation was scarcely giving a good account of itself. But he felt he had not got so very far away from it; Jevingham was, like civilisation, a queer mixture. The Lathams were beginning to stir his pastoral fervour, and he could expect little help from the aged Rector, who was almost past work, and apparently willing to let him take his own course.

"Some of my women-folk pitch into me," said Sir James Allard, with his hearty laugh, "when I tell them how absurd their talk is about the equality of the sexes. Why, they haven't begun to be equal even in thrashing!"

"I hope not," said Mr. Halland gravely.

"I have a big, hulking giant working for me whose little wife is everlastingly slapping him. He seems to like it; I dare say he thinks it's a kind of massage. I suppose that depends on where he gets whacked. Slap, slap, slap! I've seen her at it myself; it made me laugh within the danger zone of apoplexy. But take the case of Latham and his wife. He is a violent-tempered man, and in a moment of madness he gives her a blow—a shocking, horrible thing to do, of course—and the result is that his happiness and hers are ruined for ever."

"Will she not forgive him?" Mr. Halland

inquired.

"Oh, yes, the poor woman has forgiven him, but the insuperable difficulty is that Latham can't forgive her for the steps she took to punish him."

"What did she do?"

"Had him sent to gaol for it. That was sixteen years ago, and he swore he never would live with her again, and he never has. He was my woodman then, and I kept his place open for him. If I hadn't, he would have been desperate—probably blown out his brains, or bolted to one of the colonies."

"And he is the father of those three brave young fellows now fighting for their

country?"

"Yes. But I'm sorry to say only two of them are left now." Sir James, walking more slowly, bared his head. "I take off my hat to your memory, Ian. You were a good lad. English to the core. You did your duty."

Mr. Halland also uncovered. And he recalled that stern man, and said to himself:

"Surely he will now be reconciled to the

grief-stricken mother."

"I felt a bit of a coward as I was speaking to him along there," said Sir James. "I ought to have told him, but somehow I couldn't."

"He may know," said Mr. Halland. "He looks like a man who could exercise unnatural

control over his feelings."

"I'm sure he doesn't know."

"May I go and tell him?"

"I wish you would. But you'd better hear the whole story first, and then you'll understand what a stubborn chap he is to tackle. Have you seen his wife?"

"Not yet."

"Poor thing, she never would have prosecuted him if she hadn't at that time been under the influence of a well-to-do woman living in the village, one of those foolish creatures who seem to have sworn a vendetta 'Man the enemy' is their against all men. silly cry. This woman—she's gone to Jericho now, I hope-had a towering, extra-masculine will, and she simply rushed Mrs. Latham into that fatal prosecution. Unfortunately, the two magistrates on the bench that day were only sparingly intelligent. It was notorious in the county that the wife of one of them had made him promise never to consent to a man being given the option of a fine in such a case. If these people had imagination enough to understand what it means for a husband and wife to live together afterwards in a little cottage, with the shadow of the prison for ever upon it, they would be more discriminating in their sentences. That was how Latham saw it. entered his soul, and he became a morose and embittered man."

"He has supported her and their children?"

"Oh, yes. I should have insisted on that as a condition of his remaining in my service, but no insistence on my part was necessary. During all the sixteen years they have been separated he has regularly sent her two-thirds of his wages, leaving himself just enough to live on frugally. The cottage in Green Hill Lane belongs to me, and I charge her no rent for it. Even when the sons grew up and paid for their board, Latham continued to send her the same amount. He would do anything for her—anything but live with her again."

"Has he ever attempted to take the boys

from her?"

"No. He once said to me: 'She's a good woman; it's best they should be with her.'"

"Perhaps his heart is dead to them also?"

"You wouldn't think that, Mr. Halland, if you knew Latham as well as I do. He has never ceased to love those fine boys of his, and, indeed, they would have been a credit to any father—straight in conduct and clean of life they have always been. mother has at no time put the slightest obstacle to their intercourse with him. years, every Sunday afternoon, storm or shine, they might have been seen crossing my park to go and have tea with their father at Moat Farm, where he has lodged ever since the To this day I am puzzled to separation. account for that sudden violence towards his wife. But there, nobody knows what a man will do till he has done it."

"Where is the farm?"

"I'll show you. Come this way." Sir James Allard pointed along a valley to a group of red roofs showing amongst trees. "You'll find him there any evening when he's done work. My estate is his world. He never goes into the village—not even to church, you'll be shocked to hear."

"Not surprised," said Mr. Halland.

III.

The room was long and narrow, low-pitched and of ancient smell, with heavy rafters painted a dull red, and two lattice windows looking out upon an old-fashioned garden. Over one of them passion flowers were beginning to shut with the declining day. The furniture and ornaments would have made a collector's eyes wander enviously. What Mr. Halland particularly noticed, as he sat talking with David Latham, were three photographs on the mantelshelf. They stood wide apart, in similar frames of polished wood with silver bars across the corners, and nothing else was on the mantelpiece. curate was gazing at them now, for he did not care to look at Latham. He had just told him of the passing of his son Ian to the glorious rest of heroes, and had seen the fixed stare of fierce anguish in the strong eyes, and the peculiar greenish tint of the austere face turn to a deathly grey. man's silence was the most awful thing in Mr. Halland's experience.

At last, still remaining motionless, Latham said in a loud, triumphant voice—

"I'm proud of Ian."

And then again that intolerable silence fell. It seemed to Mr. Halland that it would be desecration for him to break it, and yet it might be merciful to the father.

He felt his heart beat as he began to plead with him to be reconciled with his wife.

"Sixteen years is a long time to bear a grudge, Mr. Latham. Remember, you vowed solemnly to love, cherish, and honour her."

"She cast the blackest dishonour on me!"

"Oh, but be fair to her. Was that not your own act?"

"I've repented of it. I could have put my hand in the fire the moment I had struck her. If she'd forgiven me the wrong I did her, my life would have been one long atonement. She refused to forgive. She had me set up as a gazing-stock of shame before the world, and that killed my love for her and made it impossible for me ever to be her husband again except in name."

"But surely, Mr. Latham, your better nature must prompt you to go and comfort her now—now that one of your sons has so

nobly given up his life?"

"Never again shall I cross the threshold

where she lives!"

"I am very sorry you should be so unrelenting," said the curate. "We all need mercy, you know, but how can we hope for it if we harbour malice against another?"

"You're a parson, sir." Latham got up and shut the windows. Mr. Halland was amazed to see how firmly he moved, not a tremor in his hands, his voice perfectly clear and steady. "It's your business to preach. It's mine to follow the dictates of my manhood."

"Mr. Latham-"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say. But you can't make black white. You couldn't prevent my old home from being a prison cell the moment I stepped into it!"

The inexorable woodman sat down again, farther from his visitor now. He had grown more restless, and kept glancing at

the door.

"I was going to say, Mr. Latham, that the finer manliness comes from realising our faults. Your unhappy wife, I understand, is entirely devoid of uncharitableness towards you. All those weary years she has been longing for reconciliation with you. And at this time especially, this great and wonderful hour, with that young hero's generous blood calling from his wounds, his soul appealing to you from Paradise, pleading with you to let bygones be bygones and begin again—"

"She sundered me from him and his brothers," Latham broke in passionately. "That's what I never can forgive or

forget!"

"But supposing she were dying?"

Mr. Halland paused for an answer. The woodman sat grim and silent.

"She is a frail woman, I am told, and this blow, you ought to reflect, might kill her. She would not be the first mother to follow her son through the roar and carnage of battle to the everlasting peace. And—I do beg you to bear this in mind, Mr. Latham —she has two other sons passing through the terrible ordeal. Is that nothing to you? I withdraw the question. I ought not to have offended you by asking it. I am sure that your heart is also torn with anxiety whenever you think of them. He who has won the crown of martyrs loved his mother. She is very dear to the two who are left. have never known a brave man who did not love and reverence his mother. I beseech you, Mr. Latham, don't be less grand of spirit than your sons."

"They love me, too," he said, with the most touching and extraordinary severity of

pride Mr. Halland had ever heard.

"Yes; and now their mother, from her innermost heart, is saying to you in words of the deepest sacredness to us all, though we may use them in our personal sorrows: 'Husband, forgive me; I knew not what I did.'"

Again Latham stood up. The curate saw with dismay that the look of fanatical obduracy was once more in his face.

"She made her bed when she had me put in convict's clothes, and she'll have to lie on it to the end!"

Mr. Halland also rose.

"That cannot be your last word, Mr.

"My very last! I've never wavered from it since I came out of gaol, branded for life!"

He turned to the mantelpiece. There, with his back to the clergyman, he stood gazing in a marvellous stillness. Then he took down one of the photographs, and, with the roughness of a man fiercely controlling his emotions, he put it on the table before Mr. Halland.

"That's my Ian," he said.

The curate was looking at it when he became aware that the door had been opened.

"It'll soon be dark, sir. If you're not familiar with the park, you might lose your way."

Mr. Halland passed out. There was no

"Good night," no handshake.

The woodman put his dead son's photograph in his pocket. Then he went very

quietly upstairs, and, for the first time since he had lived at Moat Farm, locked himself in his bedroom.

IV.

"SEND that cruel man to me," said Mrs. Airey, speaking from her motor-car to Sir James Allard, who was on horseback. avoids me, and will, no doubt, be rude when I do take him in hand, but I must put up with that. Our new curate can do nothing with him, and what have you done, James, to bring him to reason?"

"My dear old friend, you know I never interfere in the family affairs of my work-

"But this is such an exceptional case. It has so agitated and saddened me I feel almost hysterical. Am I screaming at you?"

"I should love to hear your voice if it

were thunder."

"Oh, my stormy days are over; and yet I should like to rage at Latham for torturing his poor wife."

"And himself," said Sir James. you imagine he isn't in purgatory, you're mistaken. I fancy he has found the deepest

depth of late."

"Serve him right! But he can't be so inhuman as he pretends. He can't be lost to all sense of pity. He must know how dreadfully she is suffering, and some of us ought to be ashamed of ourselves, James, for not having sufficient moral influence over him to soften his revengeful heart. have just had a long talk with her. you tell I have been crying?"

"I guessed as much."

"Oh, if only she would cry, too! I tried to make her, thinking it might give a little relief to that terrible burden of grief, but her tears would not come."

"Yes," said Sir James, "we may do this, that, and the other 'as usual,' and too often in selfish forgetfulness, perhaps, but the tragedies call out all round us. The mother of three soldiers is a figure of grandeur in these days, and of infinite

pathos also."

"James, only one is left now," Mrs. Airey reminded him in a low voice. "I know what you mean, of course. It is so—for ever three soldier sons to her, whether they live or die. The two who have fallen have passed into the great heart of their own land. But they cannot be there with the lovely and awful pain of reality which they have in their mother's breast."

"You mustn't shut out their father."

"Has he not shut himself out? with her in that wrecked and blood-drenched little home—for, you know, that is her battlefield, and fire and sword are about her always—I wondered if Latham could possibly have been brutal any longer had he come in then and seen her. It was inconsiderate of me, now I think of it, to wish her to cry. She must have wept all her tears away in loneliness, so red and swollen were her eyes, so piteously weary. failing fast. She seems to be kept alive by sorrow. It is one thing to give up our children, all of them, when the call comes, and the glory of duty mercifully for a time blinds us to the cost, but it is a very different thing when the price has to be paid."

"Walter is her favourite, and there has

been no ill news of him."

"She appeared not to be able to realise that he could be alive. First Ian, and then Charles, so soon after, sacrificing their bright young lives, and now in her despair she can only think of her youngest boy as dead also, far away under the Eastern sky. 'If he is not already gone,' she said, 'he will be taken, too, and I want to be where his brothers are, waiting for him to come.' She told me, as if I had never known him, that he had golden hair and blue eyes. She is in a very weak state, and I fear for the worst unless we can do something to raise her out of that deep depression."

"Did she speak of Latham?"

"Only once, when I asked her if she thought he cared. 'He loves them,' she said. She is past bitterness. Indeed, 1 have never heard her say anything unkind of him during all their estrangement. James, if he does not return to her, she will in a short while be in her grave. The only hope of the unhappy woman's recovery, of lifting up her overburdened heart, lies in reconciliation with her husband."

"You want to have a talk with him?"

" Yes."

"I'll send him to the Manor House this evening."

THE old lady received the woodman in

her boudoir. He entered very slowly, with suspicious, searching gaze, as though he were on the watch for a trap. She advanced with a smile and shook hands with him, but shivered as she looked in his eyes.

"I am glad to see you, Latham.

down."



"'Rosie,' he said, 'what are you playing at?"

He remained standing.

"Sir James said you wanted to speak to me. If it's the same to you, ma'am, I'll not keep you waiting."

"Oh, but please be seated."

She indicated a chair. He hesitated, staring at it sullenly, and then, holding his stout walking-stick in one hand and his hat in the other, he reluctantly sat down. Mrs. Airey took her place opposite to him, and felt that she was too near to this strange, forbidding man. His look of inflexible determination frightened her.

"Will you take a glass of wine, Latham?"

" No, I thank you, ma'am."

"I went to see your wife this afternoon. I made haste to go to her the moment I heard—Sir James Allard would, no doubt, tell you that your son Charles——"

"Yes!"

He shot out the word in a kind of ferocious, monstrous bark, as if he were warning her to be silent about that. Again a shiver ran through the gracious and gentle old lady, and she wished she had arranged for a third person to be in the room.

"I am very, very sorry," she said.

David Latham held up his head defiantly. He sat motionless, the embodiment of tragic self-repression. It seemed to Mrs. Airey that she could not hope to shake his stubborn resolve to have done with his wife for ever. But she began to plead with him, at first very gently and in a quavering voice, and then with more firmness, and even with indignation, as she perceived that she was making no impression upon him.

"Latham, have you not anything to

say?"

"My mind's made up."

"For bitterness to the last?" she said, two faint red spots rising on her pale cheeks. "For revenge even to the grave against the mother of those two dear sons who sleep in a foreign land? I tell you—as you must know—you are killing your wife. You are murdering her. She is dying, and you could save her if you would. She said to me when Ian fell: 'I could bear it if only David would come home.' She is almost past making any request now. Hope has fled. But, Latham, you could bring it back—you could renew her interest in life and her sad pride in those fallen heroes, and in that other one, your youngest boy, who may some day, God willing, be restored to you."

"I've answered you once and for all,

ma'am. I'm not to be changed."

-He made as though to rise, but Mrs.

Airey said in a louder voice and with a commanding gesture—

"Your vindictiveness is so mean and so unmanly that you dare not listen to the

reproaches of an old woman!"

This stilled him for a moment. He gazed angrily over her head, his mouth shut as though he never intended to open it again in the Manor House.

"Have you no compassion for your wife," she went on, "in this terrible hour? She has been a good mother to your children, and does your conscience tell you that you have been a good father? For many years your wife has lovingly cared for them. She has borne her hard lot uncomplainingly. Is all that suppressed, cruel suffering nothing to you?"

He sprang to his feet with the vehement suddenness of a man about to strike. But he did not even utter a sound. Mrs. Airey

stood beside him.

"Latham, I repeat, with all the solemnity in my power, if you do not go back to your wife, she will soon be no more. Oh, be merciful to her, and to yourself! The wounds of her dead sons are in her heart. Are they not in yours also?"

He bowed his head, but he had nothing

to say. The old lady touched his arm.

"You can heal those wounds, Latham. Oh, go to her, go to her! And then, though you must needs, both of you, grieve for your lost loved ones, your sorrow will be so different when you bear it together."

He lifted up his head. Mrs. Airey shrank from him. He was like a dehumanised zealot, ready to immolate himself for an

idea.

"I will not be reconciled to her," he said.
"That's my oath, and it never will be broken!"

·VI.

HE was shunned more than ever after this, and felt himself to be an outcast. No one, not even the people at Moat Farm, spoke to him now about his lost sons, or asked if he had any news of his boy ir Gallipoli. He could have no news that would not be as soon known to strangers as to himself—or sooner. This had been a torment and humiliation to Latham when Ian and Charles fell, and the prospect of the same thing occurring, if anything should happen to Walter, was unbearable. He so brooded over it that his feeling of outlawry came to have a kind of supernatural terror and justification. It filled him with fatalistic

helplessness. In the years of peace he had been too proud to care what was thought of him; but the War was shattering his pride. And yet he went on vowing to himself, sometimes in the midst of almost insane dread and anguish about his youngest son, that he never would surrender.

One still afternoon, while wandering dejectedly through a wood on the farthest margin of the estate, the sense of loneliness shutting him out from all living things, except the ceaseless thought of Walter, which was now more real to him than his own existence, he heard a low, murmuring sound, and stopped to listen. It was not a bird, and could not be an animal. It was like a voice of extreme softness crooning a lullaby.

Latham gazed about among the trees, but could see no one. He moved slowly, silently, in the direction whence he fancied this singing of unearthly sweetness came, and, when near the edge of the wood, he again stood still, a smile of strange tenderness

coming to his face.

It was only little Rosie at play in the wood, humming to herself. She was a lovely child of six. That was the creeper-tangled roof of her father's cottage out there in the clearer light. But what was she doing? Latham hid behind a tree, watching her with a softened, half-amused expression.

He liked to hear her sing. He loved this child, and had often taken her sweets and other little gifts, though he had never gone to her home with them, but had waited for her on quiet paths. She had been the one celestial ray in the increasing darkness of his life; and of late, under calamities for which he could find no consolation, he had stopped to kiss her with the awed reverence of spiritual hunger. And now again it was precious to him just to look at the child, just to feast his soul on her angelic beauty and simplicity.

He drew nearer on tiptoe, like a man yearning to peer into a hallowed shrine, yet knowing that he dared not enter. He could not make out what she was playing at there all by herself under the trees, and singing as

she played.

She had always been a fanciful, rather "queer" child, in some ways intelligent beyond her age, and yet in other ways not her years in babe-like innocence of the world around her. She seemed to understand everything beautiful and wonderful, and nothing hard and real. The lamentable things under the great sky had no terrors for her; she appeared to see them only as

symbols of something fair and infinitely harmonious beyond.

And now, on her knees before three little mounds of leaf-mould, all strewn with the prettiest wild flowers, she was singing as a child sings when she knows that her guardian angel is telling her to sing.

"'Rest eternal grant them-"

The woodman was sure that he heard these words. What was this she was chanting? And three little mounds He went to the child in an agony of fear.

"Rosie," he said, "what are you playing at?"
She looked up with a welcoming smile, but did not rise from her knees.

"It isn't play, Mr. Latham. I'm doin' it for them."

"For them, my dear?"

"It's their graves I've made. Three soldier graves, and I do wish I had flags to put over them with the flowers."

David Latham sank down on his knees

beside her.

"All three," he muttered.

"Yes," said the child. "Mother counted them—how they gave up their lives. Ian first. I was so fond of him, Mr. Latham. He said, if I made haste to grow up as old as he was, he would take me for his wife when he came home from the War. He never will come home now. Charlie was the next. I loved him, too, Mr. Latham, like you and Mrs. Latham and everybody did."

"Which is Walter's grave, Rosie?"

"This one. I made it the smallest. He used to carry me in his arms. Now mother says the angels have carried him away."

"When did your mother tell you—about

Walter, dear?"

"Father hurried back early for tea, and said Walter had gone like the others. Mother cried, and couldn't eat any tea. She said three brothers now, all far away in foreign lands, and so I came out in the wood and made their graves. 'Rest eternal grant them—'"

"Rosie, Rosie!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you, Mr. Latham, and mother says their mother's heart will be broke."

The child took his hand. He made no response to her sympathy. He remained kneeling, his eyes fixed on the tiny mounds, like a man turned to stone.

"I've been praying for them, Mr. Latham, like mother does for Uncle Will and Harry

the groom. She learned me how."

Almost inaudibly came from the wood-man's lips—

"Say it again, Rosie."

"'Rest eternal grant them, O Lord, and let light shine upon them.' I've missed out a word, because I can't say it. You could, Mr. Latham."

"Show me the way, Rosie."

"All over?"

"Yes. Slowly, please. I'm feeling very

dull and heavy to-day, Rosie."

He repeated the requiem after her. When she came to "perpetual" before "shine," she said "per-per—" coaxingly, but he could not help her out.

Then she stood up, and he watched her gather a few flowers from each mound, and tie them up with a blue ribbon from her

hair of heavenly brightness.

"Mr. Latham, will you take this to their mother, and say it's from their graves, where we prayed for them?"

He was standing. He bent down as though to kiss her, but he did not.

* * * * *

Night had come—a night of quiet air and bright stars—when David Latham, for the first time in sixteen years, opened the garden gate of his home in Green Hill Lane. He was holding in his hand a little posy of wild flowers. He paused a while, longer than he knew, gazing at the faint light shining from a window. Then he went up the garden path and softly knocked at the door. It was opened by his wife; he could just see her white face in the gloom.

"Bessie," he said, "I've come home—if

you'll forgive me and take me back."

"David—David!" she murmured, and would have fallen had he not held her in his arms.



A SOLDIER.

THERE was One walked with him all the way:
None saw, in that grim battle-tide,
The Comrade who, by night and day,
Walked by his side.

And when he met the shapes of Death,
Fought Fear's own spectre, gaunt and dim,
He ever conquered, by the Breath
That spoke to him.

It seemed the gates of Hell were wide, And devils warred in man's disguise; There was One walked ever by his side And spared his eyes.

He faced the guns' tremendous wrath, The seeking bayonets' furious dart, 'Yet ever pressed upon his path With steadfast heart;

And, fall'n before the battles' close, Ere Victory dawned, there yet was One Went with him—as a Victor goes— And called him "Son."

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



HEROES OF THE V.C. LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER BEING DECORATED BY THE KING.

Lance-Corporal Keyncorth, V.C., Bandsman Rendle, V.C., Sergeant Ripley, V.C., and others.

ROYAL PALACES IN WAR-TIME

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

E are often reminded that this greatest of wars is no professional affair, but a grapple à outrance between nations of conflicting ideals. Certainly it affects every home, from palace to poorhouse, in startling fashion, as a glance at these pictured pages will show. There are no more Courts. Kings and Emperors still "receive," but their palace guests are war-stained veterans, and not beautiful ladies in cloth of gold and gems bowing before the throne.

Regal halls are no longer filled with shining assemblies—with flowers and music and formal homage to kings and queens. Even the German Emperor—ever a stickler for heroic splendour—has turned his Berlin Schloss and shooting-boxes into *Kranken-häuser*, or convalescent homes for the broken men who pour into Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and other cities in trainloads.

"Out of every ten persons I met," said a Swedish diplomat to Senator Pauliat, in Paris, "at least six were wounded." For which reason Sans Souci and the Orangery at Potsdam are now "Lazaretten," or military hospitals, and Brandenburgers stricken on the Meuse hills hobble in the Wildpark and the gardens of the Great Elector. So Berlin, clicking with war efficiency, has no more use for Court pomp. A ball at the Schloss used to cost £5000.

There were also State banquets and levees, all trumpets and parade, before the All-Highest. These have long been cancelled, and the cost of them—over £50,000—handed to war charities by the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.

Look where you may, from Madrid to Moscow, the same transformation has taken place. Even King Alfonso has turned his palace into a sort of informal War Office, which deals with thousands of foreign letters daily. The King's bureau is a Court of Appeal for condemned or missing prisoners, his secretariat like an insurance office or a

homeless, like the knightly Albert of Belgium, King Peter of Serbia, and Nicholas of Montenegro, who, with his Queen, was bombed and shot at by Austrian planes during the perilous escape to San Giovanni. That modest palace in red-roofed Cettinje, the village capital, became an Austrian barrack, and the inglorious conqueror, General Koevess, sat under its courtyard trees, where once the Montenegrin King dispensed patriarchal justice to his people. Strange to say, this Austrian had a new kingdom in his gift. Prince Wilhelm of Wied was on his staff—the late "Mpret,"

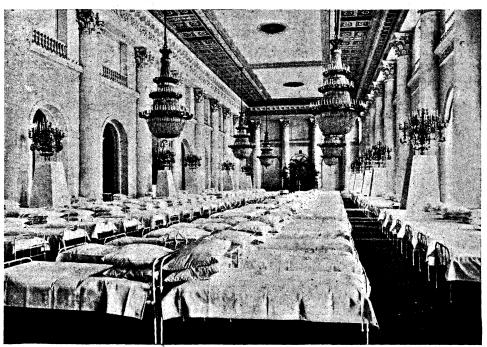


Photo by] [Underwood & Underwood.

THE NICHOLAS HALL OF THE WINTER PALACE AT PETROGRAD CONVERTED INTO A HOSPITAL.

bank, all business and clerical precision. Day and night sheaves of telegrams pour in from England and France, from Italy, and even far-off Russia, pleading for King Alfonso's intervention with the ruthless German machine in the internment camps or in conquered capitals from Warsaw to Belgrade.

Where stamps are enclosed these are returned, for the King of Spain defrays all the cost, and delights in this work of mercy. He lately succeeded in saving from death the Comtesse de Belleville and other French and Belgian subjects condemned by Baron von Bissing, German Governor of Brussels.

The War has made some monarchs

or elected ruler of Albania, who was the Kaiser's choice.

The evacuation of Durazzo opened once more to this German prince the shabby "palace" from which he fled so recently in a hail of rebel bullets, to seek shelter on an Italian warship.

There are dark doings these days in the Dolma Baghche Palace on the Bosphorus, that hotbed of intrigue and violence, where the Heir-Apparent to the Ottoman throne was one morning seized and bound and bled to death by hired assassins in his own harem.

It is a far cry from Turkey to the Tiber,

where the far-famed "rival Courts" of Quirinal and Vatican now vie with one another in tender works of mercy. Queen Elena has opened hospital wards in one wing of that huge, rambling pile so famous in Papal history. Her Majesty is personally tending Italy's wounded soldiers as a Red Cross graduate. The Royal villas at Mantua, Verona, and Monza are also devoted to this purpose.

Then the Queen-Mother—"nostra Marghereta," the beloved Pearl of Savoy—has had her palace in the Via Veneto turned

defeat," was the old King's comment, "better than any diplomatist or chancellor."

So much for my preliminary survey of European palaces in war-time. It accentuates our own immunity—a condition at which formidable foes rage in vain so long as our Navy is supreme. If Buckingham Palace knows none of these dramatic changes, it is none the less "in" the War on vigorous administrative and philanthropic lines, such as keep every member of our Royal Family busy from early morning till late at night.

It is not a hospital as other palaces are,

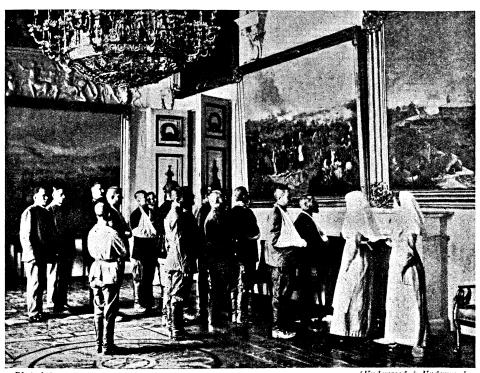


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[Underwood & Underwood.

CONVALESCENTS INSPECTING HISTORIC RUSSIAN WAR SCENES IN ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE WINTER PALACE AT PETROGRAD.

into a perfectly fitted hospital at her own expense; whilst the Pope himself has placed at the disposal of the War Office the stately summer resort of Urban VIII., high above the Alban Lake at Castel Gandolfo.

King Victor's children visit their exiled grandfather, King Nicholas, at his new and very modest palace in Lyons. Here the Crown Prince Umberto heard thrilling stories of the escape from Cettinje. "So there's nothing more to eat at your place?" said the Royal child to the old chieftain.

"So did a boy of twelve explain my

simply because there is no need for it. Our Army Medical Department and the British Red Cross Society come as near perfection in the extent and efficiency of their arrangements as any human institutions can do. Yet Buckingham Palace nursed a wounded King, who fell on the field of battle doing arduous duty. His Majesty was quite gravely injured by the fall of that rearing horse, and his hurt was as honourable as any sustained from the enemy's fire.

And what interesting Courts our Palace holds in this tragic time! Statesmen from

Overseas call upon King and Queen with a new and vivid interest in the Empire, now bound in blood-brotherhood and closer ties than ever before existed. Heroes of the Victoria Cross roll into the big quadrangle in taxis, to the cheers of excited crowds, men gloriously lamed or scarred—the squire and the Poor Law boy, the collier in khaki, the shopman and footman and clerk—all ennobled with the supreme award. are to-day's callers at Buckingham Palace, which is really all war, in a quiet, forceful, steadfast way.

Hither, too, come generals straight from

Buckingham Palace is to-day a War Department, with mails delivered by the sack, and with private wires and telephones ever busy with Service or hospital business.

His Majesty is at the disposal of his Ministers at any hour of the day or night. A peer writes to offer his stately home for the use of convalescent officers. One postal delivery in the early days brought over a hundred such offers. Then a humble woman writes to her King to say she has given seven sons to his service. It takes a suave and sympathetic staff to deal with the varied Palace correspondence of this time.

The Grand Duchess Olga.

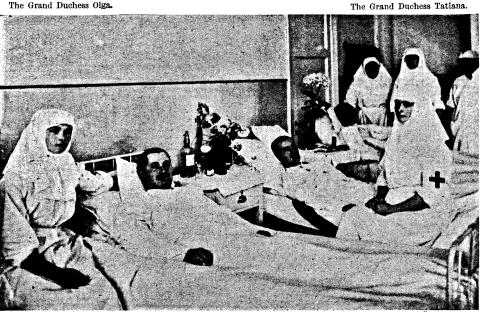


Photo by Central News]

The Tsaritsa.

THE TSARITSA AND HER DAUGHTERS NURSING WOUNDED OFFICERS AT THE IMPERIAL HOSPITAL AT TSARKOE-SELO.

the Front, admirals with strange stories from northern mists where the Grand Fleet broods in watchful grandeur. And here is a humble fisherman of Grimsby, a minesweeper, so overcome at the sight of his King that he clasped His Majesty's hand in both of his own with a fervour which first embarrassed and then amused all the beholders.

It is a teetotal Palace, as we know. wines, beers, or spirits are consumed in any of Their Majesties' Households, so that—as Lord Stamfordham wrote to Mr. Lloyd George-"no difference shall be made, so far as the King is concerned, between the treatment of rich and poor in this question."

No wonder King George is often at his desk at seven in the morning. There are troops to review in the Palace grounds, from the steps of the eastern terrace. Then a motor laboratory rolls in for His Majesty's inspection. Next a fleet of ambulances, the gift of an Indian Prince, or a coffee-bar stall provided by the Church Army. His Majesty enters and handles the utensils of this restaurant on wheels. The Queen is interested in the portable Communion set tucked away in a cupboard of the car, which, with chaplain and crew, is just off to the Front.

Who needs reminding of Queen Mary's war-time day—her Needlework Guild, her Work for Women Fund, gifts and newspapers

for the troops, belts and socks, concerts and charity affairs without end? Her sons are serving in Navy and Army. Even young Prince Henry takes a day off from Eton to unload stores in a railway siding. Her Majesty's calls are not now in Bond Street, but rather to temples of mercy so diverse as the palatial American Women's Hospital at Paignton and the Jewish Maternity

the spirit upon which President Poincaré dwelt when he presented the Médaille Militaire to General Joffre—"the incomparable moral energy emanating from the French soul." In the classic salon where great Napoleon signed his abdication Madame Curie waits on Madame La Présidente to tell her of new radiographic miracles at the Hôpital Pantin. Another



Photo by] [Record Press.

THE BALLROOM IN THE NEW ROYAL PALACE IN BRUSSELS CONVERTED INTO A HOSPITAL.

Home in Whitechapel. Princess Mary, of course, has her own funds. Her "Book"—an idea of her own—realised £15,000 for charity. Both she and her mother knit and sew for the Canadian Guild and other charities. The boy Princes exhibited mufflers of their own making in this era of self-help and national energy.

Over in Paris the Elysée Palace reflects

visitor is an aged servant with 2500 francs "pour les blessés."

Madame Poincaré is a tower of strength to the Union des Femmes de France and other bodies, but her favourite work is the provision of *ouvroirs* for the midinettes and needlewomen whom dethroned Fashion has left unemployed. Great ladies sit knitting in the Salon des Souverains, where foreign

royalties were received, and stately envoys of all nations. Invaded France is taking devoted care of her wounded, and the Presidential palace is on that account all ministry and sympathetic watch over their welfare.

the wounded and encouraging marksmen in the trenches.

Such a tiny territory remains inviolate to the Royal pair. And yet—as Maeterlinck has said—they receive more homage than is paid to mighty conquerors. Within sound

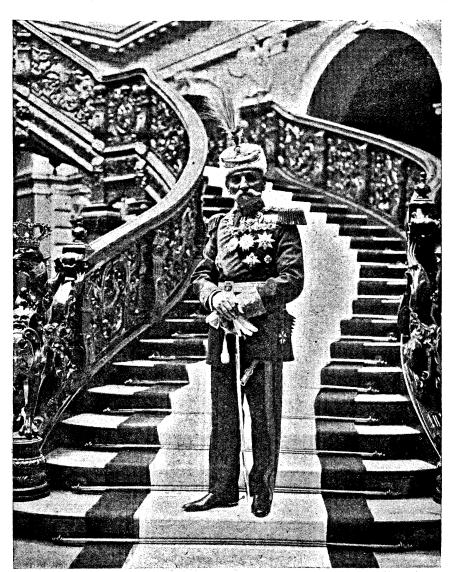


Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations. King peter of serbia on the staircase of his palace in belgrade.

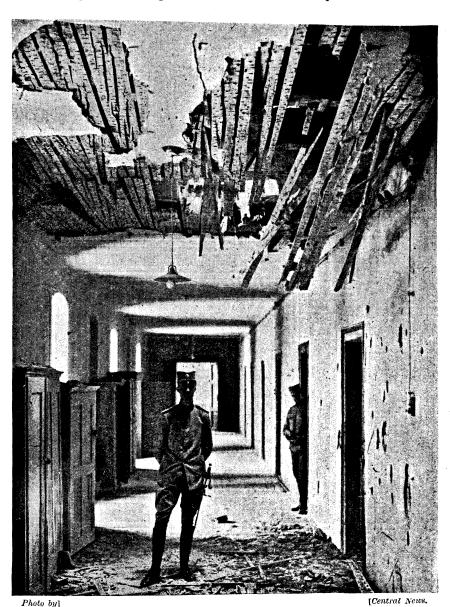
As for King Albert — hailed by his scattered people as "Vaillant défenseur du Droit et de l'Honneur"—his present palace is a small and lonely Flemish villa. Both the King and his Queen spend their days with the brave Belgian Army, consoling

of the guns King George handed the sash and Star of the Garter to this royal hero of the War, and at the homely lunch that followed, King Albert spoke of his real home over there in the east—his twin palace in the upper town of Brussels.

Its sumptuous ballroom is now filled with wounded Germans and *Krankenpflegerinnen*, or trained nurses, gliding over the shining parquet to set up more beds, and always more, as the clash grows more desperate still.

of Mercy out at Tsarkoe-Selo, the favourite Imperial home. It is almost incredible to one who knows the whelming, exotic magnificence of the Muscovite Court of yesteryear.

Even the stupendous Winter Palace on



A CORRIDOR IN THE ROYAL PALACE OF SERBIA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

But surely the most sweeping of all palace changes is seen in Russia. Here the former pomp of Tsardom is sweet away, and the beautiful Empress and her girls sit by sick beds in the garb of Sisters

the Neva is now a hospital with a thousand beds. Its inauguration was an imposing scene. An altar was set up amid palm trees. Ecclesiastics, in cloth of gold and green, chanted a Te Deum before the Tsar and his boyish heir, as well as the Empress and the four Grand Duchesses, who now rise before six in the morning to a strenuous war-time day.

The Grand Duke Cyril, the Grand Duchesses Elizabeth and Olga (the Tsar's sister)—all the Imperial kinsfolk—lend their aid and their homes to the one work of healing. The Tsar's innumerable seats are

and even assist at operations, with due regard for discipline and the drudge work inseparable from efficient nursing.

On stated days the Imperial ladies come to town and visit the wards of the vast Winter Palace, where once six thousand guests sat down to supper in a bower of orange trees and roses. The Nicholas Hall—which the photograph shows only in



Photo by]

THE DEPARTURE OF KING PETER AND THE SERBIAN GENERAL STAFF.

requisitioned—castle and villa, shooting-box and "datcha," from Livadia in the Crimea to the mighty Kremlin in Moscow—Great Peter's "window into Europe." The most interesting of these palace hospitals is Tsarkoe-Selo, which is twenty-five miles from Petrograd. This is the Tsaritsa's own charge and that of her stately daughters, who now take temperatures, dress wounds,

part—is now named the Tsarevitch Alexis. Hospital, after the Heir-Apparent. This boy prince now takes the field as Hereditary Grand Hetman of the Cossacks.

The Tsar himself lives with General Alexieff at Army Headquarters, and his "palace" is often an earthy cave or a railway carriage in a siding. It is a strange thought that wondering moujiks have



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ENTERTAINING WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: QUEEN MARY BIDDING ONE OF THE MEN TO SIT DOWN.

Photograph by "The Daily Mirror."

dispossessed their Great White Tsar—that sacred, almost mythical potentate, in whose stately Winter Palace wounded soldiers now roam from hall to hall, inspecting curios and battle pictures with royal nurses as their guides.

And what of King Peter, whose palace in Belgrade was surprisingly sumptuous for so small a nation? Alas, he also is among the kings without a country! First his palace was torn and shattered by Austrian guns from the further side of the Danube. King Peter and his Chief of Staff, the juvalid Voivode Putnik, were driven from town to town, till the homeless monarch lay on the bare ground, literally without a crust of bread.

His escape to safety, under Italian guns at Durazzo, is an even more thrilling story than the Odyssey of His Montenegrin Majesty. "I pray God," said the broken Serbian hero at Ædipsos—"tired and bruised in spirit," as he said himself—"that I may live to see the redemption of my people. This is the faith of my life's twilight." King Victor Emmanuel offered his Serbian brother the Palazzo Caserta, near Naples, the Versailles of the Neapolitan Bourbons.

Serbia's wounded have invaded the "dream castle" of the German Emperor in Corfu—the white marble Achilleion which the Kaiser bought for £600,000 from the Emperor Franz Josef. It was the favourite residence of the tragic Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

And, last of all, what of the unpretentious Sofia palace, which has seen so little of its royal owner since he turned upon his former Ally? King Ferdinand wears a coat of steel mail, and drives in an armoured ear. Queen Eleonore—formerly a German Princess of Reuss-Köstritz—has turned part of the palace into a hospital, and walks the wards herself in nurse's garb, with a kindly grace worthy of the best records of royalty in war-time.

This brief review of palace changes would

be incomplete without some reference to the strangely moving festivities given to our wounded soldiers by the Royal Family and the Lords and Ladies of the Court. No such scenes were ever witnessed in Buckingham Palace as, day after day, King George and Queen Mary entertained hundreds of maimed and blinded men, who lifted up the National Anthem with quenchless magnificence and pride.

Here was Princess Mary pouring tea, and Prince Albert, in middy's uniform, steering deft way through the throng with pastries and cake. In a marquee outside the riding-school tables were set out the first day for eight hundred men, drawn from nine great military hospitals. Each group had a Royal president, and among the aproned waitresses who served these humble but heroic guests were grandes dames like the Duchesses of Devonshire, Sutherland, and Buccleuch, and the Marchionesses of Ripon and Lincolnshire. The last-named lost her only son, Lord Wendover, in the War.

Many of the invited men could walk. Some came on crutches, others were carried or wheeled in hospital chairs. There was haunting pathos in this Palace feast, when sightless lads heard their King or Queen address them in tones kindlier than any words. It is no secret that the Royal Family, as well as foreign notables like Queen Amelie—dressed as a Red Cross nurse—and the Grand Duchess George of Russia, regard these "Courts" as the most memorable and impressive they ever attended.

Queen Alexandra borrowed a fountain pen and sat among the soldiers, signing cards that will pass down as heirlooms in remotest corners of the Empire. Stars of the stage sang and otherwise amused the guests. But what "turn" thrilled the spectators as the heroic Canadians did when they rolled out "The Maple Leaf for Ever," or keen lads from "down under" when they rounded off "Australia Will Be There" with "Coo-ees"?



TELESCOPIC WOOING

R. PUNSHON

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



T'S the most awful position I was ever in," said Tommy mournfully.

As he was recently back, with a bullet in his right arm, from the Front, where it seemed he had lived in constant proximity to

exploding mines, quarter-ton shells dropping round like rain, and flying rifle-bullets so numerous they ceased to attract attention —I gathered one flicked them off with handkerchief when they became too troublesome - I must confess that this statement seemed to me extreme.

"There she is," he said again, after a pause, "and here I am, and so there you

are, you see."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Hang it all," he answered quite snappily, "that's what I want you to tell me!"

I hadn't the very least idea in the world what to tell him, but I tried to look sympathetic and as wise and competent and important as I have felt ever since I learned that, as managing director of the So-and-So Company, which used to turn out things like baby carriages, and now manufactures, instead, things like howitzers, I am of too great value to my country to enlist. And this time last year I didn't know the difference between a howitzer and a Browning repeating pistol!

"You see, it's this way," Tommy began once more, and then subsided into silence.

I tried to point out that his conversation lacked the clearness and coherence so necessary in this time of national emergency, and he told me not to be an ass-an observation which I naturally resented.

"Well," I said, "let me look through the

telescope—that will be a beginning."

He pointed to where it was lying, and I adjusted it and took it to the window, and looked through it very carefully and for a long time.

"You can't see the hill from here," remarked Tommy presently; "you can only

see it from my bedroom window."

"Then we will go there," I said, with patient dignity. I added coldly: "I think

you might have told me that before."

"How did I know what you thought you were playing at?" growled Tommy. And he led me upstairs to his room, whence I had another long look through the telescope, after I had insisted on Tommy pointing out the right hill.

"You only see her," I asked, "in the early

morning?"

"Somewhere about six, generally," he answered, "earlier sometimes, never much later."

"Why not," I asked, struck by a brilliant

idea, "be on the hill yourself at six?"
"Then she doesn't come," said Tommy sadly. "I've tried that."

"How did you happen to see her first?"

"Providence," he answered. "I don't always sleep very well, if my fool of an arm starts giving me gyp, as it does sometimes. That night it was throbbing like old boots, and I got out of bed and walked about a bit. and then I took up the glass just to have a squint round. I say, Blazer, old man "they called me Blazer at school; my real name is Arthur Ray—" you can't guess—you can't imagine! I could see her as plainly as possible dancing to herself on the hill-top in



"The dancer was a boy, a butcher's boy in a long blue smock."

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"'. That's where she was when I spotted her."

There wasn't a the sunshine and the dew. soul near—she can't have dreamed a soul could see her. It was lovely, it was enchanting— I could have watched her for years! She was wonderful, like a fairy or a nymph or—or that sort of thing, you know. The next morning I was on the watch. I saw her again. She was more wonderful than ever, dancing there alone on the hill-top in the morning. The third morning I was there. The fourth morning I She never came. watched from here. She came. She was wonderful and beautiful. The fifth morning I was on the hill-top. I saw nothing, but I—I heard her laugh. Or perhaps it was a The next morning I stayed and watched from here, and she came. always like that. If I stay here, she comes and dances, and I can watch. If I try to get near, she vanishes. If I hide there, she never Now, what's a chap to do?" comes.

"That depends," I said, "on what a chap

wants to do 🖣 "

He eyed me with ineffable scorn.

"I'll tell you what I want," he said, with impressive slowness. "I want to make her acquaintance, and then I want to marry her."

"My dear chap," I protested, "aren't you being a little rapid?"

"Rapid?" he gasped, and went nearly purple with suppressed emotion. "Rapid? I've known her for weeks, months, years, ever since last Tuesday morning, and I've never spoken to her yet!"

"And still he knows her," I murmured.

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

I could almost see and hear the effort to be patient that he made. "I want," he said, "to find out who she is, and where she lives, and then I want an introduction, and then I want-

"No, Tommy," I interrupted, raising my hand, "no more, please. That is enough of wants for a beginning. And how do you propose to satisfy them?"

"By asking the most utter blithering idiot of my acquaintance to help me," he

answered bitterly.

"Have you made any inquiries in the neighbourhood?" I asked, ignoring this.

"There's the village at the side of the hill," Tommy answered, "and there's Rovermouth a mile further on. Of course, Rovermouth is full of visitors. And there are several houses, farms, and cottages round about. I've been to Rovermouth, and I've been to the village, but I can't get a hint. It's jolly difficult. A chap can't very well go about saying: 'Do you know the young lady who gets up very early and dances on the hill-top over there?' I can't even hear of anyone else who has seen her."

is a bit difficult," I admitted. "Should you know her if you met her?"

He insisted that he would, but in his heart I think he was a bit doubtful. After all, he had only seen her through the telescope at a pretty considerable distance. I gathered he was not very sure of her features, because he talked such a lot about the grace and poetry of her movements and the wonderful beauty of her dancing.

I confess at first the problem seemed to me pretty well insoluble. How can one effect an introduction between a wounded subaltern with a telescope and a girl dancing on a hill-top in the dawn a mile or two away? What is, so to speak, the term

of relation that can connect them?

I thought about it a lot, and asked Tommy a few questions, not that there was much need to do that—he was only too willing to tell me everything several times over. gathered that he lived only to make the acquaintance of the dancing lady, and that, if he failed, he would save the Germans further trouble by putting a bullet through what he called his brains.

Well, it seemed jolly serious. I wondered if friendship demanded that I should sleep out on the hill-top, cunningly concealed under a blade of grass or something, ready to leap out on the unknown the moment she arrived. But I thought of rheumatism, and I decided that friendship advanced no such claim.

"I've tried everything," said Tommy mournfully. "I even tried signalling with a looking-glass in the sun."

"What happened?"

"Two special constables and a police inspector came, guided by a bloodthirsty young ruffian of a Boy Scout, who was awfully cut up because they didn't shoot me on the spot. But it cost me the best part of a bottle of whisky to convince them 1 wasn't a German spy.

"How would it be," I said, "to have a motor-car in readiness, and rush off full

speed the moment she appears?"

"She would see us coming."

"Suppose," I said, "we lie in ambush. You hide on the other side of the hill, I appear on this side. She sees me and bolts Eh?" straight into your arms.

We decided to try that strategical plan. We got up at some ghastly hour—half-past four or five, I believe, or something equally discreditable—and remember I'm a man who needs a lot of sleep. Anyhow, she never appeared at all. And it came on to rain. We hardly spoke at breakfast. My temper was quite unruffled, but I cannot truthfully say the same about Tommy. After the meal was over, he went to sit and sulk in his own room, and I went for a walk by myself. It had stopped raining, and my blood was up. I felt my reputation was at stake, so I just simply set to, and I called at every house and cottage in the neighbourhood of that thrice miserable hill, and at every house and cottage I called at I asked for a glass of water, and, what's more, I drank it, while I chatted amiably and asked idle questions about the district and generally fished for information.

Reader, have you ever drunk nine glasses of water in fairly swift succession?

If you have, you will sympathise; if you haven't, take my advice and don't.

And, mind you, here was I suffering all this for the sake of a wounded infantry

subaltern sulking in his bedroom.

At the ninth—or ninetieth—I suppose it was the former, but it seemed like the latter—glass of water I struck oil, however—metaphorically, I mean, of course; the water was quite good, I dare say, so far as I was by

now in a condition to judge.

It was handed me by a tall, slim, pretty girl in a torn overall, who was picking currants in what was, I understood, her mother's garden. She was a nice girl, and very pretty, with lovely eyes and a face whose expression changed every second of every minute of every hour—at least, it seemed to. My first discreet feeler—my ordinary opening, like king's pawn to king's fourth at chess—about early rising drew a blank. She detested early rising, she said, and my heart warmed to her. In fact, she and I got quite friendly, and at last I blurted out the object of my search, and she said quite calmly—

"Oh, that's Sis. She loves to do that."

I was simply delighted. And I knew I could make Tommy simply grovel, once he understood I was in possession of the secret. The girl was quite frank about it. It was just a fancy of her sister's, only she was shy about it, and didn't like people to know. We got on very well together as we chatted, and I found her very pleasant, though a little slow in understanding things, for when I confided to her that hers was the ninth glass of water I had drunk, she seemed to think it was because I was so

thirsty, and she went off at once and got another for me. However, in the end we arranged that nothing was to be said to her sister—who was really very shy—and if she went out to dance in the morning, then my new friend was to show a red hand-kerchief as a signal. We were to be in readiness, and to approach, as soon as we saw the signal, by a hidden path she would show us.

"You see," she said, "I always keep watch for Sis, and if I know it's you coming, and it's all right, I won't say anything."

I thanked her very much, and, refusing the fresh glass of water she urged on me, I went off. I felt very satisfied, and I looked forward to an interview with Tommy in which I should simply use him as a doormat. I felt I had him in the hollow of my hand, so to speak, and I meant to take full advantage of my opportunity. Privately I thought, though, of course, I had not as yet seen the dancing girl, that if Tommy had seen my girl—I mean, you understand, the one I had been talking to—he would not have thought quite so much of his dancer. Even I, hardened old bachelor that I am, began to have thoughts, the vaguest, faintest, flimsiest thoughts, but still thoughts.

On my return, my interview with Tommy proceeded on thoroughly satisfactory lines. To say that he was abject conveys little; to speak of his gratitude is to employ a word absurdly inadequate. All that he had was mine, and I'm not sure, but I think there were tears in his eyes when he said that all his future happiness he owed to me. I had to point out that, in the first place, he didn't know if she would have him, and that, in the second place, he didn't know that it would be happiness if she did. The second objection failed to make any impression on him-he thought it a joke in somewhat doubtful taste. The first objection was very effective, however. He sat down at once and mooned in a corner, and thought it very likely she wouldn't. fact, he didn't suppose that, when it came to the point, he would have the awful cheek and impudence to ask her. But I told him girls were a rum lot, and there was no telling. said some girls showed no sense at all in choosing husbands, and this girl might be like that, and so he cheered up a little.

I give you my word of honour that the next morning he woke me at a quarter to four, so as to be sure not to be late, he said. He retired before the fury of my hate and scorn, but back he came at a quarter past. He said he daren't risk not being in time.

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I told him what I thought of him, and when I finished I was so thoroughly wakened I felt I might as well get up as not. He said he would never forget it if I did, and I said I wouldn't, either.

Of course, the result was that we were several hours too soon. The early dawn is a much overrated period of the day. It was a miserable time we spent there, and what annoyed me so much was that Tommy was

as jolly as a sand-boy.

We were in ambush behind a bush. It was a bush that had a lot of prickles on it, and it was soaked in dew. However, all things end in due course, and, when a century had elapsed, we saw the or two handkerchief displayed. We got up, and Tommy flew and I hobbled—I was stiff with cold, and cramp, and misery, and I had sworn to myself never to go near a wounded subaltern again—up the path to the hill-top I had been shown the night before. It took us to a vantage spot behind some trees, and from them we could see plainly the level glade where the unknown was used to dance in the dawn.

The morning sunshine was pouring down upon it now, and every bush and tree was hung with a fairy tracery of sparkling jewels. Right in the midst of that fairy scene stood a human form, slowly dancing, and in the shelter of the trees stood Tommy, and a

sicker subaltern you never saw.

For the dancer was a boy, a butcher's boy in a long blue smock, a fat and chubby boy, a boy with freekles and a snub nose, about fourteen or fifteen years old, perhaps, and his dancing was like unto the gambolling of a merry calf or a two-months-old Newfoundland puppy.

No, I didn't laugh. I didn't even feel inclined to. The situation was too awful

and Tommy's face too tragic.

The boy danced solemnly on—capered, I should say. I stole a glance at Tommy, and quickly looked away again. There are some sights not meant for human eyes to rest on.

And still that wretched boy solemnly capered up and down, to and fro, round

about.

It was an appalling moment. I felt rather ill myself, I confess that. Just imagine the two of us going through all we had gone through, and getting up at the time we had got up, all in order to watch a little freckled brat with a snub nose capering about like a lunatic. I can't tell you how I felt—a little, I suppose, as though I had accidentally stepped

under a hydraulic hammer of a thousand tons or so. I just sat down and got out my pipe. Smoking before breakfast always makes me ill, but I didn't care. And the grass was damp, and I am subject to rheumatism, and I didn't care about that, not I. And if that was how I felt, in what sort of condition was Tommy?

I stole a look at him, and found he had vanished. I supposed that very likely he had gone to seek a convenient and eligible hole wherein to die, and that seemed to me

the best thing he could do.

There was a chunk of wood handy, and after a time I mustered up spirit enough to take it and throw it at that miserable youth. It hit him, and he howled and fled, but that hardly cheered me at all. Presently I began to think of breakfast, as life once more stirred in me, and I got up and looked round for Tommy or for his lifeless body swinging from a tree—I wasn't quite sure which to expect.

Well, I searched and I searched, but never a Tommy could I find, and I began to get quite a bit nervous. It seemed he had fled. I hoped despair had not turned his brain. After a time I gave it up and went home. Tommy dead or Tommy alive, I wanted my breakfast, or else I felt I should soon be

dead myself.

I got in at last, very tired and stiff and cold. No Tommy. I was really seriously uneasy by this time. You see, it must have been a frightful shock to Tommy—frightful. I could hardly eat any breakfast, and, after a couple of boiled eggs and a dish of kidney and bacon, I was trifling with some cold ham I had scarcely any heart for, and wondering what I ought to do, and if I should communicate with the police, when the door opened and Tommy himself walked in.

Walked in? No, swaggered in, pranced in, gallivanted in, floated in on air because

his feet no longer touched the ground.

And I, who had been prepared to mingle my tears with his, and do my best to heal his wounded heart, and had intended to propose a solemn league and covenant whereby the tragic event of this unhappy morn should be forgotten for ever—all I could do was to sit and stare.

"Hullo, old man!" he cried, and he hit me hard between the shoulder blades. "I believe, perhaps, she'll have me. Isn't it splendid? I'm to call this afternoon. Blazer, I'm the happiest man alive!"

"I—I——" I stammered, with a dazed memory of that snub-nosed urchin we had

seen jumping up and down like a Newfoundland puppy. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you don't know, do you?" he said, smiling. "By Jove, have you eaten all the breakfast? Where's the toast? Oh, never mind; it doesn't matter. Who cares for breakfast, anyway? Blazer, old boy, isn't it splendid?"

"I'm glad," I said, "that the youthful

gentleman we saw---"

He sat down and laughed, and helped

himself to some cold ham.

"That was jolly clever of her, wasn't it?" he said, with his mouth full. "Of course, it took me in for a minute, at first. Then I suspected, and I listened, and I heard someone move at a little distance, and laugh ever so softly. So off I went, and, Blazer, I found her. You see, it was just her little trick to put us off. The boy was a butcher's boy from Rovermouth, and she gave him a shilling to go and jump about there. She was hiding behind a tree on the right, to watch how we looked. That's where she was when I

spotted her. Blazer, she is ten times more beautiful and ten thousand times more wonderful than I ever dreamed!"

"But how," I said faintly, for already I was beginning to suspect the truth, "how-

and her sister?"

"She hasn't a sister," he said simply. "It was her herself you talked to yesterday, and who fixed it all up with you. She thought she would get rid of us. Perhaps," said Tommy, as he looked rather fixedly at the ham bone and then at the empty plate where the bacon and kidneys had been, "perhaps she wasn't very favourably impressed yesterday. Anyhow, it's all fixed up now, and I'm to call this afternoon. She's staying with her mother, at a cottage near, for a holiday."

"I see," I said. It was a blow, but I tried not to show it. "Tommy," I said, "I'm glad I've done what I could for you, and

now I congratulate you."

"Thanks," he answered a trifle coldly, as he got up to ring for something to eat.



THE LAST LINE.

ONLY a number and a name
Among a thousand in the list:
And nothing now shall be the same,
Something be always loved and missed.

Only a line that left his hands
An hour or two before he died;
But by that testament she stands
In fiercest sorrow fortified.

EDGAR VINE HALL.

THE ESCAPE

By H. H. BASHFORD

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



ROM the first of
May to the twentyfourth there had
been no rain upon
the moor. Day
had succeeded day
of a burgeoning
sunshine; noons
had been torrider
than in a Torquay
August; and, to

the despair of the fishermen, Blackabrook, Cherrybrook, and even the Dart itself had dwindled to threads of crystal among the bleached stones of their beds. Then on the twenty-fourth the wind had veered a little from south-west to south-east, banks of clouds had appeared, and for thirty-six hours a heavy rain had fallen without ceasing. The river and its tributaries, gathering volume, had already begun to show signs of spate, and on the twenty-sixth a sudden lowering of the temperature set tags of mist flying from the higher tors. It did not rain upon that day, although there was no sunshine, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the clouds entangled by the jutting heights dropped in broad areas upon the moor itself.

That was at four o'clock, and five minutes later Selby Wingfield Harrison, being then upon the extreme wing of the row of convicts who were busy hoeing, straightened his back, stretched his arms, and, with an admirably placed right to the chin, sent the warder just behind him down and out upon the soft earth. Six seconds later he was upon the other side of a weak place in the blackthorn hedge, and two seconds after this, from the throat of a younger convict who had been working beside him, there rose the peculiar, alarming cry of the epileptic before a fit. This called attention to the two figures that were now lying close to one another upon the damp soil, the one still, but already with consciousness returning to his eyes, and the

other staring upwards with dilated pupils and making convulsive movements with his limbs.

This young man had not previously been known to anyone in the prison as an epileptic, and his sudden seizure a little confused the next warder along the rank, who had fired into the hedge, but now stood hesitating at this new development. There had run an ugly ripple, too, all down the long line of bending figures, and both these circumstances were fortunate for Selby Wingfield Harrison. For, though he had chosen his occasion wisely enough, he was still commanded by the patrolling warder who stood at the back of the field, some forty yards behind the main body of convicts.

This functionary, however—a man of experience—whose eyes had been turned for a moment in another direction, now observed merely the general movement and the two figures upon the ground; and when he had caught sight also of Selby Harrison, it was to behold the latter, already ghostly in the fog, disappearing over a stone wall into the last field before the road. Moreover, it appeared to him, for the first moment or two, that one at least of the fallen men must have been shot; and by the time that he had got the situation well in hand, Selby Harrison had obtained a start of at least six clear minutes.

That was at eleven minutes past four, and with the fog thickening at every moment; and it was not until ten minutes later that, according to the new governor's regulations, the three gunshots from the prison boomed their message across the moor. Muted by the mist, and in contrast with the querulous report of the warder's rifle, they were extraordinarily deliberate, but, indeed, it was quite impossible to contrast them. For that had barked, and would have liked to bite, whereas these merely proclaimed—merely mentioned to the moor at large that an outlaw had managed to escape, and with

no hint in their solemnity of anything but ultimate capture. You may as well know, they said, that he has broken loose, but no one has escaped us for ever.

Running warily through the fog, Selby laughed a little as he heard them. They, at any rate, made the position clear. They put the other side's cards upon the table—that now every farmer within four miles would know precisely what had happened; that within an hour every station-master upon the moorland railways would be aware that he was abroad, and be in possession of his description; and that within two more there would be warders upon every road ahead of But in the first exchanges he had scored, and that big gun should be a mile behind him. Holding eastward, he had slipped unperceived across the main road to Two Bridges. Now he was upon the open moor, and upon a part of it—this was his first trump card—that he knew familiarly; and between here and his destination he need but cross a single other. He felt amazingly alive, too, and since his early twenties—he was now thirty-eight—he had never known himself to be so physically fit. In those last years of his life in London, so convivial, eager, and ambitious, he had overfed himself and overdrunk himself to an incredible degree, as he now perceived. Fourteen months ago, at the time of his trial, he had been fat, flabby, and full of waste products. But a year of Dartmoor, with its plain diet, regular labour, and ordered hours, had readjusted him to an extent that he had scarcely realised till this moment.

Selby Harrison contra mundum — every atom of him thrilled with the consciousness of it. With a man's maturity—and almost for the first time—he felt himself handling a body in true repair. He felt reserves of vigour in him such as he had not touched since he had been a three-miler for his university; and ten minutes later, revelling in the ability that these conferred upon him, he slackened his pace, and once stopped to listen.

It was said afterwards that no thicker fog had fallen upon Dartmoor for three years, and, as he stood still, he could only see clearly for a very few yards in front of him—the heather and wet grass of the moor's carpet, and a grey boulder or two of granite. He might almost have been standing, indeed, in a world alone, if not yet the new one that he was seeking; and even when he held his breath he could hear no sounds save those

of twig-movements and the dropping of moisture.

But while, as he recognised, this deepening obscurity made, on the whole, for safety, it was not without perils of its own, against which it would be difficult to guard. would not be hard, for instance, even for a practised moorsman so to lose his bearings as actually to return again to Princetown, while the very scarcity here of farmhouses or outstanding natural features made it the harder, under present conditions, to strike any consistent course. For the moment, at any rate, however, there was no choice but to try and hold eastward as directly as possible, thanking the circumstance that for several summers he had fished the Dart and its tributaries, and wondering if Palliser, after all these months, would have kept his

Palliser and the little cottage under Sharp Tor—those were really his winning cards, if only Palliser had remained constant, and he rather believed that he would have As he ran on, he re-evoked him with the same curious impartiality with which he had considered, during the last twelve months, so many of the figures of his former Men of business, comrades in adventure, or the merely gay companions, few of them had survived that bitter scrutiny so unimpaired as Palliser. Of them all, Palliser alone, the unsuccessful painter of landscapes, stood apart, a man to be returned to, and, of course, it had been Palliser who had paid for his defence. It must have cost him a pretty penny, though he had been happily well able to afford it, and the eloquent K.C. who had been briefed had as nearly as possible won the case. And yet, in spite of this, there was hardly a person -again fortunately-who knew of their Since their days at college friendship. together, Palliser had always remained definitely aside from his own chief interests; and when he had turned for a chat into the Chelsea studio, or fled for a week to the Dartmoor cottage, he had been sufficiently glad to leave behind him his fellow-strugglers in the City.

More than once, indeed, they had even worked out—it had rather amused them—the chances of escape for an intelligent prisoner from Princetown; and when, in the last hours of the trial, it seemed possible that one of them might actually be sent there, Palliser had reminded him that he should be at the cottage from May to October every year. That had been his

hope all the preceding summer, but the hour and the circumstances had never coincided; and when, one afternoon last November, he might have escaped, perhaps, as he had escaped to-day, he could not have relied upon Palliser's aid, even if he had succeeded in reaching the cottage. Nor was he going to rely on it too much now. Life had taught him a good deal lately about But he had resolved that the cottage, at any rate, should be his first objective. It was the very lack, indeed, of any objective that had been the chief factor, as it seemed to him, in the eventual failure of every refugee from Princetown; and, while few of his predecessors had possessed the advantage of a possible friend within six miles, for his own part he meant to succeed if his friend should not be

He must have been journeying now for half an hour at an easy run or dropping to a stride, although to himself it had seemed far longer than this, when he suddenly stumbled upon a stream. This was quite small, but bubbling strongly between deep, overhanging banks; and in a minute he recognised it, half disappointed that he had travelled no further in all this time, but, on the whole, glad that, as it showed him, he had not wandered too far astray. For this must be a stream, as he now remembered, about two miles east of the prison, and that flowed into the Dart, springing a mile from that He bent down and drank from it, its music, cold and impersonal as it was, the friendliest sound that he had heard since he had thrown down his hoe. Then he turned to the right, following it up for a little and resisting the natural desire of every fleeing man to put mere distance between himself and his pursuers. Having now visualised, however, this stream's position, it was important to know at what point he had reached it, since for the present he must avoid both the West Dart and its more peopled valley. But it was nervous work, moving athwart, as it might prove, and not away from his pursuers; and twice in the five minutes or so during which he followed it to its source he dropped to his knees, only to discover, after a beating moment, that he had been making gaolers out of granite or some solitary gorse-bush.

Then, with his back to Princetown again, his confidence returned, and he was once more running strongly through the silence and white darkness of the moor.

П

SOAKED to the thighs by the dripping herbage through which he ran, surrounded always by that retreating, impalpable aura of fog, it was still the sense of that astonishing vitality that remained for him the first discovery of his journey. A little later, of course, looking back, it became easy enough to account for. For what Dartmoor had performed for his body it had accomplished partly for his mind. particular success, for example, towards which for such feverish years he had been striving, had been inexorably sponged by it from his future's slate. Whatever else he might become, that he could never become. But, hand in hand with its bitter erasure, there had come also a consequent slackening of his mental activities. With their goal removed, and removed for ever, as he had quite clearly recognised, there had been no alternative but to rest them, to call them in, as it were, to let them lie; and for fourteen months, in the quiet routine of his prison life, he had taken no thought—it would have been quite useless—for the morrow. But now they were all at his hand againwhat more natural? — supple, eager, and revivified. In that long interval they had become once more the bright instruments of his spirit. It was by virtue of them that he had weighed and taken all the risks of those first few seconds. And it was again by virtue of them that now, some eighty minutes or so later, he saw that already his problem had been restated in new and subtler terms. Breathing quickly, he laid his hands on the low stone wall that had sprung up before him. Upon its further side, stretching into the mist, he saw a fringe of rising wheat. He shook the moisture from his eyes, looking to right and left of him, and listening carefully. Where he was standing exactly, he did not know, but he thought that he could hear the sound somewhere of running water—the Swincombe, as he hoped, which he must necessarily cross en route to the Dart below Sharp Tor.

This was a stream that he had fished many a score of times, and one that flowed down from a desolate part of the moor to join the West Dart below Sherberton and about a mile from Hexworthy village. Compared with the Dart's, at any rate—and this was why he had headed for it—its valley was almost empty of cottages, though a farm or two lay on its western side, upon one of which he must now have stumbled. He stared down thoughtfully

again upon the fringe of wheat, resting his finger-tips upon the wall. And never afterwards did he see either of these things—a granite wall or a field of corn-without seeing in them also all that they had stood for at that moment. For now they had risen up, as it were, from the wilder moor, the first sentinels of a new army. Lawabiding citizens, back there in the fog, had brought them into being and watched over All England, all civilisation lay them. couched behind these outposts, and for the first time he realised fully his own minority and the odds against him. He tapped lightly on the wall. This was going to be a bigger thing even than he had imagined. He listened intently again, trying to determine the exact position of the river. That it was somewhere in front of him he was almost certain, but while he was hesitating to cross the wheat-field, a brief shifting of the fog showed him that he had really approached it near its corner—that the wall bent at right angles and apparently downhill a very few yards from where he was standing. Here for another minute or two he stood frowning-if only the fog would lift for ten seconds!—and there swept over him, as he did so, an inordinate desire for a cigarette. Conscious for the first time of his wringing clothes, he smiled ruefully down at them, but only for a moment, for in the next dropping him to earth as if he had been shot—somebody just in front of him shouted lustily out of the darkness.

Crouched against the wall, he held his breath, living a dozen lifetimes, as it seemed, with each heart-beat; and an æon or two later, with Olympian leisureliness, a second voice began to approach him. It drew so near, and with such unconsciousness, that he could hear its modulations and almost its words—the high-pitched vowel sounds and narrow "u's" of some typical Dartmoor labourer.

Then the first man shouted again, and so much closer that his own discovery, he knew, must come in a moment—and the clumsy brutes would not even have been looking for him!

"Oh, Heavens!" he said. The tears stood in his eyes. He was on his fingers and toes like a waiting sprinter. Then the thing that these men had been shouting for leapt out of the mist and stopped short within a yard of him. He clenched his fist, eyeing the dog's eyes, and a couple of phantoms skirted his field of vision. Then the dog whined a little, putting his nose

down, and slipped away again into the fog; and five minutes later, drenched with sweat, he rose to his feet and peered over the wall.

III.

THE tiny clock on the cottage mantelpiece struck half-past nine, and Beatrice Palliser put her book down, removed her pince-nez, and stared thoughtfully at the crumbling People who disliked her-and there were a few-said that she looked her age, but that it didn't matter; and in the firelight she might have been anything from thirty to forty-five. As a matter of fact, she was thirty-nine, and a minute or two before had been conscious of a man's face watching her closely through the window. Then she leaned forward, put a fresh log upon the fire, and at the same moment became conscious of a soft movement of the latch. She rose to her feet, adjusted her glasses, but, on second thoughts, put them on the mantelpiece, and then, stepping briskly across the room, opened the door. next instant she was held fast, with a hand clapped upon her mouth, the door was shut again, and a man was speaking close to her

"Look here," he said—he had just rehearsed it—"you're alone here, and I'm not going to hurt you; but I must have some clothes and some food, and all the money that you can spare. If you cry out or try to escape, I can't answer for you."

She remained passive in his arms.

"Do you understand?" he said. He searched her face, and presently lifted his hand a little from her lips.

"Perfectly," she said. "I was half expecting you. Jack told me that you

might come."

His eyes bit into her, but she met them quietly, even with a ghost of a twinkle.

"What Jack?" he demanded.

"My brother—John Horatio Palliser."

"And who am I, then?"

"Mr. Harrison—or are you somebody else?"

He let her go, still eyeing her carefully, and ready to seize her again in an instant.

"No" he said "that's right But

"No," he said, "that's right. But how did you know? And where's your brother?"

She crossed the room to a little lookingglass, and put her hair straight before it. It was already so grey as to be almost white, but it was still plentiful and well arranged. He watched every movement of her, but rather at a loss for a moment how to proceed



"I had rather a rough time," he said, "in the river." She glanced at the arm-chair before the fire. "In this room."

He glanced round it—at the fishing-rods in the corner, the two etchings, and Miss Palliser's work-basket. He saw that the table was spread, and the lamplight on the spoons.

"But what made you expect me?"

"I heard the guns."

For a moment the room swayed a little, and her voice sounded distant.

"Look here," she said, "you'd better take those things off. You'll find a fire in there, and I'll bring you a change."

She pointed to the kitchen, and presently

returned with a bundle of clothes.

"You'd better take this, too," she said, and handed him a glass of whisky and water. When he came back in a soft shirt, flannel trousers, and a Norfolk jacket, he might almost have stepped from some golf links or a college quadrangle.

"Well, that's better," she said.

come and eat."

She had cut some beef for him, and bread and butter, and was pouring out a bowl of

"I always drink mine," she said, "out of bowls. You hold them in both hands, and it's more satisfying."

He ate and drank dumbly.

When he had finished his meal, she got up and fetched a box of cigarettes.

"By Jove," he said, "what would I have given for this, three or four hours ago!"

She sat down beside the fire, and he

dropped into the opposite arm-chair.
"Yes, tell me," she said, "about your escape; it must have been rather exciting."

He glanced at her quickly, but she was genuinely attentive; and yet the thing hardly bore telling—seemed scarcely more, indeed, than a rather irrelevant story with which the real object of their meeting was being postponed. Even if he could have taken it seriously, it remained a singularly poor one. For, in the first place, its hero had knocked down a warder who had had no time to put his fists up, and, in the last, had actually pinioned—it was really almost incredible the serene lady who was listening to him.

"And the odd thing was," he said, "I was half sick of it all, long before I got here."

He leaned forward and dropped his cigarette ash into the fire. A half-burnt log rolled over gently and settled down in the rosy flame. He saw the bright eyes of his hostess fastened upon him.

"But you haven't told me," he said, "why you are here? I never even knew

that Jack had a sister."

"Well, I've been abroad," she said, "but I came home to nurse him, and, when he died, I stayed on here."

He was still evading that deeper question which must so soon be answered.

"But hadn't you," he said, "forgive me—

had you no other ties-no work?'

She smiled a little.

"Well, for the last five years I've been running a school in Beyrout."

"And you could leave that?"

"My brother wanted me. It was more important for me to come and nurse him."

"But now?"

"My brother had made a promise that it was rather worrying him to have to break."

He was silent for a moment.

"Do you mean to me? But surely your school-children were more important than that?"

She rose to her feet and put on her glasses.

"I had to decide that," she said. left you a letter."

She went to the cupboard again and unlocked a dispatch-box. Still looking at her, he took it from her.

"D'you know," he said, "you're a I've never met anyone like you verybefore."

He was going to have told her that she was brave; but that would have been over-valuing himself. She would have resented it, too.

"Oh, haven't you?" she said.

She took up some work and sat down again. He opened the letter and read it It was a little strange to see through. Palliser's handwriting. It seemed at once to emphasise and to diminish the fact of his death here last month. Presently he looked across at the woman who had nursed him.

"Have you read this?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Would you care to? Would you mind?" He handed it across to her and watched her face. When she had finished, he said slowly-

"Did you know that your brother paid

for my defence?"

"Yes, he told me that."

He was silent again.

"And did he—do you know whether he believed in my innocence?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't say."

" And do you?"

She looked at him steadily. " No."

He reached out his hand.

"May I have that letter again?"

He read it through once more.

"My dear Selby," it ran, "if I have let you down, it will only have been by dying. But dying, on the whole, is rather more interesting, I think, and less painful than people imagine. And I'm chiefly sorry about it because there are several things that I should like to have discussed with you, and which are hard to write down.

"They are hard because, when you read this, if you ever do, you will just have escaped from prison; and it has somehow become clear to me-from the other way on, so to speak—that there is really no such thing as an escape. It is only a word. And when you look forward, as you must sooner or later do, to the future years of your material life, I would have given a good deal to have been able to talk to you about this. For it seems to me now that fundamentally there are only two positive processes — growth and decay — there's nothing else. Accretions of property or even reputation are merely subsidiary and And the only escape—or so it accidental. seems to me—is a perceived decay, ruthlessly admitted, and cleaned out, even at the price Anyway, I can't see another, because we must always carry ourselves about with us, and that rules out any mere change of neighbourhood. You may sail for the new world. But there isn't one. There's only the old one that you're in already. And you may make a fresh start. But there's no such thing. There's only the original start which was chiefly made for you. I'm afraid you'll find all this rather didactic and not very clear, and perhaps you'll be right, because you'll be judging it in corpore sano, whereas I'm already half in the coffin. But, anyhow, here's au revoir, and you'll find my sister-well, you'll find my sister."

He folded it up, thinking less of the words than feeling the man who could never have spoken them. The clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven. Miss Palliser resumed her work. And yet they had not been unnatural words. They had merely sprung from something deep in the man that could not be expressed by them—something calm that was here now, into which he had blundered, but that remained undisturbed.

He glanced at Miss Palliser. It was in her, too. By it she had her being and was impregnable. He leaned back, staring into the fire. By it he was being judged, he knew, even at this minute. And then he knew also that it was what he wanted more than anything else on earth.

IV.

It was nearly six when he awoke and saw that breakfast had already been laid. The curtains had been drawn back, flooding the room with a golden air and sunshine. After last night, each seemed so new-born that for a second or two they almost dazzled him, and, as though they had brought spices from the East, an aroma of coffee contended with them.

Miss Palliser came in with a plate of ggs.

"Hullo!" she said. "You're awake?"

He jumped to his feet.

"Let me help you," he said, but she assured him that the meal was ready.

Almost at once he seemed to detect a slight alteration in her manner, an acceptance of him, a new *camaraderie* that had been withheld from him at their last meal.

"By the way," he said, "have you ever thought of the—the legal side of all this?"

She sipped her coffee.

"Well, I can't say that it has very seriously worried me."

She paused for a moment.

"And I could always plead, I suppose, force majeure."

He lifted his eyebrows a little and smiled. "Force majeure," he said. "Do you think you could?"

When they had both finished, he begged for a cigarette

for a cigarette.

"Come outside," she said, "and look at the view."

They stood for a moment in the morning world. They stood looking towards Princetown.

Then she turned to him abruptly.

"Well, you're looking extremely fit."
"I've never been fitter in my life."

"But you'd better take a hat, and I can lend you a stick."

She brought them out to him.

"And money?"

He looked at her curiously.

"No, I shan't want any money. But I should like to meet you again when I'm free."

"But you are free. That's why you are going back."

He held out his hand.

"Yes, I believe I am. Then in three years?"

"In three years."

ONE FOGGY NIGHT

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant



PLUME of smoke drifted under the great glass dome of Slagborough Station as the Northern Express came slowly to a standstill. It was getting late now, and the big station was almost deserted. The blue

flare of the big arc lamps picked out the lettering on the posters so that they seemed to dance in an eddy of colour, as seen through the half opaque curtain of fog which for the last two or three nights had lain over England like a pall. It was an unusual time of year for a visitation of that kind, being nearly the end of March, in the last quarter of the moon, so that the nights had been very dark.

The express crept along the platform like a green-and-gold snake that is full of fire, for the electric lights were turned on, and here and there the blinds had not been lowered. Along the platform, almost alone, came the ticket collector, for this was the first stop since the express had left London, and no further examination of tickets would be made that side of Newcastle. express in question was not a corridor train, but consisted of three Pullman cars and a number of first-class carriages. collector passed along from the engine downwards, he came at length to a compartment the blinds of which were drawn, so that it might have been assumed that the compartment in question was empty. But it was no business of the man on duty to assume anything of the sort, so he opened the door and mechanically uttered his parrot cry. The compartment was empty, except that one passenger was huddled up in a far corner, with his head upon his breast, as if he had lapsed into slumber. He was an elderly man, clean-shaven, and dressed in a suit of

black—a business man, obviously, probably a merchant or something of that kind. Three times did the collector repeat the request, then he crossed the carriage and laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder.

A moment later, white and shaken, he was racing down the platform in the direction of the guard's van. That individual, important in his blue and silver, was only waiting for the signal to start.

"Well, Joe," he said impatiently, "what

"I dunno," the ticket collector stammered.

"But there's a passenger all by 'imself in a first-class carriage dahn there, and 'e's dead. Looks to me as if 'e'd bin murdered. There's blood all over 'is shirt-front an' on the floor. I goes in to ask 'im for 'is ticket,

an' there I finds 'im as I'm telling you. Anyway, the pore chap's dead."

"Murdered be hanged!" the startled guard exclaimed. "That's impossible. Why, the train 'asn't stopped since we left London, an' there wasn't no murdered man in the train then, I'll take my oath. Besides which, if anybody'd murdered 'im, 'ow could 'e possibly 'aye left the train?"

'e possibly 'ave left the train?"

"Well, then, 'e's murdered 'isself!" the ticket collector said hoarsely. "You come

along an' see."

Now, time and express trains wait for no man, and it was only a few minutes before the compound engine was on its way again. The dead man had been removed, and, pending an inquest, the body had been locked up in one of the waiting-rooms. some days before any clue to the identity of the deceased was made public, and then it transpired that he was a certain Jabez Thornton, a comparatively well-known business man, who had an office in London, and who resided practically alone in a small house on the borders of Essex. A few more details came out at the inquest, but not To begin with, the dead man Thornton was travelling to Newcastle, as the ticket found in his pocket showed, and there was nothing with him in the way of luggage, not even so much as a hand-bag. He had joined the train in London, of course, and his ticket had been examined and clipped on the platform, previous to the departure of the train, in the ordinary way. There was nothing on the body besides a watch and chain and purse and a pocket-book containing a few letters addressed to Thornton in the ordinary way of business.

At the adjourned inquiry the only witness called was the dead man's housekeeper, Maria Flinn. According to her evidence, her master was an exceedingly reticent man, who never spoke to her except when absolutely necessary. He was in the habit going to London most days, and invariably returned to his cottage by tea-He seemed to care nothing what he ate or drank, he had no friends and no weaknesses, and it was his invariable custom, whatever the weather was like, to go for a walk after tea and return to supper at nine Mrs. Flinn never knew whether her master had come back or not. Occasionally he would go off after breakfast, and remain away for two or three days without saying a word to her about it. It was her duty to get the meals just the same, and if they were wasted, it was no business of hers.

On the night of the tragedy Thornton had gone out as usual, and when ten o'clock came and he had not returned, the housekeeper locked up and went to bed as usual. She was not in the least alarmed, because the same thing had happened before. doubt her master had gone to London by one of the numerous suburban trains, with a view to catching the Northern Express, and presumably, when he did that sort of thing, he picked up his portmanteau, or whatever he took with him, at his office. Certainly he had left the cottage in plenty of time to get up to London and catch the Northern Express, which left the terminus shortly before seven o'clock.

For the present, this was all the public were likely to learn. It was not a particularly interesting case, and made no definite appeal to popular imagination. To begin with, it transpired that Thornton was a money-lender as well as an ordinary business man. He had a dingy office in the City, where he was practically unknown; he only employed one clerk, and that a mere drudge, who really knew nothing about his master's affairs. For some reason or another, he had taken his own life, and there was an end to the

mystery so far as the general public was concerned.

But Inspector Thomas Fadden, of Scotland Yard, who had the case in hand, was by no means of the same opinion. To begin with, his investigations showed him no reason whatever why that hard, grasping old man should put an end to his own life. There was nothing about him to indicate any tendency of the kind. He was a man who lived by line and rule, with one object in life, and that the piling up of money. His business as a money-lender appeared to be somewhat extensive, but that branch of the concern had been carried on entirely by the dead man at his cottage, through the medium of the post office. Apparently it had been the one enjoyment of his life.

Obviously this was not the type of man who committed suicide. And if he had stabbed himself in the left breast, as people seemed to imagine, then what had become of the weapon? Thornton had been killed by one clean stroke that must have taken instantaneous effect, and, this being so, it was certain that he would have been in no condition to struggle to his feet and throw the knife out of the window. Moreover, the window was fastened and the blinds down, when the body was found, and there was no evidence whatever of a struggle. Thornton had lain back in the corner of the carriage as peacefully as if he had been There was nothing whatever in this evidence even to suggest suicide.

But, on the contrary, Thornton was alone in the carriage, the blinds were down, and the door opposite the platform was locked, and, moreover, there was evidence to the effect that the train had not stopped between London and Slagborough. How, then, had the crime been committed? Obviously, not in London. On a crowded platform, with brilliant lights, it would be impossible for anybody to commit an offence like this and escape detection. Fadden was clearly puzzled, but at the same time he clung obstinately to his theory that the man in the corner of the first-class carriage had been murdered. how - why - when? Fadden would have given a good deal to know.

As yet he had not carried out his intention of going down into Essex to examine the dead man's effects, with the intention of finding some clue there. Instead, he haunted the railway stations, and made the lives of the officials there a burden to them. The best part of a week had elapsed before he stumbled, more or less by accident, on a piece

of information which he ought to have had days before. It came through a platform inspector, and dropped from his lips as if it had no value whatever.

"What's that you're saying?" Fadden

"Oh, it's nothing," the official said carelessly. "I was only sayin' to the superintendent here that after to-night there'll be no occasion to stop the Northern Express outside Foxhill Tunnel any longer."

Fadden forced himself to smile.

"Isn't Foxhill in Essex?" he asked. "Isn't it just this side of Withington?"

"Oh, yes, that's right. We've bin makin' some repairs in the tunnel, which have been delayed by all the fog we had last week. You see, we've got a big gang of men working there, and as one of them was seriously injured a little time ago, we had to pull up the trains this side of the tunnel for two or three minutes, and whistle so that those chaps could get out of the way. It often happens in foggy weather."

Fadden said nothing; he was too busy with his own thoughts. Then he turned to the man on the platform and asked a question.

"Look here," he said, "I have got an idea that might help me. Where is the carriage now in which the body of Jabez Thornton was found? If it doesn't happen to be running, I should very much like to have a look at it."

"Oh, of course we know which it is, but I don't suppose it's in the yard at present. Come in here to-morrow evening about teatime, and I'll have it slipped for you."

"I will," Fadden said emphatically, "I

To the ordinary eye the carriage conveyed nothing. Fadden, however, examined it with the greatest care, especially the woodwork on the inside frame of the windows, and, when he had finished, he smiled with the air of a man who feels that he has not been wasting his time. And yet, outwardly, what he had discovered did not appear to amount to much. It was merely that some time, more or less recently, someone had apparently pasted a sheet of paper over the window of the carriage door-a sheet of white paper-which had subsequently been torn away, leaving nothing but just the corners of the paper where they had been pasted. But this discovery kept Inspector Fadden very busy thinking for the next hour or two, during which time he was on his way to Withington, with a view to spending an evening, if necessary, inside Thornton's cottage.

So far, nothing had been disturbed. police had the key of Thornton's safe—which they had taken possession of directly his identity had been established—and the same key was at that moment in Fadden's pocket. He had not told anybody, and Scotland Yard had been equally reticent, that a large sum of money in notes, which Thornton had drawn on the morning of his death, and had taken with him down to Withington, was missing. So far, no close examination had been made of the mass of papers which were still lying But it was quite Thornton's desk. another matter now, and it was more than possible that an inspection of those papers would lead Fadden a long way down the road which he had begun to travel since he had heard that for several nights during the past week the Northern Express had been pulled up at the entrance to Foxhill Tunnel. the authorities had not informed Fadden of this, the latter regarded as a piece of incredible stupidity; but, on the other hand, the average railway official is not exactly a good judge of the value of criminal evidence.

At any rate, Fadden plunged into his task with fresh zest and interest. At the end of an hour he had thrown most of the papers aside as quite useless for his purpose, and had concentrated his attention on a letter which he had found lying on the blotting-pad. was quite a clean blotting-pad, with no mark upon it except the figures 18975, jotted down on one corner of the grey pad in pencil, evidently a memorandum of some kind made by Thornton just before his death. In his methodical way Fadden took down the figures in his pocket-book. Then proceeded to read the letter. It was headed 19, Queen Street, Gray's Inn Road, and, in a neat, feminine hand, ran as follows:-

"DEAR SIR,

"I enclose you a five-pound note herewith, which, I regret to say, is all I can do for the moment. I know it is only half the amount I should have sent as promised, but I have been disappointed to-day with regard to some money I expected for my last lot of designs, and you shall have the other five pounds on Sunday. I pray you not to be hard upon me, because, if I lose my little home here, my child and myself will be turned out in the street to starve. I know my husband treated you badly; I know that he robbed you of money by giving you a forged cheque, and that you cashed it for him. But he is not entirely bad, and there was a time when he was as good a husband as any woman might wish. He has been very unfortunate lately, and for a long time has been unable to procure an engagement on the music-hall stage. You know how clever a lightning artist he is, and he cannot be out of work for long. He hopes to get an engagement in Newcastle next week, when he has promised to send me some money. As soon as he does, I will forward you the whole of it. I implore you not to be hard upon me, for the sake of the child.

"Yours truly,

"MARY GAYLORD."

There was a memorandum scribbled across the letter, just the words "take proceedings to-morrow." Fadden smiled grimly as he read the note.

"A hard man," he murmured, "a cruelly hard man. And that letter speaks for itself. It's a whole human tragedy in a few lines. Now, let me see. Here is a man whom Thornton could have prosecuted at any moment, a man who owed him money, and whose wife was doing her best to pay it off. Inside this letter was a five-pound note, and the letter reached Thornton, according to the postmark, a few minutes before he set out on that journey from which he never returned. I wonder what became of that five-pound It isn't in the safe, because there was no money found there at all, so that the fiver in question was probably stolen with the other notes, or possibly all that money was on Thornton at the time he was killed. Here, stop a minute. Now, I wouldn't mind making a small bet that these pencilled figures on the blotting-pad represent the number of that five-pound note. It's just what a careful man in a hurry would do. It's no clue, of course, but one never knows when these things are likely to prove useful. There are no trivial details in our business."

It was an hour later before Fadden turned into Queen Street and asked for Mrs. Gaylord, at No. 19. He found himself presently talking to a little, faded woman with a very white and pathetic face, that must have been pretty and attractive before care and trouble had aged it so terribly. The woman's eyes had a suggestion of fear in them as she stood before Fadden in a neat little sitting-room, waiting for him to speak. There were signs of the grimmest poverty all round him—signs which were more or less contradicted by the somewhat substantial cold meal that stood on the table.

"What can I do for you?" the woman asked fearfully.

"Well, I don't know that you can do anything," Fadden smiled. "At any rate, you've nothing to be afraid of, though I have told you who I am. Now, I am inquiring into the death of a man named Thornton, and it is my business not to leave anything undone. You know the man I am speaking of, of course—in fact, you and your husband owe him money. I know that because I have seen a letter from you to him, enclosing a five-pound note. It may save a good deal of trouble if you tell me where you got that money from."

"From Barker's, of St. Paul's Churchyard," the woman said simply. "I work for them—at least, I do designs for them in colour. On the day I sent that money to Mr. Thornton the firm paid me five pounds in gold, and I got Mr. Gange, the grocer at the corner of the road, to exchange it for a note. You see, I am so poor that every penny is important to me, and that is why I did

not send a postal order."

Fadden nodded thoughtfully. So far, he was quite satisfied that the woman was telling the truth—at any rate, it would be an easy matter to verify it—and, of course, he was aware of the fact that that piece of precious paper had reached Thornton previous to his death.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," Fadden went on, "but I gather from that letter of yours that your husband has obtained money from Thornton by false pretences, and I take it you have been paying it off by instalments."

The woman's sensitive face quivered.

"That's quite true," she said. "I have been paying it off for two years, and cruel hard work it has been, with my husband out of employment most of the time. And that man made me promise to pay double the money. Ah, he was a hard man, was Jabez Thornton!"

"So it seems," Fadden said dryly. "And is your husband out of work now? Has he sent you anything lately? Your supper-

table rather suggests that he has."

"Well, he did. He wrote to me from Newcastle, where he is now employed at a music-hall, and he actually forwarded me a five-pound note. It's in the letter there on the mantelpiece at the present moment. In the ordinary way, I should have forwarded it to Mr. Thornton, but, now that he is dead, there is no such great hurry, and whoever comes into his money will never be as cruelly hard as he was."

"We'll hope not," Fadden said. "Now



"Three times did the collector repeat the request, then he crossed the carriage."

I am a police officer, and whatever you say to me is in confidence. It may save you a good deal of unpleasantness, and me one or two journeys, if you allow me to see that letter. I am not suggesting that I have any charge against your husband, but, you understand, I like to clear up things as I go along."

The letter was handed over without the slightest hesitation. It was a careless, heartless epistle, written in an unsteady hand that told its own tale, and enclosing a five-pound note, with an intimation that

there was plenty more to come, and that the writer had struck some mysterious vein of extraordinary good luck. There were no regrets and no inquiries—in fact, there were not more than a dozen carelessly written lines altogether. Still, Fadden turned it over in his hand thoughtfully before he replaced the note inside. Then, just as he was doing so, the number in the corner struck him.

Now, Fadden was a man with a good memory, he was trained to observe trifles, and, above all, he understood the necessity of

keeping himself well in hand on all occasions; but, hardened as he was, he had to bite his lips to keep back the cry that struggled in the back of his throat. For here, beyond the shadow of a doubt, was a real tangible The numbers on the note exactly coincided with those that Thornton had pencilled on the corner of his blotting-pad. It was one of those coincidences that the police so often meet with, and which have been the means of sending more than one scoundrel to the scaffold. For beyond question the bank-note which Mrs. Gaylord had earned by the sweat of her brow, and had sent on to her hard taskmaster on the day of his death, had found its way back to her husband within a few hours of the tragedy, and in return he had sent it on to the woman who, all unconsciously, was handing him over to justice. Without another word Fadden passed over the letter and walked out of the house.

He knew exactly what to do now. He had the address of Richard Gaylord in Newcastle, and there he proceeded on the following day. Quite as he expected, the man he was in search of was unknown in any of the music-halls on Tyneside. He found him presently at a small public-house, breakfasting in a little sitting-room. The man was bloodshot as to his eyes, and unshaven, and obviously had not yet recovered from what he himself would term "a thick night." He looked up uneasily as Fadden entered the room.

"What's your business here?" he muttered.
"My name is Fadden, and I am an inspector from Scotland Yard," the detective said crisply. "I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Jabez Thornton at Withington, in Essex, on the night of Tuesday last week. You can make any statement you like, but it will be used in evidence against you. When I have handed you over to the police here, I am going round to Wharf Street to arrest your accomplice, Venner."

The man sitting at the table fell forward with a cry. He collapsed into his chair, a pitiful picture of fear and terror. There was no sign of a fight left in him.

"It's all up," he groaned, "and I thought we had worked it so cleverly, too! That devil has had me under his thumb for years. And Venner was in his grip as well. We paid him for what we did twice over already. But how did you know that Venner was in it with me?"

Fadden smiled mysteriously. As a matter

of fact, he was going to arrest the man called Venner purely on suspicion. He knew that these men were never to be found far apart, and that they had been under the eye of the police for years.

"Oh, all right," Gaylord said sullenly.
"You needn't say, unless you like, but how

did you find it out?"

"It wasn't as difficult as it looked," Fadden said. "Now, you knew all about Mr. Thornton's habits—you knew that he was fond of walking about in the dark along the country lanes, and that one of his favourite strolls was over Foxhill. You probably waited for foggy weather, and hung about near the tunnel, so that you could waylay vour victim in a lonely spot and murder him. I suppose your idea was to get hold of his keys and rob his safe when he was out of the way. But you were saved that trouble, because Mr. Thornton had a large sum of money in his pocket when you killed him. But it really was a brilliant idea to take advantage of the foggy weather, and your knowledge that just then the Northern Express was stopped outside the Now, one of you hung about and committed the murder, whilst the other one went to London and took a first-class ticket Whoever that was secured a to Newcastle. carriage to himself by a judicious half-crown to a railway porter. Then over the carriage window on the proper side was pasted a piece of tissue-paper with holes made in it for identification purposes. When the train pulled up in the fog, it was an easy matter for the man in the first-class carriage to get out, knowing that his accomplice was waiting for him, and manage to get the dead man's body into the compartment. The clipped railway ticket was placed in his pocket, and the door carefully closed. It really was a fine idea, and, but for an accident, the truth might never have come out. unfortunately, on the day of Mr. Thornton's death, he received from your wife a fivepound note on account of your debt, and this the recipient recorded. That five-pound note was in his pocket with the other notes when he was killed. The big block of notes you and your comrade have not dared to get rid of yet, but you sent that fatal fiver to your wife, and then I knew beyond question that you had a hand in that crime. You can correct meif Iam wrong, but I don't think Iam. And now, if you have anything to say-

"It's all up!" Gaylord muttered hoarsely.
"I did it, right enough, and I don't know

that I regret it, either."

THE DESERTER

By WALTER E. GROGAN

Illustrated by Septimus E. Scott



3ERGEANT DILLWAY threw the end of his fag on the floor and put his heel on it. Then he rose, stretched himself, and cursed all things under the skies.

Tom Hawkins listened, sucking at a pipe. His cyclerepairing shop was closed for the night. The windows of his living-room were open, for the evening was close—the depressed closeness of Capetown. He sat in his shirtsleeves, with a bottle of beer handy. watched his friend with an understanding

"You're hipped, Abe," he said.

"Hipped! What's the use of it, what's the use of me, what's the use of anything? Going back to England! What for? To rot in some mouldy barracks in some dreary town! It's chronic. Reveille, and the same old grind day after day! Licking recruits in, walking out you don't know where, and you don't care where. And then, 'Lights out.' I'm sick of it - fair sick of it! I hate the rasp of the Army shirt and the smell of khaki! I hate the stale old mess jokes! hate the whole deadly sameness—parade, kit inspection, company drill, battalion drill. Over and over again! Five years I've had of it—five bloomin' years! And what have I got?"

"You're a sergeant."

"Yes, a sergeant—a fine thing that! In two days we embark, and I'll see life in some hole or other! And when I get my papers, I'll be lucky to get into the Commissionaire Corps and run messages. Come, my fine lad, and be a gallant soldier! A gallant soldier! Stick him in a barrack, and let him live in a perishing barrack square, doing the everlasting drill; and he has one

holiday a year, sweating about on some unholy muddle they call manœuvres!"

"Steady on, Abe! You've got that bit of

ribbon."

"I came out to fight. That was all right. Paardeburg was O.K. But after! It's the routine that eats into you until you're just a bit of a machine—a blooming cog. In two days we pack home, O.C. and the whole b'iling of us, the gallant 'Tollgatherers'! Heavens, I wish I was shot of 'em!"

Tom Hawkins rose slowly and knecked out

his pipe on the heel of his boot.

"Dyou mean that, Abe?" he asked.
"S'elp me, I do, Tom!" Sergeant Dillway "I'm sick of the whole replied earnestly. show-sick of it!"

"Well, look here. You're about my build. I can let you have a suit of mine, and there's a Portugee tin kettle that weighs out to-night for Delagoa. See?"

Sergeant Dillway straightened up and breathed heavily for a minute. Then he

threw down his cap and kicked it.

" Done!" he said.

"It's desertion," Tom reminded him.

"What the blazes do I care for that?" his friend cried angrily. "You'd better burn my duds. Come on.'

Sergeant Abel Dillway, reverting to his real name of George Causton, wandered about South Africa for a bit, but eventually took passage to Australia, where he was lucky in saving a rich squatter from the too personal attentions of some larrikins. The squatter did handsomely by George — made him foreman of a sheep run with an interest. George found a zest in the life for some years, and, being beyond all temptations to spend, saved quite a comfortable sum. Then can e the irresistible tug of the old homeland. George did not maunder about nostalgia, but turned up at Sydney, booked a passage, He hardly gave a thought and went home.

to the fact that he was a deserter, and liable to arrest as such. The old Army days seemed so far off.

The village-it was hardly more than that -of Finstanley was scarcely changed at all. Walking up the High Street, a whole host of memories crowded in upon George. It could not be all of fifteen years since he had leftit could not be. Yet he was twenty then,

and nearly thirty-five now. There was the old shop. A new name— Throstle—over the window, and a new trade. He stood in the June sunshine and stared at it. All his youth had been passed there. It was really a small shop, after all. Australia he had conjured up a biggish place. There, in that room over the shop, where the muslin blinds were threaded behind a flat brass rod, his father had died. George was fifteen then, and his mother had struggled on, with his help, against the new competition of the Finstanley Furnishing Company. It had been a hopeless struggle from the first. A furnishing business, even if it were mostly repairing and ordering from catalogues, wanted capital, which they had not, and a business head, which his mother never possessed, and he was too young to contribute. So she had finally given up the struggle and joined his father in the churchyard.

Somehow the bankruptcy following on his mother's death had filled him with shame. Saying nothing to his pals, he had gone away quietly. It seemed the best thing to In a distant county he had enlisted, caught by the legend of the "Tollgatherers." It had a glamour. On a field the regiment had been cut up badly. The general had commiserated with the O.C. "But"—George had pictured the stiff-backed, grizzled colonel drawing himself up proudly—"we have taken a far greater toll from the enemy, sir." And then the Boer War, the close, little back room in Capetown, Australia, and now home.

Dawkins — John Dawkins! The name caught his eye. It stood out above the butcher's shop—the John in brighter gold than the Dawkins. So Peter had gone, and John, his son, reigned in his stead. John had been the nearest approach to a pal he had had in the old days. George dived into the shop.

That evening the two men sat in the parlour of "The Three Scythes." "I'm but a bachelor yet," John had said, "and my aunt, who keeps house for me, is a bit set in her ways. But Mrs. Pidgeley will make you wolcome."

And Mrs. Pidgeley, beaming, broadbosomed, bustling, fulfilled John's pledge. She dressed rather smartly, was good-looking, only turned of thirty, had a good business, and was a widow. Three years ago old Pidgeley had given the sexton a job. was natural that she had many suitors.

"I'd have known you, George, anywhere," Out of his blue, steel girt said Dawkins. upon his thigh, he was a man who might have been anything but a butcher. wiry, with rather an air of chastened melancholy, which villagers found unrelated to the dominion of his aunt, he seemed thoughtful and earnest and given to brooding.

"Yet you didn't!" laughed George. said 'I'm George,' and you looked as puzzled

as could be!"

"Now I should have known you anywhere," John amended. "It was not having you in my mind that flustered me. Fifteen years ago! And off you went without a word!"

Mrs. Pidgeley, knitting behind the counter, She found herself interposed. neglected in this meeting of old friends.

"'Tisn't your drill night, Sergeant?" she "I'm always mixed about the days." said.

George started and slopped a little of his whisky and soda over the table. Then he noticed John's slow smile.

"No. It's Thursdays we drill, Mrs. Pidgelev."

"You a soldier? What's this?" George stared at him.

"The Territorials—Terriers they call us. I'm sergeant-major of the E Company—the Finstanley Company. Been in it fifteen years." He stated the fact half proudly, half regretfully. The exalted position was undeniable, but it seemed an awful waste of time.

"Fifteen years! Why, John, it must have been soon after I left.

"Yes. I wanted to volunteer for the Boer War: but my father was taken ill, and I had to stick to the business. So, as the next best thing, I joined the Volunteers."

"Not a bad sort of hobby," said George

patronisingly.

"Well, it was you going off that led me to join. Did you get to the Front?"

"What d'you mean?" George demanded rather truculently.

"Didn't you join the Army?"
"Me?" cried George scornfully. "Me spend my time drilling! Look here, John, I've been in Australia. That's the country to make money in,"

"Australia!" cried Mrs. Pidgeley, with an effusive show of interest. "That's a country I've always wanted to see."

"Why?" demanded John.

"I don't exactly know why," she confessed, "but there it is. My husband—dead three year, Mr. Causton—preferred the Isle of Man. Funny thing fancies are." She sighed. "We didn't go to either."

"There is no reason why you should not have your wish, Mrs. Pidgeley," George said boldly, smiling at her over his lifted glass. Mrs. Pidgeley bridled and blushed, and George, considering gravely, reckoned that the business would be worth a tidy sum.

George took rooms in the village, and wandered about old haunts. July came in hot, lazy, satisfying. He liked the feeling of walking up the High Street while all the shop people were interned in hot, stuffy shops, engaged in the hot, stuffy business of selling Sometimes he turned into "The Three Scythes" for a chat with Mrs. Pidgeley. He had never thought much about women before, but she was pleasant and comely, and would certainly bring money. It would make life easier. Perhaps, he thought, he would give up the idea of returning to Australia, and settle down as an innkeeper in his own village. His own savings would be useful. He did not see why the inn might not have a garage built on to it, and so cater for the many motorists. He came to no real decision, however. The laziness was too enjoyable; besides, he liked the feeling of being his own master, free of all business cares.

Then came the first muttering of the storm. At "The Three Scythes", he pooh-

poohed the ideas of alarmists.

"Nothing'll come of it," he assured Mrs. Pidgeley. "This Servia, now, what can she do? And Russia? You mark my words, Mrs. Pidgeley, the Powers will step in."

"You do explain things, Mr. Causton!" she said. And then, later: "You're making a long stay?" She looked at him. "You find your old village attractive?"

"I find something in it very attractive, Mrs. Pidgeley," he said, with a bold glance.

"Now, whatever do you mean by that?" she asked, trying to look innocent.

"I dare say, if you tried, you might find an answer to that question yourself, Mrs. Pidgeley," he replied, and was gone, whistling, before she could recover. George was a prudent man, and was afraid of committing himself before he had finally made up his mind.

Suddenly came the crash. Germany had Germany had violated What was England going war. Luxembourg. to do? The bar parlour at "The Three Scythes" was full every evening. John Dawkins was the lion, George was eclipsed in the presence of a pleasantly agitated Mrs. Pidgeley, too. George had half an eye to John as a rival. John, since George's arrival, had taken a back seat; but now there was no denying his prominence as a military expert. Mrs. Pidgeley was absolutely irritating with her continual "What do you think, Mr. Dawkins?" and "Would it be possible for the Germans to take Paris, think you, Sergeant?"

John a military expert! John, local butcher! It was intolerable. And, curiously enough, at no time had Mrs. Pidgeley and "The Three Scythes" seemed more desirable.

"We go to war?" George cried, in a loud voice. "Not a bit of it! We shall stay outside, as we did in '70."

"I don't know," John said slowly. The others present said "Ah!" and shook their heads wisely. "It's shaken up the recruiting," John added brightly.

Then, in spite of George, England joined

ın.

In a few days he stood in High Street and watched E Company swing down to the station, there to entrain to join the battalion going under canvas on Beltor Plain.

Among the cheering villagers he was the only contemptuous one. John in khaki

raised his ire.

"Khaki don't make a soldier," he said to himself. "Look at 'em! Look at their dressing! What a mob! In the——" Then he checked himself. He didn't want to think about the "Tollgatherers"—all that was dead and put away.

Mrs. Pidgeley smiled on him that afternoon. "You've not forsaken me," she said,

blinking her long lashes at him.

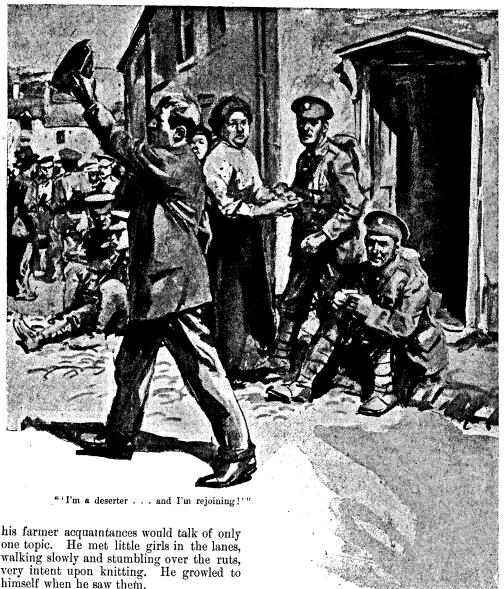
"I should say not," he replied, with emphasis.

"I was afraid you might want to join,"

she continued vaguely.

"Me? Whatever for? Haven't we a proper Army? Besides, I'm more Australian now, in a way. Anyway, it seems better to me to stay here and keep you company, Mrs. Pidgeley."

For the next few days George was unaccountably restless. He gave up reading the papers. They made him feel sick, he said—so much about this War. He went long walks, only to find, to his disgust, that



walking slowly and stumbling over the ruts, very intent upon knitting. He growled to

Progress with Mrs. Pidgeley was slow but sure. He called her Emily now, and on leaving her held her hand so long that she always blushed. He chose the early afternoons for his visits; then he was practically sure of finding her alone. He could not stand the gatherings of villagers when newspapers were read aloud.

One afternoon, calling at "The Three Scythes," almost determined to speak finally to Mrs. Pidgeley, he was surprised to find the bar parlour full and buzzing with talk. a Windsor chair against the counter sat Sergeant-Major Dawkins in khaki.

"Hullo, George!" cried Dawkins. "Have a final drink with me. I got special leave to run down and settle a few things about the shop."

"They're off," said Wembley, the blacksmith. "God bless'em and good luck to'em!"

" Off? What on earth does he mean, John?"

"We're going somewhere soon," John said slowly—" Malta or India, or some place. I wish it was the Front."

"Oh," cried George, "they're sending you somewhere safe!" He spoke savagely, ignored the general murmur indignation.

"We're going to do our duty," John said,



"'What's he say?'"

in his slow way. "That's what we signed on to do—our duty, where they in authority sends us."

"Duty! Police duty!" George was unaccountably bitter. "That's what you are—a set of blessed policemen!"

"Anyway, he's doing something," Wembley countered with emphasis, "and we in

Finstanley be proud of our boys."

George flung himself out of the bar parlour, ignoring the blushes and smiles of

Mrs. Pidgeley.

On his ear struck the tramp of feet. He listened for a moment. Surely he was dreaming. The tramp of feet quite near—hundreds of feet. He was close to the big, open Market Square at that spot in the High Street just before it struck off at an angle. Away to the left, past the Square, was the sloping road to the station. The sound of feet was approaching from the open country.

Then round the angle came a mounted officer, then rank on rank of men in khaki. With a growl, George backed into the open

door of an old stable.

On they came, rank on rank of them. He stared frowningly. The mounted man was like his old captain, Fenner—"Ferret" Fenner, they used to call him. Captain Fenner now O.C.! He was dreaming, he was——They were his battalion, the Tollgatherers, the Tollgatherers! Here in Finstanley—the fellows he had——Was he mad? Had the sun given him a touch?... Their shoulder badges! There was no mistake. He stared and stared, finding them grow dim as they swung by. He was a fool, an utter fool! He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. That was C Company—his company!

And he was out of it, out of it! A deserter! And his battalion swinging by . . . Hullo, halted in the Square? What was that someone was saying? A route march, of course. And they were fallen out for a quarter of an hour. They were lying down, squatting in the Square. And the villagers

with apples——

A man passed him yelling.

"I'm a deserter, a blank deserter," he shouted, "and I'm rejoining! Bless the King and his blank pardon! Hip, hip——"

"What's he say?" he demanded of a

villager.

"He's a deserter. But as the King has pardoned all deserters—"

"What?" cried George. "Here, hold on! Where's the blinking Adjutant?"

An hour later he burst into the bar parlour. His eyes were shining, his shoulders were braced. He looked round the little group surrounding and shaking hands with John Dawkins. Mrs. Pidgeley was knitting, feeling a bit out of it in this outburst of manly enthusiasm. She brightened at the sight of George, but he had no eyes for her.

"Oh, you back again?" Wembley sniffed.
"Yes." George's voice had grown and become a little curt. There was more than a hint of patronage in it, too, which ruffled the company. "Here, John, I want to say good-bye to you and wish you Godspeed. Give us your flipper." He shook hands warmly. "You are going away to do your duty, John, and I dare say you will do it, too. What I mean is, the War Office knows your limitations, and won't call upon you—""

"Here, steady on!" cried Wembley, his old face flushed with anger. "Who are you to talk like that? What are you doing for your blooming country?"

George drew himself up.

"Who am I? I'm Sergeant Dillway, of C Company of the Tollgatherers—that's who I am. I was at Paardeburg, I was. Shot over—shot over like hell! Going to France, likewise to Belgium, likewise to Germany. Shooting Germans—that's my game!... Bless the King's pardon!... I was a deserter, but I've rejoined. The best company in the best battalion in the whole blinking Army!" He surveyed his astonished listeners. "John, you're doing your best, but I'm a soldier—not a blooming amateur!"

He strode out again, not waiting for a drink, and his exit was magnificent.





Photo by

[Newspaper Illustrations.

GURKHAS ON THE MARCH "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

NEPAL

AND HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

THE value and significance attached to the many contributions that Nepal has made to British purposes in the War have scarcely, perhaps, been duly appreciated by the general public, owing to the fact that few people stop to recall that Nepal is not a part of British India, and that it is not even included in the Indian Protectorate, as are the States of Hyderabad, Mysore, Baroda, and others.

Nepal is a country in itself, some five hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty miles broad, comprising an area of fifty-four thousand square miles, lying on the northern border of India. It has treaty relations with the Government of India, whose Agent or "Resident" is stationed at Khatmandu, the capital of Nepal. The British are, however, pledged not to intervene in the internal administration

of the country. Nepal enjoys "external sovereignty"—that is to say, it deals directly with foreign Powers—a privilege which all the Indian States included in the Indian Protectorate have ceded to the British. In other words, Nepal is a foreign country, like Afghanistan, with full competence to govern itself.

Anything that Nepal has done to help the British during this crisis, therefore, is of different significance from that which has been done by any component part of the British Empire. Nepal's contribution to the War is more significant even than that of the Rajas whose States are comprised in the Indian Protectorate, many of whom are bound by specific treaty obligations to render military assistance to Britain when need arises.

Nepal gave proof of its friendliness

towards the British at the very commencement of the European War. Its Government "placed the whole of their military resources at the disposal of the British Government," to quote the words used on September 9, 1914, in the House of Lords, by the Marquis of Crewe, at that time Secretary of State for India

Lord Crewe added, on that occasion, that

thousand rupees for the purchase of machineguns for the 4th Gurkha Rifles," of which he is Honorary Colonel.

In April, 1915, a representative of His Excellency the Prime Minister and Marshal presented thirty-one machine-guns—one for each gun of the Royal salute—to His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor at Buckingham Palace. In gratefully accepting



HIS EXCELLENCY THE MAHARAJA SIR CHANDRA SHAMSHERE JANG, RANA BAHADUR,
PRIME MINISTER AND MARSHAL OF NEPAL.

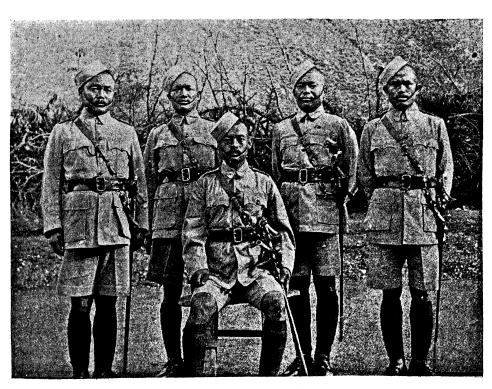
From a photograph, by A. P. Monger, of the statue by the late E. Roscoe Mullins, R.A.

the Prime Minister and Marshal of Nepal, who, as explained later in this article, is the de facto ruler of the country, had "offered a sum of three lakhs of rupees (£20,000) to the Viceroy, for the purchase of machineguns or field equipment for some of the British Gurkha regiments, and also gave large donations from his private purse to the Indian Relief Fund and to the Prince of Wales's Fund. He also offered thirty

the guns—which were of the latest Service pattern, and were manufactured by Messrs. Vickers at Enfield Lock. England—His Majesty commanded that his warm thanks be communicated to the donor, not only for this gift, but also "for so fully carrying out his pledge to place the military resources of Nepal at the disposal of the Government," to quote the report printed in a London newspaper.



A GURKHA MACHINE-GUN SECTION.



GURKHA OFFICERS.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who succeeded Lord Crewe at the India Office, said, on October 22,1915, in the House of Commons, that "the Prime Minister of Nepal added largely to the munificent gifts mentioned last year (1914), and has rendered most valuable services by the military facilities which he has accorded."

To commemorate the New Year's Day of 1916, the Prime Minister gave three lakhs of rupees (£20,000) from the Nepal Treasury

and his own pocket.

The authorities have not disclosed the total number of troops that Nepal has placed at the disposal of the British, nor the total number of Nepal subjects who, through the courtesy of the Prime Minister, have been recruited into the Indian armies since the commencement of hostilities. It is known, however, that such contributions run into many thousands, and that this activity has by no means come to an end, nor slackened.

Nepalese troops have been doing garrison duty in India, and have thereby enabled the British to withdraw British and Indian forces from India without in any way weakening the defences of the Indian Empire. Men recruited from Nepal have been in action in France and Flanders, in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, the Suez Canal region, and East Africa.

The Nepalese soldiers have fought everywhere with great gallantry. More than once they have surprised the enemy by stealthy attack, and have wrung victory from him. They have also distinguished themselves in

bayonet charges.

Their bravery has been highly commended by British generals. Many references to their exploits are to be found in the dispatches of Field-Marshal Sir John (now Lord) French and General Sir Ian Hamilton. The lists of awards of military distinctions conferred by the military authorities contain the names of many Nepalese.

In may be recalled that a near kinsman of the Prime Minister of Nepal was decorated with the Military Cross towards the close of 1915. The recipient of this honour was Lieutenant Rana Jodha Jang Bahadur, who, in spite of being wounded, continued to lead his men against the Germans, and did not desist until a second wound rendered him

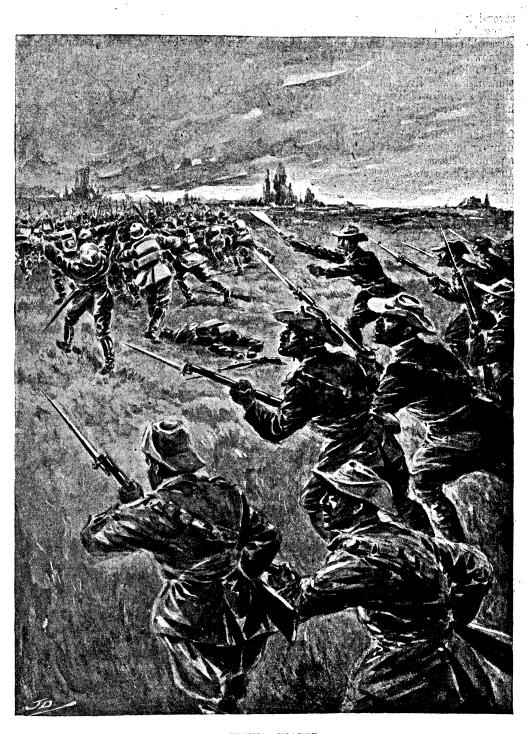
To appreciate how the help rendered by Nepal has strengthened the British hand during this crisis, the reader must take into account the fact that Nepal has large and valuable military resources, even though its population is estimated to be only 5,639,092 persons. The country is overrun by ranges of the Himalayas, some of which have lofty peaks, the highest being Mount Everest, the loftiest known summit in the world, rising over 29,000 feet above the level of the sea. The rugged character of the land and its cold climate have developed many clans capable of great endurance and possessing sterling

fighting qualities. Men belonging to the martial clans of Nepal are short in stature, somewhat stout build, and very muscular. gifted with acute senses, especially those of sight and hearing. They make sure shots, and are amenable to discipline. They are calm and collected in situations that would excite and bewilder almost any other people. They are peerless in mountain fighting. the face of the hottest fire they will scale a perpendicular cliff that would daunt even a mountain goat. They are matchless for stealthy night attacks. They fight with great determination, even on the plains. one ever heard of a Nepalese soldier turning tail and fleeing from the foe.

The fighting quality varies somewhat in members of the different clans. due, no doubt, to ethnic diversity. time immemorial Nepal has been a huge Mongol tribes, with racial melting-pot. characteristic slant eyes and high cheekbones, have poured into it from the north. Aryans, with regular, clean-cut features, have pushed their way into the country from the west and south. Mongols and Aryans have mixed with each other and with the aborigines, of whom nothing is definitely The fusion of races has produced known. a medley of clans, varying in physical and mental characteristics, and speaking different The principal tribes dialects. areChettris or Khas—subdivided into about twenty clans—the Thakurs, the Gurungs, the Magars, the Sunuwars, the Newars, the Murmis, the Kirantis, the Limbus, and the Rais.

Only those persons who have lived in Nepal, or who have made a special study of it, know of this ethnic diversity, Others consider all the Nepalese to be Gurkhas.

Gurkha, it may be pointed out, is really a geographic term. It is the name of a district in Central Nepal. Its Raja, in the eighteenth century, gradually extended his power until he became supreme over all the country now known as Nepal. The population of this district is not homogeneous, but consists of



A GURKHA CHARGE.

Drawn by J. Dodworth, from the description of an officer of the 2nd Gurkhas.

several tribes, some wholly or almost wholly Mongol, while others have more or less Aryan blood in them. The language spoken is known as Gurkhali. The name Gurkha is said to have originated from a holy man, Goraknath, who lived in a cave in Central Nepal, around which settled the men who had been attracted by his spiritual powers.

The ruling family of Nepal claims descent from the Sun God. It is an offshoot of the dynasty in power over Mewar or Udaipur, an Indian State in Rajputana, in Western India, with an area of 12,694 square miles

and 1,281,284 inhabitants.

The ruler of Nepal is known as Maharaja-Dhiraja. The word Sah—a corruption of Shah, which, in Persian, means king—is always appended to the name of His Highness, to whom a salute of twenty-one guns is accorded by the British.

The present Maharaja-Dhiraja of Nepal, His Highness Tribhauna Bir Bikram Sah Jang Bahadur, was enthroned in 1911.

is a minor, and the country is governed by the Prime Minister and Marshal, His Excellency Maharaja Sir Chandra Shamshere

Jang, Rana Bahadur.

His Excellency is an enlightened administrator. He toured the United Kingdom in 1908, and was accorded a cordial reception by His Imperial Majesty King Edward VII., who personally invested him with the insignia of the Grand Commander of the Bath. University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. He speaks English fluently, and has translated several military works into Parbatia, a Nepalese dialect. He is very fond of reading, and has a good grasp of world movements.

Born in an influential family of Nepal, His Excellency has rapidly risen to be the de facto ruler of the country. He entered the army as a colonel, and became a majorgeneral in 1882. He was given the Southern Command three years later, and the Eastern Command in 1887. In the same year he was promoted to the rank of senior Commanding-General, and became Director of Public Instruction and head of the Foreign Office. In 1901 he became Commander-in-Chief of the Nepal Army, and in the same year was made Maharaja, Prime Minister, and Marshal.

The Prime Minister was as much a ruler during the reign of the late King, Maharaja-Dhiraja Prithwi Bir Bikram Sah Jang Bahadur, as he is at present. He is not the first Premier of Nepal to wield such power. On the contrary, for several decades the King has reigned, while the Prime Minister has

The most brilliant predecessor of the present Prime ${f Minister}$ was Bahadur, who was born in 1817, and became the dictator of Nepal in 1846. He saw the necessity of establishing cordial relations with the British, and not only refused to ally himself with Indians who desired to engage in war with the British, but rendered important aid to the British to overcome the insurgents. He assisted in suppressing the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. At the head of his army he took part in the relief of Lucknow, and helped to restore order in Oudh and Rohilkhand. Seven years before the Mutiny he had visited England, and had learned to appreciate her civilisation.

I may relate an incident to show how red tape once resulted in a British official giving offence to a friendly Oriental. 1875Sir Jang Bahadur was visiting Allahabad, and, true Hindu that he was, wished to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges and the Jamna, which unite there. Sir John Strachey, then the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, intimated to the great Nepalese statesman that he could not be escorted to the confluence by his armed retainers. Sir Jang Bahadur was naturally very much annoyed. As soon as Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy and Governor-General at that time, learned of the action that had been taken by his subordinate, he telegraphed to Allahabad, commanding Sir John Strachey to withdraw his order, which

Great honours have been showered upon the head of the present Prime Minister of Nepal. In addition to those already mentioned, he has been created Grand Commander of the Star of India, Grand Commander of the Victorian Order, and has been made Honorary Major-General in the Indian

Army.

I have at different times talked with many eminent Britons who know His Excellency, and they all speak very highly of his friendly attitude towards the British. He has not altered the policy of isolation which Nepal's administrators have observed for a long time, but those Britons who have been admitted into the country, as officials of the Government of India, or otherwise, have received uniformly courteous treatment.

Excellency has withdrawn restrictions which hampered the recruiting officers of the Indian Army in enlisting Nepal subjects. There are ten infantry regiments, each consisting of two battalions, entirely composed of Gurkhas, who all have come from Nepal or are the progeny of Nepalese subjects. Facilities for recruiting have been increased to the maximum during the present War.

The Prime Minister of Nepal has also made commercial concessions to the British. In this connection, I may note that Nepal's trade with India is constantly increasing.

The de facto ruler of Nepal is very anxious

to develop the resources of the country, consisting of minerals, agricultural and horticultural land, timber, etc., which at present are very little utilised or are entirely unexploited. He is particularly desirous of introducing modern industries. Owing to his efforts, some time ago, a large hydroelectric plant, constructed by labour supplied almost entirely by Nepal, was completed under the direction of Mr. Bernard Pontet, a British engineer.



Photo by]

[Central News.

A CONVALESCENT GURKHA PIPER PLAYING DANCE MUSIC FOR HIS COMRADES.

THE LITTLE WHITE ROAD.

THERE'S a little white road that leads down to the sea, Where a boat on the shingle lies waiting for me, Where the salt wind goes whistling through many a cave, And the young sea-gull rocks on the crest of the wave.

Little road, you are sweeter than sunlight on spray, For your white finger beckons me: "Out and away!"

There's a little white road that leads up from the sea, To the cot on the hill where a light shines for me, Where my welcome is sure as the turn of the tide, And the love that's within shuts all sorrow outside.

> Little road, you are fairer than moonlight on foam, For your winding white ribbon says: "Follow me home!"

EILEEN NEWTON.



OF COURSE!

MOTHER: Don't be silly, dear. You haven't drawn any soldiers. Young Artist: I have, mother—Germans and English as well

MOTHER: But I can't see them. Young Artist: No, 'cos they're in the trenches.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE two friends met on the way home from market.

"Why are ye lukin' sae pleased wi yersel'?" asked Sandy.

"Weel, mon," replied MacPherson, "I dropped a saxpence i' the market-place, an', hunt as I might, I couldna find it."

"That's naught to be lukin' sae gay aboot,"

said Sandy.

"Aye, but ye dinna ken," explained Mac-Pherson—" I found a shilling."



For amateur gardeners the surest way to tell the weeds from the flowers is to pull them all out. The ones that come up again are the weeds.



Wife: What do you think of my lovely new muff?

HUSBAND: Well, what a fuss you'd make if you were asked to carry a package half that size home from the shop!

HE: Do you know, you are so clever and charming and brilliant that I really feel embarrassed in your presence.

SHE: But you mustn't—really you mustn't. HE (reassuringly): Oh, I dare say I'll get over it when I know you better.



SMITH: I feel like the oldest person in the world.

Brown: What are you talking about? You're not a day over thirty-five.

SMITH: Yes, but I've just been listening to a sixteen-year-old boy talking about the things he used to do when he was a kid.



To say an old thing in an old way is a platitude. To say an old thing in a new way is wit. To say a new thing in an old way is a blunder. To say a new thing in a new way is art.

TRANSFORMATION SCENES.

(Lady officials, it is stated, are more polite than the men whose places they have taken.)

In peace-time the ticket-collector was gruff, With a countenance stern and a manner quite rough; In answer to questions he'd mumble "Wow, wow!" But let us be thankful—it's different now.

For the lady collector is chatty and bright, Her replies to our queries are always polite: "Yes, that is your train, sir; it's due out at three, And you won't have to change." "Thanks." "Oh, please, don't thank me!"

The ways of the tramcar conductor were crude; If you offered him silver, he often was rude: "Ain't yer got nothink smaller? Why don't you arrange.

When you come for a halfpenny ride, to have change?"

Now the lady conductor appears with a smile, And carries herself in a courteous style: "Can I change half-a-crown? Yes, of course, that's all right.

And may I inquire where you wish to alight?"

R. H. Roberts,



"PAPA, what is a military dictatorship?"

"Well, my son, all you have to do is to think of how your mother would run the British Empire in war-time."



GOOD PRACTICE.

"What puzzles me is how the single men still manage to dodge the Army."

"Oh, a man who has been able to dodge matrimony should find it an easy job to dodge the Army."



MORE "RED TAPE.

MRS. BROWNE: I gather, from the remarks of that sailor, that the ships have to weigh the anchor every time they go out. One would think, at a time like this, a note of it could be taken, and the formality then dispensed with.

"How is the music in the Bingbang Restaurant?"

"Wonderful! I was in there with my wife for an hour, the other evening, and couldn't hear a word she said."



Only his legs were visible from under the car when a friend sauntered up.

"Anything the matter with the machine?"

asked the friend.

"No, thanks," replied the voice from under the car. "I just crawled under here to get out of the sun."



"OH, my boy," boasted the former leading man, "when I played 'Hamlet,' the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the house."

"Ah, indeed?" said the ex-comedian viciously. "Was he lame?"



FRANK was terribly scared by a sudden thunderstorm, and his mother was trying to soothe him.

"Don't be afraid, darling," she said. "The storm is sent to clear the air, and water the flowers, and make it cooler. Now, don't cry. It won't hurt you, and everything will be better when it's over."

"You can't deceive me again, mamma," he sobbed. "That's just what you said when you

took me to the dentist's last week."

A SMALL girl used to play a good deal in school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise—

" Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good

girl to-day."

"Yes," responded Ethel, "I couldn't help it. I've got a stiff neck."

yer big London clock an hour since yisterday mornin'!"

ARA

TOMMY set off jubilantly to his first party, after having promised his mother that he would decline if offered anything to eat the



A PRACTICAL PROOF.

"AYE, miss, ye do 'car people say as we don't realise there's a war on, and we're not patriotic. I don't agree with 'em. Why, I've sold six dozen Union Jacks since yesterday mornin'!"

PAT had just compared his watch with the famous clock on St. Paul's Cathedral, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"An' phwat are yez laughing at?" asked his

companion, a Londoner.

"How kin Oi help it?" said Pat. "Here's me little watch, made in Oireland by Mike O'Flaherty, and cost me three pound, has beat second time. When refreshments were served, his hostess, noticing how eagerly he disposed of his ice cream, said—

"Won't you have some more, Tommy?"

The little fellow looked up wistfully.

"I promised mamma I wouldn't accept the second time," he said, "but if you ask me the third time, I suppose it will be all right,"

Born 1820. Still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Well, how are you fellows from 'down under'?"

Australian: "Fine! We're helping to put the Empire where you are."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Where's that?"

Australian: "On top."

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, Scotland.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

The two British sailors had secured tickets to the dog show, and were gazing upon a Skye terrier which had so much hair that it looked more like a woollen rug than a dog.

"Which end is 'is 'ead, Bill?" asked one.
"Blowed if I know," was the reply. "But 'ere, I'll stick a pin in 'im, and you look which end barks."



Brown: The only criticism I have to pass on women is that they are never ready to take the initiative.

Robinson: I wish you would accompany me to my home some evening after I have been out at the club.

"I UNDERSTAND that his matrimonial difficulties have been settled.'

"Yes; his wife's relatives have agreed to maintain strict neutrality.



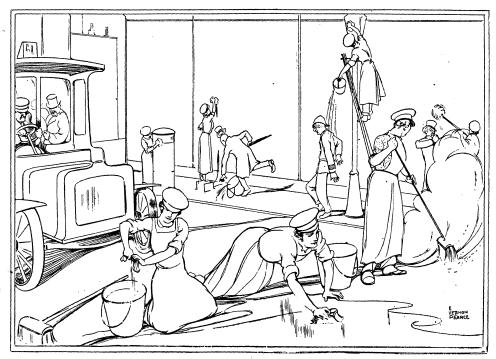
"HE is pretty mean, isn't he?"

"Mean? Why, that fellow is mean enough to have his name engraved on the handle of his umbrella!"



" Do you understand this building loan scheme?"

"Of course. They build you a house, and



"A SPRING CLEAN."

When women control municipal matters, will they introduce domestic methods? The above scene represents a future "spring clean," the delight of the housewife.

The lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now, name something," she said, "that is very dangerous to get near to, and that has horns.

"I know, teacher, I know!" called out a little girl.

"Well, Annie, what is it?"

"A motor-car."

are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place it's yours."

you pay so much a month. By the time you

"Jeanie," said the stern old Scot parent, "it's a verra solemn thing to be marrit."

"I ken that weel, feyther," said the lassie; "but 'tis a deal solemner not to be."



"JANE," said her mistress, "how was it I saw you treating your friends to my cake?"

"I can't tell, ma'am, for I'm sure I covered up the keyhole first,"

servants' agency. Where do you get yours?, Asia, Africa, and America.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, where we can—Europe,

Mrs. Jones: I've just been trying a new



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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"GENERALLY run down, sir?" queried the chemist. "Slightly seedy, and want a good toning up?"

The pale-faced customer nodded.

"Well, I've the very thing for you—Jimforth's Juvenator. Three doses a day, and more if necessary. One shilling a bottle."

"No, thanks," said the pale patient.

"But, my dear sir, it's the rage of the day, the greatest discovery of modern medicine. It's the rage of the season. Everyone is rejuvenating, you might say."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather try something

else," replied the customer.

"But," pressed the chemist, "I tell you it will have more effect on you in a single day than any other medicine could have in a altogether inexcusable. She wept at first, then her mother noticed that she became cheerful again, and she was asked the cause.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better

"What else?" inquired her mother.

"I prayed that the trap would not catch any little birds."

"What else?"

"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces." .

"ALICE," said the mother one day, "I don't understand how you can put up with Jim, now that you've been associating with so many more refined young men. I should think he



BADLY EXPRESSED.

SHE: Do tell me who that appallingly ugly man over there is?

HE: He-er-that is my brother.

SHE: I beg your pardon! I hadn't noticed the resemblance-I really hadn't.

month. It cures everything from coughs to corns. What is your objection to it?'

"Well, nothing, only I'm Jimforth."



"I DON'T see why you call your place a bungalow," said Smith to his neighbour.

"Well, if it isn't a bungalow, what is it?" said the neighbour. "The job was a bungle, and I still owe for it."



EMILY BISHOP, author of "Seventy Years Young," tells this little story to illustrate the fact that it is as easy to do as to wish to do—

A little girl's brother set a trap to catch birds. The little girl knew that it was wrong, cruel against the laws of kindness, and would grate on you. Don't you find him a little rough?"

"Yes," answered Alice, blushing. "And yet Jim tells me that he shaves every day!"



"What is the meaning of the word

'tantalising'?" asked the teacher.

"It means," spoke up a small boy, "a circus procession passing the school, and the pupils not allowed to look out."



A "FUNNY MAN" thought he would break up a suffrage meeting, so, from the audience, he called out to the woman speaker: "Say, madam, would you like to be a man?"

Back instantly came the reply: "Yes, I would. Wouldn't you?"



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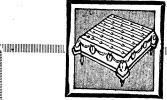
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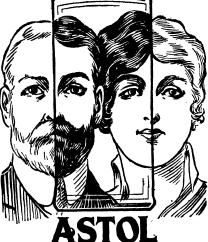
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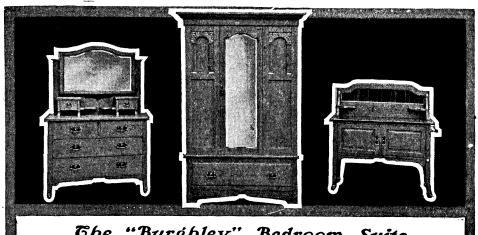
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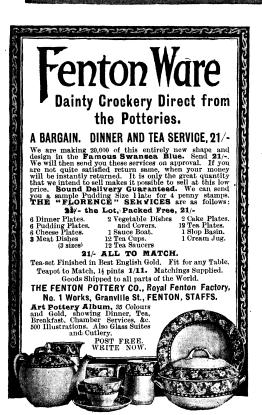
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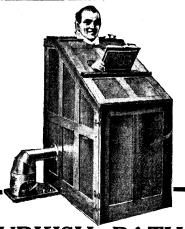
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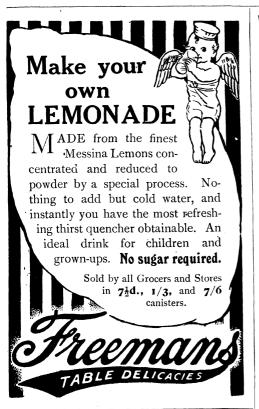
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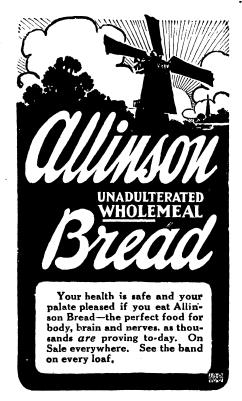
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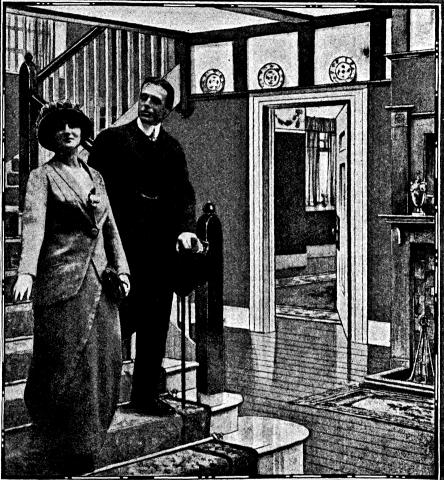


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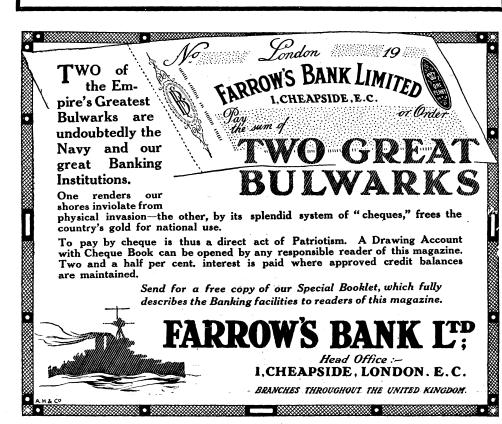
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"There is no doubt at all that Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life, for at one stage of my illness my mother was told I could not live two days. The trouble began with anæmia, I became very white and weak and then my kidneys got all out of order. I had pain, too, in my back at times. Next I began to swell up with water. My arms and legs, and even my face, became three times their natural size, and my chin was swollen to such an extent that it actually rested on my chest. The fluid was all over me, and though all sorts of medicines were tried, and I had excellent advice, I did not get any better. Indeed, as I have said, it was firmly believed that I could not possibly live. Even my heart was affected by this time, and I had a good deal of pain. Everything I took seemed to turn to water. I suppose it was dropsy. Of course I was confined to bed.

I was in a dreadful condition, and had almost made

up my mind that my days were numbered, when my mother chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets and asked me if I would try them. Of course I agreed, so we got some, and it is a positive fact that almost from the first I began to feel better. I got rid of the water and gradually regained my natural proportions. As the water passed off I grew stronger. I went on improving in health till now I am absolutely cured, and I'm sure there isn't a healthier or more rosy-faced girl in all Kettering than I am. I feel I can never be too grateful for the wonderful cure effected in me by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I shall never cease to praise them.',



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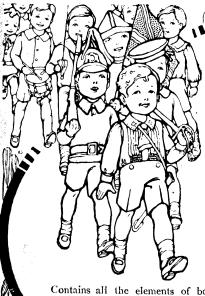
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